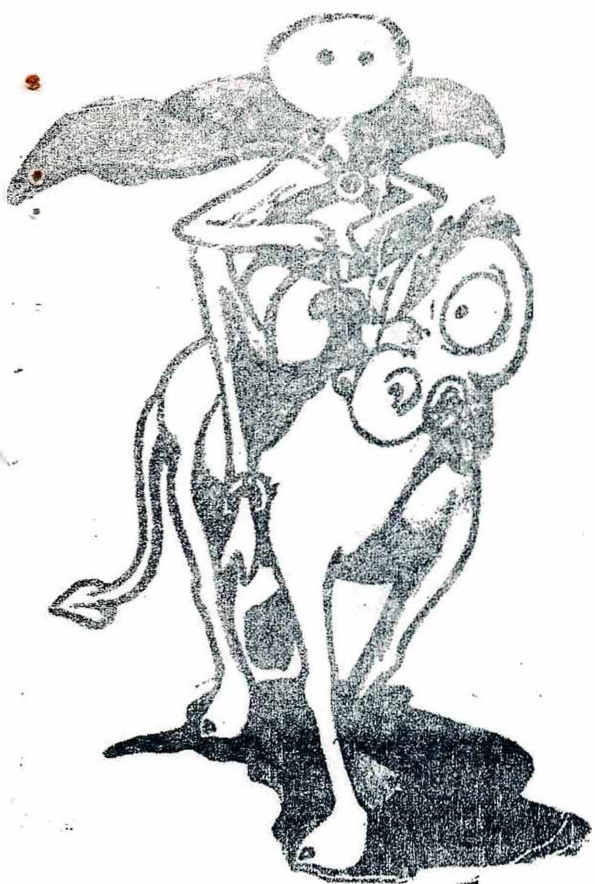




MAYA

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## MAYA:2

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17, 21, 22, 23.

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## EDITORIAL

It's now six days since the postal strike ended and a trickle of post is beginning to seep through my letter box: a couple of letters, confirmation of my room at the con, the March AMAZING containing the first part of the new Ursula K. Le Guin novel, and sub for MAYA from Keith Walker.

Along with Keith's sub were a few sheets advertising the proposed BRITISH WEIRD FANTASY SOCIETY. Essentially, Keith wants it to be a mature society with a wide outlook covering all forms of fantasy from horror to (presumably) the restrained levels of Mervyn Peake. It seems a nice idea, but I don't think it would work because, essentially, you can't really split fantasy off from SF. Most top SF writers produce fantasy at one time or another, in fact it's hard to think of one who hasn't. Also, most SF fans also read and enjoy fantasy. And there is no real dividing line between the two. Can anybody honestly class the works of Zelazny, Delany, Lafferty, Cardwainer Smith, and Dick as definitely belonging to one and not the other? This being so, I tend to doubt whether there are enough fantasy purists to support such a society.

But there is an alternative --the BSFA. This organisation seems to be in the doldrums. A lot of its members are bored with it and think it an inefficient organisation not worth the membership fee. However, an expansion of its services could help to overcome this. And this expansion could lie in a widening of its horizons to include fantasy: such as an additional magazine fantasy-orientated to complement VECTOR and greater inclusion of



Collen with his excellent drawings.

This isn't a particularly happy state of affairs as I had hoped to get contributions from new fen. So, with a limited choice of material and my own recent interest in fandom and fanzines, MAYA appears to have done an about face and turned in a very different direction from the first issue. For the benefit of those who haven't read MAYA:1 I'll repeat my editorial policy. Basically, I'll accept material of any kind provided it is interesting and at least adequately written --there are no editorial taboos on subject matter or language (if I sound a little like Harlan Ellison, I apologise, I simply want to stress this point in the hopes of getting a wide range of articles). I want MAYA to improve in both quality and variety which it won't do if I have to keep leaning on the same few people for articles and poems. So if you have article you want to see in a fanzine, you know where to send it.

And remember a contribution and/or a letter of comment is worth 10p --i.e. the next issue of MAYA.

By way of explanation, if anybody's laffled by Harry Bell's drawings on pages 27 & 29, the person caricatured is Jim Marshall.

[illegible]

In Newcastle, there is a discotheque/night club called CHANGE IS. It only occurred to me recently that that name, taken as a statement, is utterly profound and totally obvious.

Change is the only constant, the one thing that we can be sure of. Value judgements change; there are no such things as absolutes and in that I include truth, because the nature of truth itself changes. In today's society it is accepted that love is a good thing and should take priority over all emotions, yet that wasn't always the case, nor will it necessarily continue to be. Cannibalism and incest are loathed yet in certain societies in the past were acceptable if not necessary to the continuation of the society. That which is acceptable today may be looked upon with disgust in the near future.

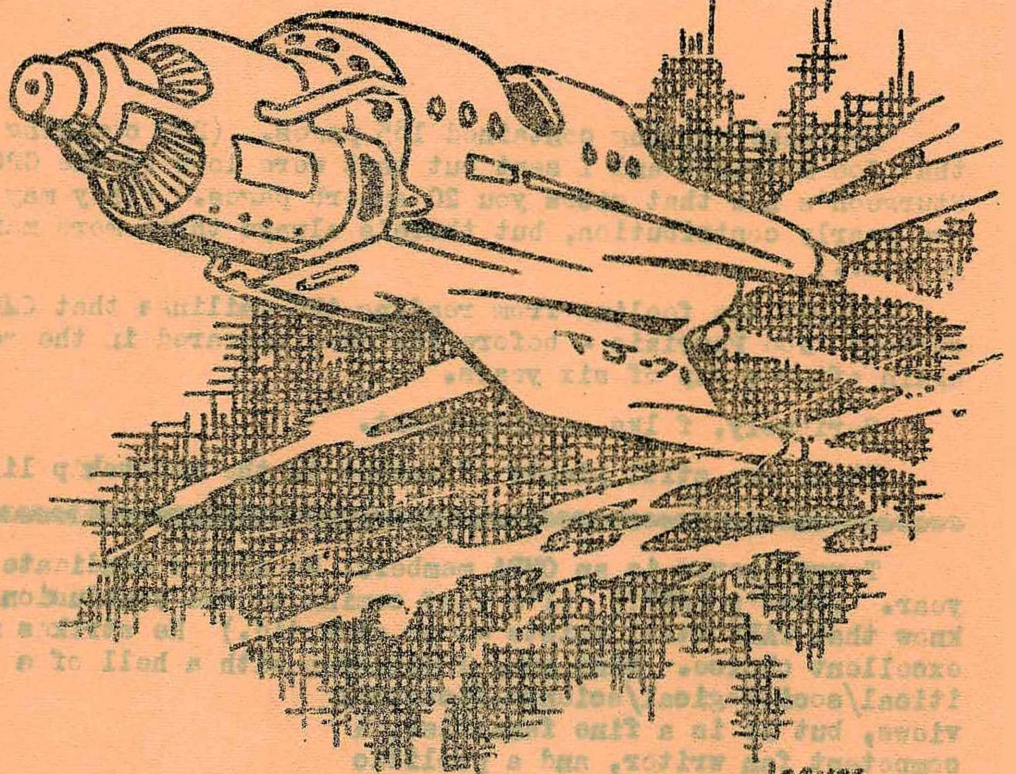
Change is something we all live with but do not always like. In fact, it isn't too hard to generalise that people do not like change. It disturbs them and disrupts their lives. Most of us want this thing called 'security' which, once attained we do not want to lose, we do not want to change. Once we are happy we do not want any alteration in the circumstances that keep us happy. Change can be frightening, it demands us to make new adjustments.

American society seems to be chaotic because of tremendous upheavals in the status quo; the accepted values are changing, even the basic way of life. And, it appears to me, that the Americans aren't adapting very well. Instead of moving with change, they are reacting against and this has caused the downfall of more than one country in the past.

I like to think that in this country we adapt to change better than most. Perhaps that is because it has always been a comparatively slow process here and instead of sudden, violent waves we have long gentle ripples, a continuing process with rather than reacting against.

Change is and SF is the literature of change which should prepare people for it, but a great deal of SF simply imposes our society or that of past societies on the future which shows a decided lack of imagination. Perhaps that is because the future is frightening and that we don't want things to change. At least, not very much....





## ZERO - ZERO HE FLIES: GRAY BOAK

"I'm fast coming to the conclusion that fans don't know that OMPA still exists." Rosemary Pardoe, President of OMPA.

OMPA: Off-trails Magazine Publishers Association.

So if you didn't know it existed - you do know. It's a collection of fans who produce (a minimum of) 20 pages of fanac in a year sending them to an official editor - Ken Cheslin - who sends out a mailing four times a year to each of the members.

For up to fifty copies of 20 pages of fanac and 15/- (80p) membership fees, you receive at least 20 pages from each other member of the group. At the present time, there are vast spaces in OMPA, but the membership is of a high standard: Alphabetically - myself, John Coombe, Terry Jeeves, Sam Long, Darrol & Ro Pardoe, Joe Patrizio, David Piper, Peter Roberts, Phil Spencer, Keith Walker, John Bangsund, John Foyster, Tim Collins, Dick Enerry, Norm Metcalf, and our old friend The Principal Keeper of the Printed Books (who is, of course, excused activity requirements). A couple of unknowns but some proud fannish names.



The last mailing contained 185 pages. (200 counting the two zines that Joe Patrizio and I sent but that were lost by the GPO.) Even by Sturgeon's Law that gives you 20 superb pages. (They may merely be your own yearly contribution, but there's always three more mailings in the year....)

"I got the feeling from reading the mailings that OMPA is a rising curve." Joe Patrizio -- before his name appeared in the membership list again after a gap of six years.

Seriously, f lks -- he's right.

There are still plenty of spaces in the membership list.

Terry Joeves is an OMPA member. He also a candidate for TAFF this year. (What's TAFF?) (I'm fast coming to the conclusion that fans don't know that TAFF still exists -- or ever did.) He strikes me as being an excellent choice. Mind you, I disagree with a hell of a lot of his political/sociological/science-fictional views, but he is a fine fanartist, a competent fan writer, and a prolific producer of both. He is well known on both sides of the Atlantic. Who else qualifies so well?

And that is the point I want to ask: who else is in the running? And just who is organising it this year? (Elliot Shorter on the other side -- presumably Eddie Jones over here, but I've seen no sign of it.)

When I find out the other candidates, then I'll say who I'll vote for -- providing I ever see any address to send my vote/donation to.

My suggestions: Pete Weston? Ken Bulmer? Or how many people would buy a one-way transatlantic ticket for, say, John Hall? Greg Pickersgill? Charles Platt?

Mentioning Greg Pickersgill, which I was, reminds me to insert comment to the effect that FOLGER is perhaps the freshest breath of wind to hit UK fandom this season. Although freshest is not, perhaps, the best word to apply. 'Spirited' is somewhat better. Genuine enthusiasm about fannish relationships, outspoken comment on people and attitudes. No vast meaningful tracts here, no collection of other people's research into subjects requiring sympathy instead







of scholarship, literature rather than lists: no empty fluff or meaningless happenings. (All of which I have been guilty of in my time.) Just a loud voice, a red-hot typewriter, and the persistent clash of the letter box.

+++++

Regular items you'll find, if you read many zines from the States, are record reviews. Particularly (if not surprisingly) in the fanzines produced by the younger fans. Several of them are given over almost entirely to rock (i.e. progressive, underground, even some contemporary folk music).

Not only record reviews are features, of course, but articles on 'head' life, rock concerts, and such occurrences. STARLING is the most recent one I've read, from the Luttrells, and a fine fanzine it is too. Not exactly indispensable to the fannish way of life, but fun.

This side of the pond, however, we've been restricted to oddments of reviews here and there: BADINAGE, CRABAPPLE and the ilk. There was MOREFARCH but even there music reviews were not the main part of the zine; though a very healthy proportion. It was obviously only a matter of time before some eager young British fan came up with the same idea.

Phil Spencer just did with BLACK KNIGHT. The first issue was poorly reproduced containing record reviews with little or no genuine critical value (to use an analogy with book reviews, they were CYPHER rather than the SPECULATION kind). There was little or no editorial impact, and no attempt at exploring any part of the field other than a pure like/didn't like review of particular records. (Apart from an I-don't-like-Tamla general statement -- but then who, with any taste at all, does?)

It was, however, only a first issue, from a comparatively new fan. If it compared ill with another recent first issue I could mention -- but not in this column -- then it has all the more capabilities of improvement. Certainly it fills a requirement in British fandom.

More to my taste were the reviews in the latest issue of Darrel Pardoe's LES SPINCE, which I received through the 60th OMFA mailing.. Not because the quality of the reviews was particularly higher, but I'm more interested in Joni Mitchell and her contemporary folk singers than I am in Hyceman's Cöllismoun and similar progressive groups.

And SPINCE manages to be an enjoyable fanzine at the same time. If it is a little too interested in using reprinted artwork and articles, it is because of the lack of similar work in present British fandom. I, personally, wouldn't use such reprints from earlier fanzines and fandoms, I'd sooner write them myself or yell loudly enough at other people to browbeat them into doing something similar. I consider reprinting a cop-out. But there may be a place for the soft sell, to encourage an attitude of "I can do something like that but belonging to our own fandom!" There's room for both approaches

and perhaps they even complement each other. It would be nice to see results.

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There are, of course, many different kinds of fanzines, because many different kinds of people produce them. Some fanzines are acceptable almost anywhere--SPECULATION and HAVERINGS spring to mind - because they provide a service to fandom. They provide information: book reviews in one case, fanzine reviews in the other. Other fanzines are acceptable to certain groups within fandom: RELATIVITY to fiction writers, BLACK KNIGHT to pop fans. Yet others are merely vehicles for the transmission of the editor's personality, and these are the most difficult of all to comment on. CRABAPPLE is, perhaps, the best example in recent years. Mary managed to involve a large proportion of the younger fan, and since C/A faded away, no other similar magazine had even looked like repeating such success.

The most recent personal fanzine is Ann Girling's MOON LEOPARD, but it is no reflection on Anne's zine to point out that it shows no sign of being another CRABAPPLE. Such comment as I have seen on it seems to be in the "let's say something nice as it wasn't bad, and we wouldn't want to hurt the editor anyway" category. It wasn't bad. It wasn't much good either. In fact, it wasn't really anything. It wasn't especially well written, and it didn't particularly say anything. Now there is no reason why a fanzine should have content; but surely, if not, then it must have style. CRABAPPLE didn't say much and not very well, but by Christ it had style. Not so MOON LEOPARD.

The place for this fanzine is in an apa. It is unlikely that it would ever be the best of its mailing, but such a homely, cheerful fanzine is well suited to the chatty surroundings of a good apa. Genzines are fanzines such as SPR, SPECULATION, RIVERSIDEQUARTERLY, ODD, EGG, and FOULER, arriving individually in envelopes, thus building up the reader's expectation. MOON LEOPARD is too light to survive out in the cold with these fanzines. Put it out through OMPA, Anne.

~~~~~

#### NEGATION:

Let us speak in words of silence  
of Nothing.

Or see in the dark  
Blindness.

Or touch in agony the finger's  
Amputation.

Or think as atheists  
of Death.

Tom Penman



## DOOMWATCH REVISITED: Rojc Gilbert

These days, science is coming in for a bit of a hammering because of its innocence. Knowledge itself is an innocent, but its application can cause suffering and disruption. So Doomwatch, the Society for the Application of Research, and Social Responsibility in Science have arisen, and I think they are needed. However, these controls are getting too strong and are beginning to use the methods of the gutter press to over-sensationalise and recreate the mad scientist idea.

As an example, we have Oppenheimer, who wallows in self pity at inventing the hydrogen bomb, and many poorly informed people have suggested that the workers on the Los Alamos project should have objected to its goal, blithely ignoring the charge of treason. The atomic bomb would have been made anyway, and from one viewpoint, it had to be used. Many have said that Truman should have only demonstrated the bomb to the Japanese, but its really horrifying effect on humans would not then have been known, a horror which today prevents the two superpowers melting one another into slag, 25 years later. Others have suggested that it should not have been dropped at all. Then I doubt if I would be writing this now. The policy of balanced fear has worked only because that fear has been twice realised, the effects resounding up to 1971. Secondly, Hiroshima saved life. When Truman occupied the White House, he was still committed to Roosevelt's idiotic policy of total and unconditional surrender, a policy, even adopted by so great a soldier as Churchill, which has left half of Europe under the grim shadow of Russian Communism.. Thus, in order to win the war against the almost fanatically imperial Japanese, the invasion on the Japanese Archipelago would have been necessary.. Estimated casualties for each side have been given: roughly one million American and allies, and nearly two million Japanese. More people died during the saturation bombing of Dresden than in Hiroshima and Nagasaki combined. We live today because of these persons sacrifice, their very necessary sacrifice. Personally, I do not condone Nagasaki; Hiroshima should have been sufficient.

At the time of writing, I've seen two DOOMWATCH episodes. The first was mainly concerned with introducing new characters and clearing up loose ends from the previous series, but there was also a subplot dealing with cell hybridisation. It was very well done as a horror story, a form of modern day lycanthropy.

Cell hybridisation is a fact and is being used as a tool for the study of human genetics, cell development and cancer. Essentially, fully differentiated cells are placed in a culture medium and stable cell lines are established. This is extremely difficult and only certain cells will form stable lines, notably cancerous tissue. Chromosome numbers in these lines are not the same as in differentiated cells. In fact, the cells in the culture have different chromosome numbers, so that a modal chromosome number has to be quoted. It is possible to take stable cell lines from different origins (and these lines show little similarity with their originators, they are simply masses of undifferentiated tissue, having no function) and hybridise them. Man and mouse cells will fuse (induction of fusion often necessitates

the use of a virus, such as sarcoma) to produce a hybrid cell. This cell has a very large number of chromosomes, and some of these are lost until a modal number only a little different from the modal number of the line which contributed most of the chromosomes is reached. Pontecorvo has suggested (using cell lines in which the chromosomes are radically different in shape and size, such as chicken and man) that the cell line which contributes the most chromosomes dominates and the lesser chromosomes are ejected. The hybrid does retain chromosomes of both cell lines, but one group always vastly exceeds the other. A particularly interesting experiment was reported recently. Mice suffering from a cancer were injected with cells from a stable rat line. They naturally produced antibodies against the rat cells, i.e. they were immunised against rat. Cancer cells were removed from these mice and hybridised with the rat line cells. The hybrids were reinjected into the mice, and their cancer receded. The application to human cancer has not escaped my notice. I would prefer to think of this use of hybrids than the angle taken by DOOMWATCH. Henry Harris, who has done most of the work on cell hybridisation, started work in Norwich before moving to Oxford. DOOMWATCH's research institute was in Norwich. I'd sue....

---

GULLS: D. T. Rippon

Sight without eyes, plastering the sky  
As prostrate thoughts embark on their journey  
in the blank mind: moods?  
False fancies which fly away, scattering those  
that flee:  
Seeking the folds of the cranium  
A cross glides over the imagination; crucifixion  
or seabird?  
A transept image.





## BLACK, BLACK SAILS

A prose-poem by

TOM PENMAN

There is a numbness, deep inside. I have no speech; other people enter my head and use my tongue.. And I am a wooden man lost on an iron plain. The sun has died, died..

But the sun shines. It is a golden red, like some golds; the sky is a fairest blue, but a little blue. Bifrost streams overhead in slender streaks of a cloud-silver blue, but today no gods are abroad, they have left for a funeral somewhere. And Odin whispers the word of Hope into dead Baldur's ear. But he lies, for the Word was Rebirth. Although there will come a time of rebuilding, of settlers in a strange land that is yet old. And to the sound of children's voices, the old will never be again, and the new will never be the same as it.

Consider and see. One day, all Europa may be reseeded and yet for all time the entity that was France died this day.

Things will continue, there will be births, and people, and homes and struggles and victories, and, I am a wooden man.

The deadness, deep inside--

We have lost, lost, and the loss is too big to fit inside any human skull. I am here like a stone giant and my heart is a muscular four-chambered pump, my eyes as dry as the note the Navy sometimes sends out at Christmasses.

We regret to inform you that your world Manhome, Terra Earth, has been lost in action..

Christmas came early this year.

The tiredness. Let there be the lone skirl of pipes on darkening hillsides, let the curtain before the Temple's Altar be rent in twain, the slow crumpling of printed notes in clenched fists, faces looking towards the haze of distance and not seeing.. All songs will be dirges, old songs centuries old, and the world will lose its gaiety and colour. No, don't speak. Don't speak. Let there be silences. No words, mouth

noises. But the keening of the winds at dusk, and a setting of many  
suns scattered far among the star-darknesses, with their scarlet  
battle streamers slaing past so slow, over them, where the sky  
meets the sea. Then after the blood colour has drained out of  
the sky, the darkness. The nothingness. Like a billion deaths,  
the darkness.

The wind grows,  
but I sit here. No, don't disturb either, no harm could  
possibly come to me this night. I am listening to what the lost  
voices of the wind have to tell me. No words, mouth-noises, but  
distances. That ancient tongue, long forgotten, the echo of soliti-  
tudes. Like the thoughts of forgotten dragons.

There are screams  
on the wind, somewhere.

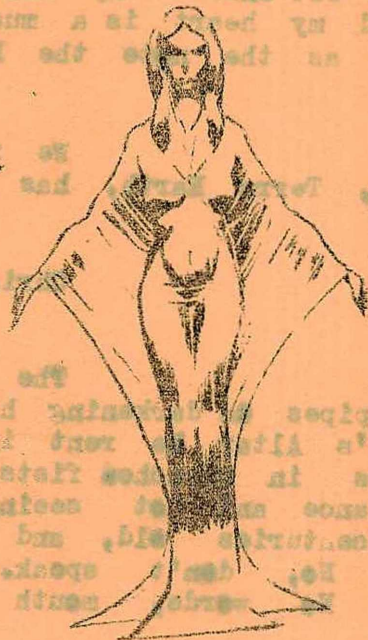
To slay a world,  
don't take a sun's substance and cast it into a doomed sky.  
No need for a burning of continents, of cracking of eggs by power-  
hangers. Such is the stuff of nonsense. Instead take a thing of  
molecules; fashion these molecules, engineer them to a fine toler-  
ance.

And the mole-  
cules came down like a wolf on the the fold..

Other people  
use my tongue.

No defence again-  
st acts of God, and we, the  
Canaanites, have been mistaken  
in thinking we worshipped  
the one true god. This is  
His justice; know then, the  
meaning of the term Chosen  
People. In this sign conquer  
...or perish. I keep think-  
ing of the thirty-seven cities  
put to the sword.

Someday there  
will be a reckoning, a retur-  
ning, that must be our hope.  
But I know the fight to re-  
gain someone else's blasted  
home and hearth will grow  
wearisome to Mother Earth's  
wayward children. And...the  
justice of history???? A  
revenging?? A curse on your  
children, and your children's  
children, unto the seventh  
generation.. Is that what  
tempered viral particles to





a fine hardness??

old gods? Thor, Shiva, Set, Enlil, Mars, Indra --are you happy  
this hour?

Now is the time  
for all lords of destruction...)

The taste of ashes.

Everything is  
overtaken, all is crazy and lost and mean, meaning, meaningless..  
There was a message, to the nineteen worlds, when the last star-  
ship was told not to fall down out of the sky, not to lift, for  
fear of the pestilence that had become unchecked, uncheckable.  
Was it unbelievable; a quiet madness had overtaken them, that to  
those of us listening, the bang of the world's ending had not  
been accompanied by a loud whimper.

What happened,  
on Doomsday? What were those last hours like?

I'll never know..  
Never know.

There had come  
at last the voice of Earth-Central, closing down. A goodbye. A  
goodluck. Then two last readings, The Book of the Dead, the  
Holy Bible.

"I know the field  
of Re..the height of its barley.. the dwellers of the horizon  
reap it beside the Eastern Sculls. Millions of rillions.. there  
is not one who fails to reach that place. As for the duration  
of life upon earth, it is a sort of dream, they say, 'Welcome,  
safe and sound', to him who reaches the West."

And: "Forgive  
them Lord, for they know not what they do."

The message.  
(I: a graven image.) ..

With panics in  
the streets, to go out forgiving as Christ? Or what? All judge-  
ment is fled, I can't say anymore. Is the purpose being worked  
out below Cause and Effect, the random clicking of billiard-  
ball molecules? Accept that everything is subjective and where  
do you stand?

A star that is  
a ship creeps overhead, like a spinning ice-chip, high above the  
world amidst all that coldness; but it is one of our long-serpents,  
named as one of those lords of beserk fury, not a hairy octopus th  
that walks upon the land. I, ape, gibber..

Other people  
use my tongue.

--you wanta live forever?"

"Come on you apes

but we came on anyway, and an alien angel of death got through the orbital defences, not cherubims this time round Milton, but just as effective in the end, and passed o'er.

Holy God, Nirvana-state, who cannot care or considers irrelevant, but I am empty! I am empty of all except emptiness.. Like a vacuum balloon on the end of a jester's wand; I no longer really know who that Jester can be.

My world is a charnel-house, stinking of its burden of dead. My world. Three are the generation of fair far Lindisfarne, where tall ships raise their antenna-trees to the sun-cauldrons of the stratosphere, but I am of the homeworld..

No, there's nothing. A nothingness, an unreality, a lack of acceptance. No imagination can hold a world, how can one hold its total death? It isn't possible to know what a world dies like, sitting on a hillside of dark grass-stuff that isn't grass, watching the broken shards of the cold stars appear.

And there are memories, memories. Of faces, and voices, of places and sights, cities and buildings, forests and mountains, and things of beauty, ugliness, strangeness; just things. Many the many people, different and one, histories and words, ideas, voices from dead mouths. Even Buddha Christs, who spoke the one voice in local dialects. Things I remember.

Oh the land of my forefathers and of me..

History will record that the home world was destroyed by the alien who haunts our stars, our star-paths, before peace was finally signed with Differentness. (And once it was thought friend Dolphin was alien..!) Or never signed, as it never has been with the Ant.

But I sit here still on greenness, staring into blackness, still trying to believe Doomsday has come, somewhere far far away where I was born. They say home is where the heart is. And my home is dead....

Is there somewhere meaning? I can't say.

I am a wooden man, lost on an iron plain. I know only that all things must pass.

Wooden man, behold. The dark abyss, the Yawning Void --Ginnungagap.

Know thyself.

end.



# RACE-DEATH IN S.F.

BY

DAVID PRINGLE

Campbell's ISLANDS OF SPACE is a primitive classic of SF. According to Sam Moskowitz (his SEEKERS OF TOMORROW is my standard reference work on such matters) it was first published in AMAZING STORIES QUARTERLY, Spring 1931. It certainly bears the marks of its antiquity. The protagonists are four brilliant scientists who have the mentality of jolly fourteen year old school boys. If one of them wants to go for a swim, he suggests that they "indulge in a little atavism to the fish stage of evolution." These carefree geniuses, Arcot, Wade, Morey, and Fuller, produce technological marvels like rabbits out of a conjuror's hat. Within a couple of chapters, they design an intergalactic spaceship (working on a space-warp principle), they make anti-gravity devices, invisibility mechanisms and heat-rays, they learn telepathy --and then they set off for the deeps of space.

In other words, this is a piece of optimistic, 1930-ish, engineers SF. John Campbell was a 20 yearold physics student at MIT when he wrote the story. In reading it, I appreciate what Brian Aldiss meant in his essay on H.G.Wells (NW, Jan.67) when he wrote that "it was Verne who was the spirit of the magazines." This kind of SF, with its boyish adventurousness, its heavy technical jargon, and its utter faith in the marvellous, is reminiscent of nothing so much as the romances of Jules Verne. It is the essence of Verne filtered through Hugo Gernsback, author of RALPH 124C41+. The belief of such writers was that physics could solve all mystery, physics could change the world. The result is a charming and naive kind of fantasy. The attitudes of the Verne-Gernsback-Campbell tradition live on to some extent in the works of Heinlein, Clarke, Clement, and others. However, the exuberance of the old writers has been toned down in their successors. J.G.Ballard said something very similar to this in his interview in SPECULATION:21. He added: "then came Hiroshima and Auschwitz, and the image of science completely changed. People became very suspicious of science, but SF didn't change." I would argue with Ballard over his last point. I think that Magazine SF did change significantly during the 1940's, for it was then that what I have designated the Verne-Gernsback-Campbell tradition began to fuse with another SF tradition --the more pessimistic (and more respectable) Wells-Stapledon-Huxley tradition. The nightmare, or the stoical acceptance of doom which was more characteristic of the latter line of development has become characteristic of modern

SF in general. Which is perhaps one (perverse) reason why SF has become more popular in the last two decades!

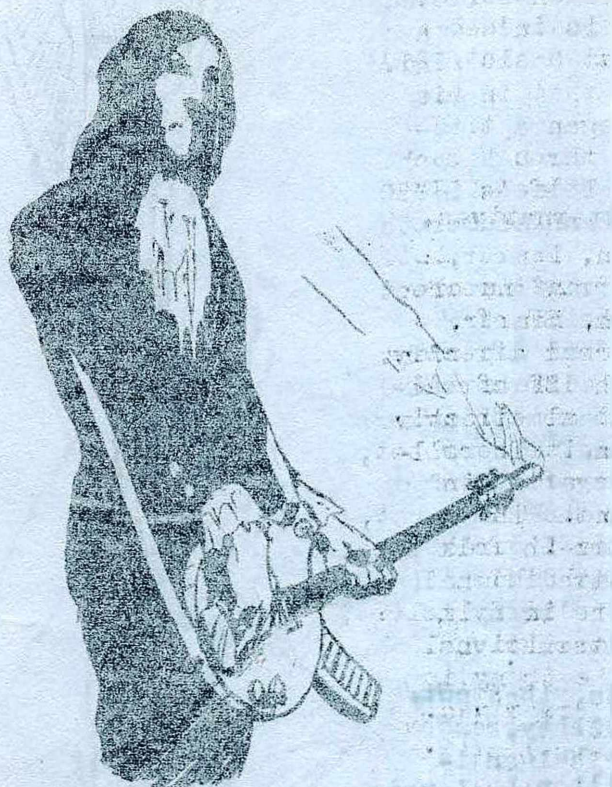
But it may be the distinction between optimistic and pessimistic SF is to some extent illusory. Others profess to find almost all SF despairing and even 'sick'. For instance, in his book on the American literary scene, WAITING FOR THE END, Leslie Fiedler describes SF today as a middlebrow form obsessed with myths of the End of Man: "at that level too, men demand legends which begin with the end of humanity, the provision of a future in which robots, or humoids, or monsters from remote planets, or our unrecognisably mutant children will inherit the earth we have failed to hold." He finds the ultimate expression of all this in the work of William Burroughs with its recurring 'Nova' image: "the flare-up of an exploding planet, which blends into, on the one hand, the glare and terror of the atom bomb, and, on the other, the spatter and release of orgasm". All this is attractive to the modern sensibility, Fiedler says because "the nausea of the end has an intrinsic appeal as strong as that of pornography itself."

An obsession with race-death —indeed this insight is supported by Burroughs himself, for in THE TICKET THAT EXPLODED Burroughs novel with the strongest SF elements, we find an explicit statement of the theme. Addressing 'the peoples of the earth', Burroughs says that we run into addiction and illusion in order "to avoid the hopeless dead-end horror of being just who and where you all are: dying animals on a doomed planet." The death of mankind would seem to be a recurring nightmare in all SF; it is a theme that impregnates the works of Wells and Stapledon, for instance.

In THE TIME MACHINE, the treatment is literal. We are shown a distant future where "all the sounds of man, the bleating of sheep, the cries of birds, the hum of insects, the stir that makes the background of our lives --all that was over." In short stories like THE EMPIRE OF THE ANTS, THE SEA SAIDERS, and THE STAR, Wells depicts mankind threatened with extinction by natural phenomena beyond its control. This is done most brilliantly, of course, in his novel THE WAR OF THE WORLDS. This, the first great disaster story of modern SF, combines the themes of a future armageddon, an invasion from the sky, and the threat of racial extinction. Mankind pulls through, but the fascination of the story comes from that brush with the prospect of race-death, the sheer pointlessness and irrationality of it, the fact that "across the gulf of space, minds that are to our minds as ours are to those of the beasts that perish, intellects vast and cool and unsympathetic, regarded this earth with envious eyes, and slowly and surely drew their plans against us." Wells's novel has given rise to a whole tradition of SF stories that depict this brush with death, the near extinction but not quite, of mankind. I am thinking of work's like Shiel's THE PURPLE CLOUD, Stewart's EARTH ABIDES, Wyndham's DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS, and Aldiss' GREYBEARD.

In THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON, Wells introduced another means for dealing with the same theme: the technique of mirroring the





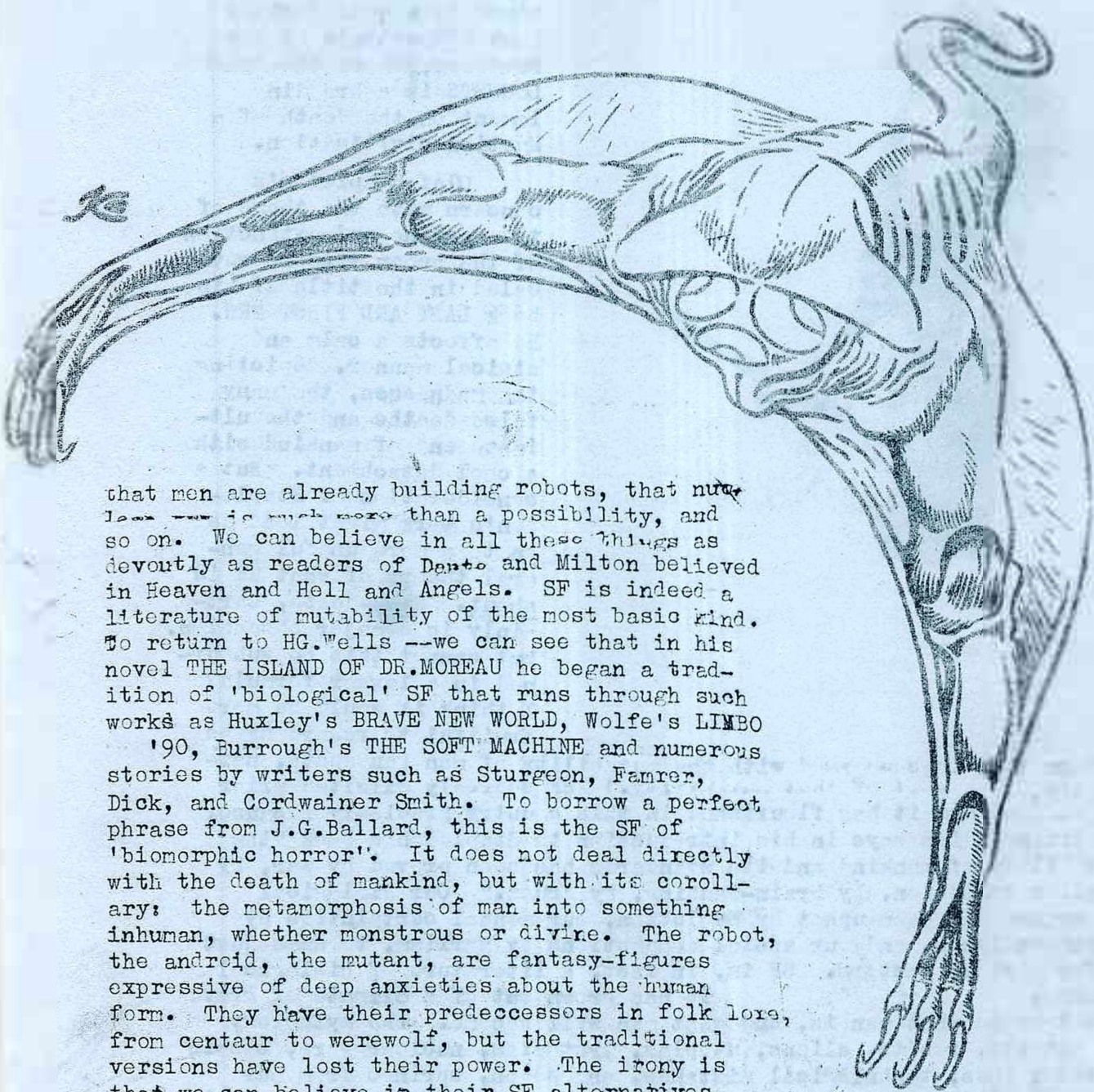
inevitable death of mankind in that of an alien civilisation. This has since been used perhaps most effectively by Ray Bradbury, whose *THE SILVER LOCUSTS* is a brooding lament on the death of a Martian civilisation.

Olaf Stapledon's concern with the theme of the decline and extinction of the human race is revealed in the title of his book *LAST AND FIRST MEN*. He affects a calm and stoical manner, depicting the madnesses, the many false deaths and the ultimate end of mankind with a cool detachment. But a consideration of Stapledon's work might lead us on to a more useful general theory of what SF is about. Race-death, certainly is a major obsession, but cannot this be suborned in a larger formula? I think it would be more fruitful to regard SF as

a form that is concerned with the mutability of man (an death, naturally, is a part of that mutability.) SF scarcely existed prior to 1945, and it has flourished in this country precisely because, as Brian Aldiss says in his introduction to Stapledon's book "the mutability of mankind and its standards has been proved by war, by nuclear radiation, by brain-washing, by drugs." Our biological assurance has been upset by Evolution, our mental certainties by Psychoanalysis, and our social assumptions by Marxism, to name just a few obvious factors. SF is, in fact, a literature of biological unease. It has grown out of a climate of grave doubt as to what man is, and what man will become. The mythology of mutants, robots, aliens, utopias, dystopias, nuclear wars, cosmic catastrophes, technological mistakes, and so on, springs from our deepest existential unease. What, indeed, are we? Societies, attitudes, mental states, and even (final terror!) the human body have all proved to be frighteningly mutable.

What makes SF more potent than, say, gothic fantasy, is the ironic fact that even in our age of disbelief we can believe in all the mythical elements listed above. Ask any SF reader and he will assure you that there must be other inhabited planets in the galaxy.





that men are already building robots, that ~~man~~ ~~is~~ ~~much~~ ~~more~~ than a possibility, and so on. We can believe in all these things as devoutly as readers of Dante and Milton believed in Heaven and Hell and Angels. SF is indeed a literature of mutability of the most basic kind. To return to H.G. Wells -- we can see that in his novel THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU he began a tradition of 'biological' SF that runs through such works as Huxley's BRAVE NEW WORLD, Wolfe's LIMBO '90, Burrough's THE SOFT MACHINE and numerous stories by writers such as Sturgeon, Famrer, Dick, and Cordwainer Smith. To borrow a perfect phrase from J.G. Ballard, this is the SF of 'biomorphic horror'. It does not deal directly with the death of mankind, but with its corollary: the metamorphosis of man into something inhuman, whether monstrous or divine. The robot, the android, the mutant, are fantasy-figures expressive of deep anxieties about the human form. They have their predecessors in folk lore, from centaur to werewolf, but the traditional versions have lost their power. The irony is that we can believe in their SF alternatives.

Even the benign robots of Asimov's stories carry their undertones of fear. Much more obviously are the 'proles' of the typical anti-utopian story, the conditioned masses that recur



in novels from Zamyatin's WE, through Orwell's 1984 to FAHRENHEIT 451, THE SPACE MERCHANTS, and all the rest. Such tales are not ostensibly about racial extinction, but they are about something analogous: the reduction of mankind to a static machine-like mass. The 'zombies' of such tales of possession as Russell's SINISTER BARRIER or Heinlein's THE PUPPET MASTERS carry a similar meaning, and probably find their ultimate incarnation in Burrough's novels where corrupted, will-less individuals posture comically to the directions of the 'Nova Mob' and other parasites.

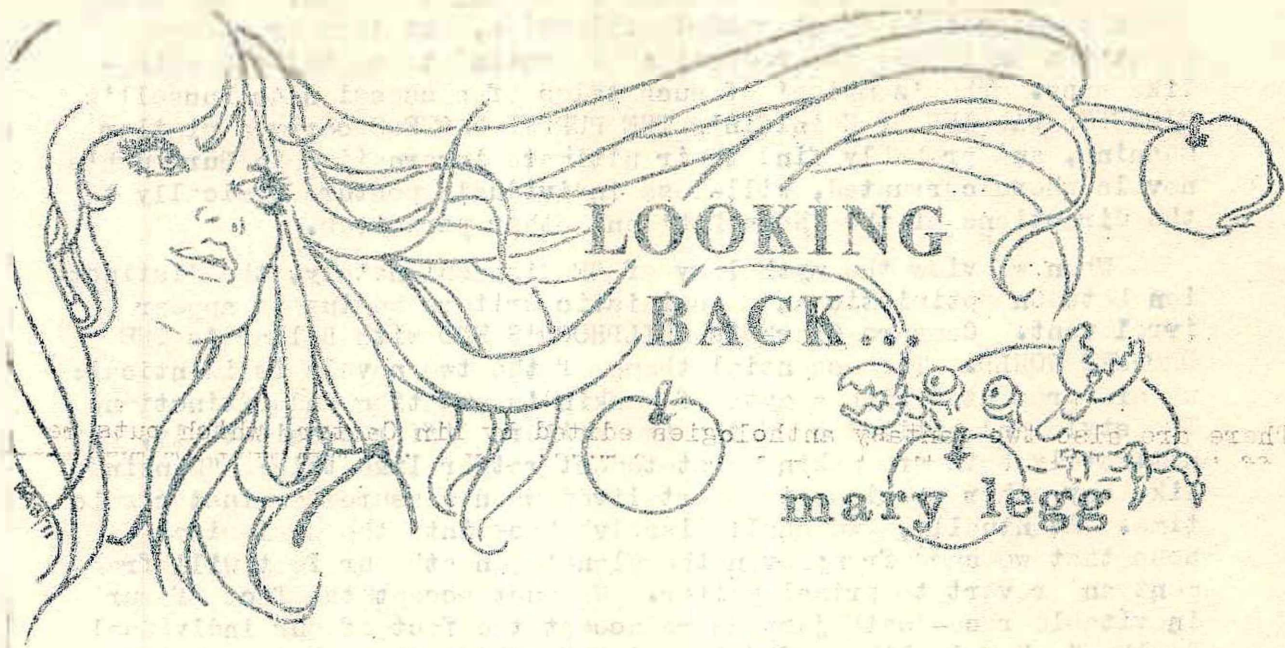
When we view the mythology of SF dispassionately, the distinction between optimistic and pessimistic writers begins to appear irrelevant. Compare Clarke's CHILDHOOD'S END with Ballard's THE DROWNED WORLD. The essential theme of the two novels is identical: we are presented with a myth of mankind's mutation and extinction. The style and attitudes of the two writers differ considerably, but ultimately both are making a statement rather like this: "Mankind, like any other species, is short lived when measured against cosmic time. Eventually, we shall dissolve back into the biological soup that we came from; even the planet beneath our feet will fragment and revert to primal matter. We must accept the fact of our inevitable race-death just as we accept the fact of our individual deaths." Novels like HOTHOUSE and THE GENOCIDES are in much the same vein. SF is the modern eschatology. On varying levels, in varying manners, its themes are mutability and death.

Should we agree, then, with Leslie Fiedler, that SF is a sick obsession, a running-away from social realities and responsibilities? Leaving aside the question of the variety of literary quality inside SF itself, is there something basically unhealthy about SF as such? I would answer "no" --we must have our dreams and our nightmares in order to maintain comparative health and sanity. But still that nagging doubt remains, that SF, from some points of view, is a 'sick' product of a 'sick' age.

#### IT'S PAGE FILLING TIME:

Having a few lines to go to the end of this stencil and not having a short poem or piece of artwork on hand, I may as well use this space for a general natter about books.

The paperback houses seem to be having one of their twice yearly spasms of SF publishing this April. NEL have gone mad over Heinlein juveniles and this month's selection is the STAR BEAST at 30p. This is quite considerate of them as I had been planning on spending 47½ on the Ace edition. Pan are now distributing Ballantine titles and have started off with four books by William Tenn. They're nice editions and the words between the covers are pleasant. There are also two fantasy anthologies edited by Lin Carter, which puts me off immediately, and the two volumes of William Morris' THE WELL AT THE WORLD'S END. Sphere have started producing English editions of the Ace WORLD'S BEST series. I'd have bought it but for the fact I've ¾ of the stories already. Do try and get the March AMAZING. If you're an Andersonphile, the April issue of FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION is devoted to him --features novella, bibliography, and nice words about him from Blish and Dickson. --IRW.



I arrived by the back door in fandom 8 years ago. I say back door because the 'front door' generally meant seeing an ad for the BSFA in a magazine --generally NEW WORLDS--and so joining our merry band. No, as ever, it was a rather involved affair.

At the technical college I attended for two years in the early 60's there was a tutor named Archie Potts. Like me, he was a Geordie in exile, and, as such, we naturally got into conversation the minute we met. When he found out I didn't know about the BSFA, he lent me some copies of VECTOR. The following summer he left, and I still had them. They lay --oh, the shame of it --in the cupboard for a year or so, and when I found them I was struck by pangs of conscience. Not knowing where he was then, I wrote to the secretary mentioned therein, which was Joe Patrizio. He was not, by then, secretary but passed on my letter. So it was I got into fandom in 62/63 or so. I also found Archie Pott's address and returned his Vectors.

Not long after my arrival, the 'New Wave' happened. For ages I was thought of as being part of it, but I wasn't, I tell 'ee, as I arrived only weeks before it washed over what, in retrospect, must have been an amazed fandom. Anyway, fandom at that time tended, as I recall it, to be composed of generally older fen and





there weren't too many active younger fen about. This was remedied by the emergence of a cluster of fans in Birmingham in particular, and elsewhere also; these included such well-known fen as Charles Platt, Chris Priest, Pete Weston, Rog Peyton, Beryl Mercer and many others.

As is the way of fandom, I soon got into letter hacking with fen. It was to Birmingham Julia Stone and I went for our first fan-meeting. I found it a rather serious affair, as Brum-meets tended to be, but the highlight was meeting Beryl Mercer with whom I'd been hacking by then.

By rotten timing I'd joined the BSFA not long after a con and thus had to wait a year for the next. Julia was then quite young and I was supposed to chaperone her, half seriously at least. We went at our first con at Peterborough in '64. When we arrive, Ju, for reasons known only to herself, refused to go through the main door. So we traipsed down the alleyway, climbing over empty crates and overflowing dustbins, and went in by the side entrance. To our left was a discreet door marked 'gentlemen', beyond that the dining-room, ahead the side of the stairs, and to our right a wall and a passage. Far away we could hear the humming of many voices, and the clinking of glasses, and there we stood, ankle-deep in carpet, wondering what to do -- even the waiters scurrying past ignored us. Suddenly, the door on our left opened and out scurried a bearded man who glanced at us as he passed. In a stage-whisper, I said to Julia, "Do you suppose that's Archie Mercer?" Heaven knows why I asked her because she'd never seen him either! Well, it wasn't Archie Mercer, but Ivor Mayne of the London contingent; he came back in five minutes with Pat Kearney, who was one of my hacks. We were whisked away, registered and deposited ourselves by the door of the hall until the welcoming speech was over, and then the door opened and out they streamed -- the people I'd written to for over a year and longed to meet. But a blow-by-blow, drink-by-drink (other people's, that is, as Mary is a very peaceful teetotaler -- IRW) account of the con. I went to must await a fanzine with more space than Ian has, so I'll just mention the highlights. Mike Moorcock had just taken over NEW WORLDS from Ted Carnell, and we met Mike in a rather Moorcockian manner when we were standing in the hall -- talking to some bps. The doors flew open and in rushed Mike, booted, bearded, and blond and commenced dancing energetically by us, during which gymnastics we were introduced. After various antics, including Mike doing the commentary on a wrestling match between Max Jakubowski and Pat Kearney, we adjourned, via the roof, to Mike's boom, with a variety of people. Someone had got hold of that white lightning known as 'Home Brew'. One of the unknowns, to me, took a hearty swig or two and seemed unaffected; about half an hour later, I was looking at him, and his eyes just closed and he fell over backwards -- stone cold. His head hit the door with a bone-cracking thud; it was quite frightening. Ivor and Pat hauled him off to his bed, and we never saw him again. Later, on enquiring about who he was and whether he was ok, we were asked, "Was he the one who fell downstairs and knocked over the manager?"

We left Peterborough in a blinding snowstorm; the following year saw the emergence of the Birmingham Group who virtually took over the BSFA, VECTOR, etc, and organised the 65 con. (Archie dubbed them the "Easter Brummies".) But before that, there had been some fighting and feuding within fandom. Charles Platt wrote a rather unhappy con-rep in which he referred to Mike Moorcock's hangers-on. After their disagreement, he and Mike became friends and later colleagues on NEW WORLDS. Charles was regarded as one of the infants terrible of fandom then, but besides this there were terrific slanging matches between the other young fen, notably the Brummies versus the Rest. War was waged in the columns of the fanzines and sometimes spilled over at cons, which was a pity. Looking back, there seemed to be less mixing, on the whole, between the older and younger fen, though I stand to be corrected on that.

The following year, Julia and I arrived at the con held in Birmingham. One notable occurrence was the Meat Pie episode. Brian Burgess then sold meat pies. During the course of a panel, Brian Aldiss, on the platform threw a pie at Harry Harrison in the audience (or possibly vice versa. This pie pitching promptly caught on and whenever Harry rose to speak, and even when he didn't, he would be greeted with a hail of meat pies. Brian later dedicated a book of his to Harry -- "Poet, pacemaker, philosopher, and pie-man." Langdon Jones had meanwhile committed a faux pas of monstrous proportions by galloping up to a sad looking person, belaboured him about the head with a large floppy hat, whilst exhorting him to enjoy himself. It was the manager....

By this time I'd been publishing CRABAPPLE for about a year, and it still struggles on. Pete Weston had founded ZENITH --he once said he'd chosen the name because it was easy to cut on a stencil with a ruler. This gradually evolved into ZENITH\*SPECULATION, and finally to just SPECULATION; rather like those games where you go from "ant-eater" to "Portsmouth" in three moves. Many of the 'new' fen were publishing. Gray Hall did a short-lived zine. Charles Platt did a few, including a rather mad one called GARDISTAN (which purported to mean an Indian wardrobe). P.A.D.S was now thriving. Despite seeing comments then, and later about the quality of these zines, and their sameness, PADS filled a real need. I had put CRABAPPLE into OMPA originally but transferred it to PADS virtually as soon as the latter appeared. Also in it were the





Mercers (guiding lights), Tom Jones and Brian Stableford, the two mystery men of fandom, Mike Ashley, Harry Bell, Churl Legg, and many others. One of the most memorable zines was LINK, humourously-slanted, which became quite famous and was, I think, widely regretted when it was shelved. I used to type many a stencil for them, for PADS stood for the "Publishing and Distributing Service". I forget whose brainchild it was, but it arranged to type, if necessary, and run off your fanzine; there were also mailings, a la OMPA, of zines, produced, to the various members. I have always felt it a pity that PADS died, and those who complained about the fanzines published were not only, in my opinion, wrong, but had disregarded the great gift it gave us --the ways and means of publishing our own fanzine without necessarily owning a typewriter or duplicator.

1965 was notable because the worldcon came to London. I couldn't quite manage the tariff, but went for a day which somehow managed to turn into two. Although I didn't know it at the time, Churl Legg had seen me there in passing and remembered me the following Easter. But before then, Pete Weston and I had broken off our engagement.

The Yarcon of 66 was rather like a Hammer film; it was enshrouded with mist until last Sunday. It was there that I was first introduced to my husband, Churl.

Things were relatively quiet the rest of that year. Christmas came, the year turned and Churl and I were courting. In 67 the Con was at Bristol and was definitely the best I've attended. It was organised by the then fully-emerging Bristol And District Group who produced the fanzine BADINAGE edited by Gray Boak.

At the Briscon, I was, for the first time, on a fanzine editors panel, about which I don't recall too much really. Even so, I found it rather nerve-racking.

This was also the year when Julia and I made long skirts "from the bathroom and balcony curtains" as various fan said, and went to the Welcoming Party in 'em. I must resurrect mine, I'll be quite in fashion again.

To be concluded in MAYA:3.



LAST NIGHT WE SAW AN ITALIAN OPERA

Last night we saw an Italian opera  
Not by candle-light  
In a wash of living black above  
With cold stone pillars and dented brass,  
But past the lights where the cold wind roamed.  
And, in the marsh and stalk-green mud  
Mist-hidden, by the water's edge we sat.

Two suns, and we, beside the purple lake;  
One tipped the fishing huts in caps of red  
The other hung with bobbing glints,  
And swung the night long by its slender pole  
Where ancient moonlight faded  
In a clouded gleam.

Then in the light, then out  
The morning flannels slipped up to the posts.  
Cold and hollow, holding up the net  
One balanced on the prow, while heaped around the stem  
The baskets, blankets, flasks and Mantua grapes...  
We talked of Mantua, for no reason,  
The morning chill, and ripples round our feet.  
Damp breezes. Flurries in the carpet, patchwork green

And the lifting cuckoo's tiny  
Sole and solitary chant,  
Lonely intonations from Palazzo courts  
Now cold and far away.

The wintry poling-rafts still lay  
Like splinters in the liquid skin.  
One stirred,  
A gentle swish on the open drift,  
Sun-catching, blood-red ridges  
Roll up on the watery plain.

And these same circles of lazy foam spread out  
Close by the reeds.  
The waders, like thin-legged urchins,  
Splashed dull along the flats,  
But cried and wheeled up  
At this slight interruption,  
Yet by and by resumed their easy sport.

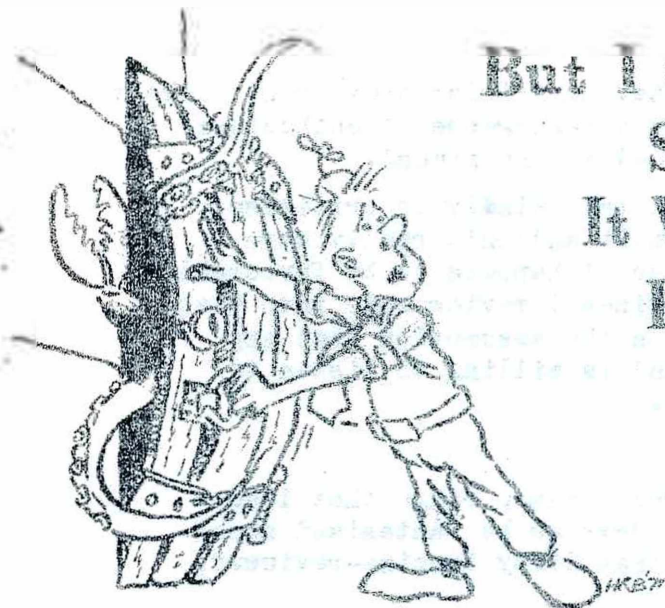
Last night we saw an Italian opera  
Not by candle-light,  
In a wash of living black above  
With cold stone pillars and dented brass,  
But past the lights where the cold wind roamed.

R. MARSHALL.

\*\*\*\*\*++++++  
This poem was printed without the author's permission because we don't know where he is. If anybody does (he used to live in South Shields) please tell us where.



But I Could Have  
SWORN  
It Was A  
Fanzine....



PROLOGUE:

"Dear God," said Jerry, calling on himself. "A fanzine reviewer!" His voice was full of loathing and disgust.

He quickly pulled out his Luger and pumped the contents into Greg's fat Welsh belly.

Jerry breathed a sigh of relief and looked in a north-easterly direction. He grimaced.

"Now for Williams," he said and shuddered.

A LARGELY IRRELEVANT PREAMBLE:

So why fanzine reviews?

For a start, there just isn't enough in-depth fanzine reviewing around. FOULER is the only frequent zine that does it. I discount HAVERINGS because how can you adequately sum up a fanzine in six lines? Other zines do review fanzines, but usually in not much more length than HAVERINGS. CYNIC tries a bit harder, but is too infrequent.

Secondly: fanzines represent fandom, therefore, good fanzines represent a thriving fandom. (I'm not in agreement with the idea that British fandom is becoming convention-orientated because that, to my mind, isn't a fandom.) So really, there isn't much fanzine criticism being done which is unfortunate because unless faneds get

a substantial amount of . . . constructive criticism they aren't likely to improve and are very unlikely to get a resurgence of enthusiasm going in fandom which is very badly needed at the moment.

I am aware that a few faneds don't take kindly to criticism. They do their fanzine the way they like it and don't really care what anybody else thinks about it unless it happens to be favourable. Well, if any of the editors of the fanzines I review come into that category --tough! These reviews work on the assumption that any faned would like to improve his zine and is willing to listen to anything that would help him/her do it.

#### INTERLUDE ONE:

Jerry was crossing Crib Goch, a razor-sharp ridge that leads onto Snowdon. Saliva dripped from his jaws as he fantasised about what he would do with the entrails of that dirty fanzine-reviewer, Williams.

He thought too much, missed his footing and fell....

LES SPINGE:23 edited by Darroll Pardoe, 15 Selkirk Court, Whitley Road, LONDON, N17 6RF. Trade, loc, contrib.

This certainly is a smart looking magazine. An imaginative use of type for headings (which I must crib sometime), neatly typed with excellent reproduction. The art is, on the whole, first rate with good use of colour to enhance the effect --Mike Higgs is very good, as is Atom, and the sod's even got a Gaughan, not to mention Jim Cawthorn and Terry Jeeves, both on good form. SPINGE is so good to look at I can almost forgive most of the art being reprinted from previous issues.

To the content! he cried.

The editorial was short (too short) and to the point. In it, Darroll discusses whether or not the BSFA gives value for money and also that they should give up the idea that they are solely responsible for running the Eastercon. I'd tend to concur with Darroll's conclusions.

Ro reviews two lps and contributes a poem. The reviews are nicely done, she makes me want to buy them both, her enthusiasm carries over that well. (In fact, I did buy one --LADIES OF THE CANYON by Joni Mitchell --and a lovely record it is, too.) Her poem, TWENTIETH CENTURY FAIRY LIGHTS, makes an interesting contrast between beauty and tragedy.

It's a great shame that the rest of the content bored me stiff.

Twelve pages are spent in reprinting a piece of fan-fiction that is ten years old! THE PURPLE CLOD by George Locke stars Bob Lichtman, Ella Parker, and Walt Willis in a turgid 'drama' set in a deserted London. Two of the people are known to me by name only and the other I've never even heard of. If the style was anything but turgid and cliché-ridden there may have been some point in its inclusion. But to waste twelve pages on something that would amuse old time fen only seems blatantly absurd.



There's brumm-brumm John Hall on drag-racing. If you happen to be mildly interested in drag-racing, or even the technical side of cars fair enough. I'm not. The title, by the way, is DRAG, BABY....

Ritchie Smith's poem, BLUES GUITAR, is embarrassingly obvious an embarrassingly bad --the kind of thing somebody might write in a bad moment and then burn. It's a pity you didn't Ritchie.

Jake Grigg wastes a page and a half on telling the original shaggy dog story that everybody knows.

Darroll spends five pages on the Ohio Railway Museum. I wish he'd show the same restraint that Gray Book does, in Ohio, when he only spends one page on his pet subject (aviation) in passing. Still, perhaps other fens are fascinated by locomotives, but all the same, you won't find me spending thousands of words on how wonderful walking in the Lake District (or any mountain range) is --if you don't know already, hard luck. But the point I'm trying to make is that it's rather futile spending so much space on specialist subjects (drag-racing, aviation, railways) or tiny coterie interests (decrepit, old fan fiction) as it's hardly the thing to attract numbers of new fen.

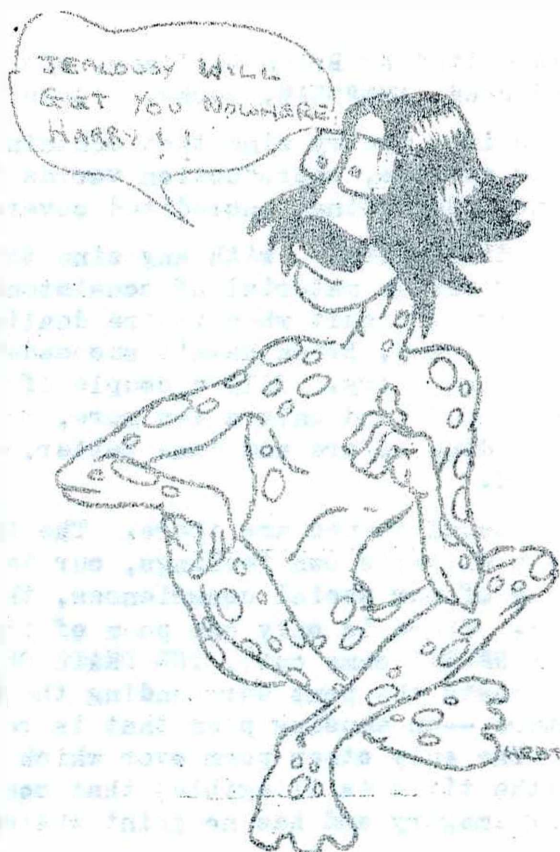
There are only five pages of letters which is a shame because the locs, if not wildly exciting, show that intelligent people are interested in SPINCE which rather suggests to me that this is a low point in its career (it is also the first copy I've seen).

Think Darroll, think.

#### INTERLUDE TWO:

Liverpool, near the university.

Recently resurrected and still feeling the aftereffects, Jerry was walking along making himself as inconspicuous as possible when he was attacked and beaten to death by Halbarad wielding a copy of THE LORD OF THE RINGS.



NDOEIL:4 edited by Brian Williams, c/o John Q. Upton-Prowse, 42 Highland Road, AMERSHAM, Bucks. 14pps 5np.

This is a poetry zine that contains little else but poetry. Layout is average, reproduction varies from average to near-illegible. It has an interesting, uncredited cover.

The difficulty with any zine that specialises in one topic is getting enough material of consistent, satisfying quality and it's doubly difficult when you're dealing with something like poetry. Not surprisingly, Brian hasn't succeeded in managing this, but he has made a good try. Only a couple of the poems can, reasonably, be called good, and only a few more, outright stinkers. The rest have been done before and done better, but not so that they can't be enjoyed.

The usual themes are there. The introspective poems about love, about the writer's own feelings, our isolation, Biafra, the saddened dampening of our social consciences, the obsession with the sea as an image. There is only one poem of topical relevance (at least it was when NDOEIL came out), THE DEATH OF A GENERAL by Julia Chalkey who contrasts the pomp surrounding the death of De Gaulle with his own nature --an amusing poem that is refreshing in the company it keeps. The only other poem over which I can enthuse is by Ritchie Smith (the title is illegible) that contains all his usual vivid, exciting imagery and has no point whatsoever.

NDOEIL is a reasonable attempt at producing a poetry zine but could do with better contributions, better artwork, and better reproduction. Poetry enthusiasts may find it worth supporting.

CYPHER:2 edited by James Goddard and Mike Sandow, 1 Sharvells Road, Milford on Sea, Lymington, Hants, SO4 6PE. 40pps 12½p.

There seem to be any number of weak fanzines with good intentions floating around these days and CYPHER seems to epitomise the lot.

This is a sercon zine, presumably intended as an alternative to SPECULATION. It certainly looks better than Spec --all but one heading is electrostencilled, which is a nice change. There is plenty of art, ranging from good (Brock, Gaughan) to bad (Jeeves, Santos). Being a sercon fan, I should have found the content interesting, but I didn't --it ranged from dull to incredibly fugg-headed. I'll begin with the dull.

Fourteen pages of book reviews, 84% of which is mere plot summary. Most of them are by James Goddard who throws his qualifications as a critic completely out of the window when he praises Philip K. Dick's THE CRACK IN SPACE which is a trivial piece and isn't even a novel but merely half a dozen short stories twisted together in an even more inept way than Van Vogt ever achieved. Cy Chavlin succeeds in putting me (and probably everybody else who read the review) right off TO LIVE AGAIN by Robert Silverberg, by means of a tedious and complicated plot summary, when he obviously had intended to achieve the reverse. The only interesting review was by Terry Jeeves who dealt with a book about the Moon landing,



and Roger Waddington said a couple of amusing things about Robert McElrath Willers.

James Elish introduces the works of James Branch Cabell which was a waste of time as KALKI sent a pamphlet, along those lines, not so long ago, with STR. There was also another and better article by Elish on Cabell in a recent VECTOR. In this one, he says nothing new and nothing interesting. A pity; Elish just doesn't do Cabell justice.

Frank Arnold concludes his 'dramatic' history of the Globe which probably brought many a tear to the eyes of older fan but was only of minor interest to me.

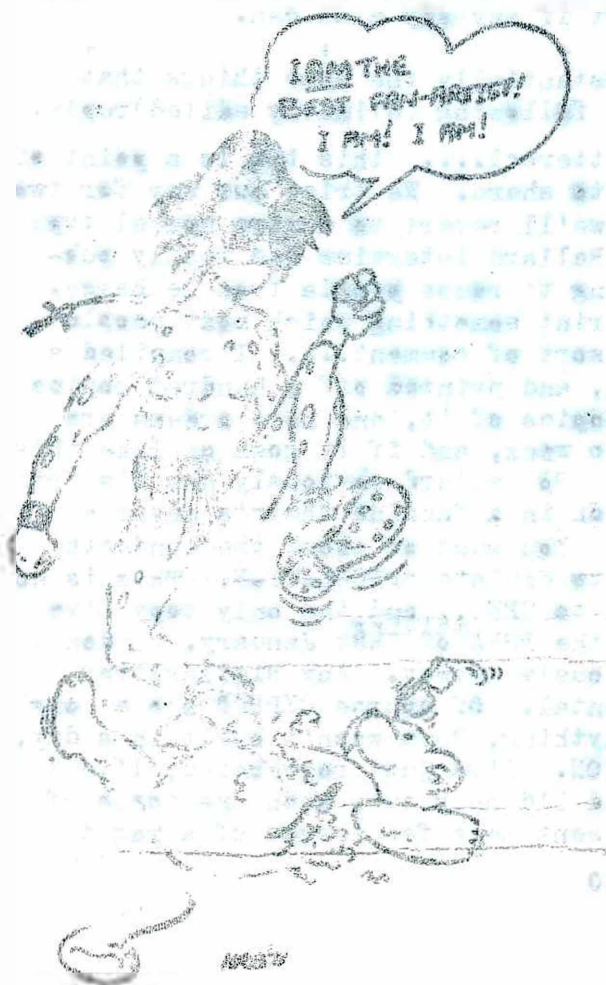
And now we come to the fuggheads and two very different people you could not wish to meet. On my right, Terry Jeeves. On my left, J.G. Ballard. Naturally....

In a recent article, Terry Jeeves reacts to the old "new wave" propaganda put out some time ago and now rather dated. He never makes it clear exactly what he thinks "new wave" is, apart from J.G.

Ballard and Moorcock's sword and sorcery (and the latter by implication only). He claims that "new wave" has swept away "all the old ideas of story-line, logic and climax" — this opinion is not only wrong but ludicrous. Only a small proportion of NEW WORLDS material was none-linear, except in the last few issues, and were very minor in any case. Terry Jeeves is attacking a none-existent balloon — some old, stupid claims, and a few minor stories. The "new wave" was never really like this, but he doesn't seem to realise it.

For fans to make fools of themselves is accepted, even commonplace, and nobody thinks any the worse of them for that. But when a pro does it, he does it in style and J.G. Ballard seems to have had plenty of practise. The latest example is in an interview between himself and James Goddard.

Ballard does have a couple of interesting



things to say about NEW WORLDS and DANGEROUS VISIONS, taking Harlan down a peg or two in his ~~comment~~ on the latter. He even says something ~~unintentional~~: "Techniques matter nothing -- the only thing that ~~counts~~ is the subject matter -- the idea. Without a ~~real~~ or original idea no amount of experimental technique can produce anything of value." But we knew that anyway.

He really makes an idiot of himself when he states things without satisfactorily backing them up, or even trying to. Like: "Everything is science fiction." "Sexual organs will become the starships and planets of inner space." When James Ballard quoted him from a Guardian interview and asked him to enlarge on the statement, he replied: This is self-explanatory, I think." Rubbish, if it was (and it wasn't) Jim wouldn't have asked him to expand on it in the first place.

Apart from fuggheads, CYPHER also boasts the worst letter col I've seen in a fanzine. It covers four pages and consists of chopped up lines split into subjects thus losing any kind of personal feel the lines may have had. A lettercolumn is the lifeblood of a fanzine. A good lettercolumn reflects the interest of fans in a zine and if you don't get much interest there isn't any point in going on as a fanzine should be aimed at its readers, not just a vehicle for the editor's ego (not that I'm saying CYPHER is like that). But judging from CYPHER's lettercol, its shortness and lack of interesting remarks, fans find it a trifle dull. If James Goddard reverts to a standard lettercol and replies, in print, to the letters, he'll probably find he gets more enthusiasm for the zine. I couldn't get worked up about it at the moment and doubt if anybody else can.

+ + + + +  
I did loc CYPHER, saying substantially the same things that appear in this review and got the following (slightly edited) reply.

"Now your comments on the lettercol.... this too is a point of view. And one which I now tend to share. We tried our way for two issues, it ain't too popular, so we'll revert to a more normal type of lettercol next issue.... The Ballard interview was really published as a bit of stirring, trying to rouse people from lethargy. It stands to reason that if you print something which most people don't agree with you'll get some sort of comment.... I compiled a bibliography of Ballard's fiction, and printed off a hundred copies of it. Since then I've sold 75 copies of it, and more orders are coming in all the time, seven this week, and if it goes on like this I shall probably have to reprint. So Ballard obviously has his friends. Yet when he comes in for discussion in a fanzine there's never a friendly word. I wonder why?.... You must be about the hundredth person to say that we are trying to emulate SPECULATION. This is not so. I have no subscription to SPEC, and the only copy I've seen is the one distributed with the BSFA<sup>m</sup> of last January. I don't want to compete SPEC. Not consciously anyway. Any similarities between us must be totally accidental. Of course CYPHER has a long way to go before it amounts to anything, Rome wasn't built in a day, and nor, I suspect, was SPECULATION. I've just remembered, I've told a little untruth above when I said I'd only ever seen one issue of SPEC. A few months ago, someone sent me a few issues of a mag to



look at, called ZENITH. This I think is the mag that metamorphosed into SPECULATION. And OYPHER does compare favourably with those early issues. But again I stress it is not conscious emulation." James Coddard.

Whether you are trying to imitate SPEA or not, is irrelevant, Jim. The point is OYPHER travels the same road --it is a sercon zine and as such is bound to be compared with other sercon zines, just as fannish zines are compared to each other.

INTERLUDE 3:

In Skelmersdale, a Lancashire new-town, Jerry was eaten alive by a pack of wild dogs that roamed the streets.

"Civilisation is crumbling," he thought.

QWERTYUIOP edited by Sam Long, Box 401, RAF Croughton, nr Brackley, Northants. Loc, trade, contrib, 10p, beg. (Number 4, by the way.)

This is an OMPazine. It is cramped, has atrocious artwork (I exclude I Terry Jeeves illo from that category) and every page seems to be in a different colour making the reading a little difficult.

And I enjoyed it immensely.

This is largely the fault of the editor, Sam the Elf, who claims to be an American weatherman. He's written most of this fannish, infectious fanzine. It really is a nice light zine, despite its heavy faanishness which usually puts me off.

The reason for this is that Sam is a very intelligent, dry-humoured, punning gentleman who writes well and interestingly. His article ON LIVING IN BRITAIN is a gem. It's his own personal reactions to this country and is both penetrating and good-humoured, a delight to read. His editorial is similar, but longer and very rambling coming into contact with such things as THE MAGIC ROUNDABOUT, fan publishing, the faanish 'h' (highly educational for neos), wine, Christmas Carols, and the Globe, as well as half a dozen other odds and ends. Only Sam could do that and still be readable. His fanzine reviews are too short for my liking, although he does make one or two good points.

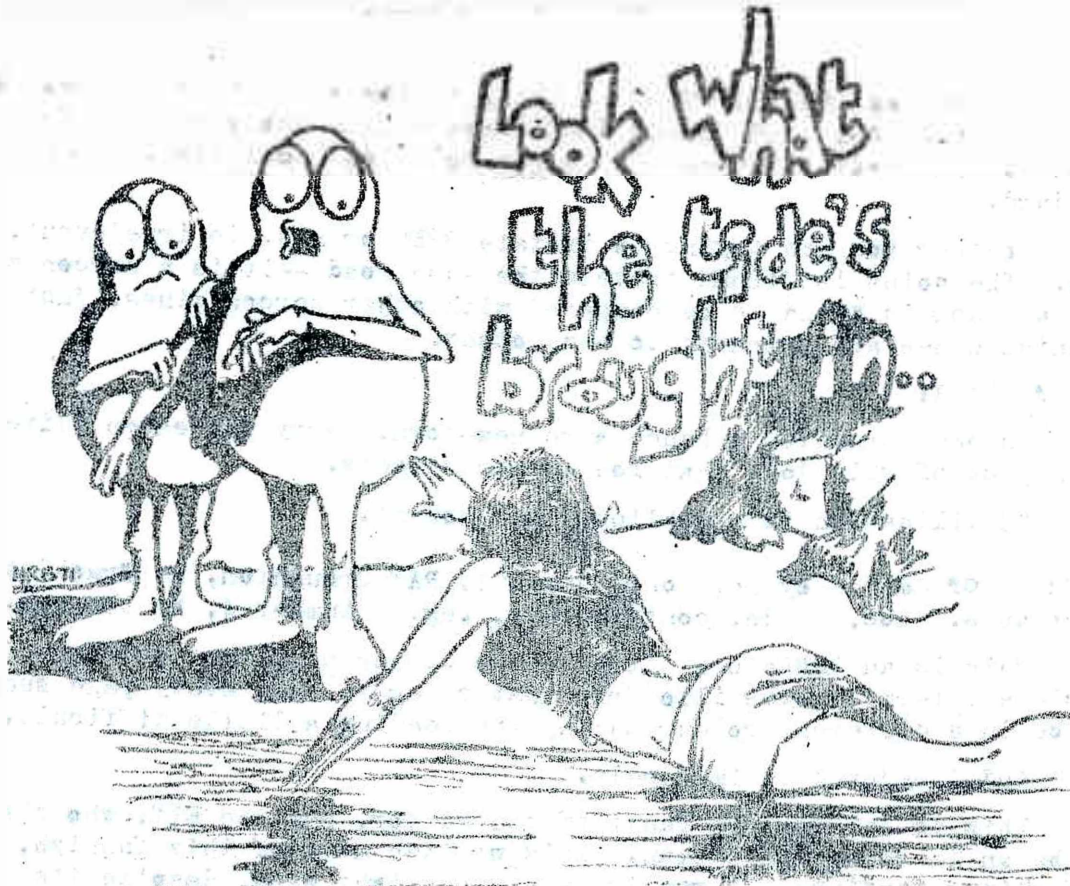
None-Sam material includes THE PROPELLOR BEANIE IN LOVE AND WAR by Ro Pardoe and is an article defending British fandom from some of the criticisms levelled against it, she isn't very specific. There are fourteen pages of locs which I'd have enjoyed more had the pages been all the same colour --most were nice to read, by people who obviously think when they loc.

Because this is a light faanish zine, there's quite a bit in it that would baffle the neo but would delight the established fan --if he likes 'h's in his beer, that is. But, as I've said, Sam is a delightful writer so QWERTYUIOP shouldn't be missed.

One more thing.

SAM!! Please get some decent artwork.

Reviews continued on page...er...whenever the hell the locs end.



Rosemary Pardoe, London:

MAYA is the third new British zine I've received in the past four days. That must say something for the state of fandom in Britain. Obviously, the long threatened fannish and fanzine revival is in the offing...and a good thing too. Of the three fanzines yours is perhaps the most promising (one of the other two was pretty good too, but too short by far...the other one was crud but should improve). Yes, I liked MAYA. Judging it as a first issue it's one of the best I've seen. When you get a lettercolumn MAYA should be right up with the 'cream' of British fanzines; maybe not as good as EGG but somewhere quite close.

Now to take everything bit by bit. Many of the electros were rather faded I'm afraid; but the cover was excellent; that Jim Marshall has talent. The Harry Bell illo on page one I've seen before...in CRABAPPLE I believe, if my amazing photographic memory serves me right. ((It does. Most of Harry's illos in MAYA:1 had been used before. Now, however, thanks to bribery and conniving, all his art in this issue is brand new.)) Poetry now; the ALCHEMY ones were incredibly good. I've not actually heard the **THREE FAR BAND** (oh, maybe once or twice I have, but not to really sit down and listen to) but Ritchie images almost conjure up the music to me; I think that's perhaps the highest compliment I can give. Other poems by him, and your **RUNNING MAN** poem were all pretty good, and the David Barry poem was funny, in a funny sort of way. Odd about that cartoon strip; although the artwork in it is nothing to write home about it adds a lot to your



poem... a poem which I thought was just average when I saw it in WADEZINE, but now I've seen it accompanying the strip I've changed my mind; it's very nice. I'm glad to see incidentally that you haven't let poetry take over your zine. Poetry is very easy to by in fandom these days and thus certain fanzines print too much of it and the zine becomes ubalanced.

The best thing in the zine was Gray Boak's piece. I must say that Audrey Walton's response (or lack of it) to the review in CYNIC seems a bit odd. Perhaps your copy of the latest WADEZINE got lost in the post, Gray? But if she really didn't send you one then it seems a bit unfair, after all, the views expressed were Jhim's and not yours. Anyway, if someone can't take criticism then they shouldn't be doing a fanzine ((hear, hear)). If Jhim's reviews were taken in the spirit they were meant I don't believe anyone could take offense (y'see, even I'm not willing to start a feud...at least not with Jhm). Gray says "British fanzines have a bad reputation abroad"...this is true in part, but not entirely. I don't approve of generalisations and this is a bad one. Most of the people I know in the States think that British fanzines are refreshing and interesting. Anyway, I could give you a considerable list of American zines whose duplication etc is far worse than most British ones. A point about those slip-sheets is that if you have the right paper and the right ink you don't need them unless you're running off an illo with lots of dark spaces on it. The only time I've ever had an offset problem was in SEAGULL:5 when we used the most disgusting ink imaginable.

BRYN FORTEY, Newport:

On a purely personal level, I was disappointed to note that MAYA does not intend featuring even small helpings of fiction. I have recently made my first sales to a major market, ( a short story in each of the first two volumes of a new Sphere anthology series --NEW WRITINGS IN HORROR & THE SUPERNATURAL, edited by David Sutton), and I can honestly say that I don't think I would have reached even this first rung if it hadn't been for the apprenticeship I've served in pages of many fanzines.

((I don't see why I should run MAYA as dustbin for would-be writers to publish their crap in, because that is what most fan-fiction is --highly decayed crap. If it was any good, it would be in a prozine instead of being foisted on us poor fen. The only exception to this is fiction that by its own nature can't be placed in the usual fiction market.))

On the other hand your fiction ban will be thoroughly applauded by fanish Ghray Bhoak, a thoroughly nice person who is fast becoming the goody-goody of British fandom. I'm afraid Graham reminds me of quack cure-alls, guaranteed to remedy everything from ingrowing toenails to baldness. How to cure fandom in five easy Boakisms!.

Before leaving my old buddy alone, I must on his behalf deny your editorial statement that he has lousy taste in women. ((If you'd been in Earl's Court tube station the night before the con you wouldn't.)) Back in the old days when Newport was fairly near and he made the odd trip, Gray could never quite make up his mind whether to try for Maddalena there and then or wait for Maria. ((Oh?)) Either way, it showed admirable good taste. Or am I biased? ((You tell me. Gray is being very enigmatic about this.))

HARTLEY PATTERSON, Beaconsfield:

I didn't like the colour. Colour is for effect, like the reviews in blue, or the cover in puce. Yours makes the print less easy to read and the repro is crummy --but with a Roneo what can you expect...well I would expect you at

least to throw out sheets with unreadable lines. If the zine is unreadable I fail to see the point of producing it. What you do have is the appearance of a run of the mill British zine and that's no compliment. A pity, cos MAYA is mostly better than average.

The best is the Ritchie Smith pieces, particularly the Third Ear Band bits, just beautiful. I hope to see more of him.

Most of the DANGEROUS VISIONS review I agree with, indeed I've just done a review of same in an underground paper, though I only had room to rave. It's particularly frustrating as it leaves the British reader ignorant about the present day scene so much of which is attributable to DV: the various original pb. collections for example.

I don't agree about these two Ellison stories. I found the Jack the Ripper piece uninteresting, even predictable. A BOY AND HIS DOG, on the other hand, had lots of ideas, a fast moving plot, an interesting central character. The violence and sex were part of the story which was better with them than without. Morals? So why do you want morals to justify content with? Suppose the naughty bits were left as dots, would this have improved the story or worsened it?

((You appear to have misunderstood me over this which is partly my own fault. When I criticised the story as lacking any apparent 'moral', I really meant 'point'. The story had no *raison d'être*, it didn't go anywhere, it didn't say anything, but was just a piece of mindless, gratuitous sex and violence as contrasted with the Ripper which, in some ways, was far more grisly yet was saying something.))

Malcolm Edwards, Cambridge:

...most mainstream is crud, to my way of thinking. My way of thinking is an odd thing, compounded mainly while lying in the bath, and deals only with impressionistic, subjective standards. What James Blish likes to describe as Spingarnian criticism. That's it, of course --like most SF readers I tend to judge by the author's ability to spin a yarn. Well, never mind. Anyway, to return to the point, the majority of mainstream fiction bores me, I think, because the writers operate mainly on the levels of form and content (with the former to the fore) while, as a reader, I operate on the levels of content and plot (with an equal emphasis, although during my true-blue SF reader days I was firmly convinced that the latter was the only worthwhile criterion. I grew out of that. Many SF fans never seem to. See Terry Jeeves article in CYPHER:3). I have nothing against this mainstream fiction except that it bores me personally, that it seems to me what is killing the novel as an artform, that it forgets the primary purpose of fiction, that most of the writers do not have the intellectual apparatus to bring it off.

This is not a general condemnation of mainstream fiction, but some justification of an attitude you dismiss as 'maudlin crap' (believed to be a reference to an odious substance found in sewers in the region of 11 Downing Street.).

You're hardly fair in expecting SF writers to rival Joyce, Nabokov and the rest. The pulp tradition is too firmly fixed against it. Anyone who is going to be considered a real SF writer by the fans is obviously going to have to be visibly steeped in that tradition. There are other people writing SF but we have no claim on them. If GILES COAT-BOY had been the novel it might have been, had Barth kept it under control, it might easily have been the best SF novel written, but that would have little to do with you and I and John



W. Campbell. My argument seems to be getting away from me, but what I'm getting at is that the writers whom we class as SF writers are, by and large, commercial writers, who have grown up in a commercial tradition, which shows up always in their work. If SF writers are to get status it is going to be the sort of status of Chandler and Hammett, or Tommy Steele with the Royal Shakespeare Company. Not that I care. Terms in which Leiber might be a non-entity and Ellison a joke are not terms in which I can work up any interest.

I enjoyed your piece on Lafferty. I find it hard to find anyone who enjoys his stuff as much as I do. They tend to dismiss him as an introspective irrelevant bore, or something. (Dick fans won't readily forgive that, I give you warning, Williams.) ((Ho, ho, ho!)) I did a longish review of 990 GRANDMAS for QUICKSILVER, but eventually I tore it up because other people kept picking all my best lines. I don't try to rationalise them much. FOURTH MANSIONS obviously makes no sense on a rational level, but it feels so right that it hardly matters. I really think that Lafferty is onto some basic truth which can't be explained in any logical manner (not in this world, anyway). Things like the way in THE HOLE ON THE CORNER that the people are instantly recognisable despite looking completely different are ideas which are ridiculous, but seem incontestable to me in their own peculiar way. What the hell am I talking about? There is a bit in one of Lafferty's stories which seems to sum up his work perfectly (although it contradicts a couple of things I just said). Comes from ONE AT A TIME, which you'll remember, I'm sure:

"Just a minute, McKee," Sour John cut in. "There's something a little loose about all your talk, and it needs landmarks. How long have you lived anyhow? How old are you?"

"About forty years old by my count, John. Why?"

"I thought your stories were getting a little too tall, McKee. But if you're no more than forty years old, then your stories do not make sense."

"Never said they did, John. You put unnatural conditions on a tale."

Quite.

Sam Long, RAF Croughton:

Your editorial rambles in the true fannish tradition. Mine ramble too, but in a different way. Rambling is good for you. Keep it up. Very interesting those figures you, or rather Thom, dug up about your namesake people. I can't say that his THEMES did too much for me. Oh yeah, I got all the allusions, but who is Zeus son of the none-angle? ((Tom, explain to me as well, please.)) On second thought, it's not too bad. Tom is a person I'd like very much to have writing for Q. ((I'll let him know)) Especially after reading his story of Gilgamesh. (Where did you get those illos?) ((I asked Jim Marshall to do them specially as he'd the EPIC as well. Good, weren't they?)) I've been studying ancient mythology under the tutelage of Robert Graves (in his GREEK MYTHS, penguin and THE WHITE



GODDESS, faber) and the understanding I've recently gained should make the Gilgamesh epic quite a bit more interesting when I finally get round to reading it. In those, it seems, gods were mortal; only the Goddess was immortal, and a hero could only gain Elysium by great deeds and the sacrifice of himself to the Goddess. It sounds as if Gilgamesh was one these types. Good article. Whetted my appetite for the ancient legend.

Gray writes a good article (altho his zines seem to have fallen on evil days recently), and this is one of them. It's good to hear that fannishness is on the increase --and MAYA is a symptom of that. The book reviews --interesting, but I'll not say anything more about them except read Robert Graves KING JESUS, and I'll read Moorcock's novel. ((I might just do that if I can get hold of a copy. I have read his SEVEN DAYS IN NEW CRETE recently and found it excellent, especially the stunning end))

Terry Jeeves, Sheffield:

The artwork, excluding my own, was absolutely top notch and of a professional standard. A pity that the electrostencils let you down so badly. They were, of course, much too faint. A query about that artwork...and please, it is a query, and NOT an accusation. Was it traced directly from...or partially adapted from any professionally published work...or was it truly original...if the latter then you MUST hang on to Jim Marshall and Harry Bell. The reason I query this, is that in the days of TRIODE (a contemporary of HYPHEN and ORION and better than either...although unmentioned by Gray Boak) we had an artist called Bill Harry. He turned out wonderful work, which he assured me was 100% original...and I later found out he traced it from film magazines and altered the backgrounds. I am not accusing your artists of this...but merely asking. I stress the NOT bit, since a while back in CMPA, I said... "I doubt whether...." and was strongly accused of calling somebody a liar.

((All the art in M:1 was original --although as I said earlier, the Harry Bell illustrations had been used before. Harry and Jim are very fine artists and are improving all the time. Kevin Cullen, who appears for the first time in this issue, is also very talented as shown by his work for VISION OF TOMORROW. The only derivative drawing in this issue is Jim's Jerry Cornelius which is done in the style of Mal Dean))

I note from the editorial, that Tom Pennan has a weird sense of humour... as shown in his article. I presume that the article in question must be the one on MAYA...as to my humble mind, it is a large slice of cod's w wallop. Why? Well, you asked for controversy, so here is my 1/2 worth.

...."They knew the Venusian year of 584 days." Apart from Venus being nearer the sun, and thus orbiting the S Sun in less time than the earth, it happens to have a year of 224 days. And the correct figure doesn't factorise by 73 either.

.....Then we meet, "The Tzolkin has 260 days..." What is a Tzolkin??? Looking at the table which follows, one would guess it is the Moon...but nowhere does it say so...and anyway, how come the Moon's year is given as 260 days. Since it orbits the sun in company with the earth, its year is also 365 days. And finally, how can the Sun have a year at all. A year is the time taken to orbit the Sun, and it just can't orbit itself. If rotational period is meant, then this is termed a day, and here again, the Sun's day isn't 104 days.

In other words not one item in the list has a year of the length given. As for the number 37,960. This is just a simple multiple...and not even the Lowest Common Multiple at that.

So where is the incredible subtlety???



I dislike such snippets of information which cite magical numbers and ask us to go gosh wow...were they really that clever...but without explaining what the numbers are, how they are derived, or what is so wonderful about them. Pick any three numbers and an infinite number of multiples can be found into which they will all divide.

((Ah, well now. Yes. Ermm...))

Archie Mercer, Redruth:

MAYA:1, I can't help noticing, costs 2/6 but is free. MAYA:2, I presume then is free for 2/-. Accordingly I hasten to enclose 2/- in order to qualify for the next free copy. In the mean (or May:1) time, we're stuck with number one. And I'm confused. Not only am I still uncertain as to which is (Br)ian Williams and vice versa, but also about the title. If it's in honour or memory of the Yucatanic (and/or thereabouts) race of that name, fair enough --only it'd help to know why they, rather than (say) Tasmanian Man or the Sumerians have been chosen. I could think of ever so many other explanations of the name, of course --Old Gray Maya, Lord Maya, Maya the female parent of Hermes/Mercury, Maya have the pleasure, May: le Player:1, Lady Window Maya's Fan...

((Well, first things first. In order to assist your (and no doubt many others) identification of the one-and-only me. I have been described by the following people as: "A crass goblin"--Roy Kettle, "Fat"--Harry Bell (you ain't no Twiggy yourself, Harry), "Jolly"--Ian Penman, "Stocky, suave, sophisticated and altogether delightful."--Sue Pece, "A bundle of fun"--Sheila Huggins (I'm not so sure I like that 'bundle' bit), "A liar: I do have good taste in women" Gray Boak, "A lousy bridge player" son Roseblum, "A handsome, intelligent young man of great taste and a fine fan-writer"--Ian Williams, "Like I said, a liar"--Gray Boak....))

((Now that piece of self-indulgent in-jokes is over, I'll succumb to public demand and explain the name of this zine. Last September, myself and the rest of the fan-group were trying to think up a name for the zine. We wanted it short, distinctive, and meaningful. MAYA fit all categories. Apart from being the name of an ancient tribe, it's also the name of the Hindu goddess of illusion, as well as being on the Incredible String Band lp 'The Big Huge. Even George Harrison mentions it if not in very complimentary terms --"Beware of MAYA"))

Gray Boak has another confusing title --something to do with aeroplanes actually, I suppose --but his column is the most readable thing in the issue. Re the little matter of Audrey Walton he mentions --possibly, being a chronically busy lass with plenty to do that she finds of interest she shrugged her shapely shoulders and decided to cut her losses in that quarter and get on with something more to her personal taste.

I've doubtless made this point before around the place, but so far as I'm concerned, I'd sooner see space devoted to inferior prose than to inferior poetry or inferior artwork. I've no very great liking for either of the two latter categories, anyway --even when I can see a thing is good, I can also see that it does nothing in particular to me. Fanzines, to my mind, exist to communicate --and prose is the best way of communication yet devised. (Poetry often exists specifically not to communicate, except to the initiate.) ((I obviously disagree with this statement and had thought of refuting it, but I won't, and leave it open for anybody else to comment)) So cram all the prose in you like, leave no space unfilled, and you're unlikely to be receiving complaints from this quarter. ((Just from everybody else))

You seem to have a "down" on Mike Moorcock's fiction, somehow. Not that I'm all that fond of it myself: I usually find it readable without being compulsively so. But I'm ready to recognise that this may simply be that I'm not whom Mike's writing for, rather than putting it down to the author's incompetence. People of discrimination appear to enjoy his works, which in turn seems to indicate that they're better-written than you suggest.


((("People of discrimination" also enjoy the works of E.R.Burroughs, one of the most inept 'popular' writers this century, so I don't really think that is any criterion))

Lisa Conesa, Manchester:

P.S. Enjoyed your first issue tremendously, you'll be gratified to hear and that from a well-seasoned 'fresher', no less.

One thing, (here it comes...no, only a suggestive thought in passing) speaking as one who is very new to fandom --well, fanzines then (tread softly stranger, 'tis holly ground!) I would heartily welcome more background about fans contributing with the Maya pages.

((For the benefit of Lisa and other neos --neos, not 'freshers' --in the audience, contributing is fairly simple. You write an article and send it to me. As I've said before, I'll print anything that is interesting and adequately written --the choice of subject is completely open))



My own experience and that of some others like myself, new to SF zines, though not SF itself, is somewhat bewildering --in the alien world of fandom. A few of us, (using the royal 'us' here really) are toying with the idea of producing a fresher-zine by and for we newbies, however, learning to walk takes time and help from the 'long-standing' would or could speed things up --not to mention the 100 and 1 snags which I'm sure you're well aware of... My idea is not to create another wheel within wheel, there are enough of those already, but to bridge the gap maybe --

((The problem with asking me for advice is that I still consider myself a neo and don't completely know my way around fandom yet.



However, I have been around long enough to know roughly the status quo in fandom which makes producing a fanzine that much easier. And it takes most neos some time to feel their way around and until you're fairly used to fandom and fanzines I don't see much point in producing a zine of your own. Once you've studied other people's zines and learned from their mistakes, as well as noticing their strong points, then you can get down to producing your own. On the other hand, you may tend to be imitative than original as you're likely to be influenced by your favourite zines))

Those of us new-ones, who intend to attend, <sup>the convention</sup> and those who are too shy to do so on this occasion, would be very interested indeed in the comings and goings, or even reminiscent has-beens of such happenings etc..

((There will be a conrep in M:3 ))

One last quest., any plans on the horizon re-Mr. Brunner's QUICKSAND or STAND ON ZANZIBAR? ((Nope)) How about my personally nominated god of SF gods Cordwainer Smith's writings et al. ((If anybody would like to do an in-depth study of Smith's stories, I'd be delighted to print it.))

((And now, a letter from Godzilla who can safely be taken for...))

Leroy Arthur Kettle, London:

Who thinks SF is good?

Who says most mainstream is crud and what's so revolutionary about that?

Who wants SF to gain status in the literary world? If it's not good enough it won't. If it is someone will accept it (Ballard, Aldiss, Vonnegut?) And why keep SF separate from aminstream? Considering a fair number of mainstream novels use what would be fannishly called SF techniques and produce better results, should we (you) stop shouting at being unrecognised. Good SF is recognised all right it's just thatbody in the field is writing it or ever will write while they're still trying to cater for intellectuals that categorise their work as . SF. The best writers who have had reasonable connections with our field (permanently fallow) are again Aldiss, Ballard and Vonnegut (overall) and all three are trying rid themselves of the SF image.

OK that you go on about which SF author has talent such as you list but then againwhich of those authors besides Nabokov (ADA) and the odd Donâavy short has produced a good SF story. You can't have everything, Ian. It seems quality and segregation don't go together. Get rid of the label and you might find good stories of the kind you like. Keep the cliquish atmosphere and you get good SF stories --another thing altogether.

AS an aside I'd argue with your very general and somewhat ludicrous SF writers depth criticism in a line. In one part of your zine you crit tidse things within the tiny world of SF using SF standards such as they are , and in another you use the somewhat higher standards of the best of mainstream to make a point. But in making it you are showing yourself up. If you want SF to be part of the big world of books then apply <sup>of</sup> standards and don't be hypocritical and say Stableford's books were very good when what you mean was that they were superficial crap which compare very well to most other SF.

What is this tremendous hody of one shot mainstream novels besides the two you mention. You seem to mean that many of the best mainstream novels were one-shots within the aauthor's work. If you're going to say something which you feel is important as youdo this stuff about SF being the kid-brother of

mainstream and when's it gonna take us in hand then take a bit time over what you say. You could probably produce a reasonably interesting article and perhaps generate a few thoughts somewhere if you didn't treat what you imply as a serious thing as lightly as you do.

Why bother about the two novels which have <sup>both</sup> won awards. The Nebula has only been going a short time anyway and both are based on heavily biased voting (for friends yet) by semi-illiterates fairly often in the case of the Hugo, on a small number of all the SF novels (in the widest sense) produced in a year. Your choice of novels to show a none-SF reader (which normally means someone who has read maybe a Wyndham, Asimov, and/or Bradbury plus maybe one other and heard of a couple of others) is entirely different from ine or anyone else's. Piss to human beings and their relationships. SF can't manage that and ideas at the same time. ((Why the hell not!)) If you're going to show someone what SF's all about, show them what SF is then show them something packed with SF ideas, not something that tries to be mainstream SF. They'll laff their boots off. If you're going to categorise then the thing that makes SF worth reading is the ideas. If people can write better then they will. If not, they'll write SF or bad mainstream or Westerns (or put out fanzines). If you want to keep the label then make sure you end up with SF as the final product. If not, then what's it all about.

"Only the writer's can do something about it". Balls. If the reader's standards are sufficiently low <sup>then</sup> for a not very talented writer it's better money writing lots of crap than trying and still writing crap. You can't blame poor writers for writing poor fiction. But you can blame hell out of the readers for buying it. Who's to blame did you say?

((They say that it does you good to suffer. Which brings me onto the next loc which was sent to Tom Penman. The first time I've heard of locing behind the editor's back. It's from...))

Rob Holdstock, London.

Maya sounds like it was all written by the same person. I believe that Ian Williams and Ritchie Smith are jelloid replicas of Tom Penman. I believe this fanzine was written by Tom Penman as dictated by Greg Pickersgill. I don't believe Maya. I believe the illustrations, especially the back cover. If Maya was made up of twenty pages of pictures like that I might consent to GIVE you something for the zine. Even if it contained that cartoon in every issue, because that had a certain sense of originality and entertainment (does this reflect my mentality? No, merely that the perpetrator, for there is surely only one, of this incredible junk is incapable of producing anything of literary worth, only of artistic merit) even then I would still subscribe. Even, I hasten to add (and I see you all sit up expectantly, waiting for the kindness that you need from me as I am such a man of worth and you hang on my every word) even that poem The Running Man was, to a certain degree, excellent. In fact it WAS excellent. One could understand it. It was a message, a complaint channeled through whoever wrote that story, under the pseudonym of Williams, from a segment of the population that the author surely belongs to --the scruffs, the outcasts, the druggies, and the shit-eaters. Listen boys, you ain't nasty enough, see? I mean, you gotta be nasty if you're gointa be cynical, OK? I don't want to read this half-hearted spew. I want to read a revolting plateful of suppurating pācenta. The only thing you come anywhere to being nasty to is Audrey Walton, surely the individual who least of all deserves nastiness --Wadezine is light years better than Maya, and deep down



you know it. It may not be good to look at, but it's got (Christ it's got) character that your crudzine will never have, not until you titnibblers mature a bit. I read Wadezine because I LIKE to read it, when it comes through my letterbox I look FORWARD to reading it because it's entertaining. Not a chore to wade my way through.

James Goddard, Milford on Sea:

I can't agree with Brian Stableford's review of DANGEROUS VISIONS: There's more that is new and dangerous in any one volume of Knight's ORBIT series chosen at random than in the whole of this massive anthology. Alright, so the authors take subjects that are meant to shock, good for them, there's nothing like a good shock now and then. But what went wrong? They fail miserably. I'm not saying that there are not good stories in this anthology, because there are. What I am saying is that they don't lead up to what Ellison tells you to expect. Like all people with a product to sell, he aims high and makes remarkable claims, when in reality his product is no better than anyone else's. Sturgeon writes about incest, true enough, and he writes a good story, but it's like the old saying about the bitter pill, he covers his prose with such a sugary coating that it reads more like a Bradbury yarn than a dangerous new story by Sturgeon. The British contingent, Aldiss, Ballard, and Brunner, all write stories that would have found an in easy place in a magazine, Galaxy would have been very pleased with them. Not because they are particularly dangerous, or because they are particularly visionary, but simply because they are straightforward stories by well-known authors. Even R.A.Lafferty, from whom we have come to expect something special, lets us down by providing nothing more than a charming fantasy. It would be possible to go on and on like this right through the book, but it isn't really necessary. True enough, there are one or two stories that may not have found a home in a conventional SF magazine, but they number no more than this. There are a number of first class stories that obviously deserved the awards they received, but there are an equal number that strike one as having been written years ago, and just having the dust removed before their presentation in this volume. There is really nothing here to justify the hullabaloo that arose around the book. There may be things here which would shock anyone with a hangover nineteenth century narrow-minded and bigoted Victorian attitude, but twentieth century man, never!!! To quote Ballard: "...Ellison's DANGEROUS VISIONS is a vulgar travesty of the words in its title, --my own piece 'The Assassination of J.F.Kennedy Considered as a Downhill Motor Race' was declined on the grounds that '...many millions of Americans might be offended....'". Never mind, suffice to say that it's a good anthology of about average standard.

((I've just flicked through my copy and counted twelve stories that are not less than excellent and only three weak stories. That is an 'average' anthology.....?))

John N. Hall, New Ash Green:

...to the meat --DOAK. From what I've heard and read --I for one can do without the Golden Age of Fandom. I also, like, doubtless, Audrey Walton, can do without the useless sort of criticism exhibited by Jim Linwood in CYNIC. I know what I want to do and if Jim Linwood doesn't like it, let him go elsewhere. It isn't just me who'll tell you that --Weston will too and Darroll Pardoe, Peter Roberts, etc.

While I sympathise when Boak says layout, headings etc are worth it -- I submit that those like Audrey Walton won't appreciate the advice --they like it the way it is. It's their thing --take it or leave it --don't

weep and gnash teeth. I've never seen a fanzine edited by Jim Linwood though he may well produce one --I defy it to be all he preaches.

And Boak --I used slip sheets on ZINE's 1 and 2.

Brian Aldiss, Southmoor:

Thanks for thinking to send me MAYA. Although I scarcely read SF for pleasure (study's another matter), I read MAYA with pleasure.

((No, this isn't a wow-I-got-a-card-from-a-pro reason for its inclusion. I'm using it to make a point. The fact that a busy writer such as Mr. Aldiss is willing to dash off an acknowledgement for an unsolicited fanzine doesn't say a great deal for the fans who can't even be bothered to do that! To the news in the audience --the success of a fanzine depends on the active interest of its readers. A fan who spends a great deal of time over his/her zine (and I can't think of anyone who doesn't) and doesn't get much return in the way of letters of comment is unlikely to continue producing the zine for very long. This isn't a moan from me, specifically, as the locs I received came to nearly half the total of the copies I sent out --a very high percentage, I believe. All the same, I'd like to have known what the other fifty per-cent of my readers thought....))

Mary Legg, Oxford:

A Gray Boak col. is a gain indeed. Like one or two other fen's work, I may not always agree with what Gray says, but he always put an interesting, if occasionally biased, case. Now, what does he say in O - O? Ah, but if you throw the rest of this into the bin, and deservedly so (my letter, not MAYA or O - O, I mean) do, do, do record my appreciation of Gray's nostalgic reminders here in part one of his column. Charles Platt, Ted White, Roje Gilbert, and Brian...by gum, but it took me back.

Ah, but Gray, maybe Audrey merely decided to ignore it? On the principle that it wasn't worth it, that is, she may feel as I do that fanfeuds are a waste of time and somewhat egocentric anyway. When a fan or two believe all who read the columns are interested in their own arguments, y'know. I've had spats in my time, as well..

Of the list of fannish necessities for a fanzine, I'd agree with enthusiasm, time, money, talent (on the part of the contributors) and also something which always causes me more trouble than owt else, ~~aside~~ from money, --duper ((duplicating)) facilities. Lack of them is a real bind. You push up your costs carting stencils and the entire fanzine across country (and Crabapple's been dupered as far north as Liverpool and as far west as Bristol in its time) so that you are, in effect, posting your mag out twice. All too often people who castigate other fen about lack of fanzines forget that it is difficult to get dupering done. Dammit, if I had access to a duper any time, I'd be producing C/A pretty regularly, money allowing.

((I also received locs from Roje Gilbert, John Piggot, Jeff Morgan, Ritchie Smith, Brian Williams, Roger Waddington, and that well-known pseudonym Tom Penman. Many thanks to all those who loced, contributed, and drew.))

((Just to repeat myself again. All letters of comment are welcomed with open arms, as are contributions, subscriptions, and trades. So do us both a favour and do one or more of those four))



·ODYSSEUS AND THE WHIRLIGIG: A Freudian joke for Jimmy Joyce  
by David Barry.

Night winds roared with their flapperies  
scattering flimsy curtaintails and rentveils  
and screaming laughter.

From darkness hollowing blackly came

Whirligig

the son of Titans cyclopaenhugery  
roaring vastly its battlescreams.  
A luberinglumperry of hollowness and air  
farting angeruish and raging storm  
allatime callingcatsreaming  
roarery and defiants.

(listen, it's Jimjapery  
Incision)

Allof brave Odysseus took up  
the challengecall and  
girling his laden loins arose from  
his birthbed daybed lyingbed  
acopulationsleep allone with lumperry  
pillowfarts and bedwettery.

(na, na --hymn for a teddy  
bear at nunsends)

Thinewed sinews long and loingly  
muscleshoulderedbacknsides and white  
with powerful strokeringstrikingstringy hands.

(psst, gill of peppers  
takes it sonorously)

Oh! Oh! Oh!

low and lowly did he graspcääsp his  
phallustaff of potent biggerybuggery  
and delightful deathdealing skullduggery.

(om mani padme runc)

Whirligig, Whirligig wherforfart thou,  
om london far sandyshoreline  
wetting clawstoos, sandered claws all gritty.  
Let me crucifisecircumcise  
your bedhead deadhead.

(ho, ho, ho, Wayland  
won't like it)

but

the rawinds nighted  
dawn spurted.

Flap. Flap. Flap.

(don't forget the death  
god)

--it's a crossword--

!

#####

There's a lifetime subscription to MAYA to anyone who can show that  
he/she understood all the allusions and puns in the poem --IRW

#####

INTERLUDE 4:

"County Durham, at last," muttered Jerry as he crossed the border  
from Yorkshire, shooting a customs officer down and throwing a grenade  
at the persuing border guards.

. He surveyed the countryside, the verdant green pastures that met  
his eyes, the chattering of the wildlife liltng in his ears, the smell  
of flowers just tickling his nostrils. I'm in paradise, he thought.

Whilst his attention was elsewhere, a black mamba slithered up  
and bit him in the leg.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW: 41 edited by R.E.Geis, California. Available from the British agent Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton Surrey. 20p each or 5 for £1.00. 56pages

SPECULATION: 28 edited by Peter R. Weston, 31 Pinewall Ave., Kings Norton, Birmingham 30. 15p each or 5 for 75p. 58pages.

QUICKSILVER:1 edited by Malcolm Edwards, 236 King's College, Cambridge, CB2 1ST. 12<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>p each, trade, loc, contribute. 40pages.

Here we have three sercon zines, that is fanzines devoted to serious writical discussion of SF. The first two are just about the best fan zines there are, SFR having won two Hugos and Spec that should have got at least one of them. I look forward to reading these two zines more than any others I receive —and when they both came through the letterbox together I thought I was in for a feast. Sadly, I was wrong.

Geis was bored and makes no attempt to hide it in his, usually entertaining, editorial. Norman Spinrad's supposedly controversial article on fandom which wasn't. Ted White's column —you know Ted White, the guy who goes around jumping on molehills completely oblivious to the mountains around him. The book reviews were good but there weren't any really good books to review. I liked Geis' review section and he's tempted me into going to buy a couple of books by authors I never bother with —Compton and Niven. The letters are always interesting. Layout and reproduction is as impeccable as ever, but the artwork is not up too standard. I want more Kirk and less Rotler.

Part of the Spec editorial is a bad parody (at least I hope it was a parody) of Geis' editorial style and gets at him for Hugo hunting. The articles are quietly boring in a readable sort of way (Chris Priest's column being an exception as for a change, it's the best thing in the magazine). The book reviews aren't very inspiring, possibly because of the mediocre books that are being discussed, only Brian Stableford's review of an Ellison collection is up to the usual Speculation standard. The letters seem mainly to be devoted to clarifications of points raised in letters and articles in the previous issue of Spec.

Quicksilver is alive and jumping with enthusiasm and intelligence. It's got people like Chris Priest, Graham Charnock, and Brian Aldiss with a short story. A highly enjoyable editorial, two very good columns, and an excellent review section —ranging from Hesse to Laumer. Most of the reviews are by Malcolm who makes a very good job of them. I would like to go into more detail, however, rather unfortunately my copy is on loan to another fan. No matter, the editor says he'll be at the con with copies of Quicksilver;2 —accest him and buy one.

I feel disappointed that I haven't been able to say nicer things about SFR and Spec, but I suppose it is difficult to constantly achieve the standard of excellence that is their norm, so to new fans who haven't come across either yet, don't let me put you off. I'm very confident that the next issues of both will up to standard —get them.

#### INTERLUDE 5:

Jerry heaved himself onto the top of the roof and clutched the chimney pot for support. He quickly orientated himself and took out his gun with the telescopic sight. He peered through it to look into the front room of 6 Greta Terrace, Sunderland, where Williams sat finishing off his fanzine reviews. Damned alcoholic pixie, thought Jerry as he took aim and softly squeezed the tri...



CYNIC:2 edited by A. Graham Boak, 3 Rydelands, Nuthurst, CRANLEIGH, Surrey.  
Loc, trade, contribution, or free for the asking. 26pages.

Christ Gray, you cut it damned fine. I woke up on Saturday morning thinking that all the stencils were typed, and the electrostencils stuck on, when through my letterbox bounced Cynic;2 shouting review me, review me, I'm here at last.

That is an understatement. It's been something like eight months since Cynic;1 appeared and that just isn't frequent enough. Sometimes I think that fan editors should get grants from the Arts Council. Nationalisation of the BSFA might help as well.

C:1 didn't exactly fill me with delight, more disinterest than anything else although it did have one or two good things in it. I'm happy to say that C:2 is a great improvement. There are only a couple of really appalling illustrations and only one bad article. The contents are: editorial, followed by two humorous (or supposedly so) articles by Andrew Stephenson and Ian Williams, five pages of fanzine reviews from Jim Linwood and Joe Patrizio, eight pages of letters, and lastly a poem by Ritchie Smith.

The cover is by Kevin Cullen and is, not surprisingly, very good. The back cover is an atrocious mess that makes me wonder if Gray has any artistic sense at all. Interior illustrations by 'Santos' are hardly worthy of the name. Alexis Gilliland, if not very good, at least shows a certain style. Andrew Stephenson's drawings are nice, indeed first-rate in the company they keep.

Gray's editorial is mainly an amusing story about how he fell in love with Goldie Hawn. (Out of your own mouth you have condemned yourself. Goldie Hawn....really! Now if you'd said Sheila Huggins).

'With Both Barrels' by Andrew Stephenson is a dry, witty account of how to keep a fan as a pet in a barrel. He instructs you in how to catch your fan by luring him into a barrel, how to feed and care for him. To let him out every so often in order to associate with wildfen. And how to notice signs of illness in the fan, such as lingering in the mainstream section of the library.

My own article 'The Gannet, the Honda, & Me' was supposed to be a funny account of an incident that happened after one of our fan meetings. On seeing it in cold print, I now realise that my 'humorous' writing style hasn't changed since I was fourteen. And it was puerile then.

The fanzine reviews are good, if short. Linwood covers Maya, Egg, and two British Tolkein zines from the Pardoes and Archie Mercer. Patrizio deals with three US zines (well, 2 and one from Canada if you insist on accuracy) and three British. All the reviews are informed and honest.

A good lettercolumn, a great deal of which is spent on jumping on Peter Roberts for his folk/rock article in the previous issue.

'Star's End' by Ritchie Smith is a poem that is typically RS--and good.

Get CYNIC.

#### EPILOGUE:

Williams saw Jerry's gun glint in the sunlight refracted through the coal dust and in a blur dived through the window. He ran, his muscular torso bulging and leaped the rooftop where Jerry was perched and tore him limb from limb. Next time Williams, thought Jerry through a blood haze, next time....

