



This fourth issue of MAYA comes to you courtesy of:

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Available for all the usual fannish reasons or for 20p (50 ¢ US and Canada). Yes, the price has gone up! However, your first copy is free after that you have to do one of the above.

SOUTH AFRICAN AGENT:

nick shears,
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South Africa.

At the moment I'm on the lookout for American, Canadian and Australian agents. Anyone care to volunteer?

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MAULINGS

It's frustrating you know. For the past 2 hours I've been sitting here in front of my trusty portable typewriter trying to think of an interesting topic for my editorial this issue; but the only topic that seems to rise into myconscious mind is the state of British fandom, and you could hardly call that interesting, now could you?

So, it looks like I'll have to fall back on the traditions of fandom and talk about the previous issue. First, a few simple facts. Of the 79 copies of Maya 3 that were actually posted, 39 remained in the British Isles, 31 went to the States, 2 to Canada and 3 to Australia, oh, and not forgetting the one nick shears got in South Africa. Which if my arithmetic is correct doesn't add up to 79 but to 76. Whoever got the extra copies please write and tell me!

On the production side I wasn't all that pleased. The fading down the left-hand side caused quite a few problems with the electrostencills which had to be constantly over-inked to achieve something approaching respectability. This in itself led to another headache. The electros' kept coming adrift from the wax sheets they were being run off from (yes, most of the electros' were run off on separte sheets from the text, and how many other British faneds can say that?) However after much swearing and shouting all the interior illoes were run off, leaving only the back page still unprinted. It was at this stage that I discovered the reason for the fading: The main roller feeding paper into the machine was warped, and now, when the issue was almost complete it began to manifest itself in the most destructive way possible. Nine out of every 10 sheets came out of the other end of the machine creased. Not a small inconsequential crease in a bottom corner but a 2" wide crease starting near the top and gradually spreading downward and outward until it covered a fair proportion of the page. Such are the trials of fandom.....

From this issue Maya goes on what could be called the experimental road. It should be evident on glancing through that most of the interior artwork has disappeared, apart from the occasional heading. At the moment I'm not too sure whether the usual type of 3"x3" filler artwork will reappear in these pages; it all depends on what mood I'm in when I start planning the next issue and also the standard of any filler artwork I might have on hand. What I would like to see is a portfolio in each issue by a specific artist or failing that just a few full page/half page illoes inserted at appropriate points about the zine. Either way I hope to make Maya an interesting experience in both visual and written terms. But this of course depends on contributions, and this is where you come in. For this magazine to survive and eventually prosper I need your help when it comes to the actual contents. So, the balls in your court as the saying goes. Don't be afraid to send in your article or whatever, at worst I could send it back, at best it would see print. Get writing and drawing folks.

Mention of drawing leads me quite nicely to Pete Colley's planned art orbitor. Pete recently sent me a flyer on the subject and I'd like to quote



GOBLIN TOWERS. A COLUMN BY IAN WILLIAMS

"Christ, you know it ain't easy."

Sunday was up, criss, cross, and still further up. Sometimes the sun flashed itself and then hid again like a dirty old man. And dammit, it was even warm, in March too!

I invited myself to Mauler's for tea after he'd cried off coming through to Sunderland for lack of funds. He was bouncing up and down showing me the locs he'd received sofar, fannish haloes crowned his head. Brought back memories, but that's another story. He was so jubilant, I even beat him in one game of chess (not easy either). Then I smashed him into the ground at Monopoly - but that was a foregone conclusion as I'm a much nastier and cruel person than he is anyway. After that we crossed right across town to Harry Bell's place. Picked up him and Irene then backtracked to Newcastle city centre. One of the bars in the Turks Head Hotel is where the queers hangout, but we didn't go in there. I suspect there might be a fannish tale to tell if we did. I was rather thirsty and drank a surprising quantity of beer in just over an hour. Outside, the fog came in thick and fast. I couldn't be bothered to go home that night and as my mother's was only a twenty minute bus ride away, I went there. The bus inched up the A.1, mist tickling the windscreen, visibility down to about five yards. Half drunk I peered through the window, irrationally frightened of missing my stop. I needn't have worried, the driver got half way to his destination and announced he was going no further, leaving ten or twenty people to walk the remaining five miles through the banks of mist to Blyth. I walked quickly to my mother's place at Farm, only stopping for a mammoth piss which wouldn't

wait. My mother was surprised to see me walk through the door trailing mist in my wake and breathing beer fumes. There isn't a spare bed, so I got out my air mattress, nearly rupturing my lungs blowing it up, knocked back a Guinness, crawled into some blankets and spent an uncomfortable night vainly trying to sleep.

Monday morning wasn't very pleasant. I was up at six due to my two step-sisters coming into the living-room and falling over me. (They'd been in bed when I arrived and didn't know I was here.) The Hunchback Of Notre Dame started banging a gong in my head. My first cigarette was foul. My mother forgot how I liked my eggs and fried me one -- solid! -- I nearly threw up. Nine o'clock was a lecture at Newcastle Polytechnic and the smiling lecturer gave us a test. The Hunchback started screaming inside my head, the teddy bear began feeling he should turn into a grizzly and destroy the world....

Somehow I survived 'till the afternoon.

I had another lecture just after lunch (a packet of wine gums) at 1.10. And on my way over from the college bar (hair of the dog and all that), I caught up with a Yorkshire lass called Angie who I don't know as well as I'd like to. She blinked and turned her smile on me. She has the kind of smile that when it's directed at you makes you think of sunshine, roses and joy. Life suddenly seemed almost worth living. Her mouth curled and opened.

"Ian, would you come and see the Children Of God with me?" Her voice curved, rounded, bubbling.

For you I'd go anywhere, do anything, I thought to myself as I did my well known feat of falling instantly in love at the drop of a hat or the twitch of a lip. As a cover up I put on my benign, masterful and mildly interested look that fools no one but myself.

"Who are they, Angie my flower, my light?"
She told me.

Angie had gone to a gospel-folk evening in college on the Friday and the Children Of God had been on. At the end of the applause they would smile and say "Thank ye Jesus, thank ye." At the end they came amongst the audience, talking, proselytising, asking people if they'd been reborn. One had got talking to Angie and Gwyneth, a friend. Gwyneth played the role of devil's advocate, Angie defending him. They were a branch of the Jesus Freaks" and were living communally in a double-decker bus parked just behind the campus area. Sherman invited Angie to come along and talk with them. Angie wanted to go but none of her female friends would come with her, so as she was a little frightened of going on her own, and knowing of my intense atheism, turned to me next. Lectures finished at three, so I said, fine we'll go along then. Not so much out of interest in the "Jesus Freaks" but in Angie.

Now I wish I hadn't.

We walked over, talking about Freud, emotional states, and religion in general.

"I think I can seriously make a case for religiousness being an emotional disorder. A weak personality needs something to rely on for decisions, for his way of life, his justification of everything, so he goes to this externalised

super-ego and calls it God. It's a way of evading responsibility for his own actions. At least I know that the decisions I make are mine, I accept responsibility for my own actions, whether they are good or bad."

"I can see your point and it's a good one," replied Angie, "but I'm not quite convinced. I don't really know where I stand on these matters."

After that the conversation turned from pedantic generalities to personalities. Angie is looking for a cause to commit herself to. She joined the Newcastle Cyrenian Society - a dogooder organisation that has soup-bins and distributes clothing to the down and outs. Angie cares about people, but she wasn't really sure why. She hadn't a philosophical/religious basis for caring. I thought she desperately needed one and I said so.

"Perhaps, but nothing quite seems to satisfy me. I think I'm one of those people who are frightened of committing themselves because it would dominate their lives so much."

I shrugged and said no more. We were nearly at the bus.

She saw a couple of the guys who'd been singing and asked if Sherman was around.

"Sure," said a broad American accent, "he's inside. Come on in." It was small, a little dirty and dilapidated. There were two tables nailed to the floor, on either side of them was a typical bus seat, behind the two back seats were high benches that stretched to the stairs. We sat down and nervously introduced ourselves to Sherman. One guy, with long hair and a bushy beard, as he was walking past me, put his hand on my shoulder, squeezed it and said "God bless you, Ian." It was so genuine I felt like Dracula confronted with a cross and wanted to get the hell out of there! Sherman asked us if we'd been reborn. I smiled wryly and asked him how long they'd been on the road. We got down to business.

Members of the group wandered in and out from time to time; on occasions some would stop for a few minutes to listen. They all smiled at us with the same kind of curious, benevolent type of gaze that I've seen on the faces of pot heads when they're really high. Three brought in a pile of wood to the cries of "Hallelujah," "Thank ye, Jesus," "Thank ye, Lord," "Praise God." A tall, broad girl with long hair, and looking about eight months pregnant chopped vegetables, finally finishing she picked up a bible and went out. A guitar and voices floated down from the upper deck.

Sherman had been saved for four years.

"I was the typical American kid, bumming around, shooting dope. If I hadn't discovered God's love I'd probably be in the gutter." His hair was high, black, and curly, face a mottled pink, he wore light-purple sweater-shirt and jeans. He put over intelligence but not of the intellectual kind. His manner was a strange cross between nervousness and strong confidence in his beliefs.

"You've been saying that we've got to reach out and accept God, but what if somebody had gone genuinely looking for God and hadn't found him. If he'd tried every way possible and found absolutely nothing. What then?" Angie was staring at me, it was pretty obvious I was talking about myself.

"He couldn't have been looking properly. God's there waiting to love you if you'll just accept him."

idle days on the fann

a column by

darrell schweitzer

Like most fans, I have occasionally been overtaken by a seige of hubris and have desired to raise myself out of my lowly role as a mere fan and attain the olympian heights of prodom. This is a story as old as fandom itself. And who's to say there's anything wrong with it? You'd be surprised how many pros were fans at one time or other.

Generally the only adverse effect of such a thing is that editors get swamped by hordes of ghodawful manuscripts from people who haven't the slightest idea what a story is, let alone how to write them. Considerate as I am(this being, next to humility, the greatest of my many virtues), I decided to spare the editors the agony of wading through all my fledgeling efforts. I decided on a course of action which would hinge on one manuscript, one story which probably wouldn't take more than ten minutes to read. (I'm best at short lengths.) Besides that, I had a surefire scheme worked out.

In attempting to make my first sale I sought supernatural aid. I went to my local witch.

The first thing I had to do was get over some of the typical Christian misconceptions about witches and witchcraft. For one thing they do not under any circumstances ride brooms. Also this eye of newt and tongue of bat business is so incredibly passe'. Furthermore, she wasn't interested in some horrendous price from me, and I didn't even have to deliver the skull of an infant murdered under the full moon. None of that. Since there were no really high calibre sorceressess around, I'd gone to the best available, but that wasn't much. This witch was an amateur, a mere novice. Her reward for her deed would be the self-confidence she would gain by proving her powers.

One of the first things she cautioned me against was asking too much. She wasn't very strong yet, and was incapable of any large scale miracles. It had to be something small, within the range of her abilities. "Very well", I said, considering carefully, "all I want you to do is get me a prozine sale." This wasn't much. A very small miracle indeed. So small that few would even recognise it as a supernatural happening. After all, several of my contemporaries, people about my age who entered fandom at the same time, have recently made their first sales by wholly legitimate means. If I cheated a little bit, only the two of us would know.

She began to cast the spell. It was a long one requiring several days. There was one serious slipup when her cat messed up the cards (tarot, of course) placing the wrong card in the wrong place, in such a way that I would become despairing of my future, give up writing, and might even commit suicide. Fortunately she corrected this in time, but she did phone me anxiously to see if I was alright. I suppose I was lucky considering what happened to the subject the last time she bungled a spell. (Supposedly she was trying to make him into a super-virile he-man so that he could attract hordes of admiring females, but something went wrong and he turned into a homosexual.)

This mishap caused a delay, but she tried again, and this time it went better. (I believe she locked the cat outside while the spell was in process. So much for witches' cats aiding them in their magic.) Triumphant she announced that my next story would have 95% chance of a sale. This story was another of my Dunsanian things, and I promptly shipped it off to Lin Carter in hopes that he might use it for one of his anthologies. Shortly thereafter, and about two weeks after the spell had been completed, I got a letter from Mr. Carter. He rather liked the story and asked to hang onto it for a possible anthology of all new stories.

Half-way, but it was the first time in my less than earthshattering career that an editor didn't return a manuscript. Call it coincidence if you like. Call it the result of sending the right story to the right editor, maybe.

Or, my faithfull witch had scored a near miss. Why? Was the spell weak? Did it have something to do with the fact that I'd been sceptical and neglected to do my part? (I was supposed to burn a candle, preferably green as that is the color of money, at midnight while taking a lavender-scented bath. Those were her instructions. I never carried them out.) Anyway, we fell a little short of the mark.

A booster spell, woman - quick!

Even from this brief experience I can say that the method, unorthodox as it is, definitely works. I can positively recommend to aspiring writers the use of black magic to achieve one's first sale. (However, the participant should be warned not to make any pact involving the sale or lease of the soul. In the literary art we place our soul on paper and sell it to

(continued on page 11)

All good things and even the not so good come to an end. So it was with Kettle, Pickersgill, Brosnan and me. Kettle was thinking of leaving back in November 71. Living next door to me was grating on him I guess. There was the episode of the beans after all. Y'see there I was happily munching on my diet of Mars Bars, Pepsi and Kentucky Fried Chicken with beans, and Kettle was watching me and as he prophesied I didn't finish the relatively large---Oh, alright then, fuckin' huge---pot of baked beans.

"S'alright, little brother" says I "see how I put the lid back on and store the remainder so that in a week or so I can heat them back up and devour them, real horror show, like."

The weeks passed and sometime near Christmas Kettle was foraging in my food cupboard.

"Have you seen your beans lately?" he shouts.

"No, leave them alone" I retort.

"Have you seen your beans lately?" he asks again and his face is wreathed in teeth and cleft chins as he stuffs them under my face. "Go on, have a look."

Inside that pot, was the most foul growth I've seen since Rosenblum. The beans were now blue and seemed to have grown sets of sharp incisors. There was this humming sound, like a chorus of Bryn Fortey's on a flying visit to Jack Marsh, and I twigged that they were shrinking back into the pot and gathering themselves for a break for freedom. I screamed a terrible scream and deposited them forthwith into the garbage can. Kettle was rolling on the floor and pounding his fists on the ground in mirth.

"It's not funny!" I screamed, but he didn't stop for twenty minutes or more. And when he did it was to announce he was moving to Hackney.

Later that night I re-entered the flat to the strains of Amazing Grace from under the sink. I looked in the can and the Baked Bean Tabanacle Choir appeared to be holding a dress rehearsal. Seizing the blue fur clad pot I opened the window and hurled them to their doom 1200 feet below, where a loud explosion and a cloud of evil blue gas indicated that a capacious crater had been sunk into a neighbouring garden.

After Christmas Kettle invited us all to a large orgy to be held at his new abode in E.8. Such faaanish heavies as John "Tonsils" Brosnan and Jack "Watch It" Marsh were there. I arrived late in the evening in company with some swingers from my place of employment.

I rushed upstairs to find a certain Greg Pickersgill waltzing with a certain Mrs. Marsh in a thick haze of 105 proof rum.

"Rock'n roll!" I screamed.

"All night boogie!" he returned.

"Outasight" I rejoined.

"Straightahead!" he screamed.

"Alan Wilson!" I yelled.

"Great bass!" put in Kettle from somewhere.

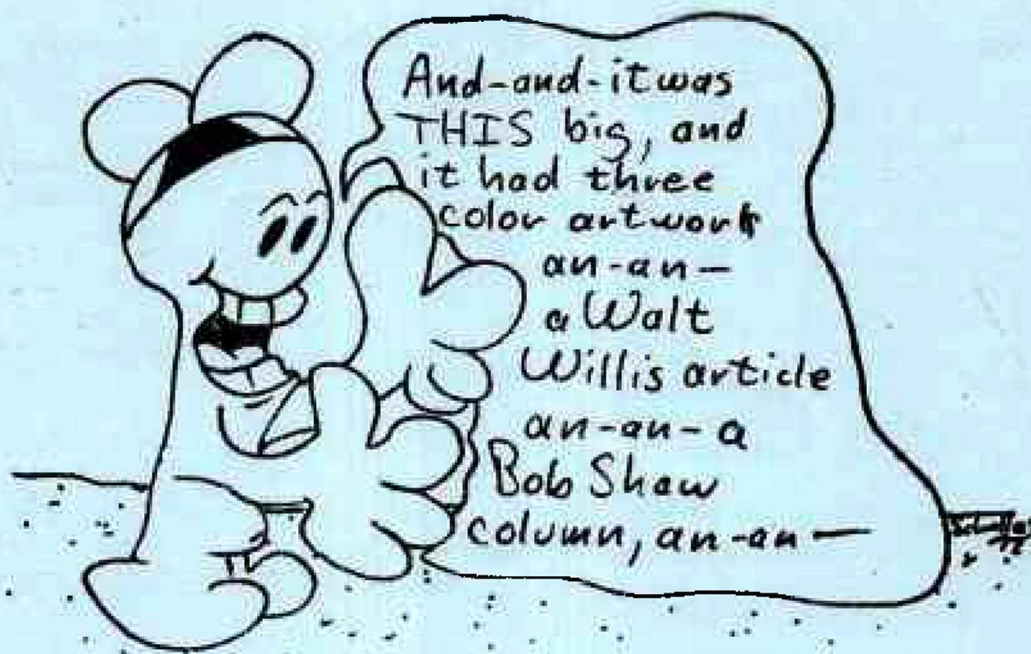
Later, I and buddies decide to quit the scene and exited through one of the few and far between windows. Now, as everyone will tell you there was a small fracas outside---Oh, alright, a fuckin' great bundle then---involving dustbin lids, Babycham bottles, bloodied faces and fast motorised getaways. But so loud was the merriment from inside 74, Eleanor Rd. and so chickenshit the revellers that not a soul stirred to the aid of myself and the National Mutuals men. I've never forgiven Kettle.

Back in 62, Elsham Rd. later into 1972 an incident of unparalled violence and humour took place. After an inebriated evening down the 'Goat In Boots' we picked up some albums from my place and roared off to blast Shepherds Bush with sound.

It was Brosnan who started it by pounding with his heels upon the floor in order to antagonise the other residents. Then as things got more super-charged he decided to leap up and down on the roof above us. I added my own 3" heeled and platformed boots onto the din and Pickersgill in a burst of zeal, implanted a foot firmly in the wall, which was only composed of a few layers of hardboard after all. By this time the carpet sweeper handle had been made to knock several lumps of plaster out of the ceiling, Brosnan was back with us and beckoning for the tent pole, kept for such an occasion. The stereo was at full thrust and Brosnan seized the time and knocked a very large hole in the door, already a curious shape from various previous beatings. The carnage continued for an hour or more while terror stricken tenants cowered in their diminutive, fetid little pads. Brosnan knocked several large holes in the with the tent pole and I, fatigued, left early, but the story isn't over.

Having utterly destroyed the door, some time later that night Brosnan started on the wall, preliminary softening having already been carried out by Pickersgill. The tent pole was thrust several times into the wall before at one point it passed clean through and disappeared. Brosnan stood nonplussed for some minutes and then he observed someone standing without the wreckage now laughingly referred to as a door. Brosnan leapt through it, as a lion would a paper hoop, and discovered it was the Aussie from next door clutching one tent pole. This was a real antipodean evening and no mistake.

"What yer doing with that, I want that!!!" roared an indignant Brosnan, pointing at the familiar looking tent pole that the other Bruce grasped so



ALGOL -- Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Apt. 3j, Brooklyn, NY 11201, USA.

UK. Agent: Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey. 30p.

BEABOHEMA -- Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951, USA. 50¢

ENERGUMEN -- Mike & Susan Glicksohn, 32 Maynard Ave., # 205, Toronto 156, Canada. 75¢ (no cheques)

OUTWORLDS -- Bill Bowers, P.O. Box 87, Barberton, OH 44203, USA 20p.

UK. Agent: Terry Jeeves, 230 Bannerdale Rd., Sheffield, S11 9FE.

RATS! -- Bill Kunkel, 7241 61st St., Glendale, NY 11227, USA. 35¢.

THE AVALANCHE FELL UPON ME

-- JOHN PIGGOTT

I held the tracts in my hands, caressing them lovingly. I flipped through the pages, fondling the artwork, revelling in the writing, worshipping the personalities of the editors who had created these incredible marvels.

Dear God, were these really fanzines?

*

Someone, somewhere, backin the lost mists of antiquity and other similiar cliches, once said, 'American fanzines are better than English ones.' Since then, this seemingly simple idea has been reiterated many thousands of times, so much so that the average fan must be heartily sick of the whole idea. Yet there's a lot of truth in that statement. American fanzines are mostly better than British ones, though, as in the case with generalisations, there are exceptions.

British fandom, as some people(including myself) never tire of saying, is in a very bad way. Part of the reason for this must be the insularity of British fandom. With few exceptions, British and American fandoms are now separate entities. American fans crop up in the pages of British zines with noteworthy irregularity, and British fans aren't too common over there, either. Though I think all American fans are aware that British fandom is in a rut, quite a few of them, sadly, consider that it is not their place to help us out of it.

So, it seems, it's up to us. Perhaps noting the existence of overseas zines in our pages may help to destroy some of this lamentable non-contact, and perhaps cause a significant number of fans to subscribe and contribute to American zines. Whether this column will have any effect that way I don't know; for that matter, does anyone subscribe to a fanzine after reading a favourable review of it?

But enough said. Lying on the floor in front of me are issues of five American fanzines. Rather than let them fester there until someone comes to clean the room, I might as well talk about them for a little. Perhaps a few may be entertained...

*

And, you know, just looking at these zines is enough to give me an inferiority complex. For god's sake, they're so damn good! Normally when I talk about a fanzine I can find lots to say about things in it I don't approve of, but with the present zines I can't use such a tactic without being grossly hypocritical. Or hypercritical, depending on how you want to look at it. The innate quality of these zines is in many ways completely alien to the British fan's experience, from the first words of sickeningly well-written editorial right down to the Shull cartoon in Energumen 11 with the caption, "this doesn't look like any fandom I know."

Energumen, indeed, probably takes the prize for the best fanzine of all. Which is, in some ways, an odd verdict to come to. The layout is grossly conventional, and Mike Glicksohn has been criticised for making all issues of his fanzine look the same -- same yellow paper, same headings for the columns in consecutive issues at one stage. On a superficial level all Energumen's are the same, for Mike is reluctant to experiment; however, closer examination reveals a wide disparity in the written contents of each issue. And this is, I think, Energumen's real strength.

While many fanzines can be classified as belonging to the 'sercon' or 'fannish' categories, you can't do this to Energumen. The contents of various issues have ranged over serious SF criticism by Sandra Miesel, one of the few real critics (as opposed to reviewers) writing in fandom today, to Mike talking about the trials and tribulations of keeping a pet boa constrictor; from Bob Toomey reminding us of everything we'd ever forgotten about Fredric Brown, to Jack Gaughan rambling along about the Goon Show....I haven't yet mentioned the most entertaining thing in each issue, which is a continuing friendly pseudo-feud between Mike and Bill Bowers, editor of Outworlds. This is the only feud in Energumen -- Mike doesn't seem to have enemies -- and a previous blood

-and-guts session which threatened to arise between Ted Pauls and Ted White was relegated to a supplement, separate from the main magazine. I think a fair number threw it away without bothering to read it.

I just mentioned Outworlds, and I suppose I'd better talk about that, lest the Bowercreature consider that I favour the Boy Wonder. And this one is the fanzine to get if you're interested in layout. There's never any chance of not being able to tell issues of Outworlds apart. Unfortunately, Bill's experiments with layout sometimes detract from the eventual quality of the zine. This is, of course, a risk every editor has to take if he wishes to produce one of the so-called 'experimental' fanzines, and I'm certainly not saying that you shouldn't experiment. For instance, issue 7's headings were all typed. This isn't necessarily bad in itself, but they were so placed in conjunction with the artwork (all perfectly reproduced) that it was sometimes difficult to see which article one was actually reading. The following issue contained no art at all, except for the covers; again, somewhat of a failure, but I feel glad that Bill made the attempt.

There are some things in Outworlds, though, which I wish Bill would get shot of. By far my biggest gripe is his fetish for justified margins. I may be the only person in fandom to believe this, but justification of typed pages do not enhance their appearance unless one's typewriter has facilities for half-spacing. Bill's doesn't...

The actual written contents of Outworlds are more generally sercon-orientated than Energumen's. For this reason, mainly, I prefer Energumen, but I don't think there's a lot of difference in the overall standard. Outworlds has recently undergone a slight change. Following an upheaval in his private life, Bill has stopped producing, large, super-expensive issues and issue 3.1, which is the latest I have to hand, is small and unambitious. Just 24 pages, and no covers. The layout's still as unconventional as ever, though, and the standard of contributions is impressive -- John Brunner's 'Noise Level' column, slander by Mike Glicksohn, and other goodies.

There are other 'experimental' fanzines, of course. Frank Lunney's Beabohema, for example, makes good use of the imaginative placing of blank space in every issue these days, though the effect is sometimes marred by the dirty appearance of some of the pages -- Frank appears not to use slip-sheets. Beabohema 19 and 20, ostensibly two issues, are really only one, in that they were produced and mailed at the same time and the editorial continues straight from issue 19 to issue 20 in mid-sentence, without a break. And 20, with just 22pages, is the experimental half...

The artwork in 20 is entirely by Dick Flinchbaugh, and for the most part consists of double-page illoes. The covers are done in two-colour mimeo. It really staggers me to think of the amount of trouble Frank must have gone to in order to produce this, and yet the whole effect is to make the zine look cruddy. Flinchbaugh is a strange artist -- his work has an unfinished appearance reminiscent of that of Jack Gaughan, and the electrostencils Frank used seem to be very poor quality ones. The solid blacks in the fanzine really are solid ... and the whole thing looks downright messy. The two-colour cover(dark red and black) appears as just a blob. A pity.

The written contents of Beabohema are mostly fannish, but Frank Lunney's kind of fannish. It has been said that all the writers in Beabohema read like Frank Lunney, and it's true to a certain degree. Jerry Lapidus's fanzine reviews don't seem the same here as in Energumen, for example, but how much of this is a reaction brought on by their surroundings and how much of the difference is actually genuine, I cannot say. It's all good stuff, anyway.

There's another approach to fannishness -- the traditionalist method. Bill Kunkel's Rats!, (obviously the product of a peanut-brained gentleman's imagination) contains good written material by Bob Shaw, John Amazing Berry and others, intermingles with shoddy, hand-cut artwork and duplicated on poor-quality paper. It's very similar in appearance to what I imagine the 'Golden Age' zines must have looked like, though this is neither the time or the place to discuss that aspect of fandom.

Despite its very shoddy appearance, Rats! is a joy to read. Despite the one-column microtyped format of the editorial and lettercol, with 120 characters per line making sure nobody could find the next line after reaching the end of the previous one. Despite everything. And that should say something about the quality of the written contributions if nothing else.

Of course, the advantage of the Rats! method of producing a fanzine is that it's cheap. This is the kind of format that just about any fan can afford, and, though I don't particularly like the look of it myself, Rats! shows how a few good contributors can really make a fanzine.

Right at the other end of the spectrum is Andy Porter's Algol. This is, I think, one of the most ridiculous fanzines in the world, for each issue costs the editor three hundred dollars to produce. Can you imagine spending well over £100 on one issue of you fanzine? Well, as you might have guessed, Andy can't afford to produce Algol very often.. just about once a year, in fact. And so, though the latest issue I have is number 17, the run of Algol is more like a series of one-shots rather than consecutive issues of one fanzine.

Andy recently revealed to me that he had hopes of gaining five hundred dollars worth of subscriptions. A cogent solution to the money problem, no doubt, but now will Andy face the added danger of being overrun by the sheer size of his print run, as Geis was? I hope not. Probably Andy stands a good chance of getting a lot of subscriptions: Algol 17 is smartly printed on pure white paper, and the contents are mainly the sort of thing which used to appear in SFR. The weakest part of the magazine appears to be the lettercolumn; this is not too surprising, for the subjects discussed originally arose a year ago. The physical appearance of the zine is of course excellent; the offset reproduction is excellent from the point of view of artwork, and the writing is uniformly good. Were it not for its sad infrequency, I am sure Algol could take the place of the late SFR and probably get a couple of Hugoes...

So there you are. Five American fanzines. Oh, sure, they're much better than the average American fanzine, but that's beside the point, I feel. Hell I could ramble on for tens of thousands of words singing the praises of these zines, but I won't. Go out and read them for yourselves, and just compare them to the average British zine.....and cry a lot.

LOOK

WHAT THE TIDE'S BROUGHT IN.

MIKE GLICKSON,
32, Maynard Ave. #205,
Toronto 156,
Ontario,
Canada.

I sense a coming discussion of the merits of fannish versus sercon fanzines much like that which shook certain sections of North American fandom a while ago and I think I'll avoid the discussion this time.

Little if anything is gained by it, and a lot of hard feeling can be generated. (One reason there may be less contact between North American and British fandom, by the way, may be this tendency for arguments to be raised in British fanzines some months after they have been done away with over here. Many people are tired of the argument and don't wish to get involved all over again. Then there's the mail lag and the tendency not to loc overseas zines on the assumption that by the time a given issue arrives for comments the next is probably already being typed up and printed.)

((I would suggest the main reason for the lack of response is that British fanzines are so damn awful they just don't generate any desire in one to loc.))

My objections to the space program are more along the lines of the way in which they have been used to push American values and as political levers. My sense of wonder is as fresh as it ever was and can be mightily stirred by films of the moon walks, but there's nothing more guaranteed to leave a bad taste in the mouth than the sound of Tricky Dicky calling the moon, or the maudlin sentimentality of Genesis being read from space. I wish they would let the technological wonders speak for themselves without trying to push the God-on-our-side/America-the-beautiful crap on us.

Oboy, there's Cy Chauvin getting into the same trouble I inadvertently got into a while ago. Having made an offhand and inoffensive remark concerning the repro of British fanzines, I attracted the ire of Ethel Lindsay who soon set me right with a rundown of British mimeo prices. I sympathize with any British fan who even tries to put out a fanzine! (By comparison, Canadian prices are about as high as those in England, and three times as high as those in America! Each issue of our fanzine costs about \$140 for 250 copies; which is why we had to recently raise our prices.)

I agree with Cy on reprints. There is far too much truly excellent material been published in limited circulation, long forgotten fanzines and I'm all in favour of reprinting the best of it for modern audiences. We should naturally develop our own writers, but a sense of history is something that can add immeasurably to one's enjoyment of fandom and this can be built up by the use of reprints. (We also get a hell of a lot of worthwhile reading that way too!)

((I should have mentioned that the lettercol last issue was edited by the ex ed, Ian Williams. His comments on reprinting no longer apply to Maya..))

Many fine writers are Jewish, but I'm not sure what percentage of top men in the field would be. However, there seems little doubt that in North America at least, fandom is to a large extent Jewish (non-practising for the most part, but of Jewish heritage nevertheless.) I recall an incident at a Los Angeles party at the time of the first moon walk. After the immortal moment (which sticks in my mind for ever for the sight of Bjo Trimble toasting the first step onto the moon by an Earthman with an ice-cream bar) a group of us were gathered on the steps and the conversation came around to this very point, the number of Jews in fandom. We went around the circle, about a dozen of us, saying "Yup, I'm one." "Me too." etc., until we ended up at George Barr. George looked somewhat sheepish and said, "Well, I guess that makes me the token Mormon."

Hopefully, Pickersgill is using exaggeration for humorous effect. Not knowing him, I cannot say, but the sad thing about his statements is that there were American fen who adopted the same position and were completely serious about it. On the other hand, there were members of the opposing sercon camp who were as dogmatic and inflexible in defence of their position. Neither was right of course, and I doubt that any of them learned any tolerance from the affair. I tried to take a middle-of-the-road position since I happen to enjoy both types of material; as a result, I tended to get blasted by both groups of extremists as "insincere" and "wishy-washy". If there's one thing I can't stand it's intolerant people; fuck 'em all I say.

CY CHAUVIN,
17829 Peters,
Roseville,
Michigan, 48066,
USA

Greg Pickersgill's letter is sort of strange--he reminds me of the remark Ian William's made in the first ish of his patented sercon garbage wrap, SF Arena: Fannishness was irrelevant and a waste of time, so he was giving it up. Now Greg comes out with the opposite view, just as extreme. Well, we've been through this whole sercon vs.

faannishness argument in the US before, and it's stupid. Fanzines are supposed to be fun. If you have fun writing fannish articles and humour, then do it. If you have fun publishing fiction, then do it. You're the one that's shelling the money out to have it printed, so you might as well do what you like. But I don't think that anyone should dedicate themselves to a higher cause, like Ian and Greg sometimes seem to be advocating. As for Greg saying that no one remembers old sercon SF fanzines, well, that isn't entirely true. Skyhook and Warhoon (as I understand it) were two prominent and important

sercon fanzines of the past, and are well known to anyone familiar with fanhistory. The latter won a Hugo, and both placed high on the popularity polls of their day. Inside was another; David R. Bunch and Harlan Ellison also had some of their early fiction published there. James Blish's The Issue At Hand and Damon Knight's In Search Of Wonder both originally appeared as separate fanzine articles in various places over the years. It's quite true, of course, that not much was written about SF back then as now, but part of that is due to the fact that not much SF was worth getting excited about then. (Of course, you might say that not much of it is worth getting excited about now!) And remember, it isn't the sercon fans who write the nostalgic articles about old fanzines, it's fannish ones. So they're obviously going to emphasize the old fannish zines, right?

((I doubt if we'll ever see a fan history of sercon fandom. Where's the nostalgia in re-reading 30 year old book reviews, or interviews with authors who published one story in 1934 and then quietly slipped away?))

ED CONNOR, In considering your apparent termination of interest in SF
1805 N. Gale, --at least within the pages of Maya -- if such an attitude
Peoria, is predicated mainly as a result of its avowal by Greg
Il. 61604, Pickersgill, it might be worthwhile to go over his words
USA again. Reappraise them, attempting the while to refrain from
 being carried away by the nonsensical aura of false camaraderie
oozed forth. What the hell does he say that has any basis in fact?

Go straight to the kernel of the nut. He proclaims you "a bloody fan FAN FAN FAN." So, therefore, you are to eschew SF in its entirety. Greg's "arguments" are muck, since they can be applied against both SF orientation or against FAAN orientation. Further he gives a very good hint that even he doesn't know what he's talking about when he mentions Hyphen; that fanzine hardly held the rankly amateurish "fuck SF" attitude the be-Fouler besmirches it with.

A faanish attitude should, first of all, be a positive one. Create a proper atmosphere without tearing down anything else (yourself included), especially SF. In addition the faanish personality must be comfortable. Thus the fannish-attitude's little foibles are to be entered into in a spirit of fun, of mock-seriousness, embodying constantly an aura of complete righteousness, a feeling of toatal authenticity. Few fanzine editors or writers of today can stick to a positive viewpoint, instead embracing negativity (a condition especially prevalent in certain quarters in Britain and especially utilized by Greg Pickersgill).

Still and all, Greg has his uses. But other fans, other editors and fanzines, have their uses, too. You--and Maya--have nothing to gain by abandoning all SF and have something to loose by swallowing--in the manner of an empty balloon that can later be inflated to any size of emptiness--what may very well never be ingested.

((But Maya has got something to gain from abandoning SF. With Speculation and other sercon zines gobbling up articles etc., do you expect a newer magazine like Maya; with an editor who finds SF criticism boring, to compete in any way? As Greg said, I'd be perpetuating a load of crapola.))

TERRY HUGHES
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Columbia,
Mo 65201,
USA.

I'm afraid I must disagree with Pickersgill. Now while I too love faanish fanzines best of all and would like to see Maya be one, I can't accept his argument. Fandom is fun dammit, or it should be and fans should do what they want. If someone likes sercon stuff let him write it or do a sercon zine--I enjoy well done serious discussion also. Or if someone wants to be lighthearted and full of fun, with the interests centered on fans themselves, then he can write/draw/publish faanishness. But fanac should be done for pleasure not so that one will "live forever"--if a fan goes in with the attitude that he will be faanish so that he'll be famous and well remembered, he'll be in for a big shock. Things should sort of flow out of the individual fan, not be forced through scheming. And the ones that are produced that way will not be remembered....at least not favourably. Fans of course change their interests in the course of their fanac(at least most seem to) so a change in interests that is for real and not forced has the chance of producing memorable fanac. So: "Be what you want to be, do what you want to do, before reality stamps you out."

WILL STRAW
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Fort Erie,
Ontario,
Canada.

(Maya.) I think its the type of fanzine that I've found myself receiving with less regularity and frequency than I'd like since entering fandom. Before I actually got current fanzines all the time, I bought a lot of old faanish ones, and I've been distressed at the vast difference between the old British fanzines that I liked so much and the newer ones. When I got into OMPA, I saw a lot of the things I was looking for, but this is one of the few occasions where I've seen those same good qualities in British genzines.

((I'm not so sure I should take that as a complement or as an insult. My own opinion of OMPA is that it's a collection of fandoms failed fans, who have neither the ability or the impetus to produce a readable fanzine.))

I've been wondering, though, since reading Maya, if perhaps British fanzines aren't able, for some reason, to be fannish in the strictest traditional sense of the word without being pretentious or self-consciously fannish about it in the way American fanzines do. In a lot of the recent British fanzines I've received I've seen articles on trivial, unimportant things that were perfectly enjoyable and fit in well with the rest of the fanzine, while I know that if someone were to do the same type of thing in a US zine he'd be put down for trying too hard to be non-serious.

In answer to your little enclosure about the state of British fandom as compared to that of other fandoms, I think the problem isn't so much that of British fandom for lacking something which has made it a "fanish backwater," but more one of fandom in general these days, which has grown large enough that fandom has had to split off into corners, and one so obvious as a geographical split from other fandoms is sure to become important. In 1960, for instance, I gather that most of the leading fen on both sides of the Atlantic were active in both general and APA fandoms, and that there was very little of an established clique for either of those two types of activity; now, on the other hand, we've broken into two factions in North America, with only a little overlapping between the two. (The best example of one sides complete isolation from the other would be the nomination of Tom Digby last year as best fan writer in the Hugo race, which drew responses from those in general fandom to the effect that they'd never heard of him.)

So I think British and American fandoms don't really need each other in the way that they did, say, ten years ago, when half of the leading fanzines were coming from each side, and you really wouldn't be enjoying yourself to the fullest if you weren't getting them all. That they can benefit from interaction right now is to be sure-I find fandom a lot more enjoyable for having been in OMFA for a while and for getting zines like Maya. But then I'm not working at publishing a genzine, or active in APAs that demand a lot of time, so I'm free to sample British fandom and get a little into a lot of areas rather than a lot into one particular area of fandom.

DARRELL SCHWEITZER One thing I notice about your zines is that you seldom
113 Deepdale Rd., inject any editorial personality into the thing(try
Strafford, writing editorials), which isn't good for an aspiring
Pa. 19087, faanzine. Another thing I notice is that of your
USA. writers have fallen into the trap that can make fannish
writing deadly dull, and is undoubtedly a factor in the
workings of the fannish/sercon/fannish/sercon cycle. It's very simple really:
most of the stuff isn't about anything. There is a theory going around these
days that good fannish writing depends entirely on how something is written
and not at all on the subject matter. This is, briefly, absolute bullshit.
No matter how well something is written(and most of the things herein aren't
that well done) it has to say something worthwhile or it's a waste of time,
effort and paper. The really good fannish writers of the past (Willis, Shaw,
Clarke, Berry, Whiting, you add some more.) all had definite subjects for
their pieces. They did not ramble on about insignificant events that meant
nothing to anyone who didn't witness them. They picked unlikely subjects,
which is a whole lot different. They were simply able to percieve workable
material in areas where most people couldn't find any. Nearly everthing
faanish in this issue I found a dead bore because I don't know any of the
people involved and I wasn't at the convention in question. This isn't
fannish writing - it's ingroup backpatting. Nothing therein is sufficiently
amusing to interest the outside reader. It's nice of you to aspire to
fannishness, but you've got a long way to go.

GRAY BOAK
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Kingston upon Thames,
Surrey,
1kt 3eg.

M3 is a lovely fanzine, beautifully clear repro, good illoes, fair layout, fine contents. Goblin is muttering something about a lack of balance (because you cut out his book reviews) but I don't think much of that. As I see it, you can balance over here, or you can balance over there, but try being in both places and you'll rupture yourself. That's why Greg's superb letter is slightly off-target. He's right, of course, but he does rather understate the case for the sercon zines. SFR will be remembered for many a year....I'd argue that the main problem with doing a sercon zine is that it has to be a good sercon zine. If it's only average, then it is inadequate, whereas an average fannish zine is at least entertaining and tells you something about the people involved. Greg mentions quicksilver; that ahs the potential to be a good sercon zine, but Malcolm doesn't seem to be prepared to put the required amount of energy/time/money into it, whereas Cypher obviously has considerable time/energy spent on it yet lacks the vital spark of life - a shame.

I do detect a certain overlapping of interest with Egg, Maya and Cynic. My main fear is that British fandom does not have the fannish writers capable of keeping such magazines going. You don't help matters by producing a zine almost totally lacking in editorial presence. Get writing, Ian! Fannish zines require a nice fat editorial to start them off - pages 2&3 could have been much better used. If the editors don't write fannish material to help create the desired ambience, what chance is there to develop fannish writing in contributors?

((OK, Gray, I plead guilty. But as you know I'm not one of the better writers in British fandom. Wouldn't the inclusion of one of my pieces of fannish writing have the adverse effect of driving good fannish writers away?))

ALAN HUNTER
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Back in the fifties, I was an acti-fan, assisting in the production of fanzines such as Phantasmagoria and Sludge, and organiser of the Fantasy Art Society. Then I dropped out of fandom for a great many years (half a lifetime it seems) and have only recently returned. It seemed that SF fandom had vanished, to be replaced by an equally enthusiastic following of the American comic. The spaceship had been replaced by the secret origin, Doc Savage replaced by Doc Strange, van Vogt by Jack Kirbyand, in that dizzy circle of fashion, Flash Gordon was once again king. Even Conan was transmuted from the word to the picture. While I could not admire the story techniques, my main interest has always been in the artwork and here I had to admit the comic scored. Where else can you get around 100 pictorial representations in full colour of the bizarre and unusual for only 7¹/₂p? And some of these comic-book artists are good!

Then, unexpectedly, arrived Maya, to tell me that SF fandom is not dead. a few names I recognised - a lot that I didn't - and yet here was the proof that fandom still continued, basically the same as when I was a youth. I was

fascinated. And yet...

Although the basic pattern was the same, there was one major difference. The pioneering spirit has vanished. Back in the fifties, talk of space-travel was met with derisive laughter. Those who believed in its possibility - its inevitability - sought out others who could discuss the subject sensibly. There was comradeship, fun and banter, but a deep partisan spirit that gave depth and drive to the SF fan world. Now, with space-travel an accepted fact, all this has gone. Fans are an in-group of pseudo-intellectuals, dedicated to mutual admiration and heavy drinking. All the bad points of the early fan, without any of the redeeming qualities.

But that pioneering spirit is not dead! It is now the comic fans who have it. Once more a band of devotees face the sneers and scorn of all around - their aim, to prove that the comic-strip is, or could be, a serious branch of art, with social and artistic meaning. And they may have a point. If they keep to Little Orphan Annie, Dick Tracy and Tarzan, they have already proved their point. It is the Batman, Superman lunatic fringe that clouds the issue. Rather like the mainstream v. space-opera disputes of the early SF days.

all of which proves nothing, except in "x" years time, the comic strip will be an accepted form of art. The devotees will become an in-group. And a new subject will be seized upon by those seeking a "cause". Perhaps it will be "TV Commercials". With the future development of the video-recorder, bringing it within reach of the average citizen, I can imagine recorded commercials being sold, exchanged and viewed at conventions, while the majority of the people laugh at this strange, idiotic activity.

This is just indulgent fantasy. The fact is that the fan without a cause exists. He is real to himself and those of his kind. He deserves pity rather than condemnation.

((A point to ponder on I think.))

ROJE GILBERT
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Morton,
Swansea,
SA3 3JL

Why ruin a perfectly good fanzine policy by listening to a kook like Pickersgill? Maya's 1&2 showed a definite trend in the right direction ie. a respectable fanzine, as opposed to a pseud collection of divine pronouncements one associates with quicksilver and Speculation. I enjoyed contributing to fanzines until no more fanzines except Maya seemed suitable for my type of stuff. Now I fear, the attitudes of nittish Ratfandom are beginning to permeate insidiously through the field, like a nauseous slime.

I'm not sure about the Analog, John Piggott. There's some story involved in it, Mary Legg may know it. At one con, Mike Moorcock signed a Ted G. White book "Ted G. White." This was derived from Charles Platt signing a John Brunner book "Poul Anderson" or something like that.

Mary, the purpose of the BSFA is to promote SF to the masses. Therefore, flog Vector to 'em, and get 'em educated.

JOHN PIGGOTT You certainly have made a very smart job of it. Though I
 17 Monmouth Rd., will not say I've never seen a better-looking fanzine,
 Oxford, it certainly compares favourably with some of the stuff
 OX1 4TD. I've been getting from the U.S. of A. recently, and it
 clearly gives the lie to people like Andy Porter who
 spend hundreds of dollars per issue on having their fanzine offset....in fact,
 the only thing wrong with Maya's presentation was that it threatened to fall
 to pieces almost before I got it out of the envelope.

There's very little of Ian Maule in this issue, which may or may not be
 a good thing. We must wait 'till no. 4 to find out! I guess I have a great
 deal of sympathy with you over the lateness of this issue (despite what you
 may read to the contrary in The Turning Worm!) since it must be a real drag
 to have a complete fanzine dumped on you with the order, 'publish!' without
 having any of the associated joys of getting letters and such. You were
 really just a stencil-cutter and duplicating slave extraordinary for this
 issue, and it ain't too surprising that you took a long time over it. Maybe
 with issue 4 we'll be back on a quarterly schedule...huh?

((Yes, with any luck, back on a quarterly schedule.))

HARRY R. BELL Your reproduction was excellent, much better than in M2,
 9 Eskdale Gdns., but then we all know Ian Williams can't reproduce. Obviously,
 Lyndhurst Est., running off your electrostencils on separate sheets of
 Low Fell, waxed paper, and taking the time to slipsheet, has paid
 Gateshead, off. Maya 3 is certainly one of the best-produced British
 Co. Durham, fanzines of the last few years. You've even got show-
 NE9 6NS. through on some pages, the illoes are so black, and that's
 something rarely seen in British zines. The fading down
 the left-hand side of the page is a minor fault, but from what I've seen of
Ethil The Frog the new roller on your duper seems to have eliminated that.

((Ethil is John Piggott's diplomacy fanzine, which I run-off for him
 every 3 weeks.))

One small point about layout of artwork: If you're going to use running
 figures like the one on page 31, I'd suggest it would look better placed
 either on the right-hand side of the r-h page or the r-h side of the left-
 hand page, so that the figure runs onto the page, rather than into a psych-
 ological wall (i.e. the centre crease), unless that's an effect you particularly
 want. It works on the same principle as in portrait-painting; when painting
 a portrait in profile it's generally considered to be necessary to place the
 head slightly to one side to give it room to "breathe."

((Thanks for the tips on layout Harry. They're the first intelligent
 comments I've seen on the subject in a British fanzine for god
 knows how long.))

I think Maya's conreps were the first WorcesterConReps I've read,

except for a boring piece of "first I did this, then I met him, then..." type of reporting in one of the US zines. Of the ones in Maya, Thom Penman's stood out. He really tries to get some kind of style into his writing, and while he does seem to lie heavily on Zelazny - I think he admits that - he certainly produces a conrep which is both interesting and amusing. If you can get him to write something else for Maya or any of the other Gannet-publications - especially a column - he stands a chance of bettering some of the columnists in the States, easily. Give him a relatively free hand to write what he likes and you'd be doing both you and him a good turn. It would certainly give him fairly regular writing practice - something I think he's sometimes too lazy to give himself.

Peter Roberts is of course right about the crud produced by PaDs. I think it suffered from the lack of a qualifying condition for entry --anyone, no matter how inexperienced, could and did produce a fanzine. Of course, you couldn't very well have a qualification of having been producing a regular fanzine for six months say, because the very object of PaDs was to provide production facilities to people who didn't have them. I guess it was doomed from the start.

Greg Pickersgill is right; about SF in Maya, anyway.

MARY LEGG Peter Rabbit and I must disagree on whether or not PaDs
20 Woodstock Cl., was a good thing, I fear. I tend to regard fmz - I suppose
Oxford, - in the light of a mother, you know, even if they are
OX2 8DB ugly little beasts, they're your children.....but it
 always amazes me when poor old Ruffcut gets a swipe round
the duplicator. It may have been an amazingly produced thing (done, I believe,
on a flatbed), but dammit, it was fun - it wasn't supposed to be serious -
and didn't it succeed in what it set oy to do? Viz., to entertain? I think
so, and I'm not even its editor!

((But what's entertaining in something thats appalingly written and
just as likely, appalingly duplicated. To anyones way of thinking
it's a waste of money. So why say otherwise. Incidentally, I never see
Jake Grigg defending his Ruffcut like a mother would a baby. Perhaps
he too thought it was crud?))

TERRY JEEVES Mary Legg says it is rubbish that only Con attendees
230 Bannerdale Rd., should be allowed to vote in the Doc Weir award. Not so.
Sheffield, I was one of the people who worked to set up the origi-
S11 9FE inal award, so I happen to know the inside story. We
 wanted an award that would perpetuate Doc's memory,
so we solved that by presenting the goblet each year...BUT around that time,
there had been some minor stink about vote-buying at different fan voting
sessions both here and Stateside. One fan having been accused of buying
votes at 25p a head, and another who had got his family to pack the ballot

box, Taff had tried to sidestep this by demanding a years fannish qualifications from a voter. We also wanted to avoid 'family voting', or voting by virtual non fen who took no part in fandom. The problem was how to limit the voting to trufen without either a load of complicated(and unenforceable)regulations, or some form of fannish regimentation. We solved it neatly(we thought) by saying...well, throw it open to ANYBODY who is sufficiently interested in SF and fandom to make the trip to attend a convention. Thus the con attendee became simple way of keeping out reletive votes, clique votes and so on. It also simplified the voting system and kept down postal costs as all the votes could be handed in and tallied during the con. This year, I see Postal Voting is back...I don't say it could lead to abuse...but at least the door is wider than we originally planned.

HARRY WARNER Jr. I agree totally with Gray Boak. I've met an astronaut in
423 Summit Ave., a sense: It was a conversation with one of the men who
Hagerstown, trained but didn't get chosen for an actual flight into
Maryland 21740, space. He had a magnetism and a sense of something special
USA. about him. It wasn't my imagination, because my work has
brought me close up to quite a few national and international
celebrities and I'm immune to hero-worship of a person just because he gets
his name into the papers frequently. People are continuing to hara gue the
astronauts as ultra-conformists, robots stamped from the same dies. But just
think of the tens of millions of hours which wildly individualistic comedians,
actors, masters of ceremony, and other personalities have spent broadcasting
on radio and television over a half-century, and then think of how the
astronauts have been on the air only a few hundred hours altogether, and yet
it was an astronaut who was the first to be different enough to say sonuv-
vabitch over the airwaves. Actually, I suspect that the disenchantment and
opposition to the space program that gets so much publicity today are magnified
by the media. Two bits of evidence: A poll by a western Maryland congressman
of his constituents on various questions of national interest, which revealed
that more than half of those responding want the space program to receive
as much or more financing in the future; and the enthusiasm given by the
Hagerstown area to the planetarium which its school system opened a couple
of years ago, keeping it in use from mid-morning until late at night six
days weekly all through the fall, winter and spring. This part of Maryland
doesn't have people who make a living out of the space program or college
towns where lots of people are teaching and studying science; it's smalltown
and rural, very conservative politically, with an unusually stable population
and poor economic conditions.

Lisa Conesa's little piece hit right home. It's not fantastic at all.
Hagerstown's bus service closed down two years ago for lack of business. It
resumed last week under government sponsorship and patronage is almost non-
existant. People who are living on welfare or tiny social security checks
are continuing to ride taxis or drive their own cars because public trans-
portation or walking is a much greater degradation than accepting money as
a gift or salvaging half-smoked cigarettes from the gutters. I passed three
buses today: Two of them were empty, one had one passenger. They have done
better on Saturday and Friday, because those are the big shopping days for

Hagerstown, but still they aren't being used in a city where the unemployment rate is eight per cent of the total working population and about five per cent of all the people are on relief. There's not much to live for in these wretched times but one thing that keeps me going is the hope that I'll outlive the private automobile.

CHRIS PRIEST I read Gray Boak's article with a certain amount of unease.
1 Ortygia House, I see what he's getting at, and would even agree with him
6 Lower Road, up to a point. But the whole thing is oversimplified. To
Harrow, talk of the twin horns of avant-garde and sword-and-sorcery
Widdx. is to leave out a lot of SF writing, much of which is just
 as distinctive for its crippled imagination. Another thing
is that although Gray cited names of sword-and-sorcery books and authors he disliked, he omitted to do the same for the new-wave. What I personally welcomed about the new-wave was that it seemed to be expanding the coverage of SF; far from 'taking SF away', it helped open up several new lines of SF, and introduced several good, new authors. What I didn't like about the new-wave was that I found I liked about the same percentage of it as I do of old-hat SF: That is, about 5%. In other words when the chips were down, it was no better overall than other kinds of SF. New-wave stories I liked (if anyone cares) were David Masson's Traveller's Rest, Ballard's Terminal Beach, a few of Tom Disch's stories and Brian Aldiss's Probability A. Though most of these are pretty conventional stories in many respects. The reason I mention the stories I liked is because I would have been interested to see which specific stories and or writers Gray would select as being the ones which are helping to make SF "a piddling little tributary of the mainstream."

I'm not convinced by his claims for the 'almost human' characteristics of the astronauts. The quips he quotes are precisely the sort of banter an engineer with the imagination of a data-bank would come out with. He's right when he says that a poet, musician and artist wouldn't have been able to get Apollo 13 back, but that's because the crews are selected for those precise qualities of discipline and ability to absorb training that an artist wouldn't have. Believe me, under those convincing looking outfits there lies a heart of diodes and capacitors.

About the only human astronaut so far (human in the sense that he abandoned his training because he got excited) was Scott Carpenter. He was the one who took illicit sandwiches with him, and squandered most of his retro-rocket fuel on lining up the spacecraft to get the best photographic angles of the sunsets. They didn't ask him to go up again. (God alone knows how he got through the screening in the first place...the machinery must have jammed, I'm happy to surmise). We need more astronauts like Carpenter; he at least had the sensibility to not only talk excited but to really get excited too.

Pickersgill wrote more than his usual amount of crap. Of course there's plenty to say about SF in fanzines that's worth saying. Fandom isn't everything. There's room for both. It's not the subject that's important, but what's said about it. What Pickersgill really means is that he's incapable of writing

anything about SF himself, and resents the ability in others. Speculation is as popular as it is not because it talks about SF, but because what it does say is(for the most part) worthwhile.

On the other hand, good fannish fanzines are remarkably thin on the ground. While it is relatively easy to find well-written articles about SF, the really good fannish material(as epitomized by the writing of Walt Willis or Bob Shaw) doesn't seem to exist any more. I can't imagine why it should be that fan writers, when writing on fannish subjects, allow their work to become as sloppy as most of it seems to be to me, while the same writers write clearly and well on SF matters.

I'm doing what I accused Gray of doing, and that's not quoting instances. sorry....

DAVE HULVEY Rt. 1 Box 198, Harrisonburg, Va 22801, USA	American cons become harder and harder to comment from our side, because there is so much dope smoking. I didn't catch any references to it in your conreps, but surely even staid British fandom has its head. I'm sorry, but staid seems well deserved, especially after seeing Pete Weston's heat against the heads, and the fact that Ella Parker saw to it that the Rolling Stones were not allowed to sing at the worldcon in London. Generally, I have a relatively negative overview of the proceedings in Britain, and fervently hope your zines, and zines like it can reverse my initial impressions of a fandom trapped in some peculiar time-stasis.
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((I have a feeling that a lot of British fen don't realise how staid fandom over here has become, I doubt if they see enough of other fandoms to make a comparison.))

I could tell Boak a thing or two, but I wont. I don't care to carry on overseas arguments. I suppose his view is in the majority, and from what I've heard it has a lot of intellectual respectability behind it. No matter, I will refrain from a searing rebuttal because a fanzine article extolling the virtues of the space program seems pathetically absurd to me. If Boak is seriously afearred of those "handicapped by a terrifying lack of vision" then why doesn't he get together with other deeply committed fen, of his persuasion, and lobby against the anti-space forces? There are a lot of more effective things to do than write trite cliches in a fanzine article, cliches I've seen a dozen times over in American zines already. The technocrats can organize just like any other group, and petition the public to hear its cause. If Boak merely morally masturbates in your zines, and in fandom, he has no right to expect anything to happen in the world at league which should please him. I suppose things do look a lot simpler and easier to manipulate from an armchair...

((Well, Gray, the ball's in your court.))

ROY KETTLE As the people I am dubious to count among my acquaintances
 74 Eleanor Rd., will tell you assuming they lower themselves to your level,
 London E8. I am a very boringly persistent person. So, Cy Chauvin,
 just tell me who the hell you think you are. Not only do
 you completely draw a totally erroneous point from my letter, but you actually
 invent quotes from it and make vast cosmic conclusions from your own errors.
 If this is your idea of thinking through your own stuff then it merely accen-
 tuates every opinion I have ever held of Americans, particularly now that I
 have gone to the trouble to look through some of the other rubbish that blind,
 misguided editors have included as blundered onto the typer by yourself. Not
 for one instance did I say that segregation or labelling was wrong as you
 implied but, and I cannot quote as I haven't Maya 2 here and I wouldn't like
 to make what I would call a mistake but you would count as a genuine quote,
 that before labelling one should define what the label covers. You unutterably
 silly fucker Chauvin. If you didn't spend so much time writing so much drivel
 to so many insipid publications you might have it in you to produce one gen-
 uinely good line if you work at it for the rest of your life. Then this
 mysterious quote "Quality and segregation don't go together." If you can
 show me where that appeared in my letter I'll pay for your keep in the asylum.
 And if someone called my apple tree a terrible looking bush(to get off what
 I was actually saying and onto your moronic inferences) I'd think they were
 crazy, right? Just like I think you are for calling something what it isn't
 i.e. (to spell it out) my letter. And if the only kind of friend I can catch
 by not using such words (correctly used I feel) as semi-illiterates are such
 as yourself I shall continue in my wicked ways until you learn that being
 able to string words together with reasonable punctuation does not constitute
 anything worthwhile or clever and you might well be a million monkeys for all
 I know.

ANDY PORTER I Don't know where you got the idea about American fans
 P.O. Box 4175, wanting British fanzines to go down the drain, but it's
 New York, ~~xxx /xxx/~~ a strange idea. I think it's simply that Americans
 NY 10017, are very busy publishing their own fanzines. I also think
 USA. it's a good possibility that a lot of British fanzines see
 only one or two issues and fold. By the time those first
 issues have wended their way to this side of the Atlantic and American fmz
 have been sent back in exchange the British publisher has ceased publication
 and the American fanzine publisher has been met with a wall of silence and
 little or no response.

LISA CONESA: Ah, so you think I like everything I read, do you? Well, I must
 admit that could be true as far as fanzines are concerned. Or at least it
used to be true when I first saw them, it was all so new, fun talking, writing,
 articles, stories, poems, editorials; intellectual and humorous: It was so
 exciting, so new. Now I'm learning to be a bit more discriminating, not so
 new, though non-the-less exciting.

ALAN BUANS: Lazarus Song I fear is that sort of poetry I call necklace, namely a lot of images strung together haphazard, with neither rhyme nor reason to them. If I recall my bible correctly Lazarus was a leper - or a corpse - who was either cured or revived, alas this piece of verse can be neither.

JOHN N. HALL: Despite what I have said elsewhere. I am not at all sure I like Ritchie Smith. A study of his style with, admittedly my limited knowledge, would show him to be very original but on the whole I can't grasp his images, nor am I sure that I would like them if I could. There's no pattern either. I'm all for freedom but am unable to relate to formlessness.

JEFF SCHALLES: I particularly enjoyed the conreport section - your cons sound almost exactly like ours, with the exception that ours seem to have more and more people turning on to dope than a year or three ago. The hotel Noreascon was held in was dubbed "Tower Of Grass" by Bob Silverberg...

RITCHIE SMITH: Maya's 1&2 - literarily and artistically - were distinctly superior, and more original. Jim Marshall, semi-genius, even oddities like 'Black Black Sails' - all combined with flashes of humour into something nicely out of tune, a little fresh, stimulating, substantial, you know.

GRANT CANFIELD: Yours is the first British fanzine I have ever received, if I recall correctly. And judging just from this one exposure, no, I do not want to see fandom in Britain die.

((Grant also said in his letter that he would like to see other British fanzines. His address is: 28, Atalaya Terrace, San Francisco, CA 94117, USA. Don't disappoint him.))

WAHF and are grateful too: Rob Holdstock, Bryn Forsey, Mike Meara, Pete Presford, Archie Mercer, Roger Waddington, Pete Colley, Julie Webb, Nick Shears, Kevin Hall, Philip Payne and Fred Hemmings.

Verbal abuse from: Ian Williams, Thom Penman, Ian Penman, Jim Marshall, Dave Douglass and Irene Taylor.

LATE LOCS:

Just a few people have written since I finished typing the letter col. Ed Connor sent another because he wasn't sure if he'd located the first time. Scotsman James Campbell sent a handwritten loc which he informs me was written at 2.51 in the morning. ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ ~~xx~~ ~~xxx~~.

(cont from page 2)

from it here.

**** " What is it that seems to get the least criticism in fanzines?????

**** Artwork of course. How many times have you artists out there seen real criticism in fanzines, not just 'enjoyed the artwork as well' or 'good artwork'??? Fans even condescend to criticise fanfic occasionally but rarely artwork.....if you are an artist (and living in the British Isles) and would like criticism of your work by other artists why not join Art Orbiter. You criticise other artists work and they in turn criticise yours."

Pete goes on to say. "...there will be NO membership cost (unless folders for artwork have to be renewed frequently which should not be the case if people take care. All YOU have to pay is the postage and packing of the orbiter when sending it to the next member on the list. Minimum activity **** requirements are only 4 sides quarto (3' a4) per orbit." ****

Contact Pete at: 2 Bristol Ave., Levenshulme, Manchester M19 3NU.

Just enough room to clarify a few points. First is the reference in Will Straw's loc to my little enclosure about the state of British fandom. This was a short duplicated note which basically said that British fandom was slowly becoming a backwater in the fannish world due to the lack of intermixing with other fandoms. The result I hoped for was that overseas fen would contribute to these pages and show British fen what they were missing. Only time will tell if it has worked.

The other point was the frequency (or lack of) of this zine. In answer to John Piggotts Loc I said that Maya was back on a quarterly schedule. Well, as you might have noticed this issue is dated July 72, which makes it 4 months almost to the day in fact that 3 came out. It looks as if future issues will also be at about this interval apart. One month for copies to reach the States, two months for locs to be written, and one month for me to collect the material together onto stencil and duplicated. Deadline for all contributions is therefore the fifteenth of October nineteen seventy two.

Until next time....

San Hanka

This has been a ' jolt for the pundits' issue of Maya.

