

MAYA 5

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MAYA is available for all the
usual fannish reasons or for 20p
(50¢ in USA and Canada). Sample
copy free for the asking.
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Artwork:

Harry Bell. Covers, pages 1,3,13,
16, 20 and 27.

Dave Douglass. 24, full page
between 25 and 26.

Dave Rowe. Full page between 17
and 18.

THINGS-----

This page is intended for news,
chatter, gossip and anything else
I think worthy of mentioning.

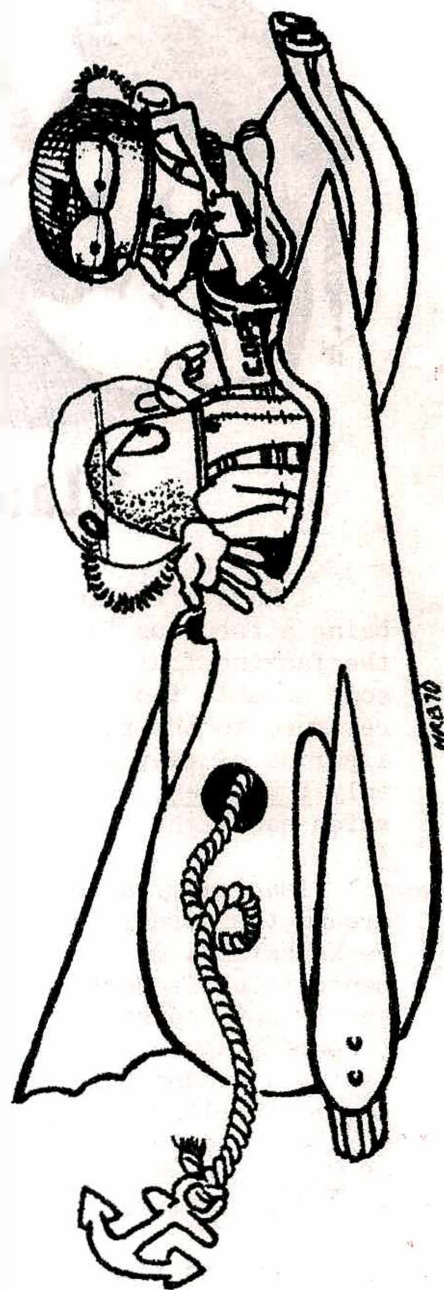
John Figgott told me at
Novacon that he has plans for
transforming The Turning Worm
into a Fanac style news and
review zine. He has my support in
the venture.

Of late Gannetfandom seems
to have undergone a boom in
membership. In the past couple of
weeks we've acquired two new
members, one of whom will be
appearing next issue.

Not too many weeks from now
will see the first issue of my
personalzine Maule's Well. The
purpose of this new zine is to
improve my writing style. As should
be evident from my editorial I
have great difficulty expressing
myself, which, for a fan, is un-
usual if not un-natural.

This time round the print
run of MAYA has jumped to around
the 200 mark. I can't hope to
produce this number of copies
every four months so a few of you
will find the dreaded 'X' in the
box below. If you want to receive
the next issue send money, or even
better, send a letter. If you live
in New York I'd like a copy of
your fanzine in trade, 'cos up til
now I aint heard a thing from
you.







Maulings

I have a feeling that in years to come Maya won't be remembered for being a fabulous fannish fanzine(though I would like it to be so) but as the fanzine that every issue dragged back from the depths of Fafiation some notable fan from the yesteryears of fandom. Last issue Alan Hunter returned to the ranks of British fandom with his excellent artwork, after a period of many years. This issue we are proud to present the one and only Don Allen, noted fan of the 'Golden Age' and publisher of Satellite which saw eight issues in the 50's.

Imagine my surprise when I discovered that a BNF of old lived just around the corner from the house my parents and I had moved into some weeks before. My first reaction on hearing the news (passed from Eric Bentcliffe via Harry Bell) was to think of all the old fanzines Don would surely have bursting out from every cupboard in his house, and the bundles I would stagger away with after paying him a visit. My second though centered around this visit. Would I knock on the door, my propeller beanie twirling, and just stand there hoping that he would recognise me as a fan and immediately invite me in? Or would I just drop a few issues of Maya through his letterbox and put the onus on him to contact me? And if I did make contact what would I call him; Don, Mr Allen?

Needless to say, coward that I am, I went round on the Saturday morning and pushed Maya's 3 and 4 through the letterbox, along with a copy of Satellite for introduction. I thought nothing more of it until the Monday night when the door-bell rang and my father went to answer it. "There's someone called Don Allen who wants to talk to you." he said, coming into the lounge where I was watching the umpteenth repeat of

Alias Smith And Jones on the TV. At first the name didn't register on my brain. Don Allen, Don Allen? DON ALLEN! I rushed to the door and there, framed in the entrance, stood a fan. No mistaking the strange glint in his eyes and the fannish haloes that crowned his head. We talked for about ten minutes, standing there on the doorstep while Dorothy, his charming wife, waited at the gate, and then they departed, but only after arrangements had been made for me to go round on the Wednesday night.

Wednesday came and I staggered the thirty or so yards to 12 Briar Edge, under a pile of recent British fanzines and a copy of Zimri 3. Suffice to say that three hours later I left, after one of the most interesting conversations I've ever had. As I was walking home through the deserted streets a thought came into my mind. Once a fan always a fan: Cliche but true.

While I was there Don gave me an loc on Maya 4, here it is, printed with only a few editorial deletions:

Don Allen, 12 Briar Edge, Forest Hall, Newcastle on Tyne 12.	At first glance I thought <u>Maya</u> was an archaeological fanzine! I didn't dig it at all. There was nothing fannish about the cover and the title mislead me completely. You see I do get archaeological zines from time to time. There's a lot of active neolithic fen about just now. However, on eye-tracking thru the pages and coming across the odd fannish word I soon realised my error. Good Ghod! A faaaanzine! I knew fandom was still going on, but not in the next street!
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I've been told that fandom is very sercon these days and judging from Maya's contents this appears to be so. Now I read Maya with great interest and curiosity. Having been out of touch for so long I'm keen to find out how fandom has developed. Is Maya typical of current fanzines? If so, then where has the old fannish spirit gone? I couldn't detect any of it here. Has the blog brewery dried up and a new brew concocted? I'd like to see more personality injected into Maya More of yourself Ian. A fanzine should be warm and friendly. It should be cosy and yet stimulating. Only the editor, with careful planning can bring about this happy blend.

*

So, there it is. Alan Hunter last issue, Don Allen this. Wait for Maya 6 when I resurrect Walt Willis, then in 7 it will be John Berry, 8 will be.....

I was passing our local cemetery not so long ago and noticed a van parked outside the entrance. I was just about to continue walking on when I happened to notice the sign painted on the side. 'Tri-Plant' it read. I mulled over this for a couple of seconds and not being able to think of anything witty to say about it, walked on.



Peter Roberts,
87, West Town Lane,
Bristol,
BS4 5DZ.

I think you're missing out on a great opportunity to edit a really fine fanzine, you know; I mean, you're in the middle of an active group of generally fannish fans, all of which think a lot of Maya, and yet the magazine doesn't really have a cohesive group character. As you've already admitted, you don't writing that much and thus Maya doesn't contain more than a smidgen of your own personality. So this seems to make it even more imperative that the fanzine should become closely associated with Gannetfandom. It's one of my oft-reiterated beliefs that the best fannish fanzines have been produced by groups of fans, or a fan in the midst of a group, and at the moment only Gannetfandom (and perhaps Ratfandom) have both the talent and the interest to produce a group fanzine. My suggestion then is that you look at the older group fanzines (Ape, perhaps, or even Cry) and develop a way of combining Maya and Gannetfandom. Ian Williams seems to be on the right track in Goblin Towers; but the other contributors are too dispersed somehow - they don't really fit together. Give Thom Penman and Harry Bell columns, perhaps, and tell them to write about Gannetfandom for a few issues until you've built up a personality and an image. Gannetfandom is already well-known in Britain; but it's through bits and pieces written all over the place - Egg, Cynic, and so on. Keep it all for Maya (until you're really established at least) and you could really build up a very fine fannish fanzine.

((Unlike the Seattle group of the past, Gannetfandom of the present

lacks the cohesive qualities that go together to make a fannish fanzine with a strong group influence. Any attempt to produce this type of fanzine at the moment centered around the group would be doomed to failure.))

I must admit I'm becoming a little weary of this dismal moan that's been going up from British fanzines over the last few years. I've been guilty of it myself, of course, maybe even started it after the 'we're beautiful' era of PaDs; but perhaps it's time to put away the flails and scourges and stop trying to provoke innocent American fans into damning British fanzines. It can't be much fun for them, opening yet another UK zine to read detailed analysis of how deep we've sunk into the quagmires and the foetid bogs of fakefandom. I think our point has long since been taken: the prodigals have seen the errors of their ways and are on the long march home.

I like the reaction Greg stirred up in his fine outburst. Ah yes, Greg Trufan on the crusades against the Sercon Devils - he's the very picture of a bold knight in shining armour, of course especially after a few rum and cokes at the con bar. Mind you, I'm slightly crogged that so many people took exception to the 'FAN FAN FAN' letter; the New York insurgents' crusade has done an amazing amount of good in American fannish fandom - a fine crop of zines and writers has appeared over there and some of us have even been tempted away from our ancient fanzine files to read current material. So if Greg spearheads a similar British crusade, abusing the sercon infidels and bringing their heads home on pikes, I think it's equally valid and perhaps useful and necessary. I certainly think it's hypocritical for the American fans to attack such a Holy War, just because their own has simmered down - especially since the results in the U.S. were positive, even if some of the side-effects were unpleasant.

((It looks as if our Holy War has simmered down too, Pete. Apart from Chris Priest and a few other fen, you're the only person in Britain to have actually commented on Greg's letter and the replies last issue. Perhaps British fandom as a whole just isn't interested in the sercon vs fannish argument?))

.....
Peter Weston,
31, Pinewall Ave.,
Kings Norton,
Birmingham,
B38 9AE.

Mike Glicksohn must be correct about the time-lag between British and American fandoms. When SFR was in its prime, a lot of U.S. fans seemed to want to produce sercon zines; when SFR collapsed, the accent switched to fannishness, an attitude encouraged a great deal by the New York fans like Arnie & Joyce Katz. In each case we seem to have followed about a year behind, over here.

But as most of your correspondents point out, there is a place for both extremes. Personally I hope that Speculation isn't considered any sort of extreme any more; sercon maybe, but not desperately so, surely. It's therefore irritating to see Roje Gilbert, apostle of instant antag-

onism, calling Spec & Quicksilver 'a pseud collection of divine pronouncements'. Whatever he might think of the material I use, I would never agree that any of it can be called 'pseud', and I'm sure Malcolm Edwards feels the same way. Just because Roje doesn't want to take part in one aspect of fandom doesn't mean that he can knock it with impunity. Oh no!

I suppose someone like Dave Hulvey can therefore turn that comment back on me because of my 'heat against the heads'. Repeating once again that it was Dave Kyle who coined the term 'Vigilantes' at Worcester, and that it was Mike Rosenblum, not me, who was terrified about the idea of drugs at the convention, I must admit that I am indeed square - indeed cubical - about taking pot, dope, junk, or whatever else you call it.

Bob Rickard spent a lot of time with some of the people who were smoking pot at Chester, and harmless enough though that might be in itself, Bob tells me that he wouldn't touch it. His reasons are the same as mine, except he's probably a little less intolerant than I am. All I want to say is that the idea of mixing up your mind with drugs seems rather like throwing a shovelful of sand into a piece of precision machinery, and that I think pot must be at least a stepping stone on the way to other things. It's all been said better, and elsewhere, but you'll have to just accept that Ethel Lindsay and I at least are square on this. Beer and tobacco are different - again, its been argued elsewhere. The fandom I entered didn't seem to use drugs and I hope the majority of fandom still doesn't need them. What's the general feeling on this?

((My own experience with drugs has been, to say the least, minimal. I've smoked pot twice in the past five years and puked-up on both occasions....))

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Roger Waddington, 4, Commercial St., Norton, Malton, Yorkshire.	You're maybe being a bit hard on OMPA, there are a couple or so good zines circulating inside and out that I've seen; but the majority have had one thing going against them, the fact that they're in OMPA at all...correct me if I'm wrong, but they just have to produce a certain output of pages per mailing or per year with no guidelines to the quality thereof; so is it any wonder, if they let go on the quality if they get behind on their requirements? And being a closed shop holds them back a little, I think, in that they don't have to sell their wares in the marketplace of general fandom; they've got a captive audience so to speak, composed of people who are equally selling an already spoken-for product. If they had to produce a competitive zine the general level of quality in OMPA would rise higher, but being on the principle of those who can do, those who can't teach I think I'll leave off there...
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Maybe the point is: What has British fandom to offer to the other fandoms round the globe, apart from the lifeline of contacts? To take America for one. They've already got everything over there that we could ever hope to offer, all along the spectrum from faanish to sercon..?

I think we've got to adjust to becoming a fannish enclave rather than one of the leaders as we used to be what with the rise of all the other fandoms; Australian, South African, European... But something we can learn from other fandoms is in the outward face that we present to the world, to wit, our fanzines....we've got a reputation of being cheap and cheerful, probably with good reason against the American ideal where the packaging is as important as the contents, and that's an ideal we would be well advised to follow if we want to regain that reputation we seem to have lost ...we may not have the money for complete litho jobs and the like but I'd say even a judicious use of white space could work wonders with some of our better products to make them even better. At the moment we seem to be cramming everything that's available into them, maybe because of the long intervals there usually are between issues, and maybe the unwillingness to let our friends down by not including their work. But with a little judicious pruning and an actual plea for better contributions, while not being on the same level as American zines, we could certainly make the best of what we've got at our disposal...?

((I'm glad you mentioned money, because to actually produce a duplicated fanzine with good clear print and large amounts of white space costs a pretty penny. Perhaps this is why British fanzines are cramped and cruddy; the editors just aren't prepared to spend their hard earned money on making their fanzine something more than just a collection of words slapped haphazardly onto a stencil and duplicated without further thought. Perhaps where I differ from my fellow British faneds is in this respect. I care enough about this zine to spend nearly half my monthly pay on one single issue. You may call me mad, and a few of you probably will, but the fact is I'm proud of what I've done to this zine and as long as I feel that way I'll continue to spend large sums of money on it.))

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Terry Jeeves,
230 Bannerdale Rd.,
Sheffield,
S11 9FE.

The lettercol was the best thing in the issue. I haven't enjoyed one so much for many a long time ... BUT one sad aspect...namely your perpetual knocking of Britfandom...and its fanzines... I don't know how long you have been in fandom to be able to judge it so harshly or compare it so disparagingly with that of the USA, but since Maya is only number four, isn't it a bit early to be so swingeing in your condemnation? Again, you knock OMFA as "a collection of fandom's failed fans" Ignoring the missing apostrophe I still object to such an idiotic comment. I for one don't consider myself a failed fan, and will gladly stake my own fannish record against yours any day of the week. Likewise, for Ken Cheslin, Brian Robinson and Paul Skelton, Bobbie Gray, Lynn Hickman to name just a few members off the top. Now instead of being so clever as to pan summat you know precious little about, why not get down to either proving your statement...or if you are so sure it needs no proving, then set about rectifying it. For my own part, as a so called failed fan..I cite just part of my publishing record...I can't remember it all...

Co-editor of Space Times, Con Science (a one shot), U.F.Os (ditto)
Co-editor of Triode (17 issues)
Editor, Erg now up to number 40.
Editor, Analog Checklist Parts 1, 2 and 3
Editor, Vector 2, 3 and 4
Co-editor, Songs From Space.

And so on..

((I've already apologised to Terry over the phone for implying he was a failed fan. As with all generalisations there are exceptions and happily Terry is one of them along with a few others in OMFA.))

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Mary Legg, 20, Woodstock Cl., Oxford, OX2 8DB.	Terry, I still think the suggestion is absolute rubbish, because for a start if anyone is sufficiently interested in buying or even forging votes, they can do it at a con just as easily (if not more easily) as away. Besides it's ludicrous to suggest that fen are only real fen if they go to cons. It so happened that I missed the last one, but it was the first one I'd missed in about nine years of fanning, during which time I'd say I'd been reasonably active. Why should I be counted less a fan because I couldn't manage to come to this con than a fan who may write a couple of locs to a fnz in the year, and <u>could</u> go to the con? There are many reasons why active and non-active fen have to miss a con: for example one year they may be sitting important exams and need to revise; they may be having a child; they may be moving; they may be broke (it's probably one of the commonest reasons fen can't go to cons, <u>especially</u> nowadays with the price of conhotels) and don't want to free-load. I'm against such people being penalised, and I'm all for the Postal Vote.
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Graham Poole, 23, Russet Rd., Cheltenham, Glos., GL51 7LN.	On the subject of artwork let me say that the two covers of <u>Maya</u> 4 were the best fanzine covers I've seen for a long time, in fact they were so good that they put the rest of <u>Maya</u> well into the shade. I thought the beautifully printed fantasy artwork cover was magnificent, but that backcover Hunter illo was out of sight!
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It is more than a mere drawing, but a highly intellectual well thought out illustration of the progression of man through the ages. The transformation of ape to man and from man to transistorised, computerised creature was enhanced by the change of style of artwork from the rough jumbled age of the ape through the straight lined rectangular enclosed present day to the purely symmetrical enclosed computer era. And that is not all!

1) The different artistic technique is further seen in the different types of shading used. This could easily be a drawing by three different

artists.

2) As the procession of ape, man and computer go on, other changes occur: The background changes from monsters to oil refineries to electronic circuitry. The vegetation changes from grasses to bare boulders as the grass is eroded, and hence to abstract blocks. The stars change from randomly placed to regimented rows.

3) The first two ages are closely paralleled. Man/Ape, Dinosaur/Refinery (Big, monstrous), Volcanoe/Chimney, Pterodactyl/Plane. No doubt the parallels in the computer age are so unconventional that the likes of us cannot see them.

4) The linking of the Ape/Man's and Woman/Comput's hands over the ages - the one common factor, each age going hand in hand with the one before, man spanning the ages whilst around him all things change.

5) There is a generally downhill effect to show that as man progresses he in fact retrogresses. Curious phenomenon. The ape man is depicted as being higher up than the computer. Primeval urges or just the intention of showing man DOWN the ages and not progressing UP through the ages - depends upon what title Hunter might put on the illo. Downhill effect exemplified by the stepping stone/ stairs from one age to the next, and by the pterodactyl and the plane flying in a downwards direction. Even Hunter's name!

I could go on for ages but I shan't - I might get too carried away. But it just shows how much can be read into the drawing and no doubt there are many other devices, implications and interpretations that can be seen in it.

.....
Darrell Schweitzer,
113, Deepdale Rd.,
Strafford,
Pa. 19087,
USA.

Both covers are clear cases of artists drawing without thinking what they're drawing about. The front for example, is a nice looking thing. The technique is very fine, and is laid out in such a way as to be a good eye-catcher. But, it doesn't hold up well under close examination. What is that thing on his back. The biggest sombrero the world has ever seen? Is he a man-hole cover collector escaping thru the sewers with his latest prize? No, I suppose it's his shield. But it looks kind of ridiculous for a shield. Here's where Neary and Marshall should have thought things out. How would one wear a shield on one's back? Certainly not like that. It would be very uncomfortable to say the least. Imagine the guy being pursued through a new forest, with many close together young trees, chased by assorted warlocks, wizards and enemy swordsmen. He's running along merrily when alluvasudden the shield catches between two trees. If he doesn't choke to death immediately the pursuers will catch up and make a pincushion out of him. Besides that, since the cord is so tight he would have difficulty removing the thing when he needed it. The solution? Lower the shield about half way again down his back, so that the top is even with the shoulderblades. This, as it is just looks stupid.

The problem on the backcover is a bit more serious. Hunter's figures

are just plain poor. Not only are the faces unnatural, but they are holding hands in a most unusual way which, although it is not physically impossible, is very uncomfortable and positively not recommended when dashing across the millenia like that. The young lady's left leg, as it turns into a machine is a worse problem. Extrapolate the fleshy part to its conclusion. The waist-line would have to come slightly below the hip-joint on the robot thing. In other words the leg is about three sizes too small and Hunter screwed up his sense of proportion.

John Piggott's column is interesting, in that it makes one wonder how British fanzines, which were once legendary for their quality(well that was to a great extent Irish ones, but that's beside the point) got where they are today. Serconwise the British are still leaders. America has no equivalent to Speculation and Cypher. When American fandom swings back in that direction again, as it inevitably must, British fandom will find itself in an envied position again, if those two zines last that long. Quite possibly Britain doesn't have the fannish writers to spark another fannish reniassance, but(pardon mypessimism) it seems to me that conditions are such that a new generation can't form now. So perhaps there won't be a fannish resurgence in Britain. Why, because everybody is so self-consciously fannish, fannish, FANNISH! and the essence of fannishness is an easy-going, natural aproach which is impossible under the circumstances.

((You bring up a point I myself made in conversation with Harry Bell, that is: There doesn't seem to be any new fans entering into the ranks. The reason for this is a bit unclear but I would shoulder some of the blame onto the recent apathy of the BSFA. For all its faults this organisation was and is the starting block for many new fans, but, as I've said, the recent crises within the BSFA meant a drop in membership and consequently a drop in the fannish potential therein. If the committee (and I understand a few of the new members have plans for reorganisation) can pull there finger's out and get this sick animal onto its feet again then it still might contribute to the re-emergence of British fandom.))

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Joe Patrizio, 7 Oakwood Rd., Bricket Wood, St. Albans, Herts.	It seems to me that Ian Williams has thought a great deal about the form of religion without much considering its basis. However, be that as it may, let's look at a few points Ian made and see if they can be answered (I write as a confirmed agnostic who considers the posturings of atheists every bit as ridiculous as those of the people who "know" there's a God because the Bible tell them so).
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"A weak personality needs something to rely on for his decisions, for his way of life..." A truly religious person does not foist off his decisions onto his religion -- he can't. What he does is use his religious principles as the basis for his decisions -- just as Ian uses some other

basis as a jumping off place for his decisions. In fact, a religious basis can(usually does) give you less room to manoeuvre than a non-religious one -- if you're true to your principles you must do the right thing. This is nothing to do with reward in heaven or that sort of thing; it's my belief that the vast majority of those people under, say, forty who do go to church or who believe in God don't believe in life after death anyway. But they believe in a Higher Principle. The thought of Ian Williams, the great Alone Atheist, staring out into space and bearing the responsibility of his actions on his own strong shoulders is, you must admit, a trifle ludicrous. And he accepts these responsibilities whether they(his actions)are good or bad, he says. But his atheism means that he alone decides what's good or bad. So does he foist his decisions onto a predetermined(by him) set of principles? -- or does he act just as it's convenient for him to act?

It's also a bit off for Ian to make derogatory remarks about Angie being involved in a 'dogooder' organisation. Are we all supposed to laugh at her and congratulate Ian because he has the strength of character to indulge himself to his heart's content and let everybody else go hang?

Sherman may have been right when he said that Ian wasn't looking properly for God -- I don't know. My wife has pointed out to me that there is no basis for presuming that you look for God from an intellectual point of view, that you can reason God into existence. A nice little analogy strikes me; how does a man who has just stuck his finger into a mains socket explain electricity to a man who doesn't believe in it?

It's not surprising that the Jesus Freaks didn't get through to Ian -- he knows that there isn't a God. I just wish I was as sure. But I'm not, so I can't relax in the certainty of atheism.

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John N. Hall, 53 Nassington Rd., London NW3.	If there's one thing I've learned it is that only things you can trust are provable realities. Words spoken to another or written in some tome of dubious origin, on whatever subject, love, religion, sex are a pile of junk without hard back-up scientific concrete proof. Religion falls down here.
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Those who will tell you that I live in a fantasy world are correct in the sense that I, and I daresay numerous others, delude ourselves into realities. We kid ourselves. Religion is a more advanced form of the same syndrome. In the final analysis, it is a fantasy that someone is looking after us like a Great Cosmic Father. Ian is aware of this, he must be. The Great Cosmic Father has done nothing for him, for me, for you, for anyone else. Those maniacs in the bus just kid themselves he has. For the sake of the general state of mental health I sometimes think that they should be prevented from kidding others as well.

Harry Warner,
423 Summit Ave.,
Hagerstown,
Maryland 21740,
USA.

Goblin Towers could serve as a model for the kind of writing which makes fanzines memorable. It has a begining, middle and end, and it casts a fresh light on experiences which most of us must have experienced in one form or another. Moreover, it conveys an extraordinarily vivid series of pictures in my mind.

After I'd finished reading it, I felt as if I'd just finished watching a one-reeler documentary film. It also symbolizes the need for fanzines to continue to exist in a world where it's increasingly hard to break into print. Where could a person find this particular story or essay or whatever it is in a newsstand publication?

I liked one thing in particular in all the letters' discussion of Greg Pickersgill's opinions. It was Darrell's reference to the way some fine fannish writers have picked 'unlikely subjects'. This is the real advantage of fannish writers over sercon writers. The latter suffer from such temptation to rehash incessantly the same topics: the latest books, the influence of certain popular writers and editors, and such unsolveable questions as whether Science Fiction causes people to invent things. If the sercon writers turn to books published a quarter-century ago or the writing style of someone who has published three short stories to date, the bulk of the readers won't have any real knowledge of the subject matter. I don't mean to lobby against sercon writing in fanzines, because I like it very much when it's done well, but I do start to get bored with the dozenth one-page review of the newest Dick or Silverberg novel, which is much less likely to say something new about the book than the dozenth report on the same con, which will embody the dozenth completely different set of experiences at the same event.

.....
Hartley Patterson,
'Finches',
7 Cambridge Rd.,
Beaconsfield,
Bucks.

Maya is a pretty good example of the 51st state syndrome. Locs from the States, Piggott reviewing US zines, and you inform us that you sent a note out asking for more international contacts.....and then send almost all your overseas mailing to the States. I also believe in international contacts,

but the USA is not the only foreign country. I've just got back from Trieste. There were 2-300 fans there, of whom one (repeat, one) was an American you will have heard of, Forry Ackerman. There were about a dozen from the UK. The rest were from continental Europe. Dammit they are fans, They publish fanzines, and so far as the insular Anglo-Saxons are concerned they might as well not exist. Join the Common Market, Mr Maule.

((You'll no doubt be pleased to hear that this issue fans from Belgium, France, Germany, Sweden and Turkey go on the mailing list.))

Williams vs the Jesus people strikes a responsive chord here. I went to a Quaker school, though my family is not religious at all. When I went up to University I started attending the Bible Study group at the Hall of Residence, having got into the habit of arguing religion. It

lasted, I recall, about 18 months, until the committed Christians caught the evangelical bug. Their minds seemed to just close up, and we were no longer able to communicate. They became - I don't know - certain, willing to accept the party line on trust - or 'faith'. By their new logic, I and my agnostic friends were not to be compromised with any longer, and since we would have provided bad vibes at their meetings we were no longer welcome.

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Aljo Svoboda, What is an informal, fannish fanzine doing with offset
1203 Buoy Ave., covers and nearly impeccable repro, Maule? Maybe
Orange, things operate differently over there, Maule, but over
Ca. 92665, here, in civilised fandom, fannish fanzines know their
USA. place, and sercon fanzines know theirs, and never the
 twain shall meet. Fannish fanzines have bent staples,
blotchy covers, and awful repro, and trully excellent and amazing fan-
writers in the grand old, and strangely British, tradition. But the
repro is never good, the covers never offset. Remember that.

((Yes Sir, Mr Svoboda, I'll remember....))

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John Piggott, Hall's baked bean story reminds me of a similar one
Jesus College, related by Greg at the last Globe. I wandered in,
Cambridge, shambled over to the bar, and immediately Greg Confr-
CB5 8BL. onted me with the story of Brosnan's bottles. It seems
 Greg, having come to the conclusion that he's going to
be in 62 Elsham Rd. for the next umpteen years, with no chance, as it
were, of moving out next week, has decided there's got to be a change in
the living habits of the happy pair. So he was going around the flat,
sorting out the various fanzines, old issues of Fouler, and invitations
to Gay Lib parties, when he came upon some bottles. Nothing very unusual
in that, of course, empty bottles were the sort of thing you might expect
to find. Trouble was, though, some of the bottles were not empty. A few
contained some liquid (all these bottles were at Brosnan's end of the
flat -- at least that's what Greg told me) which, upon close examination
and test drinking, turned out to be piss. Some of this was so old as to
have *things* living in it. Apparantly Greg was disgusted by this sordid
display, you'll be amazed to hear, and immediately struck up a bargain
with Brosnan: "I won't tell people about the piss if you don't tell them..."

.....

WAHF: Brian Lombard, Cy Chauvin, Alan Hunter, nick shears, Thom Penman,
Gray Boak, Andrew Stephenson, Andy Porter, Lisa Conesa, Mike Meara, John
Brosnan, Terry Hughes, Pete Presford, Roje Gilbert, Steve Sneyd, Andrew
Darlington, Richard Wilson, Dave Rowe, Ian R. Butterworth, Pete Colley,
C. J. Fowler and Dennis Dolbear.

My thanks to all those who wrote.



**THE
ARTIST'S
PLIGHT.**

**ANDREW
STEPHENSON**

I said recently that I was unlikely to be able to do any additional artwork until the end of September; well, matters have now advanced to the stage where I have decided to withdraw from fanart until about the end of the year, with a few special exceptions who have already been promised specific items. Other than these, I regret to say that I must decline invitations to submit work for editorial consideration, as it were. It is more than a little heartening to find that ones efforts are valued; it is satisfying to be able to find ready outlets for what are really practice pieces for some greater work as yet unenvisaged; but when this hobby stands in the way of still greater aspirations, then is the time to stand fast and cry, "Halt!"

I am crying, "Halt!" and loud, brother. I have seen what can happen to artists if they allow themselves to be rushed; I have talked with those whose opinions on this and allied subjects I respect; I have made my decision: writing comes first. Okay, maybe my first successful story wasn't an earth-shaker, maybe Roy Kettle was right when he told me in person that he thought I ought to concentrate on art and let writing lie. Maybe. But, dammit, art is secondary, and I refuse to be railroaded the way Dave Rowe has been. Dave is, or could be, a very good artist. But...but he also has a very accomodating nature. When an editor comes to him and says, "Dave could you possibly do me an illo...?", Dave says, "Yes," and somehow manages to squeeze it into his already overcrowded schedule. And thereby allows the greed of others to destroy his talent.

Let's take a break here: The time is 1120 at night, I'm tired, getting hotter under the collar every second as I think around my topic, and pretty soon I'm liable to say really rude things about fandom and faneds in general ...myself included by implication. I exclude no-one from this critical analysis, though some are far better than others; we are all human (I hope), and we all share the foibles of humankind, the flaws which I believe can do so much to wreck fandom, particularly in Britain today.

Consider: Fanzines are a medium of communication in fandom..In Britain they are generally created by fans: Written, illustrated, edited, published, all by fans. Fans: Fen: People who, as a spare-time activity, assemble magazines for consumption by other fans/fen. The material that goes into such zines is peculiar in that it can really only be created by these people; the editors cannot often go to sources outside fandom for their material; they must make the best of what they have. They must get in touch with all those fans who can produce usable material and persuade them to produce. For them. Often. In bulk. What happens? You really want to know? You want me to put down on paper what seems to happen? (Emphasis is to indicate that this is what comes over to this disenchanted, cheesed-off producer in my corner...) Believe me, you don't really, but I'm going to say it anyhow.

British faneds are destroying parts of British fanzines. How do I reckon this up? Simple enough. Basically, the currency of fandom is egoboo. A creative talent is largely paid in it. True, if he's aiming for prodrom sooner or later he can regard his efforts as an investment, and good luck to him I say ...if he can control it. This egoboo cashflow includes faneds; thier zine has to contain good material or they slip down the scale of approbation. Consequently, they try for the best material they can get. They ride those known to produce good work and who are known to contribute to fanzines. The poor stiff's

who co-operate with faneds pretty soon find themselves inundated with requests for work, and unless they want to sound like snobs, they try to accomodate these insistent importuners. And they find that they soon have so much to do they cannot keep up with the demand and maintain the standard. I know, I've seen it, both in others and in myself; the symptoms are a reluctance to experiment, because experiment takes time. Terminal cases are characterised by those turning out cliched and standard material, immediately recognisable as "So-and-so's" style. I mention no names because, (a) I do not wish to hurt any feelings when it is not necessary, (b) examples aren't really needed, since the principle should be clear enough, (c) I could be wrong. And the cure? Be bloody-minded. Do like the really successful writers or artists. Keep your name and address a close secret, and use a pseudonym always. When approached by a panhandler, kick him in the teeth... But who can do this in fandom? Fandom is a co-operative society, we help each other, we work together... Hah! What about those faneds who are always on the make, who don't appear to understand that a reluctant contributor is trying his damndest to be pleasant about his refusal?

Okay, it's hard for a faned to take NO for an answer--he has the next issue to fill after all. But I wish some more British faneds would try it. You see, Britain is just too small, our productive population of fans is miniscule and the number of topics apparantly very limited. Americans very often draw on pro talent; their production standards are so much higher than here that it's a moot point whether some of their 'fanzines' shouldn't be thought of as 'pro' ---Algol for instance.

So let's face it--in Britain we have a small group of producers being chased by a medium sized group of editors. The good ones are being hunted to extinction and precious few efforts are being made to breed new talent. Result: A vicious spiral which will ultimately result in a new depression in Anglo-fandom, just as it seemed we were experiencing a revival. It's sad. It's almost midnight. I'm tired, fed up....but I refuse to gafiate! That's one thing I won't do, no matter how many faneds come clawing at me. In stead, I'm going to be bloody-minded: Now instead of 'ames' being a modified and more appealing form of my initials 'ams', it will be a mask. Unwelcome applications for artwork/writing/etc get ticked off politely. Present commitments are to be discharged as quickly as possible without spoiling the product. I shall junk artwork 'til the ew Year unless I see very good reasons for emerging before then, and even so I won't be exactly unemployed. And after the New Year, only those zines I think very highly of will get any planned, scheduled work.

So, can you wait 'til the New Year for that artwork?

Hope so. If not...

.....Andrew M. Stephenson 1972



First Foundations: or Do You Have Any Regrets, Gray Boak?

If it hadn't been for a fat sadistic Pakistani landlady you might not be reading this today.

My first brush with fandom was seeing a mention of Speculation in IT. So I wrote off to Superpete for a copy and liked it. But it got me no further as regards actual contact with fans. Dead end there.

But I was persistent. I bought the first copy of VoT, thought it rubbish and sent a glowing letter off to Phil Harbottle, sneakily asking him if he knew of any fans in the area where I lived which happened to be Ormskirk in south west Lancashire at the time. I actually received a personal reply, something I hadn't really expected and he included the address of the BSFA. I wrote off to that and received a reply from Beryl Mercer telling me of all the good things that could come my way. I broke my own sprint record getting to the post box that day. Then copies of Wadezine and Free Orbit arrived with a letter from Audrey Walton. Apart from Vector and Spec they were the first fanzines I'd seen. They had names in them like Boak, Holdstock, Kettle and Hall, and it still didn't put me off, I even sent a few poems and a couple of book reviews. Then I got the address of the Liverpool group and received a non-committal reply when I wrote so I didn't bother any further. So I still hadn't any real contact with fans.

By then it was Xmas '69, I'd fucked up teaching and gone back home to Sunderland. I was at a dead end with little real idea of what I wanted to do. I was so low the cat

started kicking me. Then a friend who was at the LSE suggested I go down to London and live with him and a few other students. That sounded promising, visions of getting into publishing came into my head. I was very ignorant and naive in those days.

So I moved into the ground floor of a house just round the corner from Streattham Common Railway station. Early January, it was cold and snowed almost interminably. The upstairs flat contained two blokes whom we hardly saw, and an attic above that housed two girls. Then one of them moved out.

One evening, a couple of days later, the remaining girl pounded at our door. We let her in, her eyes streaming with tears. Our landlady, who as I've already said was fat and sadistic, had been round demanding more rent and when she was refused beaten the girl up. I made her a cup of coffee and she began to calm down, we started talking about anything except her recent experience and somehow SF was mentioned. And one of her friends was Richard Gordon. I'd seen a piece by him in a copy of Speculation. He came round a couple of days later to help the girl move out and she introduced us. He wasn't quite my type of person but we had an interesting conversation. It turned out he was going to the Globe the following week for the February meeting and hadn't been in a long time so he invited me to come with him on the assumption, it seemed, that if there wasn't anyone there he knew at least he could talk to me.

I did know of the Globes existence but hadn't tried to find out where it was because the thought of me going up to a crowd of complete strangers, none of whom had heard of me, and talking to them was absolutely ridiculous, I just didn't have the nerve. But if I went with Richard, at least I could talk to him even if he did seem to be something of an oily southerner.

I turned up at his comfortable flat off Earl's Court at the appointed time. In fact I was probably early as that's more in character. Anyway, he wasn't ready and gave me a pile of fanzines to read whilst I waited, several of which had columns in by him. These included a few Warhoon's with material written by Richard whilst he was in the States. One of the other US zines lying around was Odd with the Gaughan/Bode cartoon battle--I've never seen anything like that before or since, nor have I ever seen that one again.

We got to the Globe around eight. It was crowded full of people, far more it seems than when I revisited the place recently. A tallish girl (any girl who reaches higher than five foot six in shoes is tall) came over to us and gave Richard a friendly old friends greeting.

"Ian," he said, "this is Mary Reed. Mary, Ian's a geordie as well." This seemed to please Mary immensely and we started talking about our ex-homeland. I was surprised to find out she still regarded herself as a geordie even after living in the south for twelve years. Eventually Mary wandered off and I attached myself to some people Richard was talking to.

One of this lot was rather dishevelled wearing a dirty tweed overcoat and an unshaven face. He wasn't much taller than myself and didn't look much older either. (I was twenty-one at the time). He talked animatedly, his features twitching.



"Gad Carruthers, the lost civilisation
of Maya."

"Masturbation machines are going to take over," he was saying. "I've seen them in L.A. You step inside a booth and you literally plug yourself in. Then you see a picture of a girl writhing in orgasm in such a position as to suggest you're doing it yourself. And there are sound effects as well."

"You sound as if you enjoyed it," I said grinning. He laughed.

"Do you write any SF or do anything for er fanzines?" I asked. Before he could answer, a girl standing next to me tugged my sleeve and whispered:

"Ian, this is Charles Platt."

"Oh," I said, "I liked GARBAGE WORLD," I never discovered until weeks later that the really funny faux pas was not asking him if he wrote any SF but whether he did anything for fanzines.

I moved on again after a bit and got involved with Mary and ~~HR~~ Crut-10den. ~~HR~~ told me about the time he voluntarily incarcerated himself for his kleptomaniac tendencies. Then Mary enlightened me some more about fandom. By this time I realised I was having one of the most enjoyable evenings of my entire life. It was fairly late on by then and I was more than a little drunk and very garrulous. Somehow I got talking to John Brunner. I started by taking THE JAGGED ORBIT to pieces. He agreed with some of the points I made and offered me a cigarette.

I got back to my flat around midnight, pissed, prostrate, happy, hiccupping.

**

The next Globe meeting was the night before Sci-Con 70. I'd gone by myself half expecting to stand drinking alone all evening. I was wrong of course, it's impossible to drink alone in the Globe. I'd hardly got in the door when Mary, who was sitting in a corner with several people, waved and shouted for me to join them. They included Crut, the Bridges, Nigel Haslock and--

"Ian," said Mary, "Here's another geordie, Gray Boak."

My first impression of the bearded wonder was that he had designs on Mary as he kept putting his arm round her. The second impression was his voice, it was so deep and rasping I wondered whether it started in his diaphragm or if he just had a very sore throat. He came on a bit heavy and seemed to be a little drunk, but he was just exuberant and soon calmed down.

Oddly, I can't remember very much of that evening at the Globe. I have a vague impression that I was talking to Ted Tubb at one stage, but as near as I can remember, I spent most of the night in conversation with Gray. Gray was only passing through and hadn't intended going to the con, so I told him he was quite welcome to stop at my flat as there was a spare bed and it wasn't too far from the conhotel. (This is early April and we'd moved to a flat just round the corner from Richard Gordon). Gray considered for a moment, then agreed. This pleased me for a reason other than having his company as it meant that I'd have an experienced guide and mentor to show me around and introduce me to other people, Mary not coming to the

con 'til the Saturday. So, my main worry and problem having been solved, I happily got stoned.

It was on the way back to the flat that an incident occurred which quickly became a standing joke between us and one which we will gladly bore anyone stiff with at the drop of a hat.

We managed to get off at Earl's Court tube station okay, despite the world going hazy through my beer soaked eyes. Now, there aren't any escalators at Earl's Court so we had to go up by the lift, which happened to be crowded.

"They pump the gas in now, I suppose?" Gray said to me. Before I could mumble a reply, a tall and totally uninspiring female beat me to it. Gray and she smiled at each other. I could feel the lust rising in the fuggy confined air. Her smaller and almost totally uninspiring friend began giving me the once over. Then the lift stopped.

"We go out this door," I said to Gray. So out of it we went. "Well, I thought we did."

"You've let 'em get away," hissed Gray through clenched teeth.

"Let who get away," I mumbled, pretending to be drunker than I was. I suppose if I had been drunker than that, I wouldn't have let them get away, and then we might have had a chance to go and do dirty...

"The flat's just round the corner," I interrupted myself, not liking the train of thought I was getting into.

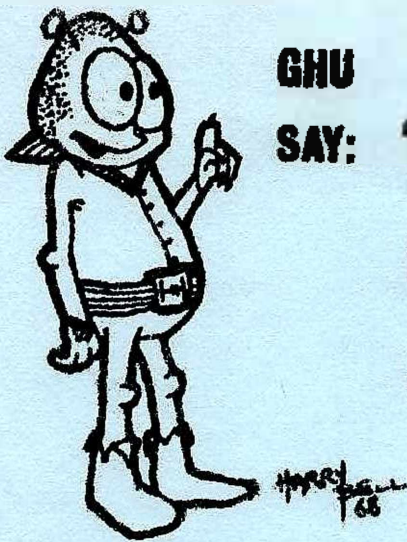
"We could have done dirty things with them!" Gray swore all the way back. He was still muttering those words as he climbed into bed. I flaked out with them echoing in my ear.

Second thing the following morning I made Gray a cup of coffee and an extremely black one for me. While I was drinking insight burst upon me.

"You know we probably stood a good chance of doing dirty things to those females last night."

I thought he was going to kill me. Instead he just spluttered his coffee all over the kitchen table, went purple in the face, and asked me if there were any sharp instruments in the place. He finally regained control of himself, after all I had shown him hospitality and even primitives don't butcher their hosts. To change the subject he said we may as well get to the con early. So out we went. Down in the lift, with Gray tightly clenching both hands together lest he be tempted to commit naughties on my throat. Onto the tube, off the tube, out into the light of Russell Square and into the dinginess of the Royal Hotel, an hotel that will live forever in fannish memory but that is now, happily, a pile of rubble.

The first people we met were the Pardoes flogging copies of Seagull at a shilling a time. I bought one, flicked through it a little bewildered, I think it was the first fannish zine I ever saw and now they pile high above my bed. Then we wandered around a bit, Gray looking for people he knew. He didn't appear to find any so we went off and registered. I duly attached my badge to the lapel of my new leather jacket and then back to the entrance hall where we saw this scrawny beaked nose fellow arriving accompanied by a tall attractive female. I saw saliva starting to trickle down Gray's chin. Instead of jumping on her, he grabbed him saying:



GHU

SAY: 'READ,

IDLE DAYS ON THE FANN.'

DARRELL SCHWEITZER

Dear Diary,

I am greatly disturbed by certain behaviour I have been displaying lately towards members of the fairer sex. You see last night, as we were closing the hamburg stand and cleaning up, I lost my innocence and became a trully experienced employee. We had a waterfight, and it was my first. Now, mind you, I didn't start it, although I quickly became one of the major combatants once things got rolling. Self defence and all that.

A waterfight is, of course, a duel to see who can get whom the wettest with the various water-spouting devices placed around the store for more sober purposes. The two major weapons in this particular outbreak were the sprayer on the counter which the girls use to clean the shake machine with, and the one on the sink behind the grill. Suzy, who is a nice girl except when she's drunk (at which time she is merely stupid) was a blatant and imperialistic agressor and took a shot at 'Ben' (Brian) Franklin. That did it. Once the peace was shattered there immediatly began a total Moderan style WAR.

I got very wet. At first I thought I could do her in with a cupful, but she knocked it out of my hand. So I went back to the sink and sent off a barrage. She retaliated, and it was only then that I realised what a great advantage she had. She was nearly one hundred percent protected by the grill area, and I was out in the open. Several other people found the same thing out at the cost of a good soaking. Later however, when she was confident of victory she left the safety of her citadel and I shot the unsuspecting lass in the posterior with my sprayer, getting my revenge. That only started everything anew. I finally ended it by swatting her in the same spot with a soggy towel. Thus, with some aid from co-workers, I emerged from my first battle victorious, not to mention sopping wet.

That was it. Remarkably, the entire incident had taken only ten minutes and we were still ahead of schedule. The only damage had been one soaked cash register, which had suffered a direct hit from an overshoot. Penitently I wiped it off with a napkin, and blew the water away from the places between the keyes that I couldn't reach. All this to keep our manager, who had been present all along and had actually participated in the festivities, happy. As we got seriously back to work I, with throbbing conscience,

asked Suzy, "I hope you don't take offence at what we did."

"At what? What should I take offence at?"

"You-you mean you don't mind being swatted on the butt with a wet towel?????"

"No, I don't mind," she laughed softly.

Did that conclude the affair? Had I been a perfect gentleman and settled things tactfully? Hell no. The next thing I did was bellow at the top of my lungs, "HEY PEOPLE! SUZY DOESN'T MIND BEING SWATTED ON THE BUTT WITH A WET TOWEL!!!!!"

"No! I didn't mean it that way!" she screamed....

*

I am reminded of an earlier incident which occurred at the employees' party. Kimberly Toews had just gotten off work and dropped in; it was about eleven-thirty at night and most everybody was already crocked(not I, though, and it was undoubtedly the genial atmosphere of the party that was making me feel light headed) when the poor girl walked unsuspecting into a trap. As soon as she got to the end of the driveway I, and some nameless person whose name I have forgotten, accosted her and seized her in a most ill-mannered way and tossed her into the swimming pool. At least I was polite enough to carefully hang her purse on a fence so it wouldn't get wet, but still I did toss her in. (She later thought, whatthe-hell, and went swimming in her uniform.) I am very puzzled by all this. WHY should I behave in such an unseemly fashion towards very lovely ladies? Is chivalry really dead? What will this do to my Lovecraftian recluse image?

*

Dear Diary,

David Hulvey told me over the phone that I am insane. I don't know if this means I am fit only to be locked up or should be flattered. It all started out quite normally. He was terrorizing a town nearby and had given me a ring. We were talking in an acceptable fannish way about all sorts of fannish things (did you know Dave usually runs off his fanzines in the nude? Did you know Nick Shears thinks butterflies are erotic?) when alluvasudden a bug ran across the floor. A featureless black beetle, which looked very much like a domestic roach. Horrors! The enemy!

"Excuse me, Dave, I have to squash a bug." I quickly dropped the phone and went after the varmint. Alas, it had escaped under the stove. That was when Hulvey told me the news. I was mad, crazy, demented, crackers, balmy and all that. Not to mention of dubious mental health. Of course I tried to explain the whole thing to him, and quickly delivered a lecture on the wonders of indoor ecology. I don't get my jollies from killing insects you see. I have a great respect for them and only mash the ones I don't like. For example, in this house we have hundreds of very old books, many of them 18th Century and earlier. This of course supports a thriving colony of silverfish, who in turn maintain a healthy community of centipedes, who are of couse predators and eat bugs and ants. So centipedes are on our side. One never harms a centipede, but shows no mercy to silverfish and ants. Also suspected roaches. What could be more reasonable than that?

The conversation dragged on for a while. Somehow we got into profound dialogue on the sex-life of a snail. Just then my mother walked in and demanded to know what kind of pervert I was talking to. I mentioned to her the possibility that Dave might drop over the next day to see me.

"Is he safe?" she asked fearfully.

I assured her that he was perfectly harmless

*

Dear Diary,

I have been feeling very old lately. I have definitely lost my neofannish innocence. Perhaps the fact that I've been a fan for five years and in the last three and a half have had nearly two hundred pieces published in fanzines of various types has something to do with it. Every time I look at my collection of manuscript carbons I am appalled. True, I still take a fiendish delight in shocking visitors with the sheer size of the thing, but as I do it I shock myself also. Stacked vertically my collected writings are about a foot and a half thick. Size runs from one to forty pages per item and all but a very few have been published or accepted for publication. While there are a few very early and ghod-awful things that I will not allow to be printed, these don't account for more than about twenty pages. They're all very short. (A reminder: anybody getting ideas about pubbing them postumously will be hearing from me...) And considering that I spread myself around a great deal, appearing in as many zines as I can, this means that perhaps as many as a hundred editors have liked something of mine enough to want to print it.

That's good for my ego, but it's also very sobering. Makes one feel experienced. It also makes one wonder why the hell one wrote all that. Surely not for money (I've earned in my whole lifetime ~~\$37.05~~ cash from writing). The only answer is why the hell not. I write because I want to and I write what I want to. I never slant things, but find editors who just happen to be interested in what I just happen to be writing at the moment. Which explains why I'm one of the few people today who can bridge the fannish/sercon gap. No brag, just fact. Here I am writing this ostensibly fannish column for an ostensibly fannish fanzine, and at the same time I'm a regular contributor to Riverside Quarterly. The secret is, of course, that I would never send anything to Ian Maule that I'd send to Leyland Sapiro, and vice versa. As long as you do this kind of matching of editor and material after you're done writing it, it's perfectly legitimate. It's called marketing. But if match things as you actually write it's hackwork. There's a considerable difference. To top everything off I recently turned twenty, which means my detractors can no longer accuse me of being a "pimple-faced, ego-sarved teenager" (the fact that I never had acne being beside the point when one is speaking figuratively like that), and that I've been a fan for a quarter of my life, even if I have never attended a Worldcon or voted for a Hugo. (Costs too much.) I think this is a good time for reflection, especially since right now I'm trying to figure out a topic for my anniversary fanzine article, which will be called Opus 200 for the simple reason that it is. (How about "How I Became The Most Prolific And Versatile Person In Fandom Without Really Trying, And Without Getting Famous For It Either?")

Okay, I'll reflect. Reflect, reflect, reflect. My, look at all that brow wrinkling. Ghoddness....Done. Did I get any amazing insights, great visions of the nature of fandom and the universe, or even a few thots on the ole yoomin condition? No, but I did figure out what a neofan is. This perhaps will be my claim to fame, the only thing I'll be remembered for after I'm dead and gafiated. I successfully defined the term "neofan" in five hundred words or less. Firstly, since this is my definition, I am forthwith ordering out of my sight all derogatory connotations attached to the word in question. It does not follow that a neofan is immature, untalented, obnoxious, vain, etc etc etc. As a matter of fact the only person I know who has all these characteristics is starting his second career in fandom, having gotten blackballed in his first. But he still exhibits those same traits and is in the process of bungling his second round. Not a neofan tho'. Secondly, here's my definition, with explanation to follow:

A neofan is a first generation fan.

Obviously the snag here is what I mean by "generation". Well I'm sure you've heard the hoary fannish sages remark how short fannish generations are. The general figure given is three years. That's how long it takes for a whole new set of fans to arise and for fandom to take on a different flavor, distinct from the previous period. I'm a little suspicious of such neat divisions myself, but it is true that each group of fans has its own characteristics, which can actually only be recognised from the perspective of another such group.

I entered fandom in 1967. The first thing I received was a welcome packet from the N3F and a copy of the club organ, The National Fantasy Fan which contained contained news of the Hugo winners for Nycon III. That was a week or so after my fifteenth birthday. By the time I got my fannish bearings (and got out the N3F) and knew what was going on in the subcultural world around me. John J. Pierce had declared R holy War on the minions of the New Wave and the blood was flowing all over the place, most conspicuously in Science Fiction Review's lettercolumn.

In those days every fanzine had a book review section. Mine did, of course, even though the rest of the material was a mixture of amateur fiction and what I would learn years later was called "fannish". Even editorials were all about SF. In other words, things were very sercon in the best, worst, and any other sense of the word you care to mention. Then things changed. New fans popped up all over the place who weren't interested in how J.G. Ballard's condensed novels were influenced by the collection of bubble-gum cards he had as a child. Book reviews all but vanished. SF discussion dropped out of the editorials. The discussion of SF in general became like, say, discussions of the Lovecraft/WEIRED TALES circle. Specialty material for specialty zines. Yes, these new fans were different, and as I watched them a thought came to my mind that went something like this: Them? They? New Fans? Different? Klono's irridium whatever, I was a second generation fan. That's how I formulated my good, solid, descriptive, unbiased, non-derogatory definition of a neofan. Here it is. What's yours?

.....Darrell Schweitzer 1972
23



No sooner had I settled down in front of the television when the telephone woke me up. It could only have been a mistake or my Aunt Bella; for my friends who theoretically could have phoned me, never do so in practice. Because, amongst other things, I haven't got a telephone. Aunt Bella is the only person who keeps forgetting this (she often says that her memory is excellent, but awfully short..) so whenever she needs to speak to me, she phones. The first time this happened I remember being more than somewhat astonished, which in turn astonished my Aunt.

"What, pray is so surprising about one phoning one's niece?"

"Basically nothing," I agreed. "Only I haven't got a phone!"

"What of it?" she asked indignantly, "I've got one, and that is precisely why it is I, and not you who is telephoning! Surely, just because you don't possess a phone you don't expect me to drive over every time I want to speak with you! I've got a telephone and I can ring you!"

So, this time it could only be my Aunt Bella who was ringing. And indeed it was. It was she. All of her.

"Lee?"

"Lee."

"Are you at home?"

"Alas, I just left a moment ago."

"Do you know where you happened to go?"

"To the coffee-bar. I'll be back in about an hour."

"In that case I'll ring back in an hour. 'Til then."
But in a few minutes she was back on the phone again.

"Lee?"

"Lee."

"You said you went to the coffee-bar?"

"Yes, because that's where I went."

"That's impossible!"

"Why?"

"Because I'm phoning from the bar and I can't see you!"

"Which coffee-bar can't you see me in, Aunt?"

"In the Pegasus."

"That figures, I'm in the Amigos."

"Oh, well that's alright then, for a moment I thought you were telling me stories...So when did you say you'll be back?"

"In about an hour."

"In that case I'll drop in; I've a most surprising story to tell you."
Aunt Bella rang off, and I felt intrigued. What could have happened? I speculated.

Bella, who always understands everything and everybody, is difficult to surprise...When, for example, Bella's husband informed her one day that from now on he would eat only cheese, or to be more precise, the holes therein. Bella regarded the fact as entirely normal.

"If one can eat cheese without holes, then one can eat holes without cheese. It's cheaper even, and less fattening. True or not?"

"True," I agreed not entirely convinced. When her husband decided to keep a tiger and take it to the country at weekends for grazing...it too seemed perfectly normal to my Aunt.

"If farmers can keep and graze cows..." She reasoned.

"But tigers aren't cows!" I burst out logically.

"And my husband isn't a farmer," She replied equally logically. It was true, her husband was born and lived his entire life in the city.

"Anyway," she continued, "I'd much rather he went for walks with his tiger, than to the pubs with his pals. Better for his health don't you agree?"

"I suppose you're right." Aunt Bella had won again. Once I asked her if she'd be surprised to find a rabbit lying on her sofa, with glasses on his nose and reading ULYSSES?

"Of course I'd be surprised," she answered, taking me aback. "You know perfectly well we haven't got a sofa, just a couch, how then could he be lying on a sofa?" I was discouraged, but not beaten, yet.

"But if you had a sofa..."

"Then I'd immediately get rid of the couch," she interrupted.

"But if you had a sofa," I asked with the remains of hope, "and on it you found a rabbit with glasses on and a book in his paws, surely you would be surprised?"

"Why, books are there to be read, aren't they?"
I'd given up, knowing that I'd lost again.

That's why today's telephone call from Aunt Bella intrigued me. I even regreted that joke about going out to the coffee-bar. Oh, I didn't say, did I? It was in fact only a joke. Not a very good one either. In reality I was at home all the time.



"...and I still say that it doesn't look like Brunner."

In half an hour I opened the door to Bella, who was clearly excited. "Well, tell me all about it child," she said from the doorway. "What happened? I'm dying of curiosity!"

"But it's you Bella, not I, who has a surprising story to tell me!" I corrected her.

"Oh." Remembering. "Today I witnessed a very unusual happening. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I would not have believed it. Imagine, I got on this bus, squeezed through to the front, and suddenly noticed by the window, with a book in his hands sat..."

"A rabbit!" I volunteered.

"Yes. That is, no!" protested my Aunt. "I saw that by this window sat a young man, about twenty, reading a book."

"So what?" I attacked, using her own tactics, "Books are there to be read!"

"I know, I remember from school," agreed Bella, "but I was equally sure the seats in buses and things were reserved for the young. And here, this young man looked up from his book and, seeing an old lady standing by his seat, offered it to her! Strange is it not?"

"Yes, it is," I agreed, slightly disenchanted.

.....lisa conesa 1972

(Goblin Towers cont.)

"Hello, Pete. This is Ian Williams who's a fan of yours." Weston smiled, as much as his angular face would let him.

"Hullo, Bon, oi was hoping oid meet you, oi want you to do a Lafferty review for me. Er, excuse me, oil tork to you loiter, oi've got to take moi bags up to moi room." Eileen Weston smiled and they were off.

Gray didn't say anything but he was obviously thinking deep thoughts. They were interrupted by the approach of two lads who looked something around my age. They began talking to Gray, alternating lines.

"Hello, Boak," said the tall one.

"I thought we'd got rid of you last year," from the small bulky one.

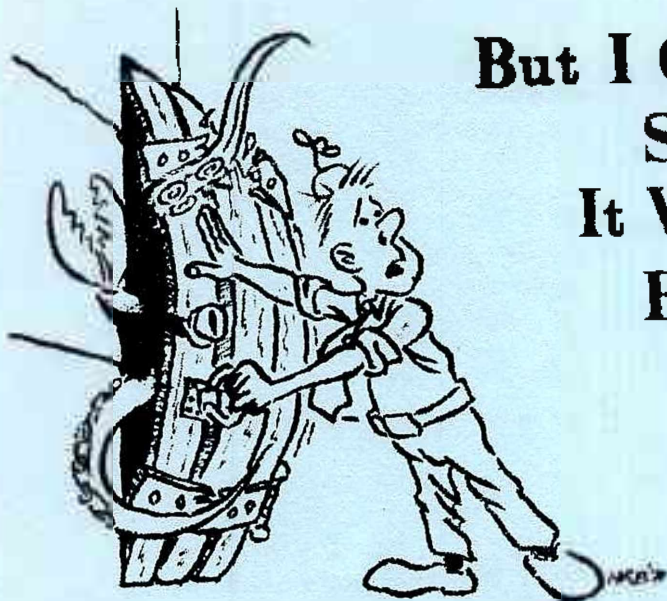
"Who's this little man with you?"

"Is he a fan?"

"This," said Gray, "is Ian Williams. These are Greg Pickersgill and Roy Kettle."

NEXT EPISODE: I meet Julia Stone, play bridge with Howie Rosenblum, spend the night with Ken Eadie, and tear my hair as Boak gets his own back.

.....Ian Williams 1972



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



((This issue Ian Williams returns with his highly critical look at current British fanzines; John Piggott having temporarily retired from fanzine reviewing.))

Malfunction 2, Pete Presford, 10 Dalkeith Rd., South Reddish, Stockport, SK5 7EY. Available for the usual reasons.

Why, I keep asking myself, is it that some of the nicest people produce some of the crummiest fanzines? Now, Pete Presford is as pleasant a middle aged adolescent as one could want to meet anywhere. Generous, honest, sincere and a good bheer drinker. I've enjoyed his hospitality and his company. And, I suppose, it's in keeping that he produces the biggest shit-rag I've seen since Steve Carrigan's Madrgal. The nicest thing I can say for Malfunction (and was there ever a more appropriate name?) is that the print has come out nice and black.

The standard of this collection of junk is such that even the level of mediocrity looks high from where it's slithering. The layout is incompetent and the art stinks. The written content is even worse. Pete writes as he talks. The way he talks is forgivable, I'm used to Lancastrian's murdering the English language and it even has a certain charm, but in print it's appalling.

The first page is disconnected inane ramblings. The second is about fans who write 'serious stuff'. I'm not quite sure what he means by this as he includes Roberts, Boak, Piggott, Pweston and me -- an unlikely quintet at the best of times. He writes a short paragraph on each of us. The one about Peter Roberts is the least comprehensible, though not untypical. For your elucidation, I quote in full:

"Of those above Pete Roberts Egg is proclaimed as a good fanzine, christ so it should be, appearing every blue moon as it does. In fact from the money he makes on Checkpoint he should be able to go litho. Work it out?"

That is reproduced exactly as it appears. What it has to do with the 'serious stuff' he appears to be condemning, I just don't know. In addition, he is sadly misinformed over the great sums Pete Roberts has flowing in from Checkpoint. I believe Pete has forty paid subscriptions, when postage is deducted from this cost, the income per issue is forty 1½p's, ie. sixty pence to cover the cost of a print run of a hundred. And Presford has the nerve to imply Pete's profiteering!

On the third page is a series of fanzine reviews, of sorts. Apart from one crude pun, it isn't much better than the previous page. Overleaf are the remnants of the quote cards Thom Penman flung with gay abandon at Chessmancon 72. The funny ones were left at the Blossoms. Following on rather illogically from this, are three pages written by Ian Maule detailing the journey to Chester in the company of me, Dave Douglass and the latters father. There are a couple of genuinely funny lines that raise this piece of lies to the heights of mere ineptitude, making it the best thing in the issue. Next in this corridor of horrors is a particularly useless and inane 'quiz'. The four page lettercol is on a similar level, oh dear.

The penultimate piece in this pathetic perpetration is P.G. Trip's How I Pushed Britain Into The Space Race. I wont recommend pushing P.G. out of a window as he's better known under his neon halo as John Piggott. How Tootsie has the nerve to write this stuff eludes me. Presford I can understand and forgive, but wonderboy Piggott, never. Final column is Stone Fist, again by Presford; he is almost coherent talking about the dismembering of the RSFA Fanzine Foundation but that doesn't last long and Pete finally peters out talking about Paranoid.

So far, Pete Presford will have been amused reading this as he has stated on several occassions that Malfunction is supposed to be for printing rubbish. This seems to be a pretty stupid thing to do, but, accepting this, turning out an intentional piece of mediocrity for fun is fair enough provided you can do better. Mauler took this point of view when he produced Paranoid, this zine was a fun thing but even then it was high grade rubbish and he also edits Maya (the best faanish zine going in my biased opinion). But what has Presford produced? -- Madcap, a zine that actually struggled to achieve mediocrity.

None of the Manchester crowd are producing a really good fanzine to compare with the likes of Fouler, Maya and Egg. Instead of producing what appears to be several hundred crudzines, it might be nice if they collected all their material together, pooled it, and produced one first class fanzine. It might even contain two lines from the Presford files...

For god's sake Pete, stop wasting your time producing these abortions,

surely the scanty shit-heaping return you get on them doesn't make it worth it?

Zimri 3, Andrew Stephenson & Lisa Conesa, 54 Manley Rd., Whalley Range, Manchester, M16 8HP. Usual fannish reasons or 10p. 80pps!

Inseult 2, Lisa Conesa, same address as above, usual reasons or 15p. 50pps.

Who, I keep asking myself, apart from Bruce Gillespie, in their right mind would want to produce two fanzines of these sizes within a month of each other? Answer: Lisa Conesa. Who could find that amount of good fannish material to fill that amount of space? Answer: Nobody.

(Lisa, my light-winged angel, take these comments from one who admires with awe but not, alas, without his critical faculties.)

Lisa, like the aforementioned Presford, is one of the MAD-group that Manchester fanzine factory. Miss Conesa being the most attractive and most productive of that batch of Mancunians. And, like them, has that same common flaw, to wit a total lack of critical discernment in that she will print virtually anything offered up unto her. Being female she gets the best and the most. Looking at the size of these two fanzines I fear that the only editing she has done is to cut out the "Dear Lisa" and "Flagellatingly yours, Rob" from the letters. I tried to re-read Zimri from start to finish for this review. I couldn't, I felt swamped by the monstrosity and the thought of having to wade through vast amounts of crud and Andrew Stephenson to get to the good things in the issue; like the two items by that tall, handsome, nauseating paranoid creep Rob Holdstock, who sickens me even more by looking likely to be a much better fanwriter than Ian Williams, and the occasional good letter by Gray Boak and...I was looking for another, couldn't find one. If it hadn't been for the frequently excellent artwork by Ames (whose front cover is brilliant and the best thing in the issue) and Dave Rowe I'd have been tempted to take a leaf from Kettle's book. If I'd got the strength that is...

Inseult (a freudian typo which I refuse to correct and shall take it as setting a precedent) is thirty pages slimmer and a couple of inches smaller, presumably due to the shedding of Andrew Stephenson. This is much more concerned with fan poetry and prose and hence considerably more boring than Zimri. Cover is by Eddie Jones who deserves a special thank you for this piece of fanart that must have taken him at least five minutes. Most of the interior work is by Lisa who must have been drawing with her toes as I've seen much better stuff elsewhere.

Apart from the prose and poetry, there's a pretty stupid editorial devoted to criticising crosswords, a couple of indifferent book reviews, and a few notes on sundry fanzines. And of course the lettercol, this one is totally concerned with material appearing in the first issue and hence of no interest whatsoever to those who didn't see it. Lisa, in commenting on my loc, also shows herself to be totally ignorant of the nature of aesthetics. I could expound on that, but the best place is in Inseult, if I ever get round to it.

This zine also shows the same major flaw of Zimri. That is they remind me of a sealed rabbit warren filled to bursting with fucking bunnies that have reproduced to the point where there isn't any room to move. The girl has no idea at all over the use of space within a fanzine. Gaps are aesthetic, Lisa. The best example (apart from US zines like Outworlds and Granfalloon) is probably this issue of Maya. (And if you show me up Maule, I shall ram a tube of duplicating ink down your throat.)

These zines sadden me tremendously. What talent and good material therein (about 10%) has been completely swamped by the masses of cramped crap.

In a fannish zine, big is definitely NOT best.

The Turning Worm 3, John Piggott, Jesus College, Cambridge, CB5 8BL.
Usual fannish reasons or 40p. 42pps.

After shovelling so much well deserved shit on Pete, Andrew and Lisa, it positively sickens me to be nice to Mincing John Piggott who is now producing one of the best honest to brilliance straight faanish zines. It can honestly be said, if you don't read Fouler, Maya or TTW, then buddy you ain't no British faan. This issue is even longer and better than I expected. Even my attempt at lowering the tone of things doesn't detract from the general excellence of Tootsie's editing. This is a straight faanish zine by fans, for fans, and about fans, and about fans and fandom. No poetry or book reviews or silly pseudo intellectual junk, this is for the fairly experienced fan about town and definitely not for the neo who won't understand a word of it. There's no artwork, cover, or letraset headings, just neat black print nicely duplicated by Maule.

Apart from editorial, fanzine reviews, and letters, there are four features all interesting. (That word is used advisedly as you shall see). The editorial being, as it is, the last thing in the issue, TTW opens with a piece on Gannetfandom by our new quiet neo, Brian Temple. He's been reading Harry Bell's fanzines for some time, so I suppose that explains the slick and surprisingly good style. It falls into two uneven parts: The first contains fragments of what passes for conversation at our group-meets, the other being about the Great North East Con that never took place. Next is Ian Maule on fanzines. Fanzines are the only things our opinions concur on, when we're talking theoretically at least. And I second just about everything he says here. (Of course, I said it first..). Third piece is rather awkward for me to comment on. It is ultra-faan fiction called The Grooving Gannets and is about British fan groups forming rock bands. It's perpetrated by me with a little assistance from Thom Penman. The entire piece is nothing more than a highly concentrated selection of in-jokes. Unfortunately the funniest ones are only understood by about five people. But that's fandom for you. The last item is a literate column by Dave Rowe on recent fanart. He actually knows what he's talking about and is one of his own best examples. I hope this becomes a column. The editorial is rather uninteresting, so that brings me to the meat of the zine -- the letter-col and John's already well-received fanzine reviews.

The title of this latter item is the Fouler-like Stomper. John can't match Pickersgill's personality as regards reviewing but he is, at times, just as perceptive and he doesn't jump to the incredible conclusions Greg was and is prone to. He tries to make general points about fanzines as well as reviewing specific issues withing the space of individual reviews, he tries, he doesn't always succeed, but often enough to make this one of the best fanzine review columns. I'm trying to avoid commenting on specific reviews to avoid it being said that this fanzine review column reviews fanzine review columns, but there is one little thing I'd like to point out. John condemns the lack of response to Mauler's crudzine Paranoid and says because of the ease and frequency with which it could be produced it had great potential. The logical extension to this is, that if Ian had got greater and better response to Paranoid he would have had too much material, the frequency would be reduced, the number of pages greater, and eventually you'd have ended up with something like TTW rather than Paranoid.

The lettercol was nearly as good as Maya's, which makes it the second best around. It's full of solid discussion about several aspects of fandom and fanzines. Exactly what, you can find out for yourself. My comments on it are going into my Loc and I hate repeating myself.

Fouler 7, Greg Pickersgill and (ostensibly) Leroy Kettle, Flat 1, 62 Elsham Rd., London W14. Usual reasons or 1/10p, 6/50p. 30pps.

Ian wanted me to do a nostalgic reminiscing review of this and past Fouler's. I tried and couldn't. This just isn't the right place for it. On the other hand, I can't really do a straight review because Fouler just isn't that type of fanzine.

Fouler is the written extension of Pickersgill's personality -- intelligent, perceptive, honest to the point of nastiness, and obscenely funny. Greg will flay you mercilessly in print for saying something he considers stupid (and he does this to friends and foes alike). He set the current trend for total honesty in fanzine reviewing, his often specious conclusions being an unfortunate blind spot. In this latest issue (the first in over a year) he maintains the high standard he set himself, though I disagree with him in several cases. Ignore his conclusions, it's what he has to say in the process that's important.

This is one of the essential and the best British fanzines and anyone who disagrees can go fuck themselves. I'm glad to see it back: rubbish, cheap, gossip, obscenities and all.

.....Ian Williams 1972