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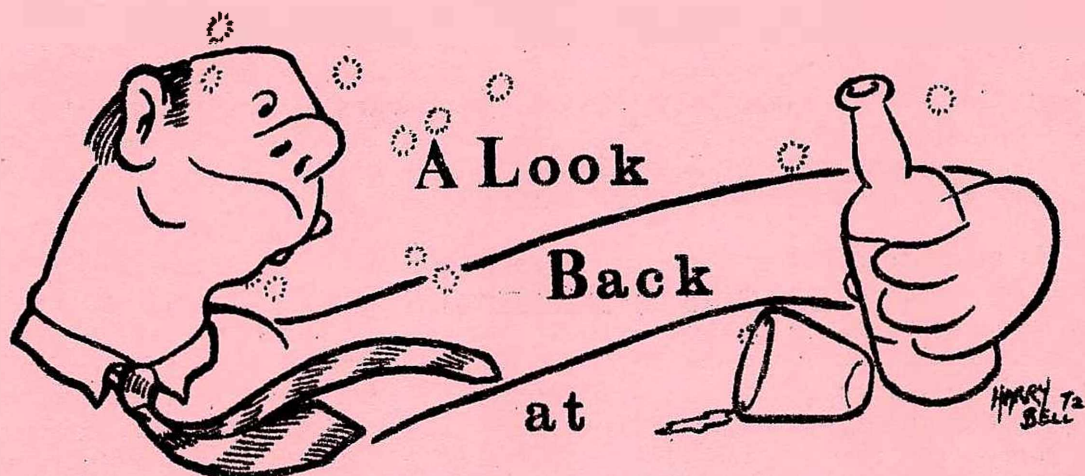
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Some of My Yesterdaysanopheles bandwagon

It is with a certain sense of satisfaction that I look back on my years in Scientifiction fandom. I seem to have flown through those years, sprinkling articles and stories in my wake, and making such good friends. Undoubtedly friends are what make fandom so worthwhile. I feel a warm glow when I realise I can walk into the Globe or the Gannet or any other public house where fans meet to talk avidly about their beloved Scientifiction stories, and know with certainty that someone will rush me to the bar and offer to let me buy them a drink.

I well remember one recent convention, although the precise year escapes me for the moment. After registering and finding my room on the Friday night, I changed into a comfortable lounge suit so as not to be out of place in the usual well-dressed fannish crowd swirling about downstairs. I made my way to the bar where A. Graham Boak, the well-known fanzine editor and intellectual, reminded me of a glass of shandy he'd bought me several years earlier. Immediately, my usual generosity surged up within me and I suggested I return forthwith to my room to collect my cheque book, but Graham would not hear of it. Eventually he persuaded me that for only a pint of the best I might redeem myself and the bargain was soon sealed.

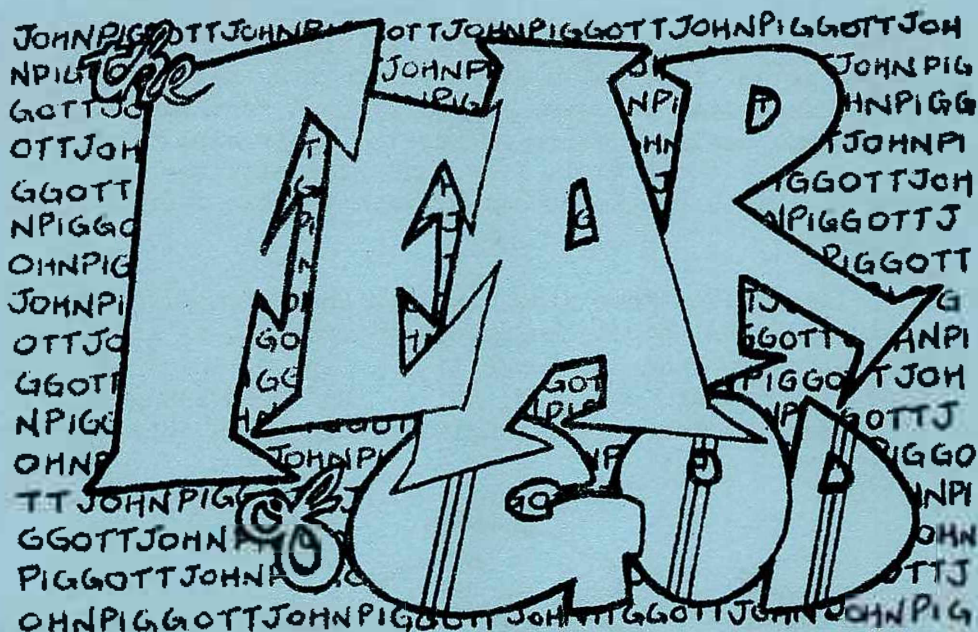
Unfortunately for the continuity of our conversation, the first part of the programme was announced and I found my legs hurrying me from the room, only to somehow take a wrong turning and amazingly return to the bar, though this time in a corner where I was unable to find my friend Graham. I decided a drink or two would set the tone for the weekend and when I came round on Monday morning I concluded that they had indeed done so.

That was perhaps my most memorable convention. I did, of course, miss all of the programme, and did not quite manage to attend any of the room-parties, but I was able to return home in the pleasant knowledge that I had almost become engaged to the enchanting Miss Ella Parker, and that for some time to come I should be able to enjoy a Brian Burgess meat pie every day, having cornered the market.

The high point of my fannish career was almost certainly the production of my fanzine Super Space-Rocket Stories, for the first issue of which I built myself a flat-bed duplicator and concocted my own ink in the bath (I was taken for one of our coloured brethren for quite a few months after). I posted two hundred copies to fans throughout the world, and at least twenty-three of those were wholly legible, but sad to say, only three fans saw fit to write letters commenting on the appraisal of Jungian symbolism in the works of King Lang and Volsted Gridban. Undeterred, I rushed out three more issues before I realised that the tide of fandom was changing and New Wave intellectual fanzines such as Son of New Futurian, Wadezine, and Ruffcut were now in vogue.

I have been absent from the ranks of active fen for some time now, but I feel that perhaps my presence may be required once again. Obviously, there is not space here to describe my full fannish life, but I could be prevailed upon to write further, longer articles, on such revealing subjects as the time I almost tipped Ethel Lindsay into an urn of tea, the day I took Charles Platt's letter to the framers, or what happened to me when I told Mr. John Brunner how much I admired his work written under the Vargo Statten pseudonym. All these secrets and more can be yours. I may even revive Super Space-Rocket Stories. Would anyone care to subscribe?

----- Anopheles Bandwagon -----



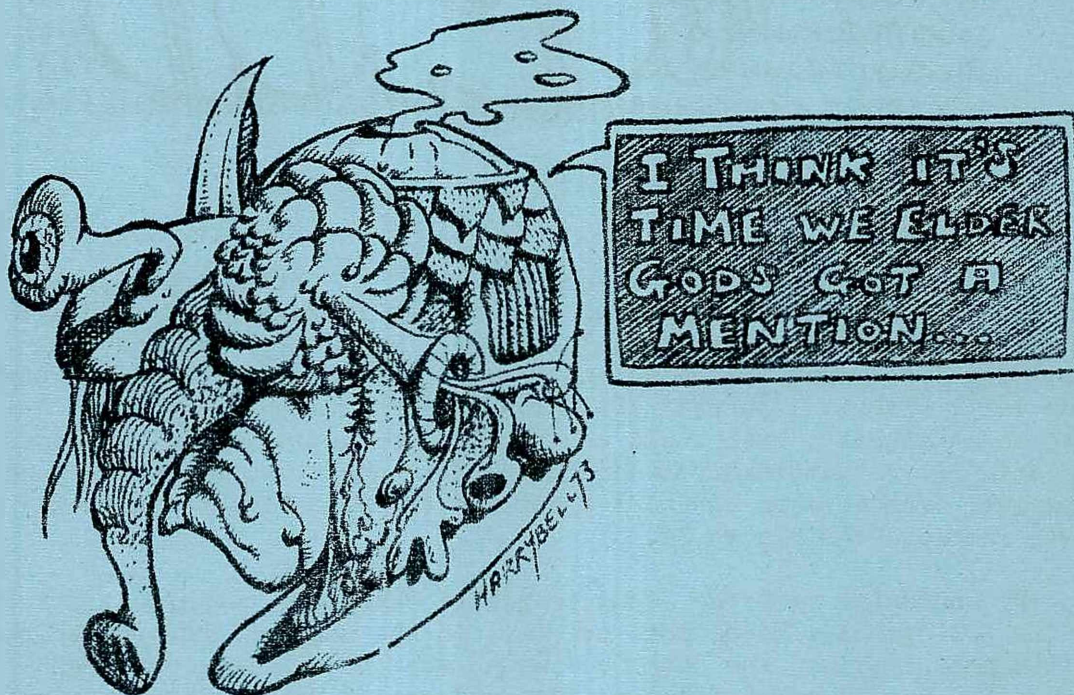
Fandom as a whole seems remarkably short of Christians. Offhand I can think of only one God-fearing fan, though I suppose I'd find a few others if I looked hard enough. In the big, wide world outside, the one that Greg Pickersgill knows so much about, there aren't very many Christians left, either. I suspect that organised religion is gradually dying out; to an atheist, this would seem to be good news. But the hold of Christianity is remarkably tenacious in some quarters, producing such fanatical crusaders as are best described as 'Jesus Freaks' in a way quite incomprehensible to me.

My encounter with the Jesus people of Cambridge began, aptly enough, in the College Bar. To be more precise, in the suggestions book thereof. As its name implies, the Book is a means whereby students may propose how the J.C.R. should spend its nine thousand quid a year, without actually ever giving voice to their hare-brained schemes; it is a medium where topics of vital importance to students may be discussed (for example, Northern Ireland(yawn) and the predicaments of Rolls-Royce and the Upper Clyde Shipyards); and, of course, it provides a superb sounding board for any budding missionaries and humorists in the audience.

Like any good fan, I contributed to the running discussions about college food and the like during the first few months I was up at Cambridge. As time passed, it gradually became noticable that there existed in the College a small clique of people who ended all their comments with something like, "Smile, Jesus loves you", or "Real peace is Jesus! These were members of the Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Christian Union (CICCU -- pronounced 'kick-you') and they were active in spreading the Word in many places.

Living among such a barrage of "Real Peace is Jesus" slogans, it was only natural for the next step to happen. One day, someone (it wasn't me) asked "Why?" on being informed for the hundred-and-tenth time that Jesus loved him. The Jesus Freaks attempted to explain, but not particularly successfully. I gather that attempts to rationalise religion of any form are unlikely to meet with success, since religion is a basically irrational phenomenon. Anyway, howls of derision greeted their explanations of how meeting Jesus changed their whole life, and gradually the suggestions Book degenerated into a battle-ground between the two factions of God Squad and Atheists.

Not surprisingly, neither side distinguished themselves in the resulting display of verbal pyrotechnics. In retrospect, it is clear to me that the non-believers spent too much time trying to think up clever, "witty" ripostes for their own good, whilst the Christian sect kept trying, hopelessly, to justify their irrational faith in terms that would satisfy



the rest of us. The whole thing was a bit of a giggle at the time, but the contents of that Book make pretty tedious reading now. Occasionally comparative gems emerged, such as a lengthy comment from "Mrs. God" which ended, "If you think real peace is Jesus, you should try being his mother", and a cryptic note from "J. Allegro": "Christ was a bowl of mushroom soup". How many of you understand that allusion?

As a result of these scintillating discussions, I found myself invited several times for coffee with members of CIOCU. Although I don't like coffee particularly, I managed to drag myself away from Science Fiction and Diplomacy long enough to pay the God Squad a visit. There, I learned that real peace is Jesus for those lucky enough to have seen the light,

and that I should smile, because Jesus still loves me even if I don't believe in him. Perhaps that's a trifle harsh: it was clear that these people had found something in religion, but equally they were totally incapable of explaining to me what it was, and I went away unsatisfied.

With some other people they were more successful; one or two conversions were made, in fact, during the course of the battle. One tried to explain his seeing the light to the rest of us by explaining it in the suggestions Book: "You can only turn to God by really thinking things over, and talking it over with a Christian. This was how I became a Christian last Sunday, by talking about it with Peter Allen (this, of course, was only one of the things which God lined up for my conversation; but without it, I would never have become a Christian), and this is how the Christian wants to work - by direct contact with people, because that is how people are won over to Jesus Christ. (I hope I've got this right, Bob!)"

I don't quite know what to say about this; but I should think that conversion from screaming atheist to devout believer (and he still is) in Christianity and all it entails during one Sunday evening is pretty quick work by any standards.

When the written had died down somewhat, a new influence appeared, in the shape of master evangelist Arthur Blessit. The charismatic figure of Blessit, long-haired, bearded and wearing hip clothes, pranced around the stage addressing a crowd of some two thousand on Parker's Piece one evening. (Non-fans in the audience may be interested to know that this is the same place where the laws of Association Football were first formulated, way back in 1828. Groovy, baby.) Blessit's hangers-on drifted about the crowds, distributing liberal supplies of "Jesus loves you" stickers. These small stickers are still a feature of the Cambridge environment; large quantities of them were stuck on walls and bus-stop signs, and once it rains on them they're almost impossible to remove. There was little sign of opposition in the crowd. As Blessit began to speak, a group of ten or so students walked around bearing a large banner with the words "Free Barabbas", but when nobody took any notice of them they got fed up and went away. Blessit delivered his speech expertly, as would be expected of a man who had delivered the same speech every day for the past year or so. It contained several obvious and poor jokes, such as the airport gag ("they asked me where I was going, and I said, 'Heaven'"); and once again, I was mystified as he came out with a lot of propaganda about letting Jesus come into my life, and take away my burden of sin. One doesn't need to read Science Fiction to find alien concepts...

It wasn't until the Societies' Fair in October, though, that I realised just how ridiculous this whole Christianity business really is. I spent just about all my time at the fair behind the Science Fiction Society stall, attempting to prise £2.25 from the wallets of unsuspecting freshmen. I was facing the stall operated by the Divine Light Mission; these are the people devoted to the teachings of Guru Maharaj-Ji, or somesuch, a fat Indian who beams down at you from their posters, and this

particular bunch looked even more weird than the average. There was one who had an aura of being utterly at peace with the world; he came over to me, beaming, and said: "What do you get out of reading Science Fiction?" I trotted out the usual answers about how Science Fiction is an exciting literature, the only genre which accepts the possibility of change, the only form of literature which has any relevance today. This guy beamed at me, and commented. "I used to read a lot of Science Fiction; I really used to dig the stuff." (The way he said that word dig, as if it were the epitome of the speech used by today's youth, will haunt me for the rest of my life.) "But I don't read it now," continued the missionary. "In fact, I don't read anything now." I couldn't resist asking, "Why not?" And the reply was, in retrospect, inevitable: "Because I have found that which is beyond Science Fiction."

Later, others from the stall approached me, and all, when questioned, gave the same sort of response. It struck me then that theirs was a very narrow way of life; they had given up, it seemed, their entire lives in order to be of service to God and this fat Guru. Possibly they find it immensely satisfying; but what a monotoneous, dreary kind of life it must be!

I know that one of the Jesus people, on reading this, would say I am wrong; that a lifetime of service to the Lord is the most satisfying and enjoyable thing possible -- but the concept is alien to me. They can tell me to smile all they like; but Jesus doesn't love me because Jesus was a mildly interesting historical figure who died 1,943 years ago; and God doesn't love me because God does not exist.

----- John Piggott -----





Dear Joe,

its been nearly a year since I last wrote to you and in that time a number of things have happened to me. Last Easter at Bristol Gannetfandom won its bid to hold the 1974 Eastercon right here in Newcastle, with me, Ian Maule, as chairman. Can you imagine that, huh? I've only been in fandom 38 years and what's more I'm possibly the youngest Eastercon chairman ever, although someone would no doubt contradict me if I came out with that statement in conversation or in a fanzine. It's kinda good when you get letters addressed to 'The Chairman': wonder what the postman thinks of it? He's already a low opinion of me anyway because of the vast amount of mail he has to deliver to my house every morning and now with the Chairman label on most of my mail he must think me a real weirdo.

Apart from vague worries about the postman all goes well with Tynecon '74 (that's what we call the convention. We had thought of Gannetcon but that's a little incestuous, don't you think?) as of today we have 222 members from all parts of the globe except Australia. Strange isn't it how those Antipodean gentlemen can manage to attend cons in the US but can't make it to the old country. The programme is slowly taking shape; we typed out a provisional programme last month and ever since we've been hitting, beating and generally cajoling it into some sort of shape. A few heavily sercon orientated items have had to be junked and Mark Adlard had to drop his one man talk through lack of time. These items have been replaced by a couple of fannish talks one of which is the perennial faneds panel. Yes, I know its been done to death at past conventions but believe me it's very difficult to find something fannish that hasn't been repeated umpteen times in the past. Perhaps you can come up with something? I'm sure the committee would be grateful if you could find a new slant on a well used theme. Oh, speaking of conventions have you sent your booking form in yet, I hope so, the convention hotel is filling up fast and if you don't reply soon you might end up with a room that doesn't meet your exact requirements, or you might end up in the overflow hotel across the road.

Harry Bell and Irene Taylor got hitched in September. You remember Harry don't you? He was the one who put the bracelet through his nose at Ian Williams party last year, and of course how could you forget Irene. Tell me, how does it feel to be beaten at snooker by a luscious blond? As I was saying, they got married in September. Henry Pijohn and I were taken

through to Seaham in my fathers car, luckely; it absolutely poured down and we had to stop the car once because we couldn't see out of the windows. The wedding itself went off perfectly and it even stopped raining when the photographer started taking the pictures. The funny was that as soon as he had finished down came the rain again. All in all though it was a bright occasion. Sometimes I still have to consciously correct myself lest I call Irene by her maiden name. I suppose I'll get used to it in time though.

You remember that idea I had for a new British Apa? Well I've finally got around to doing something about it. A month ago I circulated a flyer in Pete Roberts Checkpoint and from that and private correspondence I've managed to gather a group of people interested in it. So far it's turning out to be a real international Apa with two Americans, two South Africans and one Swede as well as the expected British fans. All I need are a few from Australia and perhaps one from Asia and it'll be truly World embracing. If you too want to join the happy throng just send along £1, that's 50p joining fee and 50p for your yearly subscription. The 50p joining fee is only payable once, after that it's only 50p per year. Quite reasonable I think. Requirements too are reasonable: four pages every two mailings with at least one page of mailing comments included. By the way it's quarterly so it shouldn't stretch your creativity all that much. If you want any more details contact me. The first deadline is in February so hurry if you don't want to be stuck on the waiting list.

Did you enjoy your vacation this Summer? Henry and I spent two weeks Youth Hosteling in the West Country at the end of August and the beginning of September. We started off in Somerset and worked our way through Devon and into Cornwall as far as Tintagel. A lot of this was done hiking but a few bus journeys helped us along the way at times. The first day out we spent a very pleasant time walking over the Quantocks. At the start of the walk we were wearing 'T' shirts but after only ten or fifteen minutes we stripped down to just bare tops, Jesus it was hot. I've never been so cooked since I was a little lad in Malta. The temperature must have been at least 90°, and with us walking and carrying bulky rucksacks it felt even hotter. It was quite a relief to get to the hostel and lie down in the cool grass until it opened. Normally I don't get burnt very quickly but on this occasion it took only that afternoon. If it had been Christmas I would have been a prime candidate to play Rudolph The Red Nosed Reindeer!

The remainder of the two weeks were just as hot apart from when we reached the Cornish coast. The fog rolled in each afternoon about 4pm. and the clothes had to be put back on again. At Tintagel, the end of our journey, we were lucky again; the fog dissipated and the two days we stayed there were really enjoyable; I spent one whole afternoon just lazing about on the edge of the cliffs, literally only inches away from a three hundred foot sheer drop.

One thing marred our holiday and that was when I ran out of money on our first day at Tintagel and had to borrow from Henry. At one stage I was down to going around the hostel trying to sell packets of biscuits and our maps! I couldn't help noticing in Tintagel the amount of cashing-in

there is on the legend of King Arthur. I mean, since when did Arthur have a bookshop, a Post Office, a garage (for his horse no doubt) and a souvenir shoppe?

That SF festival in Sunderland went off ok. Six weeks filled with SF and Science discussion. On the first week Gannetfandom (I should say Rob Jackson) had organised a Science Fiction North East discussion which would have been alright if a few people other than Gannetfandom had turned up. As it was it developed into a free for all discussion on everything but Sf in the North East. One good thing did come out of the evening though. I talked someone called Richard Loughton into fandom, and with a broken fly too. Bet that's the only time anyone has been converted into a fan while the person doing the converting has been sitting there with his jacket done up trying in vain to stop his fly being seen by all and sundry!

The main items for the festival, SF wise were the three weekends organised by an individual person. I missed the Fantasy weekend through illness or somesuch but I did manage to attend the two weekends organised by Pete Weston and Peter Nicholls. Weston's weekend consisted mainly of fan critics expounding on certain topics and although I'm a faanish fan they were nevertheless quite interesting. Perhaps even more interesting were the events after the official close for the night. On the Saturday night all the people who had been speaking came across to Harry and Irene's house for a party which out of necessity was short to allow everyone time to get back to Sunderland and get a good nights sleep to enable them to face the trials and tribulations they were all expecting the next day. Peter Nicholls weekend was mainly pros' but again I found it interesting (hey, you don't think I'm turning into a sercon fan, do you?) Again, after the close everyone moved on to the more important things: namely drinking in the hotel bar. It was here that I had my famous nose-bleed and met Chip Delany all in one night.

Sometimes I wonder if SF writers are human after all. There they were at three in the morning still going strong and yet when we returned to Sunderland the next morning they were up and about and to a certain extent, bushy tailed too.

I was quite sorry to see the festival end, really. For those six weeks it was almost a part of my life.

In the middle of those six weeks Novacon 3 also occurred. Rob Jackson, Henry and myself went down early on the Friday morning and indeed arrived before anyone else, including the committee. Like the last Novacon I attended this too was something of a light affair with a strange atmosphere unlike that which permeates through an Eastercon; everything is so much slower paced. Anyhow the con was very enjoyable. I did something that I vowed I would never do and that was stay up all Saturday night: I really paid for it too on the Sunday. After Pete Weston's bonfire party Gannetfandom made its way back to the hotel, after not a few adventures. to find everyone who was staying the extra day sitting in the bar. I managed to stay until 1.15 am by which time the lack of sleep was beginning to catch up on me in

(cont on page 42)

TOO MUCH BETWEEN US

— john n. hall



"Don't let me be misunderstood" wailed Eric Burdon, all that time ago, and he had good cause to worry. Everywhere I go I hear more crap talked about Rock than any other subject. Even in fandom various idiots have set themselves up in fanzines like Stardock and Quicksilver and spouted the most inane rubbish about the sound. It is only lately, in accordance with the new spirit of revivalism that has swept the nation, that some commentators have come to realise that nearly all classic Rock was at the time of origin, good Pop and, were it not for the BBC, Radio 1 and Tony Blackburn, this would still be true.

Think of all the really great hits of the middle sixties. How many have you still got in your collection? Remember "19th. Nervous Breakdown" by the Stones? "Hold Tight", Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich? "Wild Thing", Troggs? "Death Of a Clown", Dave Davies? And several hundred others. Leaving aside the question of why present day comparable material is found only on Lp's, it seems to me that at the time no-one, and by that I mean, anyone writing for the music papers or in fanzines, seemed to realise that Rock in Britain was running at an all time high.

Read some of the crap put about then. It's almost unbelievable. So much so, that by 1969 all you could see was the crap.

Writing in Morfarch in 1969, even the very astute Graham Charnock in discussing McLuhanism, brings in a review of the Jimi Hendrix "Electric Ladyland" album, which was the ALBUM of 1968 and very likely the best Hendrix album there is. Charnock doesn't see this. He sub-titles the section 'Jimi Hendrix and his synaesthetic experience' and refers to the 'audio-tactile quality'. So wrapped up is he in McLuhan and his theory that Hendrix was so much a fulfillment of what McLuhan says, that he neglects to mention that the album fuckin' boogies! Not a mention of "House Burning Down" or "Voodoo Chile", but flowing praise for "1983" "A Merman I Should Turn To Be" and "The Gods Made Love", which, while very good, couldn't be rated as the absolute album makers.

Where did this kind of outlook in relation to Rock come from? It wasn't just Graham Charnock who went on like this, remember. I just selected him out of the material in fanzines at the time, precious little though there was. No, this idea, this philosophy, that Rock was some big ballsy ART phenomenon was prevalent everywhere, ignorant bastards everywhere proclaimed it. So who did it? Who turned the nation away from Rockin'?

To carry this argument/indictment further to its logical conclusion I must digress on to one of my pet subjects, the function of the Disc Jockey.

Anything new, be it a new washing powder, car, or record, relies very heavily on exposure to the public gaze, that is, publicity. After all, what would be the use of printing a new fanzine outside of fandom? Believe me 'cos I know, no-one would show the slightest interest unless you advertised abroad the fact that it existed, was available. Simple this isn't it, like a child's A.B.C. Who gave the exposure to this incredible

sound, way back there in the fifties? Answer: the Disc Jockey's. In those days Alan Freed, Dick Clark and Murray the K were the exponents of Rock'n Roll DJ technique. But as we all know, the genre, if one may call it that, did not stand still and we "progressed" through Highschool and Mersey Mania to Flower Power and beyond. Pushing, ranting, plugging and screaming at the head of all this were the DJ's. Here in Britain we had the pirate stations and more DJ's than the BBC could ever possibly countenance, hyping and raving out in the ocean.

One of the pirate stations was the U.S.S. Galaxy, discharged from the service of Uncle Sam and riding at anchor 3 1/2 miles off the Essex coast with the legend 'Radio London' painted in huge black twelve foot letters on her side. "Big L" as she was affectionally known as had a relevantly avante-garde DJ policy. It recruited the then universally shat upon Tony Blackburn from the rival Radio Caroline after he had been the source of much unrest and disruption amongst the crew and staff of that ship, and told him to tell more abominable jokes and he was away. They also hired an English returnee from the U.S.A. called John Peel. In thick scouse tones he did a show called "The Perfumed Garden", late-nights throughout the latter half of 1966 and early 1967.

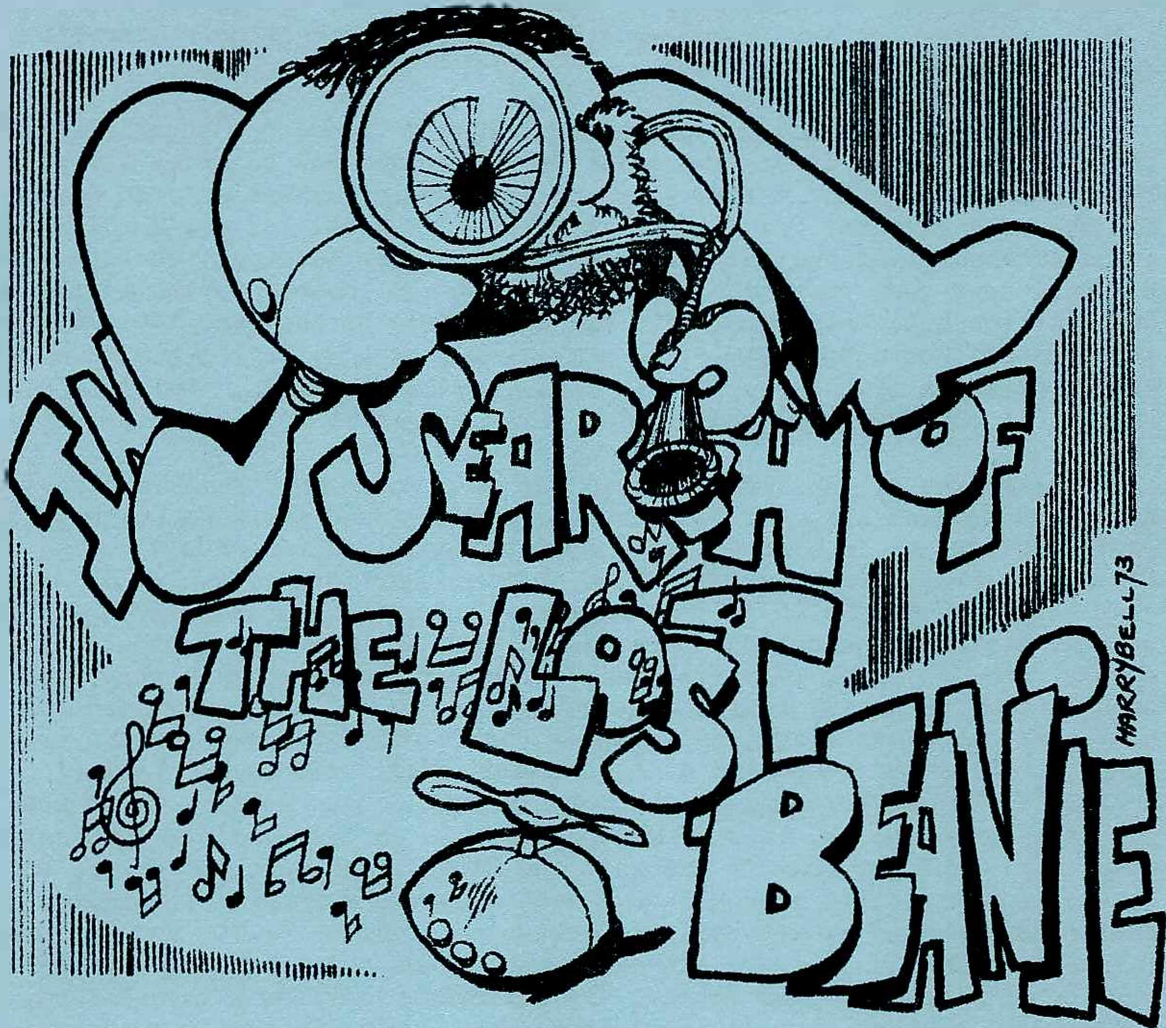
Peel believed the music he played was destined for better things than the Radio London Fab Forty, and amazingly enough the station let him get away with it. When Radio London went off the air at midnight on August 15th. 1967 in order to comply with the Marine Offences bill, Peel had a massive following. The following year the pathetic Radio 1 gave him a show on Saturday afternoons. On it he pushed what was to become known as "Underground" music. Through him a vast number of bands gained a public. Examples are Medicine Head and Faces. He presented them all in a total deadpan monotone scouse and indulged in fifth rate philosophies throughout. He said that DJ's were about as valid as the number on the corner of a page in a book. The fact that he and he alone was responsible for the exposure of the biggest jump forward in modern Pop since 1963, he conveniently ignored.

Everywhere his style, his pseud-sincerity caught on. The music was bought in millions, the ideas were repeated endlessly. It was the best example of the power of the Disc-Jockey so far. And by 1969 in the wake of this revolution, Graham Charnock and umpteen others felt they could prattle on in the way previously illustrated, and it was accepted.

Now, thank god, most of us can laugh happily at shows like Old Grey Whistle Test, and earnest discussion of pendiatic clusters, et al.

Jesus Christ, you've gotta see that Rock is basic, hard and fast. By all means improvise and advance as much as you please, but don't stop the drive, the beat. Don't let it die.

----- John Hall -----



The Moody Blues: Seventh Sojourn. Threshold THS 7, £2.50.

You think this is going to be an objective review? You've got to be joking - my propeller beanie is made from Threshold logoes. At the moment I'm listening to it for the eighth time in thirty-six hours, hours which include seven for sleep and twelve for work. Which doesn't leave much room for anything else.

The cover first. Phil Travers must have dug straight out of Frank Herbert's imagination - it's a beautifully desolate brown desert landscape, with strange windworn rock formations. Any moment you expect Paul-Muad'dib and Jessica to appear round a rock, or a sandworm to rear its head in the middle distance. If you look closely you can see very faint purple contrails behind the title lettering, which takes on the aspect of orbital landing craft shaped like backward leaning letters, in line abreast formation.

Inside is yet another Phil Travers painting of the group's faces, this time looking into the centre of an out-of-focus eye, Within the iris is a dead log with two new leaves growing from it - phoenix or resurrection symbol, evidently.

On to the music and the production. They've recovered completely from the two disastrous errors they made on Every Good Boy Deserves Favour. These were burying the voices - especially Justin Hayward's - too deep within the arrangements, and not providing a word sheet. For me, Moodies songs build themselves around the words on the first few hearings, so that when I should have been responding to the words I was instead trying to figure out what the hell they were. This was made worse by the fact that EGBDF's arrangements weren't as clear, as compelling, as easy to respond to as either Question of Balance or this one. They've simplified and clarified their music on Seventh Sojourn. Also personalised it more.

The themes of the lyrics are in the main thoroughly familiar if you have past Moodies LPs, but they have as always found striking new ways of saying things, as in Mike Pinder's opener 'Lost in a Lost World', with its angry words on revolution; "It's just another form of gun to do again what they have done with all our brothers' youngest sons." This is another of his 'state of the nations' diatribes. Mike's other song is the thoroughly doomy When You're A Free Man, another freedom/religion song, written as a letter to Timothy Leary. Justin Hayward has two more introspective half-expressed love/flight as metaphor for freedom/ peace-of-mind type songs, both medium paced and gently flowing: New Horizons and Land Of Make Believe. New Horizons is simpler, in fact is the most striking song melodically on the LP. Land Of Make Believe is an extraordinarily beautiful song; I was going to say it was what the Moody Blues were all about, but considering the title it could have been taken as rather a backhander. Justin shares with Graeme Edge the composing credits for You And Me; Graeme's influence shows in the more extrovert lyrics and heavier music. Justin's vocal work on all these is less forced, his phrasing more lively than before. One could quibble about plot in You And Me; they touch lightly on good subjects and then leave them next verse - they cover poverty, the Beginning Of It All, death thoughts, and once again how they see their roles as musicians, and in all three verses. The chorus wraps it all together with the simple message Keep Trying.

For My Lady is an encapsulation of Ray Thomas's peace in marriage. Christ I envy him it.

Isn't Life Strange was for me a disappointing single, partly because I was going through a downer at the time trying to face up to the reality of WORK eight weeks before my Oxford finals. I'm Just A Singer In A Rock And Roll Band is John Lodge's closer, one of his thudding reverberating rockers. It wonders just what music can do to build bridges. An answer: music builds bridges of shared experience, passive ones, in that any response can't be expressed directly. The only musical reply to somebody else's work that I can think of offhand is John Lennon's How Do You Sleep, which is more in the nature of a fart than a rational reply. By contrast, fanzines build reciprocal bridges with a chance of feedback across the country, ocean

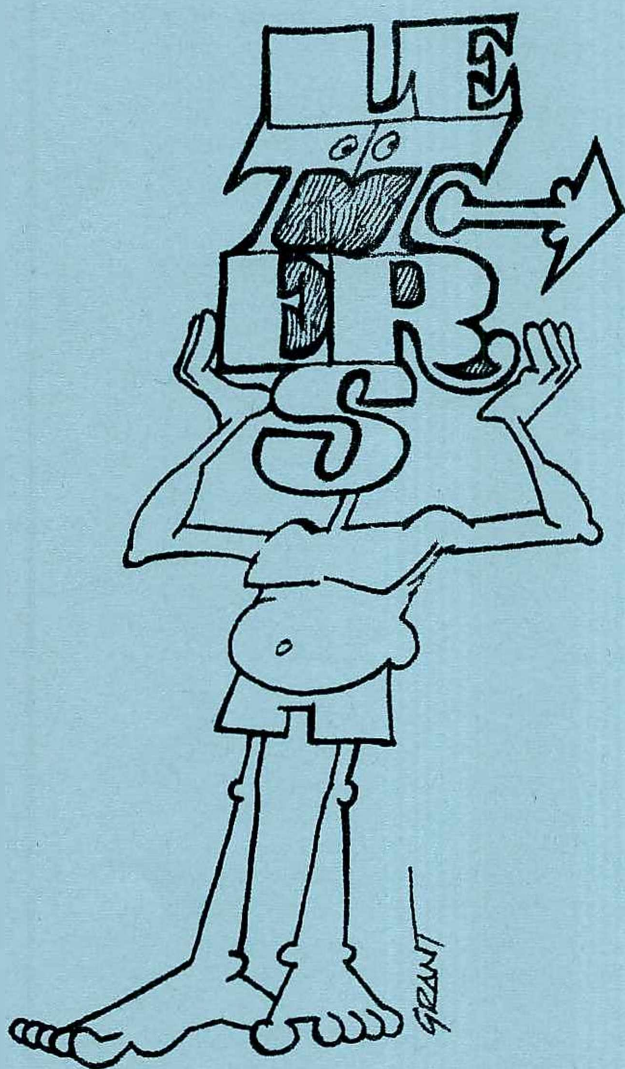
or whatever. The trouble is, there are fewer actifans than rock musicians. Even some fans - me anyway - spend almost as much on LPs as on SF. Rock talks to more people than SF, but ideas can never be expressed with the same surety and precision as in a story, simply because there are more words even in a shortish short than a whole LP. As John Lodge says in I'm Just A Singer In A Rock And Roll Band: "A thousand pictures can be drawn from one word - but who is the artist?" If the artist is a painter that statement is literally true - but if the artist is a writer, then the more words he uses the more unified, the more singular his idea may become. A single picture can be drawn from a thousand words?

This review notwithstanding, music is for emotions; detailed ideas are best kept for stories. Ideas in music are just the words, the framework on which the emotions are built - vide the comments above on how I first listen to Moodies LPs.

The Moodies have always featured these gentle philosophical lyrics; more so as time has passed. Complaints in the British music press about lack of new ideas in the group's music or lyrics I believe are unjustified and in some cases thoroughly hypocritical; has anybody ever complained about Ten Years After, to pick a name at random, getting into an ideas rut? Not on your life - they just clapped and roared for more good ol' rock and roll. The same applies to heavies like Zep and Purple, to good time bands like the Faces, and to folkies such as Cat Stevens and Joni Mitchell, none of whom I can ever remember doing badly at the hands of the press. John Peel is exempted from this criticism; part of the reason he went off the Moodies ages ago is that his musical tastes are astonishingly restless. He's always looking out for new pastures, like a wanderer in unexplored musical jungles. I admire him tremendously for it. He's most welcome to be restless, but if the Moody Blues go on producing LPs like this they'll top the LP charts with each one and he'll just have to grin and bear it. Even if Peel's tongue was in his cheek, a lot of people will have taken him seriously when he likened the group to the Osmonds and Tom Jones. The number of differences I can think of is vast, but they fall into two main headings, musical and marketing. Musically, there are differences in originality and intellectual level of lyrics and in complexity of arrangement and in thematic development. Above all there differences in marketing philosophy. The other artists Peel mentions are flogged by their managements in live appearances, posters, T shirts and other goodies for every cent the market's worth, while in contrast 'marketing' as a concept hardly enters into the Moodies vocabulary. They are their own managers. No band I can think of is more worried about possible ripoffs than the Moody Blues.

Ray Thomas has an effective answer for those who moan about the Moodies getting into a rut. He says that faithfulness to one theme is far worthier than hopping away after two months as everybody did with flower power; I agree. In Sf it applies to men who also have a preoccupation; Theodore Sturgeon with his writings about love, is an example who springs to mind. Lack of inventiveness is most apparant to detractors; what the Moody Blues have is their ownpreoccupation, their love-and-peace philosophy.

----- Robert Jackson -----



Leigh Edmonds, Reading Peter Roberts letter in Maya 5 I have to agree
PO Box 74, with him about it being time to forget what a sad state
Balaclava, British fanzine fandom is in and just get on with it.
Victoria 3183, I get very few UK fanzines these days and all of them
Australia. have this odd feeling about them, a sort of "here I am
 doing it again despite everything" feeling. You are
overthere and I am over here so I guess I really don't know what's going
on so I can only look at it from my own point of view.

There are quite a few Australian fanzines (more than you'd care to think about sometimes) and whenever one comes in the mail I get this cringing feeling, "Not another one of those ghastly things". Of course they are not at all ghastly, they just aren't American fanzines and foo knows we get to see enough of those.

I suppose I wouldn't get to see more than a dozen British fanzines a year and maybe twenty or thirty Australian fanzines as well, which means that all the other 200 are US productions. They get to you after a while, to the stage where you begin to think that they are the norm and what you and I do are gross exceptions to the rule. Statistically this is so but you and I know that Americans are, after all, just rebels who happened to win their war, and though their republican fanzines might swamp the market it points not to the fact that they are better, but that they have the numbers on their side.

Maybe you are too close to British fanzines to see it the way I do but after a great stack of US fanzines it does my heart a great deal of good to get something in the mail which doesn't scream and shout its



presence but just sits there quietly and lets you read it at your leisure. I mean, a copy of Richard E. Geis has cost many a Trufan a late night, but Maya doesn't get upset if you put it aside until the time is right to go back to it again.

Anyhow, all you have to do to bring about the resurgence of British fandom is simply wait a little while until all those US fans have run around so much producing fabulous fanzines and going to conventions that they burn themselves out and there is only us left, quietly going about our business.

There is only one thing which distresses me about British fandom and that is OMPA, which Roger Waddington mentioned. I've never been a member of it but several Australians have and I've seen some of the mailings. Having done so I can understand why just about all those Australians have dropped out. Maybe Roger's suggestion could work, for the sake of the apa I hope something does because it just looks like it needs some life in it. And it does make British fandom look sad and sorry alongside other fandoms; ANZAPA isn't brilliant by any means, but I wouldn't be ashamed for any fan in the world to see it as something representing Australian fandom.

I disagree with Roger when he says that British fandom has nothing to offer, as I suggested earlier it offers British fanzines, and British fanzines are like no other fanzines in the world. They have a taste of their own, one which you might not notice being British but a taste which is quite noticable to me, at least. If you want to go and hold your fanzine alongside US fanzines and judge comparisons from the US point of view, you are quite welcome, but you are cutting your own throat. As to how fanzines look, it seems quite irrelevant to me but you can go ahead and spend fortunes on them if you like. The main thing as far as I am concerned is that the thing is well enough laid-out so that fans don't mind reading it. For example, I quite liked the illustrations in this issue, but I wouldn't have noticed if you had left them out. Simple care in duplicating is the vital ingredient and it is something which a few British fanzines lack. I don't see how that can cost money, only time.

.....

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

The letter column was splendid in this new issue of Maya, for which situation you must deserve much of the credit, because the published comments are free from padding and trivia and repetition. But my main reaction to all these comments is: wouldn't this be a good time for everyone to try and cool it, with respect to the philosophical and geographical concepts of British fanzines? There are differences between American and British fanzines, some of them created by differing conditions in the areas from which they originate. But too much continuing philosophizing on British fanzines could lead us all into an overreaction as serious as the one that has complicated the race question in this nation. We were attempting to get rid of the bigotry that considered black people inferior to white people and now were faced with both the remnants of that bigotry and with a mushrooming new form of bigotry that tries to find ways in which black people are superior to white people. I don't see how anyone could extrapolate the faults or virtues of this or that black or white man to typify all the people of that color, but they're still doing it and you must be reading of the results in your newspapers. Why couldn't on both sides of the ocean take a moral from this and remember it to get greater enjoyment from the much less vital fanzine problem? The essential difference between American and British fanzines, for me, is that I haven't met many Britishers and I use airmail stamps on locs on British fanzines.

Otherwise, I consider them all fanzines and it seems a shame to waste too much time and temper in eternal discussions of how the fanzine from one continent are or are not superior to those from the other.

Andrew Stephenson as an artist describes exactly how I feel from time to time as a loc hack. The mood arrives with special strength when I'm proud of having written at least one loc every day for the past three weeks and receive in the mail a nasty note wanting to know why I haven't responded to someone's recent four-page fanzine. But I don't sympathize totally with the artist's intent to restrict his output for the most respected fanzines. I know how a good artist must feel when he finds his illustration distorted by hand-stenciling or faint from bad electro-stenciling in a crudzine. But it's no worse than the loc or article that is partially illegible through lack of ink or changed in meaning through bad proofreading. I don't agree to do regular columns for a fanzine whose first issue two neofans are planning, but otherwise I try not to discriminate on the theory that some contributors are going to suffer at the hands of the people who haven't learned to publish good fanzines yet and I might as well take my lumps with the rest.

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Ed Cagle, I find discussions of what's sercon and what's fannish
Route 1, to be less than engrossing, but even that exchange wasn't
Leon, overly objectionable. I find it much more satisfying to
KS. 67074, just do something, be it fannish or sercon, and leave the
USA. pronouncements to others. What I publish, or what I take
 an interest in in fandom will have to be either one or a
combination of both fannish and sercon, but to sit back after the fact
and make statements as to the exact slant of the material is pointless.
It is what it is, and the only thing an argument about it will produce
is a whole lot of opinions. Certainly, everyone has a right to express
those opinions, but seventy-three times running!!!! Man, there's a limit!
Think of all the articles or reviews or silly bits one could write with
all that effort. There are times when self-inspection robs the prime
mover of any and all creative force. If you think I'm implying that
people who argue continually about what is sercon and what is fannish
are taking the easy way out, you're on to me. It is easier to write a
loc about the eternal argument. I'm proving it.

Joe Patrizio says: "A truly religious person does not foist off his
decisions onto his religion -- he can't." There is something very wrong
with that statement. It should mention 'organised' religions as of a
type that create devotees who cannot foist off the decisions onto his
religion. There are other schools of thought, not ordinarily recognized
as 'religions', but which are actually religions in a more accurate sense
of the term, which not only encourage the direct utilizations of the
beliefs as a decision making mechanism, but are structured in a manner
whereby anyone with a strong belief cannot function without directing
his life strictly by the precise philosophy of his creed. I refer in one
instance to the beliefs of the American "Indian", which are actually
a form of religion, and which dictate the behaviour of the believer.

Now I suppose someone will jump me about allowing dreams and visions to govern one's life.....If so, they need only look closely at 'organised' religion to see whose dreams and visions are gained in the most logical manner. Then, too, the Indian 'religion's visions' are not generalized; each to his own, with only the regulating factor of social participation to dilute the belief. On that basis, organized religion seems to me to be the most archaic. To dictate for the mass a code taken from an interpretation of a book of some age is something I never could fathom. But then you can expect that from me, I am part "Indian".

.....
Mike Glicksohn,
32 Maynard Ave.,
Apt. 205,
Toronto 156,
Ontario,
Canada.

To answer Pete Roberts, I think there's nothing hypocritical in certain US fans 'attacking' any sort of fannish-sercon 'war' since many of them attacked the one that ran over here. I had an unfortunate part in promulgating that 'war' although I did my best to end my part of it as soon as the discussion in Energumen degenerated into a personal name-calling session. By then, though, I felt a certain obligation to allow equal time to the other side so the issue dragged on a bit longer than even I liked. But the 'war', if such it could be called, was not popular over here, with me and with a great many others, so it's little wonder that most US fen will look with disfavour on any similar outbreak in British fanzines. The whole concept of such a 'war' detracts so very much from the essence of fandom that I really can't encourage it even if, as Pete says, there may be positive eventual gains.

I'm highly amused to find Pete Weston agreeing with my time-lag idea between US and English fanzines in an issue of Maya that features yet another pair of issues that have died out in fanzines over here. The whole dope question was very big for quite a while but little is said about it now and yet it appears to be just beginning now in Maya. And periodically we get crusades about how hard done by the fanartists are and what a grasping and selfish bunch the faneds are, but again we're in a quiet stretch right now as far as that particular jihad is concerned. Personally, I see no essential difference between the use of booze and the use of pot in fannish circles. Both are very enjoyable when used in moderation and both can be very easily abused (booze by over-consumption, dope by uncool use since it is still illegal after all.) I don't intend to join in the argument on either side since I use both readily (although basically I'm a Scotch drinker at heart), I know most of the arguments for and against both sides and I'm convinced it's all a matter of consideration for others when you really get down to the old nitty-gritty (as all the hip fannish types used to say, I think.) I feel sorry for any fan who needs dope (or booze, or cigarettes etc.) in order to enjoy himself at a party or convention, but I see nothing wrong with the use of such substances to augment one's enjoyment; and I feel equally sorry for those who condemn out of hand without knowing about what they speak, or who boast of how they wouldn't pollute their precious bodily fluids with dope and anybody who does is a helpless failure. They're as bad as the heads who belittle those people who just

don't feel like doing dope. Consideration, man, that's where it's at.
(have I got the cant right?)

As for the sorry plight of artists, they certainly do have a large number of legitimate grievances but the matter is not entirely one-sided. For every faned who bugs the hell out of an artist for something he never gets around to publishing, there's a fanartist who refuses to reply at all to a polite request for a contribution, even with a polite but firm 'No.' It's yet another example of lack of consideration, a very sad but common state of affairs both in and out of the fannish microcosm. I've always tried to treat artists who are kind enough to do artwork for us with respect and courtesy: which means thanking them when the art arrives, returning it as soon as possible, and not demanding too much of any one person under the realization that there are 200 other faneds wanting work as well. But as I said, this whole matter literally filled entire fanzines only about a year ago here, and I've heard all the arguments from both sides. I'll sit back and see if anything new is said in Maya.

Now don't pay the slightest attention to that upstart Svoboda! Just because the young squirt is ahead of me on the FAPA waiting list he thinks he can butt in with letters in lettercols I happen to be temporarily absent from. Besides, the little tyke (he's only six you know) is wrong to boot. Beardmutterings, probably one of the most fannish zines around and one of the best written too, is offset, hence has superb repro, and has featured some of the most amusing and well-executed covers to grace any fanzines in recent months. (Naturally, Aljo was only kidding, but then so was I. He's actually seven.)

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

Pete Weston's comments on drugs seems to echo his first remark on the time-lag between US and UK fandom, since I recall various discussions on this subject in American fanzines. My own feelings on the subject are fairly clear; there is no difference at all between taking alcohol and taking cannabis except that the former is socially acceptable (and legally, therefore). At a university you'll find that both are acceptable - the few that don't smoke don't abstain on moral grounds, but, like non (tobacco) smokers, because they don't like the taste or, as Ian says, "it makes them puke". I know plenty of regular cannabis users, but none that have moved onto heroin; similarly I know plenty of regular beer drinkers, but none that have moved onto meths.

Using LSD, acid, as I have done on several occasions, is more akin to Pete's idea of "throwing a shovelful of sand into a piece of precision machinery" (though I'd substitute 'fireworks' for 'sand'), and I'd be happy to see none of that at a convention - talking to a burbling acidhead is a singularly unrewarding hobby and a drunk at least goes to sleep...



Anyway, the question, presumably, is what to do about All This at conventions, and I suspect the best answer is Nothing. A jocular request not to roll joints in the con-hall with the sensible intention of keeping the hotel and the con-committee out of trouble would be fine - except that the hotel authorities might overhear and become needlessly suspicious or annoyed. A more vicious injunction against the use of drugs would have much the same result, as well as antagonizing a number of fans (several of whom may light up there and then by way of protest); an injunction enforced by a vigilante squad would be extremely distasteful and would really split British fandom - I can just see a mob surrounding some poor student neo, innocently rolling a cigarette, and chucking him, on suspicion, out of the con. Would such 'vigilantes' know a joint from a roll-up or herbal cigarette? Even the well-intentioned Pete Weston doesn't appear to know 'pot' (cannabis) from 'junk' (heroin).

Jerry Lapidus,
54, Clearview Drive,
Pittsford,
New York 14534,
USA.

In reference to Pete Roberts letter, it's interesting to note that the focal point of the faanish crusade has all but died entirely. There hasn't been a fanzine of any kind from New York in many months - and half a year or more since a Focal Point or Potlatch. The Katz' started a fannish newszine, Fiawol, but that too disappeared after some three issues. Similarly, the tide of specifically faanish magazines from elsewhere has died to a trickle; what has arisen, however, is a spate of personalzines of varying lengths, and I think we can trace these back to the faanish interest in personal writing. Two of the most exciting American fanzines are The Alien Critic and Beardmutterings, edited and mostly written by Geis and rich brown respectively. The similarity is that both are at heart personalzines - the editor taking about his life and/or fandom, with occasional comments and letters from other people. And many smaller personalzines have been coming around,

at frequent or infrequent intervals. Faanishness as such seems a very minor force today, but second-general fannishness is here to stay.

I would definately agree with Pete Weston that Speculation is not an extreme, and I would point out that neither are SFC, Scythroop, or Vector (current offset incarnation), the three magazines I would rate most important for pure discussion of SF. Both balance this off with considerable personal-type material, usually as well-done if not better than the rest. If we talk about extremes, the magazines to go would be Riverside Quarterly and Extrapolation, perhaps (though I haven't seen it myself) Foundation over there. And I might be tempted to put Cypher in that category too. Although I'm very interested in SF and SF criticism, I find all of these deadly dull.

It's sad to see that Peter (and you, seemingly, Ian) have fallen victim to the anti-marijuana propaganda. For myself, I tend to stay away from large quantities of anything, including beer and other alcohol. But from personal experience and a great deal of contact, I can assure you that there is no qualitative or quantitatie difference between grass and alcohol (except that with grass there is no hangover). None. I wont argue about the hallucigens and stronger things. But the effects of alcohol and marijuana, and the likelihood for either being a 'stepping stone' to anything, are just about equal; alcohol is as likely to be a stepping-stone to alcoholism as pot is to any other kind of drug abuse. Tobacco is something else again, as it has been proven to be harmful/ even deadly. Why, Peter, do you make such a difference between beer and grass? "The fandom I entered didn't seem to use drugs and I hope the majority of fandom still doesn't need them." Beer and tobacco ARE drugs, as much as anything else. "Bheer" may be "fannish" but that doesn't change anything.

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

It seems to me that all these people who so idolise the fanmags of the 1950's and before have never seen them. The fact that almost every-one in this magazine hasn't been in fandom but a short time tends to bear me out. I don't have an extensive collection of 1950's British fanzines, but I do have a small drawer full of them, and from this I can hope to draw a few conclusions. The first is simply this: these faans talking about the golden days of the past are doing the same thing the sercon people do when they talk about the Golden Age of the 1940's Astoundings. They're remembering only the best stuff, or maybe even only what they think the best stuff was like, and entirely forgetting the other 95% of what was being published at the time. Yes indeed there were brilliant writers then, but you don't really think all the fanzines of the period were cover to cover Willis, Shaw, Berry, Clarke, Whiting, Burbee, Laney, etc, do you? There was a lot of other stuff being published too, stuff which is now forgotten, stuff which deserved to be forgotten. We have as many good writers today, if not more, but since we're living in this era you see them sticking up amongst reams and reams of crud. Years from

now when the crud is forgotten and the good stuff is (at least some of it) remembered, people will look back and say "Those were the good old days!" and bemoan the perpetual decline in fanzines.

If anything fanzines have improved since then. The writing then and now is, I think, about the same, though with today's larger fandom the good stuff is a little more spread out, and as far as graphics go fanzines have improved tremendously in the last fifteen years. The magazines all the greats of the past appeared in were usually sloppily mimeographed, with faded, blotchy print, poorly reproduced illos, show-through, print running off the pages, and such things that today would brand the magazine as a hopeless crudzine, beneath the consideration of any capable writer. (Or any writer who even thinks himself capable.) Electrostencilling was unknown, and though some people like Arthur Thompson had gotten tracing down to a fine art, quite a few people didn't. Offset was extremely rare, and about the only decent looking offset zine from that period I've seen is the famed Inside. Ken Slater's Operation Fantast was always cramped and shoddy looking.

Another thing that I'm sure would have irritated you if you'd been around at the time - even the bigtime fanzines of the period used to print inept amateur fiction, and as a whole it was far worse than the inept amateur fiction appearing today. Slant and Nekromantikon were rare exceptions, and for the most part the quality fan fiction magazine of the 1950's was a mythological beastie. (Today we have Weirdbook.)

My point is that we should indeed admire the good stuff of yesteryear, but a certain amount of perspective is needed. They didn't produce 100% brilliant writing in those days.

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Roger Waddington, 4, Commercial St., Norton, Malton, Yorkshire.	With the Great Fannish versus Sercon controversy, I'd be satisfied to see the fires of battle die down and that we'd be content to recognise each others territory (or not, as the case may be!). It's almost silly to think we're fighting over something that is our very existence, something that we hold jealously against the world outside; and yet we're squabbling among ourselves as to the dividing up of this kingdom...Surely there's room for both faanish and sercon practitioners; there's certainly very able practitioners of each, and the last thing that fandom needs is a "this town's not big enough for both of us" attitude. The only way that leads is to the fannish cemetery, already full of lost hopes and dead books, and I'd never want to see the death of fandom...Live and let live should be our motto, rather than Death to the Infidel!
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I'd say, once a neofan always a neofan...That certain goshwow spirit that's never even dimmed however much it sees the Borgia backstabbing, the infighting, the revelation that SF pros have feet of clay just like the rest of us and are as likely just to write for MONEY as for any desire to extend the scope of human thought. They never loose

their enthusiasm at having a duper under their eager hands, the complaint of verbal diarrhoea, the enthusiasm of forging the BSFA anew, of editing a Hugo-winning zine even though it's likely to be buried under a flood of turgid phrases and well-meaning contributions. There's much to be said for the neofannish enthusiasm, always provided it's tempered with a little patience.

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Will Straw,
67, Cameron Ave.,
Ottawa,
K1S 0W8,
Ontario,
Canada.

I think more of a group effort in producing individual British fanzines would be a definite asset; I haven't any idea where Gannetfandom is situated or who belongs to it, and MAD fandom is just a name without any connections. I suppose looking up names and following through references would make it all more clear, but I think a group should make

make itself stand out rather than be one about which people learn only by comparing addresses and such.

I would say that OMPA consists of fans without a lot of the normal fannish ambitions, though I wouldn't go as far as to call this state of mind a "failing". I don't have any real fannish ambitions beyond enjoying myself in small groups of friends, and I found OMPA to contain a group of people at least as interesting as the rest of British fandom. Not having made a name for yourself in genzine fandom isn't really a failing unless you were all gung ho about doing so and didn't succeed - I think most OMPAns just don't find the work worth the reward.

This whole problem of ambition is one of the things I find distasteful about a lot of the British fanzines I see today. A lot of the emphasis seems to be towards publishing the top fanzines of ALL fandom, and the failure to do so is regarded as a particular failing of British fandom. But I don't think any of the American fanzines published today are as good as the best of the past, to the problem seems to be one of fanwriting in general, rather than British fandom. Walt Willis, John Berry and Bob Shaw were phenomenon that happened to be active at about the same time and inspired others; it can't really be expected to happen all the time.

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Eric Lindsay,
6, Hillcrest Ave.,
Faulconbridge,
NSW 2776,
Australia.

Don Allen repeats something that seems to be going round in a lot of fanzines, the idea that "a fanzine should be warm and friendly", and he comments "I'd like to see more personality injected into Maya" - since this comment appears in most fanzines at sometime or another I would like to

ask WHY? Why should a fanzine have the personality of the editor spread all across the pages, why should a fanzine be warm and friendly. To start with, there will probably soon be so many imitators of Richard E. Geis that fandom will look like the training ground for "True Confessions" writers instead of something (loosely) based on Science Fiction reading

and writing. Second, I will quote something Buck Coulson wrote in a Loc to me "A fanzine should please the editor." In other words, if you don't feel like doing a fannish zine, to hell with the people who tell you they'd like to see one - if they want one, let them do their own.

.....

Mary Legg,
20, Woodstock Close,
Oxford,
OX2 8DB.

Layout, like fan-poetry, seems to be one of those things where opinions cannot be changed, nay, not with thumbscrews nor with fire! As a faned myself, I can appreciate the cost of Maya, though not consciously thinking of it. I mean, I may think (and I do) that Maya is a nice-looking (aesthetically pleasing, then) fanzine, but I don't go on to think 'my word, it must have cost a bomb! But the people who don't care whether it cost 2p or £2 will not be convinced, nay, not if you were to lay out the bills before them; will not be convinced that it's a good or bad thing to spend a lot or a little over layout. So, my advice is to do Maya as you will - you're the ed - but to extend the same courtesy to other faneds, whose crammed-in pages may offend your eye, but I'm sure are sweet to theirs!

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Aljo Svoboda,
1203, Buoy Ave.,
Orange,
Ca. 92665,
USA.

You know, for an archaeological fanzine, Maya isn't bad at all. One cannot help but marvel at the strange, degenerate minds that could produce artifacts such as these and a civilization to go along with them. However, these are not mere "active neolithic fen" as Don Allen suggests. Besides the crude knowledge of metalworking evident by the stapled binding, they obviously have some sort of complex written language as well. And some day, that strange tounge will be understood completely...as archaeology marches on!

Now, "Goblin Towers" has slowly become, subjectively, a really excellent piece of fanwriting in the mythmaking tradition. You British faans don't aspire much to lowly origins, I see. Out here, as in other civilized parts of the world, we do things right, and through the mails. Isolated neos (such as myself, you might say) wear their paper souls day and night, but the United Kingdom seems to have few hermits, even in proportion to their dwindling numbers. Using the scientific method, I attribute this to all the pubs and corresponding alcoholic beverages you have over there. British fandom, in other words, is a drunkard's walk.

I guess Maya is the only place where Darrell Schweitzer can write fannishly in fandom. I mean, most of the time he is so deadly serious about it all. You should be proud of yourself, Ian...yet another fan comes out of his shell in your august pages. I'm sure there is some deep-seated reason for Darrell's forwardness...he could stand a little healthy repression, I think, Victorian-type. This is also reflected in his strange attitude toward centipedes and archaic methods of squashing bugs. Flushing

down the toilet is a far more efficient and cleaner method. Heed my words. I also must reject Darrell's definition of a "neo", though I suppose it's as good as any. The classification is too vague, and seems to be made up almost entirely of exceptions to various rules. Most fans, certainly, are neos during their first three of four years within the microcosm, but some fans seem to shed this "neoishness" almost instantly(whether "neoishness" refers to a lack of knowledge, or lack of experience in fandom, or just a goshwow attitude among fans), and some keep it up way past their own personal generation. At one time, as a matter of fact, I was the eternal neo. I stopped after awhile, though...

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Julien C. Raasveld, Goedentijd 11, B-2710 Hoboken, Belgium.	The difference of opinion between Graham Poole and Darrell Schweitzer about artwork would seem to make it obvious that "good art is in the eye of the beholder". Art criticism is at best boring and at its worst it becomes straight egomania.
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Anyone who wants to tell me why I should like an artist and his work or not, is in my opinion a conceited ass. Whether one likes something or not, surely is ones own affair? The same goes for religion, of course. I didn't read Ian Williams views on the subject, but I can fairly deduce them from what Joe Patrizio writes, of course I don't know if Ian has been attacking religion or not. Which, to me, is as wrong as religious people attacking atheist people as Mr. Patrizio does. Surely, Mr. Patrizio, you don't have to believe in God to have principles and live according to them? Not because it's convenient or not, but because you're a man and you have moral values. Are religious people less liable to commit crimes than atheists? I believe not. Has the world ever become better because of religion? And why the hell are religious people always trying to convert others, if not because they stubbornly believe they are "right" and everyone else is "wrong". This in itself is my greatest objection to religion. I don't care if a man believes in God or not, if he's a good man, he's a good man, and no religion is going to make him better.

Surely, Mr. Patrizio, that analogy with electricity is plain bald-erdash. If a man refuses to believe in electricity, I stick his fingers in the main socket. That'll show him it exists anyway. Let me see religion do the same. Or atheism. Personally, I don't believe in God because everything points against it. And if he exists and has created this world, then I would rather not know him, thank you. If only everyone would keep his big mouth shut about what he believes or not and let other people do the same, it would at least be a little better to live in - the world I mean. After rereading this I humbly say that the same goes for me too, of course.

.....

Alan Hunter,
4, Cranleigh Gardens,
Southbourne,
Bournemouth,
BH6 5LE.

The juxtaposition of the two letters of comment on my cover drawing was most amusing. It just proves how impossible it is to please everyone. In my own defence, the couple were not holding hands but 'linking' hands - they were not running in a literal sense, but 'progressing'

through time - and the disjointed linking of flesh and metal was intentional. Obviously, Darrell missed the point entirely by saying I had drawn "without thinking" and Graham, despite his fulsome praise, was extremely close to my true intentions. He even missed an odd point or two, such as the repetition of the "flight" symbol at the top of the dark panel, that panel being deliberately "coffin-like" in appearance. But enough of that, I'm in danger of becoming self-indulgent!

.....

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

Mary Legg is fully entitled to want postal votes. I am NOT against them...my point was simply that when we set up the award, we wanted some easily checked and enforced voting criterion.

Con attendance seemed just that. I repeat, any fan sufficiently interested in fandom to attend a con, may vote. As for buying votes at a con. I doubt whether any significant percentage of con attending membership would be buyable. Postal votes ARE buyable as we established many years ago in a different fan context. Ok, if the majority want to establish postal votes....or a BSFA only vote (perish the thought) I don't really think there would be much vote buying... but we could get the award packed by fringe voters...ie. those who never write, draw, publish, or attend cons. I may be wrong, but I still favour the con attendance qualification as the sole criterion.

.....

Graham Poole,
23, Russet Rd.,
Cheltenham,
Glos.,
GL51 7LN.

Starting with the worst part of the zine, "Que Bella". It looks as if you've committed a crime Ian Williams accused Lisa of, and that being pubbing ghastly work. As much as I and 100% of the other male members of fandom, adore Lisa this does nothing to enhance her fame. Why? Because it wasn't funny and it was pointless. If I wanted to read something that wasn't funny and was pointless I'd read my diary for yesterday (because I haven't written up my diary for yesterday it would be naturally pointless and insane to read it as Aunt Bella would reason).

.....

John Piggott,
17, Monmouth Rd.,
Oxford,
OX1 4TD.

Jesus alone knows (and probably he hasn't much idea, either) where you got the idea for that wrap-around cover, but the sooner you ditch it, the better, is what I say. It stinks, not only because the P.O.

almost succeeded in ripping the poor thing apart at the fold while the mag was in their tender care, but also because it

causes the real front pages to become dog-eared and tattered as I read Ian Williams excellent reviews and drool over them for the hundred and fifty-seventh time. It must have taken you ages to glue the thing on, as well.

Darrell Schweitzer's column: I don't really know what to say. I'm told he is one of the most prolific fans out, but I'm not into American fandom enough to be able to say anything about his general standard. Schweitzer seems to have a down on 'hackwork' as he calls it, but he never bothers to say why. Surely, if you agree (and I guess you do, as I do) that the purpose of writing is to communicate something to someone else, then to have written something which has no possible market (which must have happened often in the Big World Outside) must rate as a big waste of time. Writing is only of value if it reaches a market. We in fandom, of course, are in a very good position as far as marketing goes - I suspect there's a market for almost anything somewhere in fandom, which point Schweitzer doesn't make. Anyway, what's wrong with hackwork? I'd much rather read something by a competent hack (Poul Anderson springs to mind) than by an incompetent non-hack (MAD group contributor? I was going to say J.G. Ballard here, but decided not to.)

.....

Mervyn Barrett, 179, Walm Lane, London N.W. 2	I have to report, sorrowfully, that I didn't find the contents - No. 5 - all that interesting. Your fanzine reviewer, Ian Williams, might be critical but he's not much of a critic and I don't think that even a great fanzine would, except under some exceptional conditions, rate a two page review; to expend that space on a cruddy one is kind of ridiculous. You could have put drawings there or something.
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The other material was sort of chatty but not very good reading. I'm sorry to come on like this Ian, I really am, since I can't even say anything terribly constructive. I know what it's like when you want to put out a fanzine and you want it to be this size and you have to fill the thing. I don't think that you have a clear idea yet what sort of fanzine you want it to be. You know how you want it to look but you haven't decided what should be in it. Why don't you look through all the fanzines you get and decide who you'd like to have write for you and then write and ask them telling them what theme you'd like them to write on if possible and how long to write it. Bounce anything you don't like. This is hell of a hard to do but I think it pays off if you keep your cool and believe that you will find the material you like. I'm sure you will.

.....

Don Allen, .12, Briar Edge, Forest Hall, Newcastle on Tyne 12.	I still get the impression that something is missing! Here you have a beautifully reproduced fanzine with nice illos and plenty of ENF contributors. Yet there is nothing in the columns to rave about. Oh yes, they made pleasant reading,
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but that particular fannish quality is lacking. Ian Williams comes nearest to it. The only edible meat I found on the bone was the letter-column. Some good comments therein and your answers very smooth and agreeable.

.....

Gray Boak,
6, Hawks Road,
Kingston upon Thames,
Surrey,
1KT 3EG.

Goblin's happy rantings were rather good, though his own part in the happenings has been rather idealised. The true account appeared in Transplant 3, written immediately after the occurrence and thus less prone to the natural bias brought on by a selective memory. Those who know Goblin will realise the truth. An indication will be found in his earlier reference to Mary "...five foot six inches....is tall". He means of course four foot six inches.

The miteness of the fellow is truly astonishing to behold.



The girl in the lift was rather nice, in truth, and Goblin gives himself away when he describes her as "tall and totally uninspiring." He means "tall and therefore totally uninspiring." I can't really blame him - it can't be good for the ego to only reach a girl's elbow when on tiptoe, and from this lowly position he was unable to see that she had quite an attractive face. Her friend was indeed smaller (some five foot four as opposed to five foot eight) and thus, as he implies, nearer his own capabilities (though still excessively high). However, he hadn't even noticed the girl until I raised him up above the ruck (by one ear and the collar of his coat). As I say, his part has been a trifle idealised.

Malcolm Edwards,
75A Harrow View,
Harrow,
Middx.,
HA1 1RF.

I find John Piggott's story of Brosnan's bottles highly unlikely. For a start, the young handsome, unspoilt, cancerous Australian Miss World is incapable of leaving liquid of any description in a bottle. The morning after a party (I do not lie) he will scour the kitchen, picking up empties of any description, and draining off the dregs. He does this (not altogether surprisingly) between bouts of violent sickness. Therefore, even were he in the habit of siphoning the python in empty Guinness bottles (highly unlikely, considering what a well-brought up lad he is, what with Chips Rafferty hanging from his mother's chandelier), it is certain that he would drain these same bottles by reflex the next morning, without even realising what they contained.

There are other flaws in Suedehead's tale. For a start, one would not 'go around' the flat in Elsham Road sorting things; one would simply sit in the middle of the floor and reach. For another thing, the idea of him 'coming upon' some bottles - no doubt throwing up his hands in horror - sounds fishy. I smell a rat here (and I'm not referring to Greg's socks). Admittedly I've not been to no. 62 for some months, but whenever I have been there it has not been a question of 'coming upon' empty bottles; one merely has to open a cupboard door anywhere and negotiable assets in the form of returnable (but not this week) Guinness bottles rain down upon one.

Bruce Townley,
2323, Sibley St.,
Alexandria,
Va. 22311,
USA.

Darrell, which is a pretty spiffy name anyhow, is the invention of Dave Hulvey, who needed someplace to put all his second rate stuff that he didn't have the heart to throw away because he had it all typed up on stencils and more or less proofread and everything. If you look carefully at Darrell's fanzines you will note that the pattern of mistakes is identical to that of Mr. Hulvey's. Those that aren't are mine because I helped to type up one issue when I was in town.

Matthew Schneck,
229, Albany Post Road,
Croton-on-Hudson,
New York 10520,
USA.

How often have we heard the cry "there are no new fans!" There are. The problem is finding them and stimulating them. At the bottom of the classified page of the November F&SF, there was a tiny little ad announcing the formation of a "Science Fiction Fans' Correspondance Club." Curious, Frank (Balazs) and I responded to the ad, and discovered a whole world of eager and avid readers of SF, who were dying to communicate their thoughts and ideas, and had no knowledge whatsoever of organized SF fandom. If these people are to be brought into the fold, fandom must be made attractive, more attractive than that favorite human occupation: apathy. Maybe this isn't the answer to the peculiar problems of British fandom, but it's better than bemoaning the

sad lack of new blood.

Lisa Conesa's article was based on a perfectly valid idea, but it was presented in the wrong medium. This kind of irrefutable logic was designed to be used in the course of a conversation, as the one who listens is caught up in the monstrous web of the reasoning. Setting it all down destroys the effect. Still, I've got to admit it was excellently reasoned.

.....

John Brosnan, Flat 1, 62, Elsham Rd., Kensington, London W.14.	What a little prick you are! After all I've done for you. First you leave me out of your little con-rep in <u>Maule's Well</u> ... "the <u>five</u> of us," you say... "would sit in the lounge for hours at a stretch"... I counted six. I counted six because I included me. Jesus, just wait until I write my con-rep of the Novacon in 1983. Don't look for <u>your</u> name, spotty. Second, you stick me in the WAHF section of your letter column in <u>Maya</u> . WAHF! I've never been in a WAHF before, ever! And after I wrote you such a witty, scintillating loc too! Don't look for anymore witty locs from me, kid. From now you get trashy stuff like this, written with one finger while I wait for my can of oysters and mushrooms to heat up.
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God, I feel sick at the moment. I thought I'd come down with this flu virus that everyone seems to be getting lately, but the doctor tells me I've got what those pigs are dying of. Tomorrow a group of vets are coming to set fire to my room.

The romance of the century is over. Pickersgill and I have broken up. Yes, it's true. It happened on the night of his 21st. birthday. He wanted to hit me on the head with a bottle of Guinness but, spoilsport as I am, I refused which upset him somewhat. I mean, a birthday treat is one thing but that's going too far. He left Flat 1, Elsham Rd., the same night and a smelly era came to an end. I must admit that he has left a gap that is quite hard to fill, namely his half of the rent. And I also miss all his little odd ways and quirks. I've rigged up a machine that hurls shoes across the room for the sake of nostalgia.

.....

Pete Presford, 10, Dalkeith Rd., South Reddish, Stockport, Cheshire.	I will cease to slander Pete Roberts and Co. in public, unless I have nothing better to do. But the crap he utters once again (in parts) in his loc, makes my gut crawl. He of course does not know Thoth; a regular column from him, gee, may the seas dry up. About the only thing Thoth must do on a regular basis is go to the loo. He of course once again misses out the MAD group in his calculations, whom, it is widely known, have no interest at all or even a scrap of brain between them. Great thick idiot, doesn't he realise by now that all fandom (whether it likes it or not) goes together. The impetus that has given the MAD crowd the
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will to produce zines, good or not, has drawn fans together in the Manchester area. The ripples from our crowd of course merged with those from yours, and if it was not for MAD and Gannet in the last year or so, fandom would really have died.

I of course diverge from the point. That being the state of Manchester zines. Rabbit seems to base all fanzines on his own taste, which would be ok, if he produced his own zine on a regular line. And the quality of the last one made me blush for him. Hell has reached its 7th. issue so someone out there must like it. Madcap seems to have been slated by the critics (rolls with mirth) after one issue. All we can say to the Boak's and Rabbit's is get stuffed.

You may ask why be so hard on them. Well, the answer is easy. When we started we asked for help and advice. This, of course, in the form of articles etc. It was of course refused, and so we struggled on and still made it (don't forget, Ian, you had the zine to start with.) And now those same people hack away at what we have done without them. The thing that puzzles me is this: why we asked in the first place. We did not need them after all!

.....

Donald G. Keller: The strangest thing about reading Maya is that I'm in a totally strange world, not only fannishly but mundanely. The concept of what it's like to live in England totally eludes me. But it's interesting to see how the other half lives.

Eric Bentcliffe: Current fanzine fannish writing is much too factual and lacks imagination. Particularly where a fanzine (vaguely) represents a group.

Ian R. Butterworth: I couldn't help but agree with the answer you gave to Darrell Schweitzer's letter. I only found out about fandom by accident. There is no way for an ordinary person to find out about fandom unless he knows somebody who is already involved.

Chris Hulse: Goblin Towers was enjoyable reading. As I read the locs, I thought to myself 'Jesus, this Williams dude really sounds like a surly bastard!' but his Goblin Towers article shows him to be not quite what I thought he would be; much less vile indeed.

WAHF: Richard Labonte, Dave Piper, John Hall, Sheryl Birkhead, Carol Eiler, Helmut Pesch, Richard Wilson, Frank Balazs, Terry Just, Grant Canfield, Paul Anderson and Dave Rowe.



The idea of reprints isn't new. Every so often, someone comes up with the suggestion of printing famous fan goodies of the past, but owing to a fannish lack of anything approaching a British Museum, such items have to be culled from fairly recent fanzines, and even then, are often not worth the bother of reprinting. I don't pretend that my own selections will be everyone's cup of tea, but I do hope that many readers will think them worthy of a second airing. My own fanzine collection must be the hunting ground, and although it goes back to Wally Gilling's excellent Scientifiction of the thirties, its numbers are not large, so please don't complain if I reprint 'x' and ignored 'y', the answer is that 'x' was in my files, whereas 'y' was not.

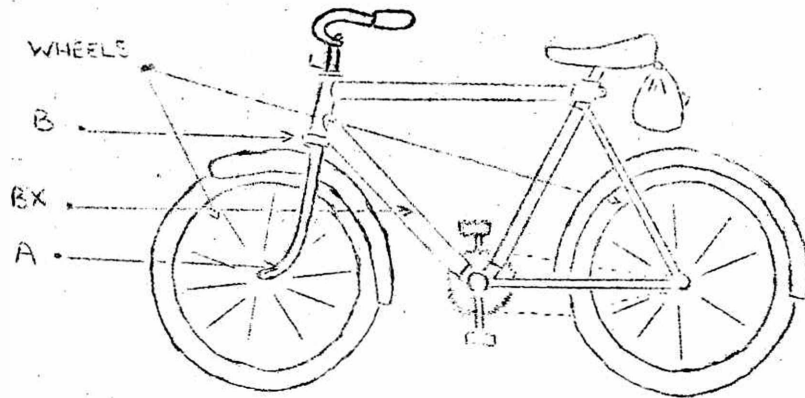
Another parameter in my selection must be length...many great fannish epics being far too long to use here, but where I can find two or three really short items, I hope to lump them into one reprint session.

Which is enough waffling. My first selection comes from that legendary fanzine Slant, edited by Walt Willis. Slant was usually printed from hand-set type, measured 6" by 7½" and around 40 pages. Its artwork was from line blocks or lino-cuts done by James White, and its authors were culled from the cream of fandom (and often from prodom) as it then was. Names like Ackerman, Bulmer, E.E. Evans, F.G. Rayer, Bertram Chandler, Robert Bloch are just a few selected from a star-studded list. Nevertheless, for sheer enjoyment, I always turn to this little gem written jointly by Bob Shaw and Arthur Vincent Clarke.....in No.7 for Winter 1952.

AN INEXPENSIVE FANZINE PRINTING PRESS

BY

Bob Shaw and Vince Clarke



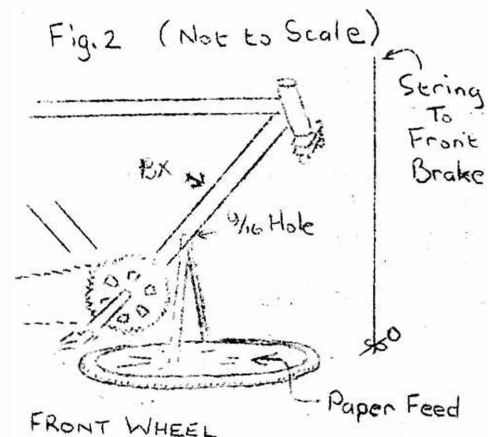
There is no reason today why fans should put up with old-fashioned ugly duplicating machines, when anyone with ordinary skill and any sort of shop equipment can build an inexpensive printing press using materials that can be found in the home. For the particular model that we have in mind and which we have found to give very satisfactory results, all that is needed is an old bicycle, 23 ft. of 12 SWG wire, soot, and the ability to devote a few evenings to the interesting construction work.

CONSTRUCTION OF THE BASE

Take the bicycle (fig.1.) and saw off the front forks (a) just below the crown(b), remove the front wheel and weld the forks to the rim as at Fig.2.

Drill a 9/16ths hole in strut (BX) at position shown in Fig.2. and mount the bicycle in the frame by means of the front spindle. The front brakes should be attached by wire or strong string to the front of the base, so that a slight pressure on the brake lever will draw the front of the machine down.

NOTE: The paper will travel over this base, so make sure it is free from oil and dirt and the supports(the former front forks)are wide enough to allow the paper to pass through between them.



PRINTING

Remove the back tyre, leaving the inner tube in place, and with a sharp knife carve your letters, figures, etc. out of the rubber. These are then

attached to the inner tube in the various orders desired by means of rubber solution. The circumference of the inner tube will be roughly 78 inches, all of which except for about 6 can be used for typesetting. As a fanzine with pages 6ft. in width would be awkward to handle, the printer should mark out sections about 9" long (8" in width, plus two half-inch margins), repeat the type layout in each section, and then will be able to print 8 pages in one revolution of the wheel....a great time saver.

To commence printing, the operator seats himself in the saddle and, pulling on the front brake, lifts the back (printing) wheel clear of the platen. He then begins to pedal slowly, inking the type, while an assistant at the head of the machine feeds a blank sheet of paper in the direction shown by the arrow in Fig.2. The operator then gently releases the front brake, and the printing wheel is lowered onto the paper. The revolution of the wheel will then draw the paper through, and if the pressure is correct, will print it at the same time. The operator can alter the pressure when needed by shifting his position in the saddle. When the paper has passed through, the printing wheel is raised and the process is repeated.

INK AND INKING PAD



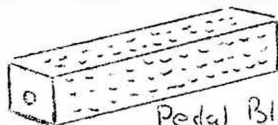
OVERINKING

A fine inking pad can be made from a cycling cape. Cut three 8" by 3" strips from the middle, glue them together into a triple-thickness strip with tyre-solution and stick on the underside of the back mudguard. A useful hint here is to drill holes through mudguard so that the pad can be inked from the top. The pad should be about 0.985" from the top surface, and the back brake is is adjusted so that it will cause the pad to contact the type before the brake-blocks reach the rim of the wheel. The ink can easily be made from bicycle oil and soot. If no easy source of the latter is available, burn the pedal blocks if they are made of rubber, and hold your hand in the smoke. You



UNDERINKING

will soon find a deposit of soot on your palm. The right dilution must be found by experiment, but it must be thin enough to flow through your oilcan. Coloured inks are rather harder to obtain, but if your bicycle has vari-coloured enamel, scrapings from this dissolved in one of the stronger acids...sulphuric or fluoric ...will suffice if used with care. Do not overink, it goes a long way.



Pedal Block

PUNCTURE

DRYING THE COPY

If the bicycle has a dynamo attachment, disconnect the lamps and sell them. with the money, buy some thin gauge wire...about 23ft. of 12 SWG should do...and arrange it in a spiral over a tray receiving the finished copy. The latter can be made from a dozen spokes soldered into a framework.

Ide Dys on the Fan?

Darrell
Schweitzer

I am a dreadful liar sometimes. I tell harmless lies, but lies they remain. I have always been fascinated by the possibilities of projecting entirely false personalities on paper, and in the last installment I indulged in this a bit. I might have kept it up and not told you a thing, save that when I went to type up this installment I noticed that it contained a good deal of genuine biographical data, which would clearly contradict what I said about myself last time. And, being too lazy to rewrite the whole damn thing, I am hereby revealing all: I am 37 years old, married, work as a Developmental Supervisor for DuPont Paints in Philadelphia, and have had marginal contacts with fandom since 1952. That's all that needs clearing up, I hope. Now, please understand that while my last column was a typically American tall tale in the tradition of the one wherein Davy Crockett carried a steamboat on his back, this account that follows below is absolutely true.

oOo

I have often been called a poor man's Harry Warner, and I must say that the comparison isn't all that inaccurate. I loc every fanzine I receive (sooner or later), though my epistilary output has never equalled Harry's in either quality or quantity. Some people have a genius for it; I sort of plod along. Nevertheless, my name is one of the commonest in the lettercolumns of American fanzines, so that similarities continue to be noticed.

There is one other thing about me which makes me resemble the Hagerstown Sage, and that is my hermitry. I am one of the most solitary of fen. I have only attended five conventions in my entire fannish career, and none of them were worldcons. Besides that I am reluctant to travel about and meet other people in fandom, and have been ever since my disastrous and mind boggling 1958 encounter with a crazed Baltimorian poet, one Donald G. Keller, whose dread Sonnets On Time nearly put me in the funny farm for good. He may be turgid, but when he's got you trapped in a corner for ten hours and he's crocked on whatever that home-made booze of his is, and he's reciting his stuff, there are parts that begin to rival Alhazred.

After making my precarious escape, I dropped back in what little fan activity I had, and didn't really start up again until the middle sixties. I

don't believe I missed all that much either, since what happened when I wasn't looking was mostly the gaffiation of all the fanwriters I admired, and the rather nasty Walter Breen controversy which I won't profess to understand, but I still feel repulsed by.

Once back, I remained a fannish hermit more than ever, writing lots of things for fanzines and locating everything in sight, but desiring to keep fans at a safe distance, preferably on the other side of the bars or on the end of long tweezers, where I could examine and marvel at them at my leisure. I did not attend worldcons, even when one was so nearby as New York, claiming that poverty made this impossible. In all I saw only a very few fans in the flesh, and often toyed with the idea of building up a completely false image of myself (pretending vast age, for example) which would be so well constructed and so well researched that no fan who hadn't actually met me would be able to refute it. But somehow I never got around to it, because even though I've written fantastic fiction before, I never could bring myself to work hard enough to produce a fantasy that detailed.

As the years passed I started to let my guard down. I emerged from my little gopher hole and attended a regional convention under an assumed name, and then another one under my own. Nothing unpleasant happened, and I thought that perhaps fans really were human after all and they didn't have so many skeletons in their closets that they had to hide behind the mask of correspondence and the printed page. Ah, I never realised how wrong I was.....

It happened recently that I had to take a business trip to the Southwest, and would be passing quite near Albuquerque, where resides Harry Morris Jr., the editor and publisher of Nyctalops and something of a bigshot in American Lovecraftian fandom. So, as long as I was in the area, I thought I'd might as well drop in on Harry. Fate, it would seem, had determined that he would be the object of my first fannish visit in nearly a decade.

Assuring my wife that I wouldn't be into any mischief (she doesn't trust me, dear girl...) I called my travel agent and arranged details, that resulted in two days of solemn conferences on bigger and better paints for roadsigns; all of which took place within a plush hotel in a major city, carefully and totally isolated from the very eyesores we were bent on producing. This may sound dull (I assure you, it is) but a man has to make a living somehow, and I suppose it beats prostitution, writing, dope peddling, living off the profits of one's fanzine, and other unsavory pursuits.

It was only afterwards that I was able to call up Harry and tell him I was coming. He replied that although he was busy correcting the proofs for the new Nyctalops which had just come back from the printer, he would be glad to see me. Living so far as he does from the centers of fannish civilisation, I was sure that he was as eager and as curious to see a true fan in the flesh as I was. It would assure him that fandom was not an on-paper hoax, perpetrated by a tiny circle of demented perverts

on the East Coast.

More business piled up in its own imitable way, and I didn't get free until late in the day and so, considering the difficulty I had in tracking down Harry's address in a city where all the policemen patrol only a two block area lest they get lost, it was almost sundown when I finally got out of the city proper, into the first of the suburbs, and pulled my rented VW into the driveway at 500 Wellesley. As I rang the doorbell on that perfectly ordinary looking house, it struck me that this was hardly the fitting abode for such a prominent devotee of the eldritch and macabre as dwelt therein, but then I remembered what Lovecraft said about seekers after horror haunting strange places. I rang twice and there was no answer. Rang it again and the same. Then I noticed a little note thumbtacked to the door:

Darrell-

Don't wait for me to answer. It's unlocked so come right in.

-Harry

Yes it was unlocked, and I walked right in, cautiously I suppose, as I am not accustomed to wandering into strange houses like that. I found myself in what must have been a dining room, and on the table was another note in Harry's handwriting:

Will be up in a bit. Make yourself comfortable.

-Harry

So I began to page through the Nyctalops proofs which were lying on the table there. Being an egotist I quickly turned to my own article and was pleased to find not a single typo. I wasn't suprised though, since as far as physical aspects of production go Nyctalops is tops. Better then Algol even. After that I delved into the lettercolumn looking for mentions of my own work, of course.

Just then a blood-curdling scream, half of agony and half of hatred issued forth from the basement, and seemed to shake the whole house. Dropping the proofs in an untidy pile I leaped to my feet. It seemed like an appropriate time to run, but I confess I didn't know which way to run; should I dash outside and into the car and escape, or downstairs to rescue whoever it was that was in such dire straights? Finally either my courage, my curiosity, or my stupidity got the better of me and I decided upon the latter course. Arming myself with a large steak-knife from the kitchen I opened the basement door and proceeded lightly down the stairs. At the bottom I came to two doors, one on either side of me. I then wondered which one of the two I should open, and felt sort of like the guy in "The Lady Or The Tiger?", but the question was unanswered long before I could come up with some long-winded and abstruse reason for opening the wrong one. For from behind the left door came low groans, then the sounds of things clunking and crashing, as if some sort of struggle were going on.

Fearlessly (so I pretended) I opened this door, and my eyes beheld a scene of utmost horror. For there before me in the workroom beyond, amidst the offset printing machine, collaters and such legitimate fannish paraphernalia



was a large mahogany coffin, and in it none other than Harry Morris himself, thrashing wildly about and twisting around the wooden stake which had been driven through his heart and was pinning him there, and which was obviously the cause of the consternation. His eyes rolled and foam formed at the edges of his mouth as his ink and gore stained hands strove desperately to remove the intruding object. I don't think he noticed me.

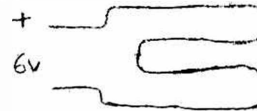
I was transfixed by this scene, and again torn with indecision. This time an enormous two-headed thing which looked remarkably like Harry's rival publisher John Koblas came crashing out of the shadows, shoved me roughly aside and was up the stairs and out the back door before I could recover my dazed senses. Fortunately I had dropped the knife at my initial shock and thus avoided falling on it. I took one more look into the workroom and I too fled up the stairs, but not following the path of the unspeakable entity which had preceded me. No, I headed straight for the driveway and the car.

Within minutes I was away and driving at sixty miles per hour through that seemingly innocuous suburban neighbourhood, putting as much distance as I could as fast as I could between myself and its hidden horrors. For what I had seen in that final glimpse had made my flight totally necessary. It

wasn't the nameless creature running up the stairs that had frightened me so, nor even what it had done to Morris, but simply this: from the way Harry was yanking at that stake, in five minutes or so he would almost certainly be loose!!!

I don't go to conventions any more, and I seldom attend any meetings of the local SF club. And if fandom wasn't both an addictive drug and a way of life I'm sure I would simply gafiate. But I can't and I'm here to stay, even though I now shudder when a letter from any of my correspondents that I haven't met arrives in my mailbox. For I have realised that I never know who (nay - what) may be really lurking behind those seemingly friendly personalities brought to me via typewriter and Post Office. Remember, dear reader, that you can never be sure about your fannish friends save, perhaps, what they choose to tell you. And just think for a minute about what they might not be telling you!

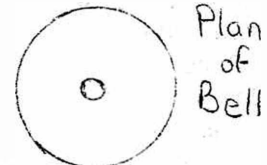
Connect the wire to the dynamo points, and you will have a first class heating element which will dry your prints immediately they fall into the tray, thus avoiding offset.



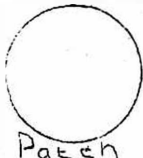
STAPLING

THEORETICAL CIRCUIT
OF HEATER

With a little ingenuity an efficient stapling machine for your completed magazine can be made from the bicycle bell. The various types and methods of construction are too numerous to be described here, but with the aid of a small arc welding outfit, a lathe and a power grinder, the mechanically minded fan can easily convert any make of bell. Don't forget that the standard upon which the staples slide should be within the limits X plus or minus 0.0002 ", when X is the distance between the chisel points.



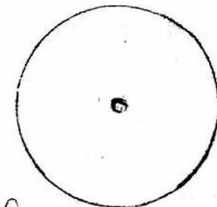
Plan
of
Bell



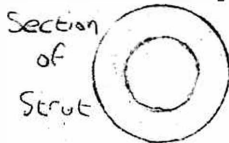
Patch

PAPERS AND PAPER CUTTING

Paper in the 6ft. long lengths required can be easily obtained from your local paper-mill, and in this connection it might be cheaper to obtain it in $\frac{1}{2}$ wt. rolls and mount it in front of the cycloprinter. The printing operation can then be practically continuous. Whatever method is used, it will be necessary to cut the printed paper into separate pages. For fans who do not happen to possess a paper guillotine the following tip will be useful. Remove the inner tube

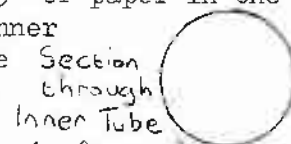


Roll of Paper



Section
of
Strut

from the printing wheel, and grind one of the wheel rims to a sharp knife edge. Take about 0.25 " from the other edge, and you will then have a rotary guillotine which will cut through 0.25 " of paper in one operation. Exercise great care when replacing the inner tube on the wheel, and keep a small bottle of iodine and a bandage in the type-case (saddlebag) as it is useful to know where these articles are in case of emergency. In the event of urgency a servicable bandage can be improvised by sewing together the fragments of cloth to be found adhering to the patches in the puncture repair outfit.



Section
through
Inner Tube
(Inflated)

THE PLATEN

is made from the floorboards of the room. Just cut a square out of the carpet and the floorboards will be found underneath. Smooth down with sandpaper and dust with French chalk, both of which may be found in the puncture outfit. NOTE. The Cycloprinter will now find that he has a spare duplicator on his hands, but no means of easy transport. The authors are working to remedy this and hope in the near future to publish an article:-

"HOW TO TURN YOUR DUPLICATOR INTO A BICYCLE"

----- Bob Shaw & Vinçe Clarke -----

a big way, so I excused myself and went off to bed. Apparently as a joke Harry had tried to phone me in my room at about 3 am but couldn't raise me from my slumbers, just shows how tired I was; normally I'm a light sleeper and anything noisier than a pin dropping has me up like a shot.

Fanzines as usual have been falling through my letter-box with great regularity, it seems people have faith in me producing another Maya. If only they knew, ho. I'm getting a vast number of 'lesser' American zines these days and have to admit a few British zines compare favourably with the majority of them. I suppose a lot a British faneds have seen the more 'art conscious' American zines and base all their arguments on the assumption that these zines are the norm (I've been guilty of that too). However let me say that British fanzines are presentable in polite fannish circles and I for one would certainly like to see them remain there.

.....

Dear Joe,

another year passes and still no word from me, your patience must be at its limit by now surely, but anyhow, here I am attempting to write you another of my justly famous epistles.

British fanzines are once again in a sorry state; of the few that were pubbing regularly last year Zimri and Lurk are ceasing publication with the next issues and the others are in various stages of distintegration. The glow around here is that Checkpoint is appearing almost every week or so and generally manages to find some news interest. Harry has mentioned that perhaps the faanish wave is now ebbing and that the new tide will sweep in a new collection of fans more attuned to the idea of SF criticism and discussion.

Maya is changing editors again! Rob Jackson will be doing the honours next issue and if all goes well that should be out sometime after Christmas. Rob intends inserting something called SF, I'm not exactly sure what that is so perhaps I'll just sit and wait and see what transpires in the future. I'm not going to be idle though; in the new year another genzine will be issued forth from this typewriter although not necessarily from my present address. If everything works out I should be moving from Newcastle and taking up residence in either the South of England or the North-West depending on where I get sent to. Read Checkpoint for more exciting news.

-oOo-

MAYA 7 - AN EDITORIAL IN ADVANCE Robert Jackson

When Ian Maule said he was willing to hand over the editorship of Maya to someone else, it took me about three thousandths of a second to decide I wanted it.

Over the last year or so, those of you who receive apazines or letters from me, or have met me in one of my grandiose planning moods, will have received vague wafts of hot air about the genzine I was planning under the name of Artery. This project, as is the way with fannish projects, was postponed for various reasons — at first because Ian Maule, Ian Williams, the Bells and I were busier and busier as Tynecon approached, and then because there were only five weeks between the con and my then-neglected part I medical finals.

Then, at the fourth anniversary Gannet meeting this September, Ian Maule announced that he wasn't simply folding Maya, but that someone else could take the name over if they liked.

My big mouth opened itself, fast, and made yes-please noises — but then my brain caught up and realised that there were others listening with greater fannish experience and better-proven talents, and so I started asking if anyone else wanted the job apart from me. I looked around at them all.

Puzzled benign looks came my way, as if I were a demented schizophrenic relative of theirs making some endearingly dotty statement. "No, you have it," they all said.

"If I did one at all, I'd call it Grimwab," said Harry Bell. (Grimwab was his late-sixties fanzine.) "You'll still be printing it offset litho, and wanting lots of artwork, same as you were going to with Artery?"

"Yes please." This was the start of a series of questions, to all of which the answer was YES:

"I've got Siddhartha, and my novel," said Ian Williams. "D'you want me to write my article about my experiences at the LSE?"

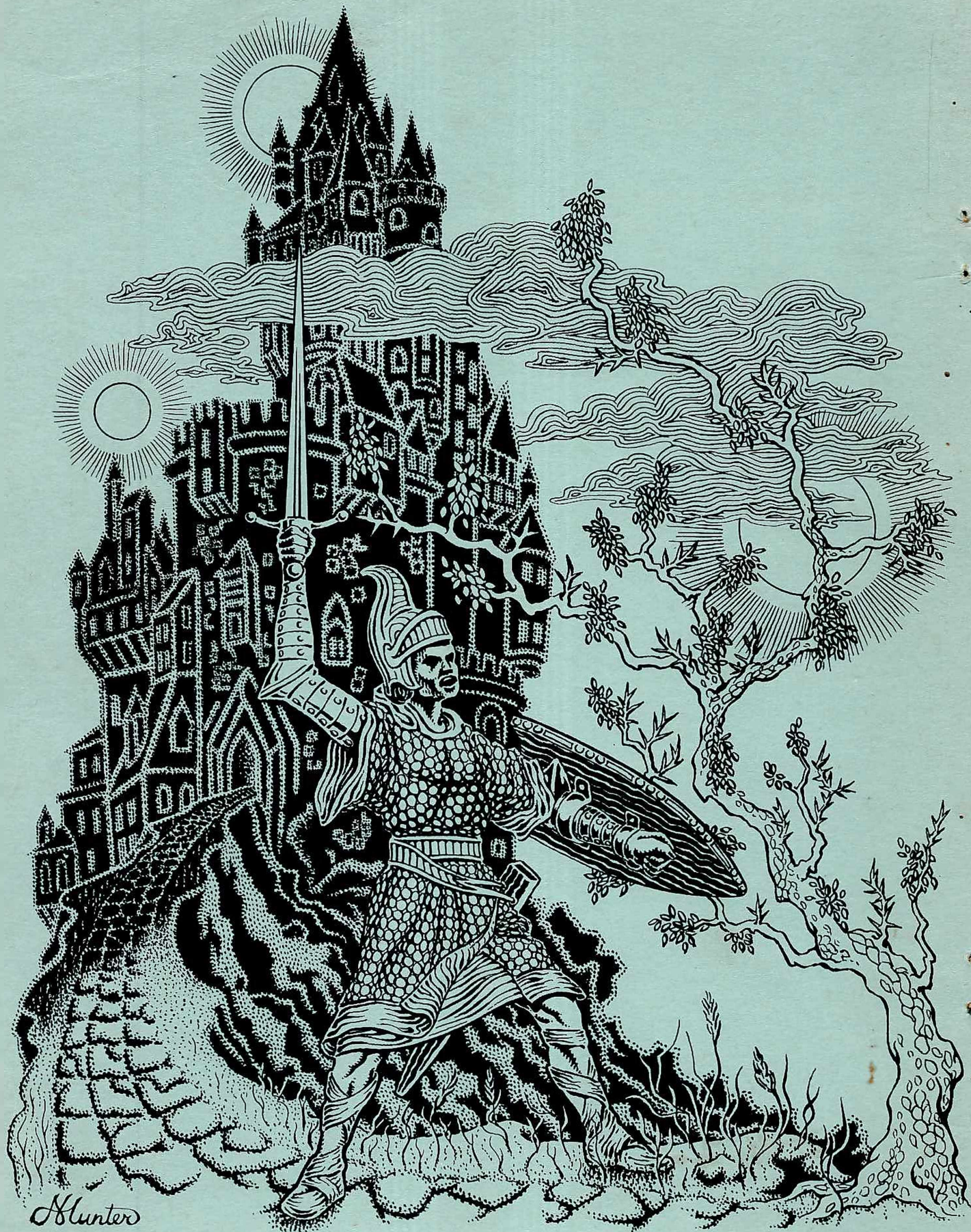
Ian Maule said: "You'll be wanting to keep all the present columnists, I presume? Maya replaces Artery, of course?"

Kev Williams asked: "You'll be putting some SF articles and reviews in, though? — and be trying to make them deep and thought-provoking?"

"Yes, but not so deep that nobody can see through to the bottom."

Rich Loughton asked: "Might you even try to get pro writers to write something?"

Ian Maule said: "I suppose, with another set of finals in 9 months, and



Alunter