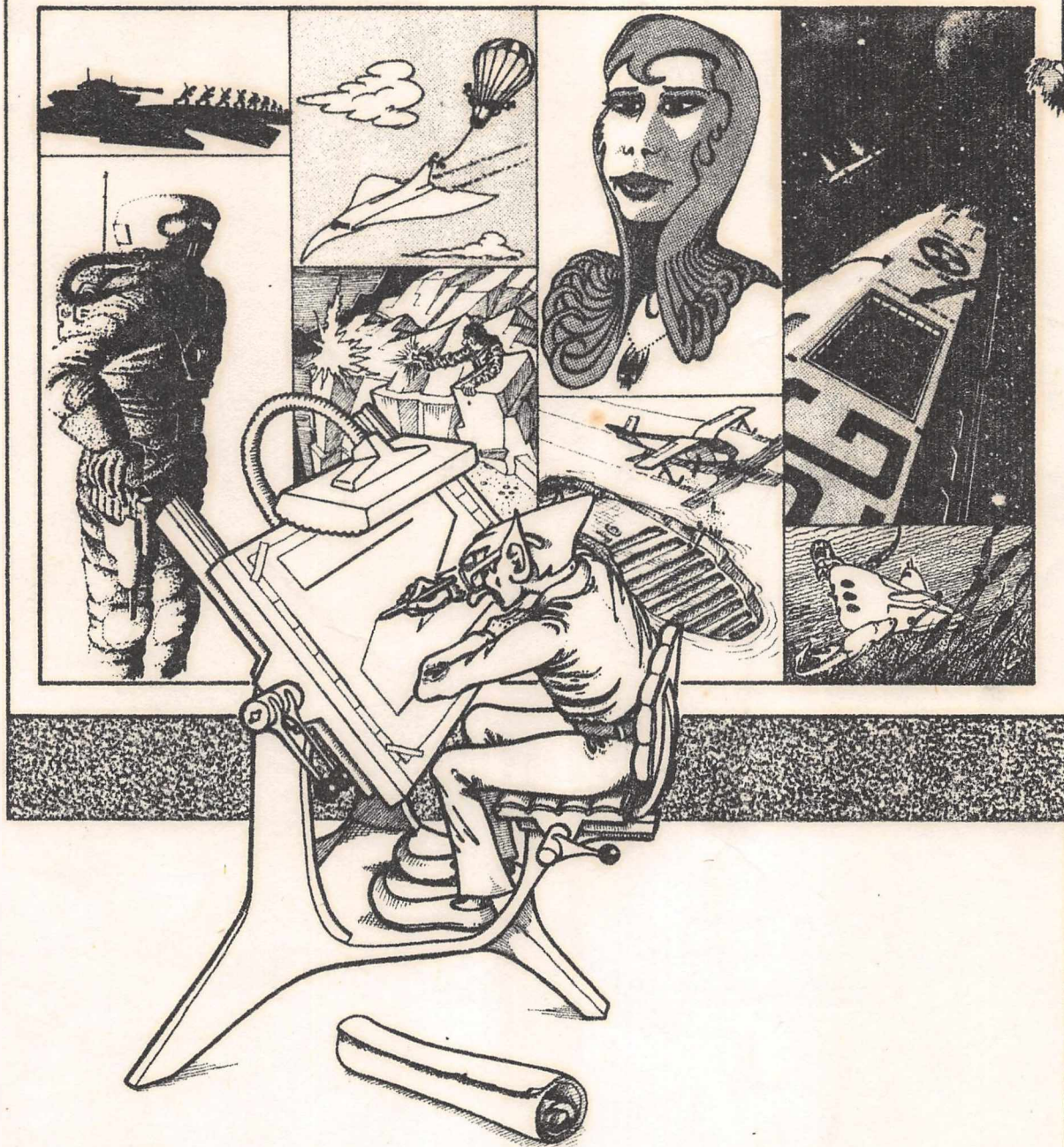
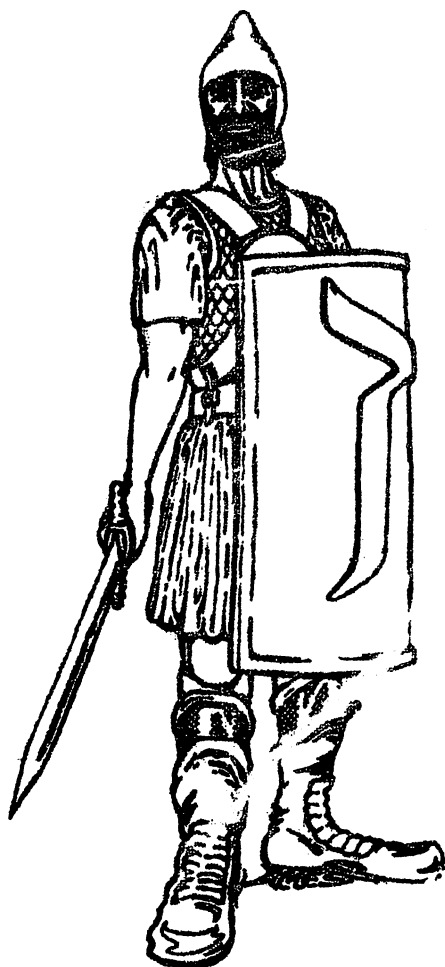


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ZIMMER





zimri 3

JUNE 1972

edited and produced by
lisa i conesa
&
andrew m stephenson

ARTISTS in this issue: DAVE ROWE
GEORGE W WHITE, ANDREW & me

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ZIMRI is available for: Trade, contribution, letter of com-
ment and/or 10p

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an editorial by

Andrew M Stephenson

Editors of ZIMRI lead interesting lives.

No, really they do. I would recommend a stint in ZIMRI for anyone who's on the lookout for a varied career, full of incident and excitement. It beats joining the Army or lion-taming. You travel (to the letterbox and back), you experience the wonders of distant lands (locs with foreign postmarks and postal surcharges), learn new languages (Polish and American, mainly) and sports (hunt-the-missing-page-of-the-lead-article: it's somewhere between here and Manchester!). And the scenery is superb.

Did somebody ask about 'editors'? Yes, I am well aware that we have an editrix; I said 'editors'....Well, it was like this....

Those of you with long memories ought to remember that ZIMRI started off with Lisa Jones and Phil Muldowney at the helm. However, through force of circumstance Phil retired from the sea and settled down in Plymouth, where he now fends off requests for further involvement with a determination that I am obliged to admire. I have never met Phil but I am sure we must be kindred spirits....But I am getting ahead of myself. To continue....

At about the time ZIMRI-2 finally appeared, I was leading a moderately innocent life in the wilds of Berkshire, doing the odd bit of writing and artwork, visiting the Globe....a happy enough existence, but scarcely more than that; looking at others engaged in more energetic fanac, such as Rob Holdstock with MACROCOSM, and the diehards like Gray ('Zine-a-day') Boak, it was so tempting to consider producing a zine of my own. Tempting, yes, but scarcely more than that. For a start there was the big problem of what to call it. No name, no zine.

The New Year and ZIMRI-2 arrived. And things started to go wrong.

I could tell at once; the briefly-worded note with my copy made it quite plain that I was a marked man. 'Contribute!' That was it....I started packing for the boat to South America. But first, I thought, I'll put them off the scent with a cover (for Lisa, that was; Phil had his own problems by then), then I'd slip out the back way.

Easter arrived in Chester, and so did I. Somehow I'd lost the boat ticket. Too bad; I'd take my medicine like a man, I decided, lay it on the line, be as coldly indifferent as the winter morning....We had a mild winter, this year. And I ended up as co-editor of a fanzine.

"Such a place eternal justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordained
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As ~~was~~ removed from God and light of heaven,
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
O, how unlike the place from whence they fell!"

So Satan thought he had troubles. ~~At least~~ these were obvious ones! (And in case we've slipped up and posted a copy of Z3 to an illiterate, those lines were from Milton's Paradise Lost—and believe me, 'lost' is the word. The

Hot Seat is hot too. That's one of the peculiarities of co-editing: you and your partner help to keep each other on your toes. Anyway, back to Milton.) You see, when your editrix writes suggesting some innovation and it turns out to need a square yard of illos, one has an urge to turn around and discreetly rebuke her. But when, with fingers poised over the typer keyboard, one recalls those eyes so full of trust...Who could be such a heel as to refuse? Not I. Someday, yes; tomorrow maybe. Or the day after....

So here I am, and up in Manchester is Lisa, and somewhere in between is ZIMRI-3...and you lot.

Okay, so what have you picked up along with your new editor? Any wild notions about how a zine should be run, or threats to the established order? Possibly. We'll see. But let's check the points of similarity first.

Phil wanted ZIMRI to be for fun and the emphasis to be on sf. No arguments so far; there's little point in producing a zine if it reads like a back number of the Mortician's Weakly---we want to get a laugh out of it too, you realise!

Then there's this 'genzine' aspect. The loccol contains a remark or two on the subject, but I'll give it to you straight here and now, so you won't suffer from any illusions:

You can mutter amongst yourselves as much as you like, but WE refuse to classify ourselves. If it makes people sleep better at nights for labelling ZIMRI as a 'genzine', well that's fine, but keep it to yourselves, huh? The attitude at this end is that anything goes as long as we like it, including changing the format at zero notice. Which is the only sensible way to run a fanzine---especially when we're footing the bill!

However, for the timid souls amongst you, fear not, we don't intend to become an 'experimental' publication, in the newer sense of that sorely misused word. If we don't like material we'll say so and that includes artwork: we're making a clean sweep, starting in part with this issue. But let's see if we can't clear up the mystery; much of this must sound so terribly familiar to all those dedicated individuals who haven't learned better from twenty years or more of reading fanzines and ^{ave}sitting this one out, that it is worth pointing out where we intend to differ.

I suppose a good a starting point is me. I love talking about myself ---ask anyone---and, who knows? it might bring some enlightenment to this world.

Certain slanderers have expressed a low opinion of a certain prozine which recently changed editors under tragic circumstances. Be it known to the said slanderers that I personally approve of the said prozine. However, cynics may observe, to such as are dim-witted enough to stand about and listen, that I have a vested interest in that zine, and to them I say, Damnright I have!. This I expect will render me persona non grata with extraordinary abruptness. So, in order not to deprive those people of the pleasure of my friendship, I will endeavour to justify my views, whilst mixing-in a bit of propaganda for ZIMRI.

It is a sad fact that pro sf zines, like their mundane cousins, are governed by the laws of economics; they/sell at a profit in order to survive; they must attract steady readership prepared to buy successive issues; and they must keep on doing this. If they don't they get zapped by bankruptcy just as surely as any character in a pulpzine hit with a death ray. This is basic economics: to sell your product you've got to find someone who'll buy. And keep buying.

Now, the entertainment industry is a darned funny one: you are selling something that, by its very nature, cannot be examined first---why buy the book after you've read it? (David Gerrold had something to say on this score in Protostars, but I'm sure he hasn't been the only one.) Consequently, the various prozines have had to acquire a reputation for printing particular kinds

of sf: then readers can go to, say, If if they want lightweight knockabout adventure, or to F&SF if it's a smooth writing style they're after. And very often the zines go so far as to advertise their nature on their covers: "If: The Magazine Of Alternatives" (whatever that means); "The Magazine Of Fantasy And Science Fiction". Why the devil, then, do people gripe at Analog for printing 'dull', 'boring', 'mechanical', 'emotionless' sf? Haven't they heard that it's "the engineer's zine", and don't they read the cover: "Analog; Science Fiction (is analogous to) Science Fact"??? Don't they appreciate that it's the most wretched writing job in the world to bring home to non-technophiles exactly what it is about an invention, physical/paraphysical effect, a sociological situation, etc that is so exciting? If this isn't immediately clear, just take my word for it---the number of times I've wished to express my intense interest in some technical gadgetry and have been prevented, not by any stupidity of theirs, but simply owing to the fact that our minds function differently...this same number of times I have felt disappointed. Look up at the sky on a summer's night, when the bright stars lie across the span of heaven, and ask a mundane what he sees...Odds are he won't even have noticed them, just as some fen are blind to the intrinsic value of sf concepts. And this is why Analog appeals to me, simply because it is prepared to consider the wonder inherent in facts and the beauty of pure ideas, rather than dwelling solely on how we, as humans, relate to them.

And possibly this is both its strength and fatal flaw. My excitement is the ennui of others; what to me is a brilliant issue, is to them a bloody bore.

Which is a real pity.

It is, you know, and not only for that reason; we techfiction fans must surely be missing out on something too. After all, there must be some spark of interest in, say, Sword & Sorcery---enough people read it. Mind you, I do try it occasionally, though it usually leaves me feeling up in the air, as though I've been waiting to land on a story but have fallen off the last page instead. These Mike Moorcock epics, for instance, the 'Elric' stories about 'Stormbringer', and the 'Runestaff' books, I honestly felt cheated at the end---I had this unverballed "So what"? hanging over me for days afterwards. However, not to judge a genre by one author alone, I later read Sprague de Camp's The Goblin Tower, which turned out to be rather along the lines of The Odyssey, but with more formalised international politics and wizardry thrown in. This time I felt happier; at least I'd gotten a laugh out of it. So, with rising hopes, I pressed on to Poul Anderson's Three Hearts And Three Lions...WOW! Any fan who hasn't read this book ought to be put out of his misery as quickly as possible; shooting is recommended. Great! But...

This progression, which actually occurred in the order given, raised some disturbing (though possibly unoriginal) thoughts in my mind, thoughts which have a significant relevance to ZIRRI and fanzines generally. You see, it appears as if the authors who have the widest appeal are those who construct their works from the widest possible range of experience and who go so far as to step outside the accepted limits of the sub-genre they are writing in: Sprague de Camp has turned out everything from 'rationalised magic' (The Incomplete Enchanter, The Castle of Iron (collaborations, it's true)), through uncategorisable 'hard fantasies' (eg The Carnelian Cube), to historical reconstructions (An Elephant for Archimedes); Poul Anderson has his Nicholas van Rijn 'Trade Team' stories, his Ensign Flandry series, The Guardians of Time, his Operation Chaos series, etc etc etc; but what does Mike Moorcock have? Welllll, there were The Sundered Worlds and The Ice Schooner, both of which I found quite rewarding, and the novelette of Behold The Man which makes up for everything else---it deserved its Nebula. Apart from that there is only the endless tedium of Jerry Cornelius and one or two super-heroes. It is too narrowly based, mostly flat, two-dimensional muscle-and-swords-against-the-powers-of-Darkness routine...and I haven't even tried Conan or Brak or any of their tribe of pig-sticker swingers.....Do I sound like one of those Analog-detractors I was on about earlier? I should, because it's exactly

this lack of contact between the sub-genres which has been responsible for the wide yawns whenever the two sides meet: they have been allowed, and often encouraged, to develop separately for so long that by now they are threatening to paint themselves well and truly into their respective corners.

But can fandom learn from this? Does it want to?

The answers are probably 'No' in both cases: fans have a preference for their own kind of madness and find the cries of ecstasy emanating from other asylums totally incomprehensible; they will only accept the other side's product when it is presented in terms they can appreciate---look at me, for instance, lapping H&L, simply because Poul Anderson went to the trouble to rationalise it. I guess we could turn it around: wasn't there a story which suggested that all Science only worked because of witchcraft? The Middle Earth Mob would have loved that one!

Or would they? Are not the two opposed types of mind encountered in sf as much as in the mundane continuum? Do fans not range from the 'technocrat' across to the 'gymnocrat', from those preferring ideas to those preferring action? And, as a corollary, don't they tend to be intolerant of any interference with 'their' type of sf? Or would they be prepared to accept a hybrid of the two?

I suspect that a reader employs selective blindness when passing judgment on a story; he filters out anything that doesn't fit his personal preferences and decides on the residue. Thus my opinions on Dorian Hawkmoon's swordplay are not half as well formulated as those on the 'science' involved in the 'Runestaff' books. Likewise, a S&S fan's view on, say, the recent Analog serial A Spaceship for the King (by Jerry Pournelle) which involves a goodly amount of medieval-style battling might completely overlook the technical and sociological aspects of the plot, as simple as they are.

So if I suggest that maybe ZIMRI could attempt a transfusion from one discipline to another am I going to be shouted down by impassioned cries of "A la lanterne!", ignored, or is it just conceivable that there is someone who feels the same way strongly enough to support us? We don't ask much; we don't aim to start a revolution, but to keep our eyes open for ways in which 'hard' and 'soft' sf can be encouraged to compliment each other more than is usual. Exactly what form this will take is still unknown---obviously, or it would have been done already---so we'll likely drop a few clangers on the way. At the same time, of course, there'll be the standard mishmash of fannish items and trivia, well mixed by the two of us---we're both born mixers.

Don't look for miracles, though. We're only fans.

here endeth the first lesson

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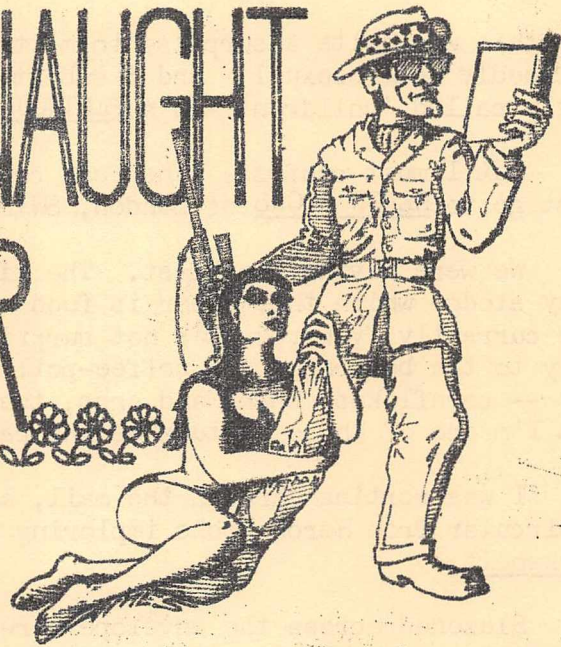
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THERE'S NAUGHT SO QUEER

jack marsh



Should I ever be detained outside Television House by Idiot Android, the tea-time telly-man, and asked "Who, sir, do you most admire?" I shall unhesitatingly mumble "Theodore Sturgeon" before fleeing down Aldwych to the sanctuary of Henekeys.

Any man who stands before an audience of fans and declares that nine-tenths of all science-fiction is crud certainly deserves admiration. And although he went on to qualify it by explaining that nine-tenths of everything else is also crud, the initial bewilderment, consternation and finally anger that crossed those chubby, upturned faces must have been sheer joy to behold.

(Incidentally, Theodore Sturgeon also introduced 'lateral-thinking' -- in the E PLURIBUS UNICORN collection -- some fifteen years before Edward de Bono's 'revolutionary' ideas!

De Bono terms it "the operation of going round, over, above -- or underneath a problem that won't yield to head-on logical attack. "

Sturgeon was more laconic: "Situation: we can't get inside. Resolution: take the outside off it."

It's a way of thinking!).

So recently I got to thinking Bluebottle thoughts. Could I, like Sturgeon, achieve lasting fame by formulating a similar statement -- Some biting comment, some profound observation! After all, this is the age of instant-just-about-anything why not instant-lasting-fame?

I'm quite aware Sturgeon has also done a little writing on the side, but that's incidental. Why bother with writing (nine-tenths of which is only crud anyway!) with rejection slips, with endless searching through ROGET for alternatives to 'atomic-blasters', or 'Conan' or 'continuum' !

So move over Ted here's my contribution....

7

Readers of science-fiction are homosexual

Now this was quite a surprise to me too -- I had always thought myself most decidedly heterosexual; and I submit one wife, three small beings laughingly called 'children' and a PENTHOUSE subscription as proof.

But I must confess. The real credit for this startling revelation must go to HERON BOOKS of London, SW18....

We were having breakfast. The kids were wolfing porridge, an inert grey stodge which they swear is food of the Gods (and as their gods are currently TV heros it's not surprising). I was drinking my way steadily to the bottom of the coffee-pot: I'd like to do the whole English bit -- cornflakes, bacon and eggs, toast and marmelade, Alka-Seltzer -- but I'm one of those fortunates who can't eat on an empty stomach!

I was sorting through the mail, and amongst the morning's bills was a circular from Heron Books imploring me to join their Explorer's Bookshelf.

Blazoned across the envelope were the words "For the man who likes his adventures honest, his pleasures primitive and his books in leather... we have formed the EXPLORERS' BOOKSHELF. Join now and receive this Leather-Bound Adventure-Bound Volume F R E E."

Alongside was a photograph of Mr Explorers' Bookshelf himself, all bright-eyed and ballsy, with a pipe clenched in one rock-like fist!

But the accompanying letter took a somewhat sinister turn -- "Our free offer is not for all men. So consider carefully whether you have the capacity to enjoy it" -- a subtle implication that anyone who did not take advantage of this gift was something rather less than a man!

It continued in much the same vein: "If you're the type who prefers the scent of cologne to the scent of leather, our offer is probably not for you. If after a day of skiing, you'd rather enter a room with central heating than one with a blazing fireplace, our offer is probably not for you. If the beads of honest sweat that come from a spell of honest sports make you uncomfortable, then our offer..." etc.

"But if you prefer facts to fantasy...if you'd rather come to grips with reality than escape from it...welcome to the Explorers' Bookshelf."

"... Its adventures are much too primitive for the delicate sensibilities of most women..."

And fantasy readers too no doubt, according to Heron Books. For we who prefer fantasy (and broadly speaking, science-fiction is fantasy) haven't the capability to be real men; are drenched with cologne; can't stand those smelly open fires ... and heaven forbid we should actually perspire!

But what, you may wonder, do the real men get when they join? Well, they most certainly get books -- at two quid a time! 'Sensuous' books!

"Run your fingers" the letter states, "over the swatch (leather sample) and FEEL the ~~seductive~~ luxury of our bindings.

"Notice how the light plays over the sapphire-coloured grain and 24-carat gold pattern and SEE what elegance they contain.

"Bring your nose close to the swatch and SMELL the subtle but unmistakable scent of real leather."

But there's more ... much more! There's WORDS even - with promises of "wondrous delights" !

In 'Captain Cook's Voyages of Discovery' "You squint through a tropical sun at bare-breasted Tahitian girls - as they were over a century before Gauguin painted them. You watch these girls perform their erotic dances..."

In the 'Travels of Marco Polo' "You will meet the most beautiful women in his entire domain. You will sojourn in Kamul ... where custom obliges the head of the household to lend not just his home to a visiting stranger, but his wife and daughters as well!"

Which, I suspect, is much the same technique described by Harlan Ellison in DANGEROUS VISIONS when he sold a volume of medical case-histories to seekers of 'lively reading' simply by showing them the only dirty bit in the entire book!

Fantasy is defined as "image-making faculty especially when extravagant or visionary," and it is generally accepted that most people find fantasy more satisfying than reality, or, as it is so often termed, 'harsh' reality.

So I'll stick to fantasy, ~~or science-fiction, or speculative fiction~~ - call it what you will - and Heron Books can peddle their wares some place else.

But I can't help wondering all the same -- was it just coincidence that the BSFA's one-time fiction magazine was called Tangent?

And what did Eliot Rosewater (in Kurt Vonnegut's "God Bless You" of the same name) really mean when he addressed that convention of science-fiction writers with the words "I love you sons of bitches"!!!!

=====

FREEDOM

The day is dying
It slips
Clinging with fingers of shadow
Your memory grips my heart
A gentle vice
Let me go
I'm free
As free as a bird
But someone has broken my wings

John Alan Glynn -'72

IMPORTANT

ANNOUNCEMENT!!ANNOUNCEMENT!!ANNOUNCEMENT!!ANNOUNCEMENT!!ANNOUNCEMENT!!

GANNETPHANDOM is holding the first of its annual minicons this September ('72) at the Swallow Hotel, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The Swallow is a small modern hotel, close to both rail and bus stations (though how many times have you heard that said..?) with a roof car-park. Its rooms are all believed to have television and bath or shower, and are rumoured (ruumoured?) to cost £2.25 a night. Certainly we expect the finalised cost to be under £3. Little official programme is planned, except for the guest of honour speech, auction, possibly some films, and the special Gannetphandom Second Anniversary Boozing Party, which is simply a semi-official room-party. Registration fee will be 50p or so, mostly to pay for the con hall and Boozing Party booze. Provisional date is 8th-10th Sept '72. The committee want some idea of reaction, so if you are going, please let us know. Watch this space and notices in phanzines, phlyers etc friend Mauler will be putting out for more news. Come to the Newcasselcon and be on the ground floor of the new generation of minicons and dwarfcons that is coming! Or something.

For further details contact
Thom Penman, at:
14 Winterbottom Street
South Shields
Co Durham
NE 33 2 LX

or

Ian Maule
59 Windsor Tce
South Gosforth
Newcastle on
Tyne
NE3 1YL
(MAYA & PARANOID
fanzines)

In attendance to date:

Prof. Ian Williams
Harry R Bell jnr.,
Irene (don't forget your
tickeling stick)
Taylor.

Ritchie Karangetti
Smith.

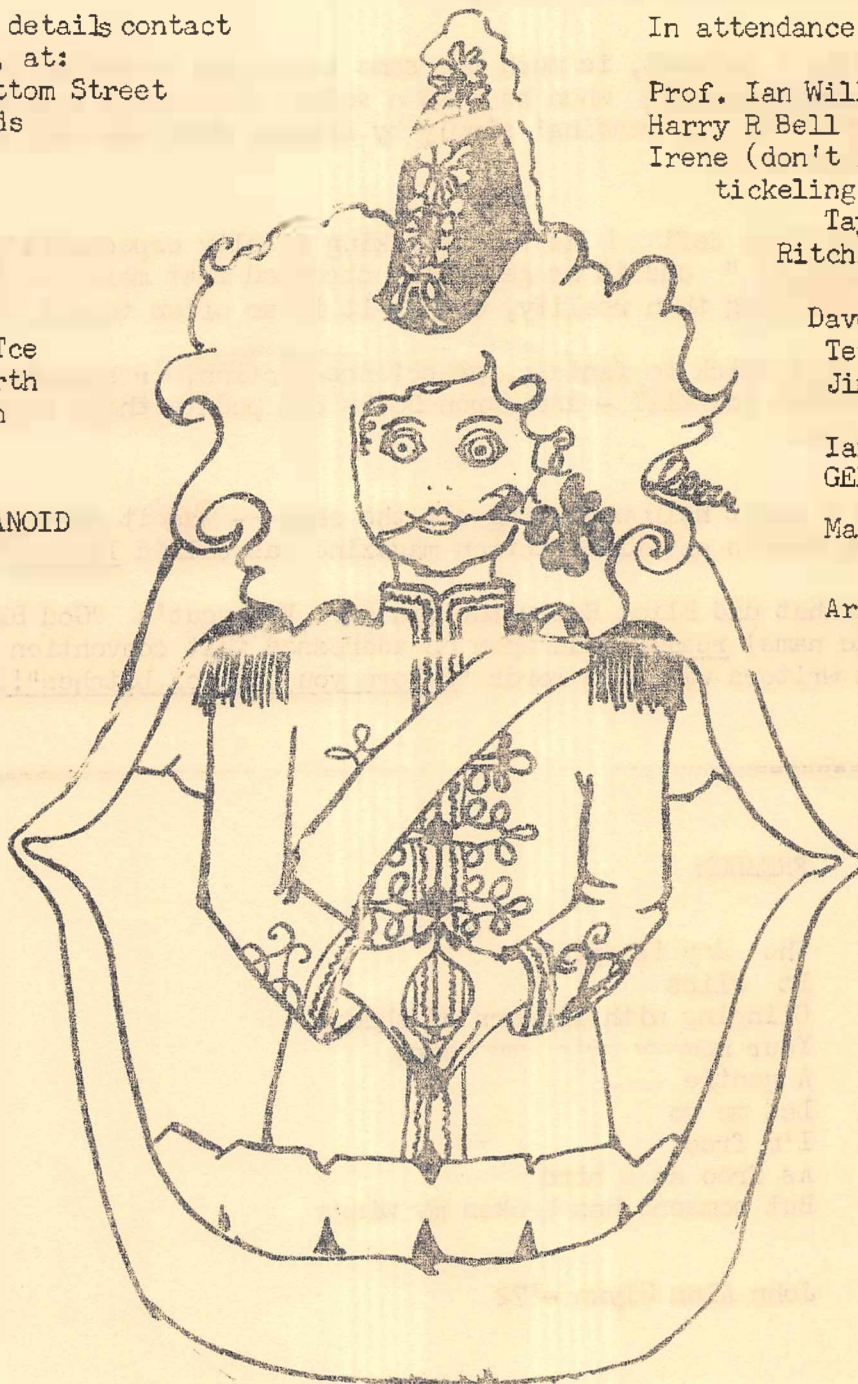
Dave Douglas
Terry from Terra
Jim Marshall (comix)

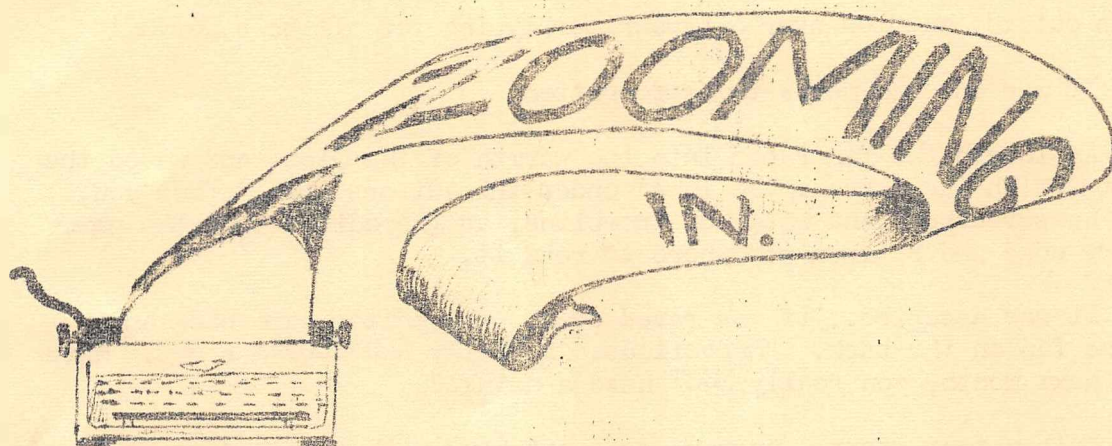
Ian Penman (ARMA-
GEDDON comixzine)

Mary Legg (hono-
rary)

Arthur Graham
Boak
(honorary)

and good
pholk
every-
where..





by

Robert P. Holdstock

An article

Being Phase-two of Rob Holdstock's secret plan to JUMP ON THE BANDWAGON of controversial, gut-punching exposees by putting the knife into the Globe meetings and twisting and turning until the entrails spill messily over the Somebody-I-Don't-Like (answer next time) and thus make everyone at the Globe HATE me, verbally and in print, and get a GOOD fan feud going, and have lots of EXCITING FUN, and TEAM SPIRIT and fannish MUCKING IN, and RAVING ARGUMENTS ranging over the ins and outs of science fiction fandom.

And other big jokes.

A story

The following story is told on cold winter nights as we all huddle around Howard Rosenblum's pipe on the first Thursday of the month, trying to think what intelligent thing we can say next.

Once upon a time a shy and goodhearted young fan nervously shuffled into the Globe and lifted his face above the expanded egos of the gathering to see who was there and what they looked like. From the darkness by the door he saw a pair of glowing blue eyes that flittered this way, that way as he studied the black expressions on the features of those intellectual giants who nonchalantly leaned against each other discussing John Boyd and Angus MacVicar and other science fiction milestones. Suddenly (or so the story goes) he spotted a fane dear to him. It was the face of a well known editor of a well know science fiction magazine to which the fan would daerly love to have sold.

The fan (according to the Gospel of St Feghoot, only written seven hundred Years after the truth) rushed into the bitter night air and plunged headlong into the boot of his car. He emerged carrying an immense and rickety typewriter with which he climbed into the back seat of his vehicle and on which he began to furiously write a story - the GREATEST story ever told. Written especially for... THE EDITOR.

Inside the Globe breaths were being caught. When she removed them from peoples reach, breaths were caught in throats as the word went round about the strange 'WRITER IN CAR' phenomenon. Faces crowded at the door to observe this strange sight. The well known wife of a well known indoctrinaire of sci-fi observed in utter shock 'There's this strange

little man outside huddled over a typewriter typing for all he's worth.'

It was an event never to be forgotten.

At length the fan raved into the warmth of the Globe and waved the manuscript (which was three pages long) under the editors nose. "For you, for you," he screeched, and wailed, trembling, as the editor took the paper by its very edge and retired somewhere to read it.

It was accepted. It was raved over. The editor came back and clapped the fan on the back. "Marvellous. A really MARVELLOUS story. Have a drink. Next month, you really MUST have a drink."

It's a true story. As true as I sit here with two Swedish blondes massaging my shoulders (down a bit, that's right - not too far).

A did or two

This is what could happen to you if you know how to approach people at the Globe. You have to SHOUT, to SCREECH before you will be hailed as a Brave New Fan. At all costs you must hide your natural personality, your charm, your pleasantness - these are taboo and rightly so! It helps to be totally illiterate. Or hideously intellectual. Which is probably saying the same thing. To make an impression it helps to produce, before hand, twenty closely typed sheets of shit-orientated, masturbation-fixated Gilbert-or-codswallop. As long as its readable, fills a niche, is entertaining, not easily forgotten (in concept if not in content) and makes a name for you, who the hell cares?

To return to the previous story, for a moment. It isn't quite as fairy-land fabulous as it sounds.

I was the editor, MACROCOSM the zine, Jack Marsh the (very literate) fan; his car played itself, and the battered and rickety typewriter was played by a new portable shiny battery operated electronic typewriter in drag. The screech was for real. I never bought him a drink. Don't remind him. I'm only a student.

A boast or two

MACROCOSM, by the way, is well worth the seventy five pence (oops, down, Isaac, down boy) fifteen pence. As one Big Name to whom it was sent remarked: 'Your magazine is a lot of trivial mishmash'. By reading between the line (s) it is possible, for those of us with the correct view of reality, to see that in fact he is FLATTERING the magazine, that he LIKED it. The peculiarly paradoxical turn of phrase has often puzzled me in his stories. Obviously the mistake I made was in not realising he meant the reverse of what he said. It wasn't Ballard by the way. He's still standing with his arms outstretched against a wooden wall waiting for someone to drive the nails in.

Two trivials

That last statement was trivial. Trivial.

Back to the Globe. I have hinted elsewhere (Global Warfare) that the Globe divides itself down the middle.

To a (tame) piss-taker like myself there is an interesting parallel in the world of dogs.

A dirty habit

In the colder climates where wolves wear snowshoes and eskimoos crack corny jokes about frying their words before they can hear what they say to each other, the lone wolf will stake out an area of desolate-human-cadaver lying in a patch of ground and mark it off as its own territory. It does this by urinating around the periphery. Another wolf comes along, sniffs the violation of Gods earth, and goes away. Once upon a time a silly man urinated just outside the circle marked out by a wolf and so confused the beast when it returned to find its homeland smelling of someone elses scent that is set the precedent for wolf-neurosis, commonly known as the Hall-Hemmings-syndrome. At least it kept the wild animals away during the night, though a fire would have been warmer and more pleasant to watch.

The territorial imperative

In the Globe areas are staked out in a similar manner. Nobody is sure exactly who the culprit is. Minor areas are around the juke-box (nearest the door, for a quick escape on bad Globe night), around the womens loo (the cigarette machines are here) and clustered around the central stall of books, for the deft pockets of. The major areas, or territories, are two in number.

On the TABLES-(for-the-crowding-round-of-eager-fans) side of the room is a sardine can of bulky bodies - the MUTTERERS - all writhing away in the ecstasy of two hours of joking, hoaxing, boasting, roasting and mercilessly dissecting everything from fanzines of high quality like Macro- like Zimri, to prozines of character like New Worlds (a genuine statement!) and generally having, despite all the insults and jibes I might be insinuating towards them, a BLOODY GOOD TIME. Across the room, at the BAR- (for-the-nonchalant-and-sophisto-lean-against) side cluster the EGOS. The distinction is easy to make. An EGO drinks one expensive and status-donating scotch every three pints of cheap (cheapest possible) bitter. He smokes cigarettes that are two or three inches longer than any one elses, eats sausages that are two or three inches longer than any one elses, and wonders excitedly how many femmes fatales will notice the cunning symbolism. He talks slowly (usually), carefully, as if within his mind a typewriter is hammering out the phrases for instant dispatch to Time-Life magazine. He uses... horror of horrors... big words (but don't worry, concealed beneath the chairs are dictionaries - years of Globe meetings have taught us something) words like egregious, and amanuensis, and Ombudsman; he refers to Borges (not Victor, John Louis) and Kavan. And you nod. He refers to Keppsteiner. And you nod. There's no such person as Keppsteiner, but you nod anyway. You're falling asleep and that's why you nod.

If an EGO invades the MUTTERER territory there is a tremendous uproar. The MUTTERERS react with extreme violence. Signs of violence in a MUTTERER to the passing by of an EGO are easily spotted. The eyes widen, the pupils dilate to see as much of the invader as possible, and thus be forewarned of sneak attacks. The mouth gapes a little, and the tongue rests lightly on the lower lip. The nose twitches. The left hand reaches out threateningly holding a piece of paper with lots of names on it that is used to 'shoo' the EGO back to his own territory. Sometimes the EGO stops and writes his own name on the piece of paper and then the MUTTERER has won by psychological means because the EGO withdraws to float on a cloud for a while.

It's all a question of strategy.

A strange person

Sitting, morose, dignified, distinctive, hairy, looming, is a character in fandom whose name will never be forgotten. Greg (Kid Grog) Pickersgill.

He's the man who takes credit for Fouler which is sometimes written by Roy Kettle in sillier moments.

He is the man who stabs people with a stone-remover on his cub-scout knife. He waves beer glasses in the faces of famous editors. One famous editor with a big head, anyway.

Zooming in... This is your strife, G. Pickersgill

He says: There's only three things in the world worth having. Hard drink, rock music and women when they come along.

Hard drink consists of rum and a smidgin of coke. He drinks it in quantities thus: two glasses each containing a triple rum. One bottle of coke. Cost, around a quid. That's the truth. Honest.

He sits in the Globe and watches people come in. and go out. By eight o'clock he's ready for some 'serious looning'. Looning is a quaint Pembrokeshire term for 'smashing yer -- king face in'. He gets hand ups about unavailable women. He falls in love with imaginary girls and derives a great deal of satisfaction out of it.

"In my daydreams I'm not such a loser. I do things so much better. I'm successful. I'm still myself - I'm shy, and nervous when I talk to girls, but in my dreams at least I TALK to them."

He is a very profound and a very good friend. There is certainly a great deal of animosity between us. But she went away and things are better.

A serious side

The thing about Greg is that he has a great deal of talent. He has written a number of stories with a central character called Brian Wegenheim. They are, in effect, a projection of his fantasies and frustrations, his fears and foul-ups. Brian Wegenheim screws his way through incredible women who, from being whores during the sticky night, wake up innocent and virginal. Wegenheim meets Cornelius and Art Sinclair on their own terms. He dissects paramathematics, relates to microcosmic environments that are identifiable as sexual passages and womb-lands, and often are manifest as an endless corridor, blindingly whitewashed; he struggles in a sea of isolation, riding through people as if they were a silent screen. Wegenheim has his problems. To compare Wegenheim to Pickersgill is to assure you that they are one and the same. But Wegenheim 'strikes' - Wegenheim impresses himself upon society, upon women upon the reader. He is a complete schizoid, but he is totally without paranoid tendencies. He is blind to his inadequacies and to his non existence in Greg's reality. He is a winner. And the part of his dual personality that is 'winner' is the part that lacks in the writer. And I wonder if it lacks, or is merely repressed.

Wegenheim, then is Greg's daydream manifest on paper. The stories are subtle and sensitive, and at once basic and gritty. They are an insight into a competent writer who has no confidence in himself or

in what he produces. With the exception of FOULER. One day, when Wegenheim emerges from the mind that projects him, then something devastating will happen. I don't know what.

In defence of the thorn in the side

Greg Pickersgill is, in my opinion (knowing him, liking him and hating him in the way I do), a most essential buffer in back-patting 'see-no-evil, 'hear-no-evil', lovely garden of fellowship, stale fandom. His voice is small but it stings. Don't deny it. His horizons are narrow, but where they touch they leave a nasty taste that isn't the nasty taste of Greg Pickersgill but the nasty taste of one's own ineptitude and hypocrisy. We can't do without him. We'd be happier without him, in the sense that a chicken is happy as it pecks around its ENORMOUS chicken-yard Universe of thirty feet square.

Zooming out.

Rob Holdstock
20.2.72

+++++

Though thine antagonist
be an ant, imagine he
were an elephant.

+++++

Do not regard your
opponent as a sheep
but rather as a wolf.

+++++

To know the Moves is
trifling fame;
'Tis genius only, plays
the game.
- J.B.Rousseau.

+++++

We might escape, ah me!
how many a pain,
Could we recall bad
moves and play again.

- Goethe.

+++++

We are but chess-men in
a game of chess
Played by great heaven in
its waywardness
Hither and thither on
the board we move,
And singly reach the box
of nothingness.
-Khayyam.



the liberated feminist

alan burns

"The reason for women's lib," said Fairground, "is mainly irritation". I call her Fairground because she's blonde and comes to things by a roundabout way. Officially she was over for tea, but not until she'd darned three pairs of socks, tidied my SF collection and found that like all bachelors I keep a disgustingly untidy pad.

"Irritation, what with?" I asked, not sure if I was cooling the flames or throwing petrol on them.

"The lack of consideration mainstream writers in SF have for women."

"Look," I said patiently, "SF stories are extrapolation of current events. It is assumed, barring occasional horrors like The Sound of His Horn by Sarban, that comes the future things will go on much as they are to-day, barring that sex will occur interestingly when the couple are in a state of free fall." I should have shut up, Fairground has never forgiven Hollywood for producing Barbarella.

"Exactly what I was getting at," she said when the sparks and smoke had died down. "I mean even the dizziest little dolly would have sense enough to switch on the artificial gravity before taking off her space suit, answer me. Was that scene or was it not put in to titillate the rutting males in the audience?" I ducked out from under.

"We shall never know," I said, "but if I grant you it was in for reasons of sexual excitement, so what?"

"My point exactly. So what? Does it matter to a man if a woman is made to feel ashamed, or hurt, or neglected. All we get is pious noises. Even the female writers of SF leave an odour of deference to a dominating male in their stories."

"Better than an odour of a burning bra," I remarked, thinking of an incident that happened when women's Lib first started.

"True," she agreed, "But open any SF mag and who gets the adventure? men! About the only woman adventure story I've seen in the last year or so was Schmitz' The Tuvula and even then it was a frame. So can you wonder that women get irritated and want to be liberated."

"How?" I asked. "I'd go mad sowing fluorescent panties and you'd go madder aking road-surfacing materials."

"We simply want the right to go wherever men go, do any job we feel able to do, and compete on an equal basis."

"All animals are equal," I said, "only some of them are more equal than others."

"There you go again," Growled Fairground. "Whenever I quote freedom you quote Orwell. What women seek is the right to be equal if they want to be, and that right they don't get in SF."

"Oh I wouldn't say that," I parried, "I mean they're usually accepted to be as they are."

"Are what? Go right back to the Children of the Lens by Smith. Instead of making a good home and getting on with the washing like any other

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FAGUS Q PESTBANE
Inspector of Public Health
REPORT
With Compliments
Pres. Photograph of Project
attached F.Q.P.



Plague
P. 100 High Down,
Somer 127 9KG.

ON
Corr. P(A)-392-h

Sir,

PLAQUE
A
In further to your communication of
regret to report that the outbreak of
the remedial action suggested by you
late discovery and that it is no
Zero. The actual extent of the outbreak
the extreme difficulty of identifying
in time and the range of vectors
a rough estimate, we can say that Sectors A3 through T17
should now be regarded as suspect and ought to be quarant-
ined pending p

ALDISS, Olive (27.2.71) Traveller,
journalist and international playboy;
nephew of Aldiss, Brian W, novelist.
Seen at celebration of tiger hunt,
Upper Pradesh, guest of Shandari Singh
Indian Government official. (Europresse)

The Aldiss Sequence

Fagus
Fagus Q Pestbane
Inspector, Project Damocles.

Form AMES 30-4-72

CLIVE ALDISS - Heath House Southmoor. Near Abington Berks.

Dear Contessa Conesa,

I was enjoying Holdstock's GLOBAL WARFARE until I got to his jokes about likening a visit to the Globe to having your entire family die of bubonic plague.

This is the sort of joke that gets science fiction (not to mention jokes) a bad name, and can only strike funny to people who have not died of bubonic plague themselves, or whose families have not died of bubonic plague. For me, the joke woke unpleasant memories of the past, when my whole family died of the disease afore-mentioned. I was a child at the time, but the sense of loss remains, although there were side-benefits, like falling heir to the family fortunes, which included over a hundred acres of rough-shooting just north of Dereham in Norfolk.

This was back early last year, and a large pigeon pie had been served for our usual ample Sunday lunch, which began with pate and concluded with syllabub and a savoury. I was lucky - the pate upset my stomach and I got

no further. Before evening, as the family gathered for its usual round of prayers and strip canasta, bubes were already showing under several armpits, as the final hands of canasta revealed. The night was a hell of suffering. I myself drove father's 120 m.p.h. sports car to the doctor's at 3.30 in the morning, through thick fog and a yew hedge.

Unfortunately, there is still no known cure for plague - at least, our doctor didn't know of one. By morning, all sixteen members of our household were dead. Perhaps Mr Holdstock will remember this the next time he visits the Globe.

In case you are wondering, my uncle is Brian Aldiss, the science fiction writer. His name is quite well known in America and Scandinavia. Had he been in the house at the time, sf would have lost a faithful old practitioner. He's a devil for pigeon pie. (As well as being a writer, he's a crack shot, but he lays off pigeons now, common in this part of Berkshire, believing them to be vectors of the very disease Mr Holdstock names.)

Apart from the sad note, ZIMRI was much enjoyed, not only by me but by my distinguished uncle.

Yours sincerely,
Clive Aldiss

ROBERT P. HOLDSTOCK - 15 Highbury Grange London N5

Clive,

...As you may have gathered, Contessa Conesa has forwarded me your very bitter little piece of history. She told me to send it back after weeping suitable buckets. If any buckets were wept, cruel and inhumane though it will sound to you, they were not wept with remorse.

...You see dear boy, the only other cause of death I could have quoted, that would have been sure not to tread on ANYONE'S toes (or armpits) would have been either 'lost in deep space' or maybe died from an excess of too may Charteris stories.

...I got a heart somewhere. . . .

Etc.. Rob Holdstock

CLIVE ALDISS - Address as before

Dear Contessa,

Wow, your letter was a surprise! I'd just got back from that smashing Tony Bennett concert at the Festival Hall, where he actually sang 'I left my heart in San Francisco' fifteen times (just fantastic!, you can imagine!) and there it was on the doormat.

16

I don't often hear from editrices, and thanks for being so nice. Also, I was glad to have your sympathy for our family bereavement (which as a matter of fact I generally keep quiet about, since it does seem a bit like boasting and, I mean, nobody wants to end up in 'The Guinness Book of Records'...)

I also got a letter from some medical gentleman in London, at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, so I imagine they read a report of the tragedy somewhere, perhaps in my old school magazine, where there was a brief mention, plus a picture taken just after the event. I've had to confess to them a little lie in my earlier letter to you, for which I am now very sorry.

In order to set the matter to rights, and hope you won't be offended with me, I am sending you a copy of my letter to Dr Hopkirk, which should clear up the whole business.

Your regards shall be passed on to my uncle when next I see him (at present he's back in the United States) - meanwhile, thanks for the promise of more ZIRIS, which will indeed help greatly to gladden our mourning.

YOURS SINCERELY -

Clive Aldiss

CLIVE ALDISS - Address as before

Dear Professor Hopkirk,

It was encouraging to discover your professional interest in the unfortunate occurrence in our family circle last year. I am more than willing to give whatever help I can to your Institute. Perhaps on the occasion of your and Dr Northgate's visit, we can open up the mass-grave for you.

It might be helpful if I elucidate a few of the points raised in your letter. If I detected a note of scepticism, that was excusable on your part. Sixteen members of one household dying of a plague does sound, as you imply, to be an event worthy of mention. This is the crux of the matter about which more should be said.

In my original letter, I was guilty of exaggeration for sensational purposes, and "members of the household" was a phrase designed to mislead, however correct it was in a literal sense. In fact, only fifteen human beings became defunct on that memorable night. But the remains of the fatal pigeon were scoffed on the uncleared table by Macmillan, our faithful mastiff - very much a "member of the household". He died in agony and situ, greatly missed by all survivors.

Thus reduced to more manageable proportions, the affair might still seem newsworthy - and was! What I did not consider it necessary to state, for reasons of brevity, was the following. Our doctor employed as his housekeeper (and I am convinced she was nothing more more than that) a lame lady, devoted to good works and a faithful helper to the local church, as

her disability allowed. But of course ill-intentioned tongues will wag in any in-bred community such as ours in Norfolk - in fact, this lady was a second cousin of mine, like most of the other ladies in the area.

On the morning after the unfortunate outbreak of mortality in our home, this lady went into Dr Earwicker's study - that being the name of our local practitioner - and discovered him in an unconventional contortion under the table, clutching a ballpoint pen and proving chilly to the touch. In the poet's words, Earwicker was already in "the borne from which no traveller returns". The bubonic had struck again! On Earwicker's blotter lay a half-written letter to the Editor of 'The Lancet', giving an account of the tragedy in the Aldiss household. When stricken, the doctor had been considering possible plague vectors, weighing pigeon pie against the dirty, poverty-stricken, and over-crowded conditions in the household alluded to.

Unfortunately, none of us had the knowledge either to complete this letter or to forge Earwicker's signature, though my lame second cousin made some creditable attempts at the latter, having been long accustomed to signing his prescription forms for him. So the medical world went unadvised of our painful visitation.

However, local newspapers carried the story, the 'Dereham and Fakenham Examiner' making it a lead in their front page of 27th January, under the heading 'WELL-LIKED LOCAL GENTRY'S LAST SUPPER: Where Will Next Year's Church Fete Be Held?' At least one national newspaper also carried the news, although emphasising a different aspect of the tragedy. You will find this report in 'The News of the World' for the 14th February, under the headline 'ONE LEGGED MISTRESS FINDS DOCTOR-LOVER DEAD IN INCEST-VILLAGE LOVE-NEST'. These reports are worth your academic scrutiny, despite some glaring inaccuracies.

Please be assured that I will assist you and your team of investigators as and when I can. I note what you say about requiring samples. Even since so many near and dear mortal coils were shuffled off, my personal physique has been somewhat anaemic, so the Hood may present a difficulty. But you shall have as much urine as you can carry home.

Yours sincerely,
Clive Aldiss

=====

EDITRIX - Address elsewhere

Dear Clive,

...you are wasted - in whatever it is you do - you should follow in your esteemed uncle's footsteps and write! Ghod, we could have another BAREFOOT IN THE HEAD, even.

...So your uncle is across the waters, San Francisco? And you are trying to forget whilst listening to the dulcet tones of Tony Bennett... for me TB can leave his heart, liver and everything else in Tim-Back-Too!..There's no accounting for taste though; one man's meat another man's poison... Must congratulate you on taking the whole

thing in the true British fashion; keep that upper lip stiff and soldier on Clive, time heals all.

... was saddened about Dr Earwicker's demise - I fancied the sound of that guy...

Bestmost,
lisa.

MRS AMELIA HOPKIRK - 74 Eleanor Road. London E.8

My dear Mr Aldiss,

I write as the sad bearer of unfortunate tidings. Since your recent correspondande with my husband, he has, to put no fine a point on it, passed on to another world. This distressing occurrence, which came as a great surprise to both of us, took place this evening.

There being nothing of great interest issued by the British Broadcasting Corporation we were seated before the fire, my husband, Nigel, reading aloud from Skeptophilic Anthropomorphisms Vol.III and chewing the finger on his right hand, and myself listening avidly whilst partaking of a little absinth mixed with meths. Suddenly he started. I thought this was merely the evening's epileptic fit, and therefore remained where I was. However, he did not fall writhing to the floor and the spoon which I held ready to place between his teeth remained unused. "Amelia," he said. "I do not feel at all well."

He complained of a strange pain in the pits of his arms and, upon examination, I discovered them to be of a black and swollen aspect. "Amelia," he said, "Fetch the Home Health Dictionary."

I did so, for he had a firm way about him. He regarded the pages gravely until he started once more. This time I felt it was finding the answer that had caused his movement but alas, it was the epileptic fit and before I could do anything he had bitten through his tongue. Later, as he lay all black and puffed up in a pool of blood he ceased to twitch, which I must admit was becoming an irritant, and began waving a hand at the dictionary. Aiding him I saw he was pointing to the words Bubonic Plague. I nodded in a comforting fasion. Then, with great effort, he turned several pages in the book and touched the words Male Organ with his finger.

I was, as you can imagine, deeply shocked at his suggestion, but I had misinterpreted his action. He held both hands up painfully, pushing them together as though to clap but seemingly unable. Suddenly I realised that he was indicating that he did not, in fact, mean Male Organ, but a shorter form following the sign-language in the intellectual television programme which we viewed together.

"Male," I said. He nodded vigorously, his black patches beginning to burst at their centres.

"Male," I said once more, quizzically.

With one last great effort he touched his ear with his right hand. The ear became detached from his head and he fainted. Yet

I understood him. It was a word which sounded similar to Male. It had to be Mail. I rushed to find his most recent correspondence but unfortunately when I returned he had passed away and I spent a short time weeping and searching for his will. Later I read through your letter and his reply and various other correspondances most of which were very rude letters to and from a person called Paul Raymond.

I thus became aware of Dr Northgate's involvement with my husband, and the tragic role played by dear Doctor Holdstock - such a young man... it's sad, don't you think? I myself am unable to understand the terms my husband uses. Ah, 'used'. How easy it is to live in the past. However, I have spoken by telephone to Doctor Northgate who requested me to add my explanatory missive his plea for a large sample of your urine. I must confess I find doing this somewhat distasteful but Doctor Northgate, who intended to visit you and is a man of uncommon good ~~look~~ health has, he informs me, recently broken both his arms and would be unable to reply to you, should you contact him. He has asked me to be an intermediary.

I would therefore, greatly appreciate any sample you may find it within yourself to produce to be sent in an unobvious form, possibly as though a miniature bottle of spirits. I had intended to send you my husband's 'urine-extractor' but I see from your correspondence that you are the one person who doesn't need it.

Yours most truly,

Amelia Hopkirk

BRIAN W. ALDISS - Heath House Southmoor Nr Abington Berks

Dear Mrs Hopkirk,

You will possibly be surprised to be addressed by a complete stranger. I do so under unhappy circumstances. By profession I am a writer and rodent-taxidermist and in the latter capacity have been travelling in the United States (where, I may add, I have played to packed houses).

On my return here, I was confronted by the disappearance of my beloved nephew, Clive Aldiss. The Foreign Office have now confirmed that he has fled to China, following the successful visit there of President Nixon. This was revealed by following up a clue which I discovered in a waste-paper basket: an application to enter China. I enclosed it for your benefit - you will see that Clive broke down when it came to mentioning his parents, recently taken from us by an outbreak of plague in our ancestral Norfolk home, of which I believe your husband and a certain Dr Aloysius Northgate (whos name does not appear in the lists of the B.M.A.) were informed.

My thory is that the letter you wrote Clive, telling him of your husband's demise, was the last straw. He left the country without telling anyone. I am left to settle his debts and sort out his

correspondence, which unfortunately involves unsavory liasons with girls of the lower kind. Poor boy, his body as well as his mind must have been deranged! There will be no Dr Earwicker to minister to him in Peking; let us hope acupuncture has some effect.

I am now about to close down the house for fumigation purposes. Indeed I may leave the country myself, to go in search of my nephew - I have no other attachments. I send you my condolences on the unfortunate but exciting death of your husband and hope you will soon find another. My advice would be to have a look at his medical record before the wedding ceremony.

Yours faithfully,

Brian W. Aldiss

Note from the editrix: At this point I must explain (?) that the Contessa wrote to CLIVE suggesting that if he'd like to try his hand at writing, why not make ZIMRI his testing ground... The letter itself is lost, doubtless the Chairman's sitting on it..

BRIAN W. ALDISS - Address as before

Dear Miss Conesa,

Acting on behalf of my nephew, Clive Aldiss, I am attempting to clear up his entangled correspondence. He has fled the country. The enclosed letter - a copy of one sent to another of his correspondents - will make the unhappy situation clear to you.

Your letters have emerged, together with those from many other young girls. I have no wish to be censorious, and of course I am touched by your kind references to me and my attempts at writing, but feel that some of the blame for my nephew's evident wretchedness must be laid at your door, and the door of your medical friends, who so gleefully sent Clive morbid details of disgusting bubonic deaths so soon after he had witnessed similar outbreaks among so many of his nearest and dearest. You mention that he took the whole affair in true British fashion, but there is a limit to what even a true Briton can stand - besides, there happens to be a touch of the tarbrush in the Aldiss family, ever since grandfather Aldiss visited Jamaica before World War I.

Clive has fled now, and it is too late to be sorry. You ask me to contribute to a magazine of yours, ZIMRI, which has not turned up in my nephew's effects (possibly it is now a treasured relic in Peking); but I write only for ten quid a thousand, not for flattery. However, it occurs to me that you might be doing a public service by reprinting this correspondence entire - provided you can obtain Mrs Hopskirt's permission - as a warning to your (doubtless uncaring) readers against a) the plague, and b) treating other people's feelings lightly. Death,

after all, is no joke, as I'm sure all those who have passed so painfully over would agree. Anyone who has actually seen a black and purple buboe bursting forth in a hitherto virgin armpit, as I have - but there, perhaps I have said enough.

If you wish to write further to my unfortunate nephew, I suggest you address yourself to more cheerful topics and your envelope to: Clive Aldiss, c/o New British Embassy, Long live Chairman Mao Road, Peking, China.

With best wishes for the success of your magazine,

Yours sincerely,

Brian Aldiss

Poor Clive, I had an idea he'd scarper as soon as I suggested he wrote for ZIMRI; as it turned out it was Mrs Hopskit's tragedy made him seek his fortune in the mysterious East. Let's hope he keeps off them pidgeons!



I'VE GOT A NOSTRIL STICKING UP MY NOSE

(a Nostrilian poem)

I've got a nostril sticking up my nose.
The lower end looks down across my chin.
There's another one just like it a little way
along,
So if you said I had a pair, you wouldn't be
far wrong.
I've got a nostril, and I do suppose
It's lined inside and out with actual skin:
And frequently I swear by the bonnie hair that
grows
In the nostril that is sticking up my nose.

- Archiebold Mercer.



SLEEPER REVIVED, by charles partington

An appraisal of H.G. Wells' *When The Sleeper Wakes*.

The method Wells employed to propel Graham, the sleeper of the title, across more than two hundred years, certainly strains one's credulity, and it is not what one comes to expect from such a literary force. Graham is discovered by a young artist--

"sitting in an attitude of profound distress beneath a projecting mass of rock. The hands of this man hung limply over his knees, his eyes were red and staring before him, and his face was wet with tears."

Graham complains that he has had no sleep for six days. Then, explaining to the artist that he has received only bad advice, (presumably from his physician) he goes on to say--

"Drugs. My nervous system.... They are all very well for the run of people. It's hard to explain, I dare not take sufficiently powerful drugs."

The artist's reply? Wait for it. "That makes it difficult." Here I tend to halt. The plot revolves around Graham falling into a cataleptic trance which lasts over two centuries, yet the author fails to provide us with a sufficiently reasoned explanation--

"It's hard to explain." God, he doesn't even try!

Even in *THE ISLAND OF DR MOREAU*, Wells' work most bordering upon fantasy, we are offered explanations, however improbable. In *WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES*, none. Like Rip Van Winkle, Graham falls asleep and then without any outside stimulant, wakes again. This makes one feel cheated. And remember, Wells himself described this as "One of the most ambitious of my books."

His descriptions of futuristic architecture are probably without parallel. He has the ability to capture vast soaring buildings, and swarming multitudes without recourse to a plethora of adjectives. Graham's escape from the White Council, across the glassed-in roofs of London during a snow-storm is brilliant,

the tensest moment in the book.

When Graham wakes, it is to discover that he has become a person of significance. Warming, his cousin, made a fortune from Eadhamite, a new development in road surfacing. Without family, he left his estate to Graham, the sleeper, placing it all under a hand-picked board of trustees. Others followed. Rather than see their empires taken over by the state at their deaths, they bequeathed it all to the sleeper. So it went on, until the board of trustees, now the White Council, owned half the civilised world in the sleeper's name. None ever suspected that he would wake.....

Ostrog, head of the Wind Vanes Control, motivated by the lure of personal power, spends five years organising the blue-clad labour force (likened to Orwell's proles) for the overthrow of the despised White Council, so he can assume leadership.

Ostrog's quest for power provides a pivot on which the story develops. Articulate, utterly devoted to his dreams of ruling half the world, he is excellent material for characterization. Yet Ostrog fails to emerge as anything other than a series of speeches, a voice without flesh or personality.

If anything lifts the book above its counterparts, it is Wells' obsession with manned flight. It pervades the book. Even up to the denouement, where one cries, 'Stop! It would not end like that!' the conquest of the air is Wells' most exciting theme.

"These ascents gave Graham a glorious sense of successful effort; the descents through the rarified air were beyond all experience. He wanted never to leave the upper air again."

---and a little later, when intoxicated with the aircraft's motion and mobility insists on flying the craft himself, the pilot refuses. Graham, master of half the world, insists---

"Do you know why I have slept two hundred years? To fly!" 'Sire,' said the aeronaut, 'the rules--- if I break the rules---' Graham waved the penalties aside. 'Then if you will watch me----' 'No,' said Graham swaying and gripping tight as the machine lifted its nose again for an ascent. 'That's not my game, I want to do it myself. I mean to fly of my own accord, if I smash at the end of it. I will have something to pay for my sleep. Of all other things--- In my past it was a dream to fly!'"

But even in this new found experience, Graham finds tragedy.

"But at last a queer incident came to sober him, to send him flying down once more to the crowded life below with all its dark insoluble riddles. As he swooped ^{came} a tap and something flying past, and a drop like a drop of rain. Then as he went on down he saw something like a white rag whirling down in his wake. 'What's that thing?' he asked, 'I did not see it.'

The aeronaut glanced, and then clutched at the lever to recover, for they were still sweeping down. When the aeroplane was rising again he drew a deep breath and replied. 'That,' he indicated the white thing still fluttering down, 'was a swan.'

'I never saw it,' Graham said.....' "

Apart from flight, the only other thing to distract Graham from the seething situation was an unfulfilled affair with Helen Wotton, a young dark-haired niece of Ostrog. Though towards the end of the book opportunities are

provided, Graham never progresses beyond her hands, a most unsatisfactory state of affairs, considering their avowals of love for each other. Even before he meets Helen, Graham repeatedly declines from visiting the pleasure cities, though they offer many distractions and delights. Is he a paragon of virtue, or something else?

I was particularly nauseated by one thing in Wells' gleaming new world, not the downtrodden working masses, who at least realised they were being used and attempted to do something about it, but the way in which the negro was parodied--

"Then he heard it in English and perceived that the thing that everyone was shouting, that men yelled to one another, that women took up screaming, that was passing like the first breeze of a thunder storm, chill and sudden through the city, was this: 'Ostrog has ordered the Black Police to London. The Black Police are coming from South Africa..... The Black Police. The Black Police.'" "

---and worse---

"'They are useful,' said Ostrog, 'They are fine loyal brutes, with no wash of ideas in their heads - such as our rabble has.'" "

---and finally---

"No man in all that black multitude saw the coming of his fate, no man among them dreamt of the hawk that struck downward upon him out of the sky. Those who were not limp in the agonies of air-sickness, were craning their black necks and staring to see the filmy city that was rising out of the haze, the rich and splendid city to which 'Massa Boss' had brought their obedient muscles. Bright teeth gleamed and glossy faces shone. They knew they were to have lordly times amongst the 'poor white' trash. And suddenly Graham struck them."

Like an avenging (white) angel, no doubt.

Graham's position in this future world is summed up by Ostrog. He, at least, is a realist--

"'You are an anachronism. You are a man out of the past - an accident. You are the Owner perhaps of half the property in the world. But you are not Master. You do not know enough to be Master.'" "

There is much I have left untouched. I don't doubt that there is much I have missed, for despite its obvious flaws it is a tremendous book. If you have read with interest Huxley's BRAVE NEW WORLD, and Orwell's NINETEEN EIGHTY FOUR, then I recommend WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES. It has much to offer. Though you may not agree with all it says.....

Charles Partington '72



by ames

Some of you may have started wondering, in a vague sort of way, just what this zine is that Rob Holdstock and the rest of the Z-Corps keep mentioning, and why the references are usually so enthusiastic. The answer isn't simply that we enjoy fan-fiction or that we own shares in it---though both are true on their own---it's just that it is well nigh impossible to avoid catching the editor's enthusiasm-bug (a little something he brewed up at work in the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine). Back in the beginning, Rob had this thing about producing a zine which would contain good fan-fiction, but without the usual flaws that give the term 'fan-fiction' its sinister overtones of abysmally non-existent quality. Further, his intention was to match artwork to the stories he selected so that the final product could be read much as a prozine, and by anyone with an interest in sf.

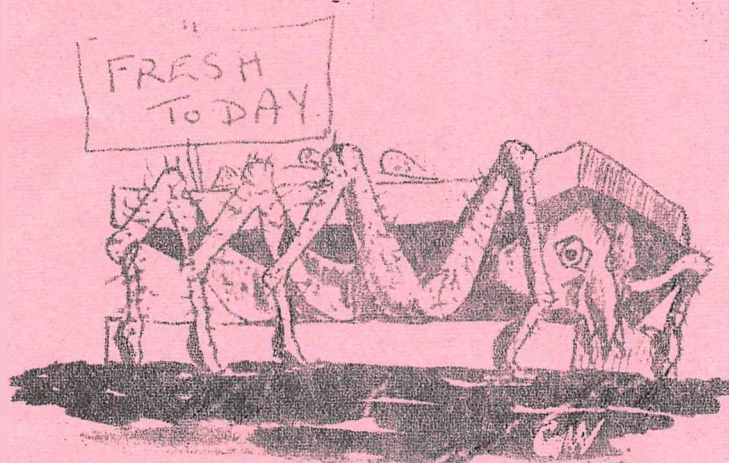
Well, as I have been involved---or involved myself, whichever is the more accurate---you needn't expect an unbiased opinion. Let it suffice to say that Rob doesn't hide from too many people as a consequence (with the notable exception of the gentleman who was in Chester last Easter...) and many of the comments I have seen express a fairly approving attitude, and even the raspberries have tended to be constructive ones. The editorial policy is believed to have moved much closer to the hard line on crud: now flawed work gets returned---at least one author who refused to modify his mss has been dropped, and some artwork has received very jaundiced looks (but I got away with it this time!). This, of course, refers to MAC-3, due out sometime very soon; but as Rob is the progressive type, I'm sure he'd prefer you to ask for the latest issue, though I personally recommend you to try both if you have 15p+15p to spare and if you don't mind the fact that it isn't a prozine. (Take note, though: many of the contributors are active in a pro capacity.) I would recommend MAC-1 too, except that that is sold out.

barrel scrapings...

Conreps are prime material for fmz, and MAYA-3 dives in joyfully: fourteen sides of Worcester from several angles, plus references to many earlier cons in Mary Legg's nostalgic (one felt) review of her days in fandom---this one even got to me, though my associations with Hertsfandom are, and have been, pretty nebulous; ah, the lost innocence of youth! This warm aura of homeliness permeates MAYA: there is a cozy feeling of homecoming in its pages---even Greg Pickersgill sounds fairly mellow in his loc---which may be responsible for the zine's popularity; certainly there is little apparent effort at constructiveness (nor the opposite I should add), except that, between them, the loccol and Gray Boak's ruminations on the human-ness of astronauts/test pilots manage to maintain a fannish and lively level of discussion. Harry Bell ("a living legend," we are informed---who's arguing?), the principal artist, is much in evidence, more so than the editor who keeps a low profile most of the time. Can't think why, unless MAYA is intended as a...((See dramatic p46))

THE GOURMET

By A. GRAHAM BOAK & J. DAVID WILSON.



He pushed the empty plate away with a contented sigh.

"Chef!" he called.

"Yes, sur! Cumming, sur!" Something green, with tentacles, slithered into the room.

"Excellent, chef, excellent. Perhaps a shade too much Tenebrian water pickle, but excellent none the less. What treat have

you instore for me tomorrow?"

Two of the chef's tentacles turned a bright shade of viridian, then slowly, oh-so-slowly, wilted.

"Erry, sur, but..."

"But what? Not Centaurian battle grass again?" He fumed, he snorted, he stood up and stude the deck of the spaceship, turning every four paces to avoid the forward and rear bulkheads. "Not your Aldebaran spinach curry, either---you always use far, far too much Eccles sauce. And certainly not your crottled greeps..." He swung, pointing a neatly manicured finger at the being, which dutifully cringed. "I demand something new!"

"But sur, you've tried everything!" the being wailed, curling itself up into a ball with five tentacles standing directly upwards in a clump.

"Everything? Everything? Come, come." He stopped, and patted the being gently. "You are the best chef from the Seven Suns, are you not? Did I not buy you the best Culinary Computer that money can buy? Surely it has something in its store?" He smiled, kindly.

The being muttered something, and a tentacle slowly slid down to the floor.

"What was that? Are you short of some herb? Some special meat?" Then, reluctantly, he added, "I suppose that I could manage until we reach any place where such a delicacy is available. Those Terran kangaroo slices will make sandwiches, if nothing else." He shuddered at the thought.

"Sorry sur, but you've tried everything," the being whimpered. "The computer has ransacked all seven memory banks but there is nothing new left."

"Nothing?" he queried. Then, bright-eyed, in ecstasy, "Nothing?" He sat down hurriedly, to grasp the achievement of his dream. "Then I've done it. I've tried everything. I am the Ultimate Gourmet."

The being sprung two tentacles out at right-angles, and set them waving wildly. "Aha, aha. The Ultimate Gourmet. The Ultimate Gourmet. Yes, yes; that may be an idea, yes, yes..."

"What are you talking about?" surprised, he asked.

"The Ultimate Gourmet, oh yes, lives on Spangdalon Six. Perhaps we could, ah," excitedly, "swap recipes?"

"Oh.....then I'm not The Ultimate Gourmet?" He reached a decision and rapidly stood up, ducking his head to avoid the air vent. "Yes, chef, we shall indeed go to, ah, Springalong Six."

"Spangdalon Six," said the being respectfully, as it followed its master up to the Navigation Computer, "and in the meantime, perhaps sur, some kangaroo sandwiches?"

* * * * *

Spangdalon Six was an ordinary world, as uninhabited worlds go. Not totally uninhabited, he thought, as he watched a small animal hop behind a bush, but no intelligent life. The Ultimate Gourmet must be a hermit. In which case, he thought excitedly, he wouldn't know about the Kandemirian Inverted Dessert---it's too new. That is one item for trade. Perhaps he is an Old Terran, with some forgotten recipe---the fabulous Yorkshire Hot Pot, perhaps.....

He mounted a small hill to look around at the local, boringly flat, terrain. Or perhaps The Ultimate Gourmet is from outside the Galaxy, he pondered---oh, what riches might he trade!

The ground ^{opened} beneath his feet; he teetered on the edge then fell, wailing, and the ground closed again. As the starship lifted away, heading back to the chef's home in the Seven Suns, The Ultimate Gourmet paid our friend the final, ultimate compliment.....

Burrrppp!

Do-----

Liberated

(Alan Burns - Feminist, continued from page:)

washing like any other woman, Kinnison's wife has to go off and be a lenswoman. It was the biggest load of trash I've ver read."

"SF's come a long way since then," I answered soothingly. "There is in general a more sympathetic treatment of women."

"Nice of you," she said, "thanks for nothing. The only reason that got off the ground was that we women got tired of being pushed around, and said so. Everything we have had, had to be fought for, whereas men get it planted in their laps at the first whimper.: What I should like to see is a Feminist Character for SF."

"Enforced no doubt by a series of demonstrations at Cons," I suggested.

"No, but every SF editor should agree to reject any story where women are dealt with as objects of derision, fun or subservient to men. Colonies on distant planets should be matriarchal in nature."

"That's interference with the sacred right of authors to write what they like as long as it doesn't offend the public --" "And some few of those public happend to be us, and we get offended but aren't heard?" Argued Fairground, now in full flight. "Look, what I ask for is entirely reasonable". "Well I suppose it will be done on the day when men get a fair chance in womens magazines. After all, you know the best chefs in the world are men, but how many of your cookery articles are written so men can get anything out of them as well as women?" "We are on the subject of SF, and not cookery," she whined "And you are twisting my words. After all, we only want a fair crack of the whip." "You want to read Web Terror Tales for that," I said, "But persally, I think women don't do too badly in SF. However, if you want change I suggest you go ahead and make noise until it's achieved. However, I have yet to notice you buying any SF mags. So if you don't buy, how can you make yourself heard as a reader?" "Oh, by the Swiss method?" She said. "The Swiss method?" "Yes. In Switzerland when they were going around asking women if they wanted the franchise, one Swiss lady pointed to the marriage bed and explained that she could get all the Franchise she wanted in that. Now, if you make tea I'll wash dishes"

Books

BEST SF STORIES FROM NEW WORLDS 7
Edited by Michael Moorcock

Panther
25p

THE AIRS OF EARTH
By Brian Aldiss

NEL
35p

Reviewed by Peter Linnett

This is apparently the latest Panther NEW WORLDS anthology; the magazine is now, of course, being published as a quarterly paperback by Sphere. I have read four of the series, and would say there has been a fairly even percentage of good and bad stories throughout - which is all that one can expect of an anthology. And so with No 7. Some of these stories are excellent, others just more or less fill up a few pages. Editor Moorcock maintains his usual balance between the traditional and the experimental. I suspect, though, that he began to run a little short of suitable material for the anthologies - of these stories here, All the King's men by E.J. Bayley has already been anthologised by Moorcock in an NW collection published before this series was begun; in No 6 of this series Moorcock stated in his introduction that he had not included Samuel Delaney's Time considered as a helix of semi-precious stones, among other stories, because it had been anthologised elsewhere. The story appears here, together with Charles Platt's Lone Zone which the author incorporates into his novel The City Dwellers. This pinpoints one of the difficulties of editing a series of anthologies such as this - especially its number reaches seven.

Perhaps the best story in the book is Josephine Saxton's The Wall, which defies categorization. Evocative, beautifully written, it has a power quite unique among the stories I have read recently. Outlined its plot would only diminish its impact; and the book is almost worth having for it alone. This is one writer whose work I would like to see more of.

Leo Zorin, 'a young London writer', has The Apocalypse Machine, a neat story from which the reader can draw his own conclusions. Charles Platt's Lone Zone decidedly belongs in a novel rather than by itself. It is written on a rather superficial level; it could reach deeper than it does - dying city stories like this need to. As it is, the story consists merely of description of events; in such situations as Platt describes, the conscious and the unconscious minds go through some strange metamorphosis. Platt ignores them and this is where the story falls.

There are two Jerry Cornelius stories (inevitably) by Moorcock and M. John Harrison; both sustain the ambiguity characteristic in Jerry and the stories he appears in. Both are well-written, and Jerry is an interesting (if widely

inconsistent) character. At the beginning of Harrison's story he is dead, and is then reconstructed; at the end of Moorcock's, he is killed. No wonder some readers are confused. It's hard to know what to make out of the Cornelius stories; they are not meant to be taken seriously, and are no doubt more of an exercise in reader-bewilderment than anything else.

J.G. Ballard's The Beach Murderers is one of his 'condensed novels', for which I have a liking that is not easily expressed in words---perhaps because of their enigmatic, ambiguous qualities. This story retains the flavour. George Collyn's Mix-up is entertaining and amusing, if forgettable. B.J. Bayley's All the King's men is serious but just as forgettable.

Most of the eight stories in The Airs of Earth are well-done, and show evidence of Brian Aldiss' craftsmanship. Some, however, are rather boring and (I use the word again) forgettable, because Aldiss' brand of craftsmanship does not always appeal to me. Some of the stories are memorable and manage to make telling comments on various aspects of human life.

Also telling are sections of Aldiss' introduction to the book. On the 'extra something' that marks every good sf story, he comments that whereas a traditional writer draws on common knowledge,

"A writer of sf writes a novel. He begins by creating a new solar system and a future time to set it in. In that system he sets one planet in particular, gives it an appropriate biosphere and an ecology within that biosphere. He gives his creatures life and purpose, gives them a social system, domestic life, architecture, and a local substitute for Coca Cola. He brings in some visiting Earthmen. Then sets to work on Chapter One."

We know what he means. SF must have an extra dimension, something which leaves everyday reality behind and enters the realm of the imagination. The stories here have this extra dimension, and if it doesn't always make for an appealing story, it's preferable to reading about the growing pains of an English middle-class adolescent, and the other stuff the mainstream offers. And some of the stories find Aldiss almost dead on target.

Basis for Negotiation (set in 1971) gives us a world in which Russia and China are at war with the US. Britain chooses to remain neutral, to the anger of the narrator, Sir Simon (damned if I can find his surname), who is prominent in public affairs; he sees Britain's only hope in throwing in its lot with the Americans. Martial laws and curfews are introduced in some parts of the country, as the situation grows worse. The story is convincing, though not entertaining (how could it be with such a theme); and its picture of the strange, dry world of politics didn't incline me towards a career as a politician.

The International Smile is indeed, as Aldiss said "an ironic echo" to Basis: this time the author is out to satirise the political scene, and this he does hilariously.

The Game of God, despite its cliché of planetary-survey-team-visiting-planet-with-view-to-colonisation, is extremely effective from a number of angles; it shows just how good Aldiss can be.

These three stories are the best in the book. Of the rest, O Moon of my Delight introduces an interesting concept which can only be demonstrated, as Aldiss says, under "special extraterrestrial circumstances"; otherwise, I don't like it. How to be a Soldier is another variation of the soldier-of-the-future theme; Shards doesn't quite work as a story, but the idea behind it is interesting.

Most of the stories are not too bad from the point of view of construction: those that fail, do so on other points. But when he succeeds on all levels, Aldiss can produce a very memorable story.

The Water of the Wondrous Isles: William Morris: Pan/Ballantine 40p

It is a great pity that this book doesn't have the crisply narrative style of Morris' *News from Nowhere*, as his mock mediaeval English thoroughly ruins what might otherwise be a very acceptable piece of fantasy. Briefly the story concerns the adventures of a girl (sorry I mean damsel) with the improbable name of Birdalone, who gets kidnapped by a witch at the age of three and is reared up to teen age, and like Snow-white makes friends with all the animals in the nearby wood and has an almost lesbian relation with a wood spiritess. Anyway after a while Birdalone steals the witch's magic boat, which runs on a diet of human blood, and sails to one wondrous isle after another. Here she meets and tangles with a sorceress, three pretty girls also kidnapped and finally comes to a strange part of the mainland, where she further entangles with knights, and eventually sorts everything out, gets back to her mother and gets herself bedded (as the book says) with one of the three kidnapped girls' boyfriends. Verdict: were it not for the language, recommended.

New Writings in SF-20 Edited by E.J.Carnell: Corgi 25p

It's a great pity that the maestro is no longer with us to use his discriminating taste to compile selections like this. He says at the beginning that this collection is really a study in the macabre in SF and he is as good as his word, the book is frankly terrifying. The first story is a study in computerised psycho-therapy, where a Nobel prizewinner is eventually classified as a dangerous criminal. There follows a shuddery story of a future war by Colin Kapp, a superb study of a split ego by Robert Holdstock, a study of future criminal rehabilitation by H. Hargeaves, a story concerning pre-cognition by Dan Morgan and finally an alien v. Earthmen opus by Michael Coney. All good reading. Verdict: very highly recommended.

Nebula Award Stories 2, ed. by Brian Aldiss and Harry Harrison Panther 30p

I didn't find this anthology particularly satisfying, probably because I dislike new wave writing. Yet there are some good story lines. The first tale by Richard McKenna is a well-done piece about the search for a lost mine. Bob Shaw is next with a tale of his slow-glass. Robin Scott writes well of a flier dogged by good luck. R.A.Lafferty writes totally incomprehensibly about children manipulating our world's fate. There follows Jack Vance's always readable *Last Castle*. Next Fred Pohl does a *Barbarella* style contact love-making story. Another impossible-to-understand story by Sonya Dorman, made up for by Gordon Dickson's good work on the testing of a possible future Galactic Emperor. George Henry Smith keeps up the good work with his story of a machine which enables you to appreciate a good life. Philip K. Dick and Brian Aldiss end the book with more way out stories that I could make nothing of. Verdict So-so.

Reviewed by Roger Johnson

On its cover this book has the words "Ballantine Science Fiction". There's also a rather good cover painting, presumably representing a man undergoing Suspended Animation, though it looks rather like an adult foetus. A series of beautifully detailed little dials and similar objects make it plain that this Science Fiction. You might be excused, therefore, for assuming that this book is in fact sf. After reading it, I'm not so sure. It certainly starts like sf---or what I take to be sf---with a rather witty picture of London in the Twenty-Fourth Century. It is a logical leisure world, where sex is a legitimate recreation, but love is a forbidden word---it can lead to children being born ex-quota. Rebels and romantics, if discovered, are quietly rehabilitated---which I take to mean 'brainwashed'. The hero in our story, Bard, is just such a rebel and romantic. (Oh, you guessed it?) Anyway, young Bard has a Plan. He will, against all normal logic, undergo Suspended Animation for three years, until he is twenty-one and of age (Cowper missed something there) and until his mistress returns from a lengthy trip to Mars.

And that's where the trouble starts, for Bard and for the reader.

For the greater part of the book (Part Two: pages 45-186) is really a different story. We are suddenly plunged into a world disturbingly like -but not quite- Roman Britain of (say) the 3rd century AD. The Dark Ages in fact. It soon becomes fairly clear that this is actually Britain of some several hundred years after Bard's entry into Suspended Animation, since when the world had gone a nuclear holocaust - The Punishment.

The religion of the time, which not unnaturally allows no place for advanced science or technology, is close to medieval Christianity, but this is the cult of the Great Mother, being the lady who some centuries before propounded the doctrine of The Punishment. The Golden Age is looked on as the age of great wickedness - hence the Punishment. (You've heard it before?!) Our scene is set at a semi-civilised outpost in Barbarian Cumbria, conveniently near the Caves of Sleep, where we last saw Bard enter Suspended Animation. You can guess what happens: Something Went Wrong with Bard's S.A. and he wakes up in this New Dark Age, where he is immediately mistaken for a sorcerer!

Fortunately for the story, there are two local big-wigs, one of them a religious bigot who would have killed our Hero if he knew the Truth, the other a liberal-minded, jolly sort of fellow who would have Bard preserved if only for the light he can shed on the Golden Age. There is also a third factor - or fourth if you include Bard himself - and that is an underground group of heretics, worshippers of the Great Mother, but in a more enlightened way. These are the Dreamers - clairvoyants, espers - you get the idea? And just by chance (or is it by chance?) a handsome young lady Dreamer happens to be around, incognito of course, when Bard wakes up.

The 24th century setting is largely irrelevant to the book, and Bard himself might just as well have come from the 20th century. The only reason for the 24th, that I can see, is to provide the Suspended Animation bit. Cowper might have done better to take a leaf from Sprague de Camp's Lest Darkness Fall, where the 24th century man is hurled into the 4th with no fuss or bother at all. Come to think of it, there are a lot of similarities between the two... I wonder....?

On consideration, I suppose that Part Two of Phoenix is SF. It is a variant of the What Would Happen If... theme. But it reads like heroic fantasy without the sorcery. It's an annoying book; I don't think there's an original motif or idea or character in it, but it's quite well written, and it's nothing if not readable. I read it at one sitting. In sum, I'd say: read it---you may well enjoy it, but don't bother to buy it; 30p could be much better spent.

on with an expression that reminds me of the mourners waiting for death, so they can start the wake. Vague mutterings of 'Won't it be tragic' and 'We cannot let it happen' to 'My collection of Amazing/Galaxy/Whatever will increase further in value.' There seems to be a general consensus around fandom, that it would be a sad and a despicable thing if the professional mags died. Yet when you examine or question fannish attitudes, their basic reason for wishing the survival of the magazines seems largely sentimental and nostalgic, rather than any great fear that their favorite writing will disappear for ever.

Answer me this question. Why should the prozines survive? From the readers standpoint, not the writers, and for logical reasons not emotional. Ted White would have us crying crocodile tears for the passing of the Cohen magazines. Yet a professional magazine, is precisely that: PROFESSIONAL! It exists as any other commodity in the market, to sell itself. Oh you can preach the fine truths of literary grandeur etc., etc., but one has to come back to the same fact. A publisher publishes a magazine as a product, to sell, just as a bar of soap or a pair of tights. If that product does not sell in sufficient quantities, or its economics are haywire, then it ceases to be made.

So, that is an oversimplification, but it is still a basic. If a product does not sell, then it does not justify itself, and kaput! Now the great excuse from sf editors for a very long time has been 'poor distribution' oh that classic phrase of hard pushed editors 'poor distribution' causing 'poor sales' made the publishers close the magazine. A standard excuse that has grown a wee bit tiring to hear repeated over and over again. Perhaps it is beyond an editor's ego to admit that it was up to him to make the product saleable, that it was his ability or otherwise, that contributed to the demise of the magazine? Butvthen, that would be admitting a fault in oneself! What a thing to do....

Take the much publicised demise of Vision of Tomorrow. Now every version of that sad tale of woe I've heard, is that they were putty in the distributors hands. Both New English Library and Transworld mucked them about no end, and Vision of Tomorrow was just going to get a juicy American contract just before it folded..... Does the plot line sound familiar folks? Just a little bit? Would it not be perhaps more of the truth to wonder if the terrible pre-war pulp level of the stories, and the general level of writing had no app al to the modern age???? I Don't know, one can only surmise.

My own experience. I am a Newsagent, and sell magazines as part of my living. As a matter of interest, on the first three issues of Vision of Tomorrow, I rodered a dozen copies and gave them full counter display--- and this mind you in a city centre shop with a good sale for magazines. I sold TWO copies of issue one, and I don't think we sold any of issue two and three. Was my experience unique? Was Malcolm Edwards a Loc to 4M((dead too, funnily enough...the zine not Malcolm, he's alive and getting married shortly...)), unique in noticing piles of unsold Visions of Tomorrow in W.H. Smith's? Would the magazine really have survived, even if it had got blanket distribution???

Michael Moorcock in the introduction to New Worlds-I (published as a paperback by Sphere):

'In 1967.....New Worlds.....continued to run as a monthly.... until 1970 when the bans by distributors..distributors...distributors.... reduced its circulation to an unviable figure....'

This is where we come in again. Would New Worlds---even if it had got nationwide distribution---been able to sell as the avant-garde

fiction magazine??? I don't pretend to know, but only wonder, with a lot of scepticism. As a sidelight, New Worlds has taken the most promising step for survival, in metamorphosing as a quarterly original paperback. Although is it not perhaps significant it is a much 'strater' book/magazine, with much fewer new-wave stories? Perhaps Michael Moorcock has had a shrewd look at the original paperback anthology stakes. The pedestrian NEW WRITINGS, must far outsell the quixotic ORBIT.....

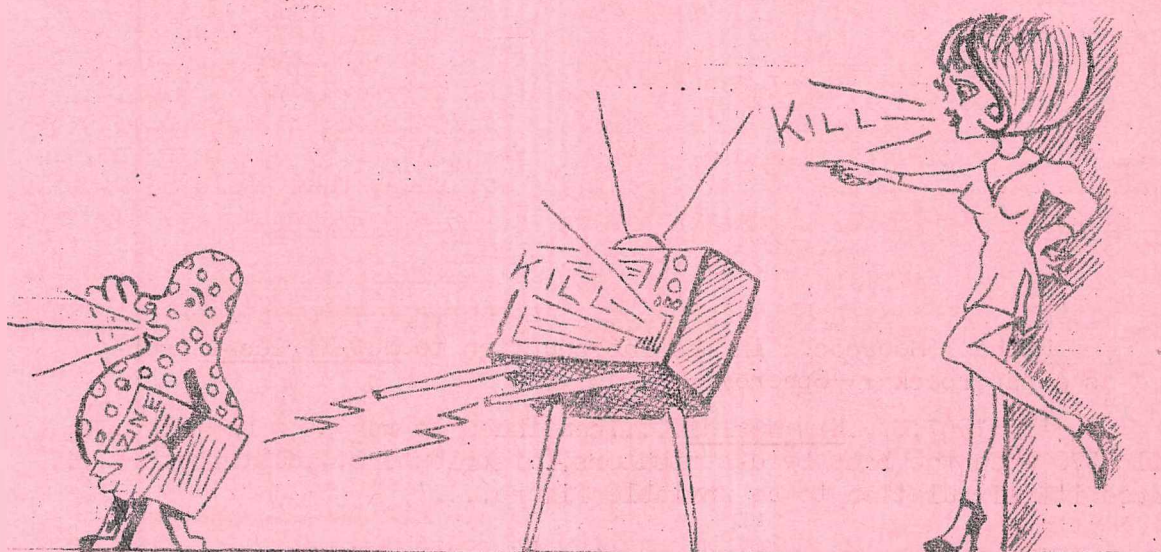
In the U.S.A. is it not perhaps not significant that the only pro-zine not in trouble is Analog? Granted, Conde Naste has had a good distribution set up, but it is the magazine that sells, not the distribution. And Analog is as near to a factual magazine that a fiction magazine can get.

So the sf editors may memoan their fate. And I will weep sentimental tears with the rest. But if the sf magazines do die, then let the truth be a bit more realistic. Distribution yes, but if they do not appeal to their readers, then they do not sell. When was the last time you read a magazine with a whole clutch of good stories, as good as you can get in the original anthologies?

And Amazing itself. Ted White makes a great play of fandom, a thing which I like in it; yet fandom fandom is not going to buy all his magazines. A hundred letters reaction is a fine fillip for the editor, does his ego no end of good. But those letters are not going to pay for his bread and butter. Why is it that I can never remember a single short story from either Amazing or Fantastic?

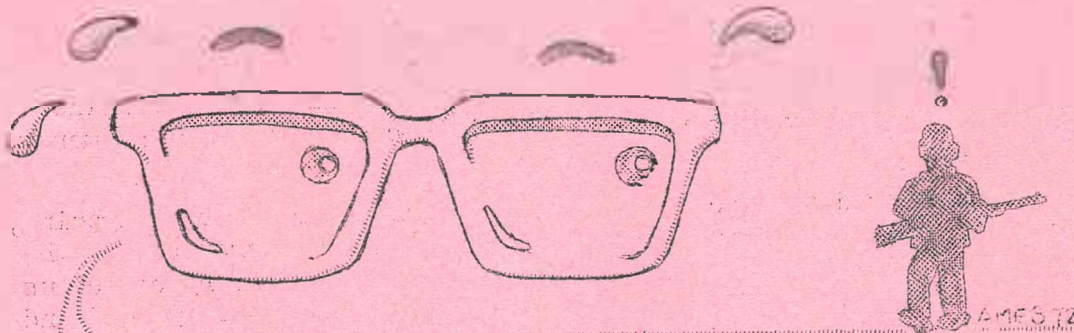
If the magazines survive I will be the first to cheer. If they die, how about a little more honesty as to why they did?????

philip muldowney



Pro captu lectoris habent sua fata libelli. (Tarentianus M. rus.fl.c AD,200)

Happiness is a copy of ZLRI. (A.L. Constephenson - 1972)



HOW I CONQUERED MY PATHOLOGICAL PARANOIA AND BECAME A TYPICAL,
MALADJUSTED SCHIZOID, NEUROTIC, THIGH-FIXATED SCIENCE FICTION FAN.

by rob holdstock

(A personal view of the science fiction convention at Chester)

One thing that lets me know how old I am getting is the way time telescopes to a fraction of its former self. It always seems to be Convention Time. Almost before the pleasant memories of the bar closing early at Worcester, and the pointless boat trip from one muddy slum-surrounded end of the river to the other sand-banked and ruin-infested end, almost before these recollections of EasterCon 71 had been filed away, Chester was upon me.

I found thirty quid by a great deal of cunning, saving and a loan of twenty-eight. I found a travelling companion in Leroy Kettle (it was difficult getting him out) and put a reel of colour film into my camera. I found a train in Euston station that happened to be going my way and I stole a ride in the cattle wagon. I have been watching too many Westerns too.

I booked in at the 'Riverside' Hotel and spent a secretive five minutes casing the joint from top to bottom, searching for the easy ways in and out, because I anticipated having an illegal guest, (gasp-of-horror). As it happened a two-storey high garage lead almost to the outside of the bathroom. Before the Convention was over I would be stretched out across the void, in the rainy, cloud infested midnight hours, thinking through the haze of liquor that not even an ape would have been mad enough to try and get into the hotel THIS way. I'm not sure, even now, that I made it, I just have no recollection of the fall and subsequent bruising.

I assaulted 'The Blossoms' at approximately midday of Friday. I didn't expect a hail of 'It's ROB HOLDSTOCK!'s or even the bar lady enthusing over my magazine and offering to sell it across the bar, and people coming up to me and saying 'I've been waiting to meet you'... I expected none of this, so when it actually happened I was confident it was my imagination keeping me happy. Does anybody know?

Into the downstairs bar with Roy Kettle. There, sitting already well soaked, around a slopped-on table was a motley crew of unpleasant-looking toughies who welcomed us with cries of joy and shouts of 'Buy us a pint of cider, you parasite'. I declined the invitations and spread copious numbers of MACROCOSM among the various Greg Pickerskills, Peter Darlings and Peter Roberts who sitting there.

When I went to the bar (as soon as I realised no-one was going to buy me a drink) I sold a copy of the magazine to the bar lady and she said she'd sell six copies for me. She sold them, too and I got the money.

About now I proved to myself that I could sweat with fear. Sitting by the door was a clean cut, nicely brought up family of moral, holy people. The father enquired about the Convention and was sportingly filled in. The eldest brat, a

boy of about twelve, had seen me handing out MACROCOSM (if I keep mentioning my magazine I trust you will forgive me, but it was an integral part of my enjoyment at Chester and it's worth reading anyway) and whined to his mother until he got the money to buy a copy, which he did because I needed the money from selling him a copy.

Too late I remembered the excessively pornographic story in the magazine, written by yours truly and now about to give yours truly the worst cold bath of his life. Trying to talk coherently to Peter Darling I was very conscious of that brat reading just about where the story was in the pages. My head and scalp were running with moisture for the father was a BIG beggar. There was a reservoir of perspiration around my waist band. I had visions of the father seeking me out to kill me lingeringly. When the brat passed the magazine across to his old man and I could SEE the illustration for the dirty story I fled that bar, taking my bag with me.

I hid in the gents for about ten minutes, shaking uncontrollably and praying that the family would get bad news from home and have to depart rapidly for the Orkneys. I'm a terrible coward.

When I thought things were safe I crept upstairs to seek out the one and only editrix of this valiant magazine, ZIMRI, which is a worthy attempt to be as grand as MACR... there I go again, stop me when you see it coming on, it's the only way.

Naturally I found lisa dining like an aristocrat milady in the Dining Room of this extortionately expensive hotel. Naturally she was with ANDREW STEPHENSON who had sought her out beforehand knowing that she too would be dining in this inordinately pricey restaurant. I stood by the table conscious of luscious blonde lisa sitting opposite a luscious brunette beauty who I realised with a jolt was Jill Adams. I'd have fled the Dining Room before I even got there if I'd spotted her immediately because, not surprisingly, I'd omitted to renew with the BSFA. As it was I had to stand there like a man about to die while she told me off in no uncertain terms, through a mouthful of delicious roast beef (but so prohibitively expensive!).

Of course, my eyes were riveted to the green eyes and sensuously chewing lips of miss conesa. I thought to myself, why the hell is she staring at me like that? could it be...? I hesitated over the word, lips trembling, knees going to jelly. Then I realised what it was. She hadn't a clue who I was. So I whipped out my MACROCOSM and I thrust it at her. 'For you,' I said with a flourish. Light dawned. Her full lips parted, her eyes widened, and a wisp of blonde hair fell tantalisingly across her nose. 'It's YOU,' she said. I nearly died. That voice. 'It's me,' I babbled, wishing someone would come along and massage my heart for a moment. Of course, it was the beard. Between Worcester and Chester I'd sprouted a thick and luxurious facial growth, untrimmed (because I didn't know how) and untrained (for that extra rugged manly look) it had put her off the scent.

With a last wistful glance at the plates of mash and peas and meat all for the grotesquely inordinately excruciatingly prohibitive 'Blossoms' prices I fled into the open air, wiped the moisture from my face and found a chinky for a nice cheap filling plate of sweet-and-sour nothing with soy sauce. As somebody once said, when you eat at an EasterCon you're eating handfuls of money.

My mind kept reworking: 'It's you' I said them to myself. In thousands of different combinations of tone and form (You it's. It's you. It's you.) but alas I could not find the hidden meaning behind them.

There was a strange shape seated across the room. As I chewed nonchalantly on a particularly tasty bit of fried gristle I noticed this person watching me intently. I could see he was from the Con. I waved a piece of rice in the air to express my cameraderie. Dived back into my enthralling piece of Vonnegut (Welcome to the Monkey House). Appropriate that it should be the first

book I bought at the Convention). Suddenly a gross shadow fell across my rapidly cooling cardboard rice. I tried to flick it away but no good. Looking up with trepidation I saw:

The Stranger!

'You're Rob Holdstock,' he said, and was my friend for life. I didn't ask him how he knew, sufficing myself with the explanation that everybody knew me. I felt good. 'Siddown' I jawed with considerable confidence, indicating the chair opposite me. He sat down. 'I'm Jim Goddard.'

Quel surpris! I nearly choked. CYPHER, Jim's magazine, is probably the best amateur zine on the British scene (((Rubbish!!!!)))---it and SPECULATION fight hand and nail for top billing and between them they do away with the necessity for any other serious-content fanzine in Britain. So here I was in the presence of a master-amateur-edition. I picked up some good tips and became ravingly jealous, but I've never enjoyed a Chinese meal so much in all my life. I was totally unaware of what I was eating.

The next morning I said yes to the Contessa. Immediately afterwards I wondered what the question was that she'd asked me, and it was some hours later that I found I'd entered her chess tournament.

With hand, tooth and rolled-up copy of MACROCOSM I fought against tremendous odds (the Contessa) when it was announced that my first match (against the ferocious Ken Mardle, a Tottenham man with a penchant for drosophila and plasterine models of Mars) was to run concurrently with the Guest-of-Honour speech.

Imagining that Larry Niven would enlighten and uplift me, I glued myself to a chair in the Con room and nothing could shift me. Nothing, that is, except the Guest-of-Honour speech...

It wasn't... that is, it seemed to lack... what can I say?... it... er... there was something missing... not so much missing as... I didn't... I couldn't... it failed to ... Jesus!

Somebody rushed out clutching his nose and screaming, 'Oh the blood, the blood' and made straight for the bar with a look of relief on his face. I watched the 'Amazing Theoretical Mathematics Show' for a few more minutes and followed this eminent figure out.

I located Ken Mardle and drew him aside, bent his head upwards and whispered evilly into his ear. Murrur, mutter, connive, cress. After five minutes the plan had been evolved: after an authentic-looking opening to the match, I would go ahead and deliberately lose. That way we'd both get to see the film programme and he'd make it into the second round with no trouble.

It didn't turn out that way. By a fluke and a lost Queen I won. Immediately I was precipitated into a ferocious match with pipe-smoking, arrogant Phil Cooper. He won of course, but I showed him what a Holdstock is made of. I ran my King twice round the board before he pinned it down. Then I resigned so he wouldn't have the pleasure of putting the boot in.

Sometime later we were given an introduction to the Groucho Marx of the sf world. Harry Harrison. With his incredible vivacity, StonehengeTeeshirt and obvious hatred of taking anything seriously, he thrust and parried with wit and witticism for nearly an hour, taking the mickey out of everyone and everything, from John Campbell to Harry Harrison, from the local police to the audience. It was great fun. His new novel, Stonehenge, he described a failed romantic saga with a killing on every page and raping in every chapter: "Stonehenge is three things: science fiction, historical fiction and new fiction especially devised for this book---Swords And Butchery".

During the evening of Saturday what apparently was the only well attended PUBLIC room party got under way. It was a Macrocosm-Zimri joint celebrative party, but somehow MACROCOSM didn't contribute anything,

something I shall never understand---how did I get away with THAT? The room was crammed. A mixture of South African Sherry, gin and beer reduced me to a mindless profaner (okay, okay ELEVATED me to a mindless profaner) and I have vague recollections of allowing my mouth to talk to Brian Aldiss while my mind tried to sleep the drunkenness off. Every so often a black phallus waved under my nose---I recognised a microphone and roared abuse and obscenity into it, which I thought was great fun at the time.

In the murk, shadow, obscurity of the room, away from the radiance emanating from the booze corner (where most of us were crammed) were vague shapes---Brosnan, the black bearded Australian myth. If a typical Aussie is six foot three, gigantic, cool, scar-faced, then John is a real individualist. His new book A Thousand Ways To Improve Your Performance With A Didgeridoo is to be published later this year. His sole contribution to the raucosity of the party was the constantly-repeated word: Embarrassing. Directed at me, he only said it when I was talking, which is why I mentioned it.

Hiding under the bed, plotting serious questions, was Mervyn Barratt. I recollect clearly how, every time there was a conversational lull, he would pop up like Jack-in-Box and direct a machine-gun burst of questions at celebrities.

The AGM of the BSFA was interesting. Attended by about twenty people it was difficult to know where to look for the most fun. Should we tune into the low mutter of the science fiction writers at the back? Or should we watch Jill Adams and Doreen Parker pass letters between themselves with noisy rustles and feline snarls, slinging them back with an audible 'Nothing to do with me dear'. And Keith Freeman caught in the electrically tense airway between these two murmuring volcanoes, ~~his~~ standing rigidly on end. Or, even more fun, should we watch the squirming, excited shape in the front row, one Kenneth Eadie, and try and guess what he would volunteer for next or whether he would propose or merely second the next motion?

In the bar, where they had been sitting, motionless, since Friday night, were Greg Pickersgill and assorted baddies from County Durham. Greg, due to an unfortunately timed attempt to fall in love with somebody's wife, was very difficult to spot, being only three inches tall by now. Ians Maule and Williams were kind to me, something that I hadn't expected. And there was Thom Penman, looking his usual plucked-battery-chicken, happy, carefree, scrounging magazines and drinks self. He was kind to me too.

The Grandfather clock sitting in the corner of the bar was Fred Hemmings in his fancy dress, or maybe his pyjamas---who knows. He was hiding in the works with two or three local women; the activities of the minute hand had to be seen to be believed!

Fred won an award for the Fancy Dress Costume Concealing most of the Contestant's Features (all of the contestant's features). Ted Tubb made a boob when he managed to break the bra of one of the warrior-women contestants. It was very pleasant. She went on to triumph---cor!

Always astutely aware of ways to make a fast shilling the booksellers had imported into Chester (which had banned it) a few copies of Men Only, that most glossy, most revealing, and most boring of the titillators, full of perverted idiocy, contrived articles, invented letters and hackneyed discussions---and it rejected a story of mine! Four or five copies lay amongst the various Galaxies and Analogs, its nudy cover drawing the eye away from spaceships and surrealism towards curvacious pinkness and the promise of 'treats aplenty' within. As fast as these five copies were sold other copies mysteriously appeared, and though the item was 'rare' it must have made many a pound for the vendeur.

I, of course, passed rapidly by, finding this sort of publication

"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be;
and that which is done is that which shall be done: and
there is no new thing under the sun."

- Ecclesiastes.

The only sunlight to penetrate the forest ceiling came in narrow quivering shafts through the dark air, dappling the floor with ever-moving dark patches. The boy, Zeke, found the darkness oppressive at first, after the bright sunlight of the path from the village, but remembering his purpose in coming to this dismal place, walked steadily on.

His first destination was the small apple orchard planted by the villages at the fringe of the forest. At this time of the year, mid-autumn, it was bare of fruit, but Zeke relished the large firm apples he had picked earlier. So he went to the nearest tree and reached up to a sagging branch, bent by the weight of its own fruit, and picked the largest he could reach... Turning from the empty and barren tree he continued his journey deeper into the forest, munching contentedly into his apple as he went.

Life was unjust to Zeke. As the village rain-maker, he was easily the most important person in the village. But that presented problems.

A SEASON TO EVERY PURPOSE

by

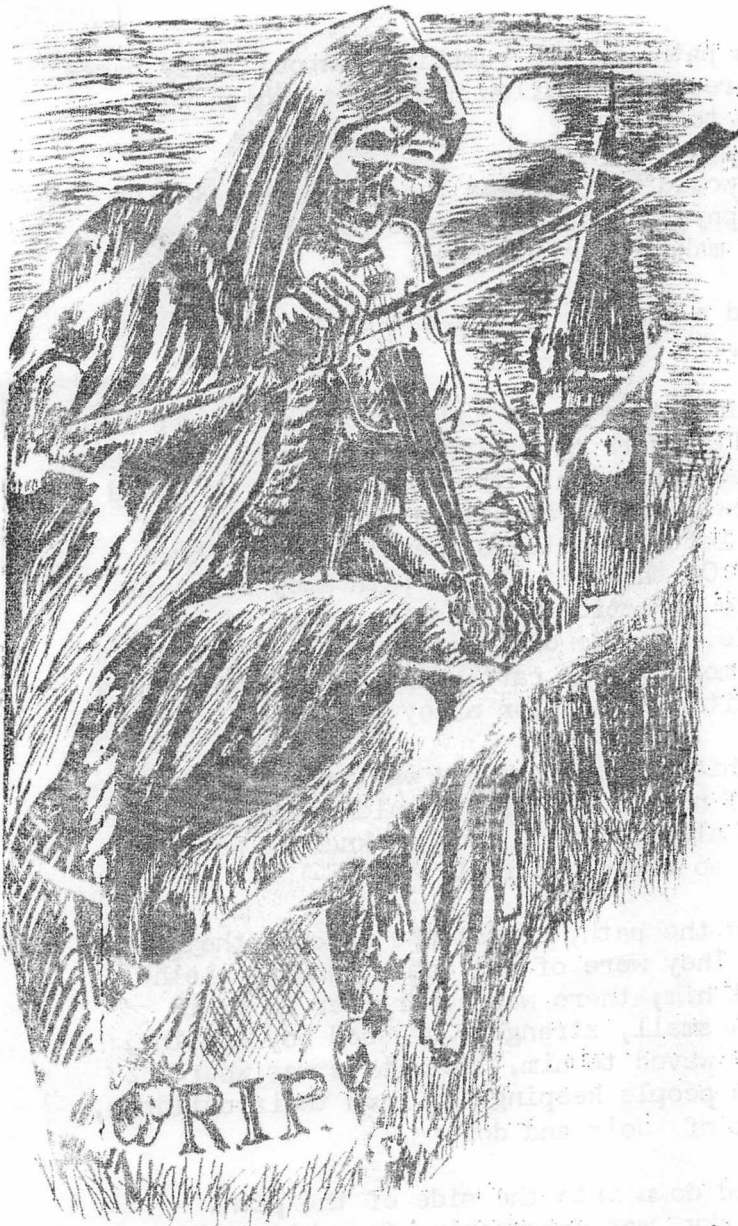
JOHN A. SPINKS

It was worse on afternoons like this; all the other boys were out hunting with the men, but this was far too dangerous for him, he was told. His safety had to be protected at all costs. Hunting, there were always rocks to fall from, stray arrows to stop, and all the hundred-and-one other reasons for not taking him.

They don't know a thing about some of the dangers I've faced in this forest, Zeke argued to himself, they are scared of me if anything.

And he was right. The people had always been afraid of the powers of the rain-makers.

Legend had it that the first rain-maker had come to the village many generations before from the land of the black glass, and had been the very first of his kind. But Zeke did not think this was true. He could remember his father once speaking of the old holy book he had read, and which he had thought had been written by a prophet just like they were. It had



said of ordinary people (like the common people of the village):

"There is no remembrance of former things to come with those that shall come after."

This his father had told him, had been written long ago, long before the old civilisation even. But Zeke was different, as was his father, and presumably this prophet had been.

What this "remembrance" was, Zeke did not really know. Why other people did not have it, he could not really understand. It was quite easy to use: if there was a drought, and rain was needed, he would "remember" when there had been rain in the past, or when there would be rain in the future, and the "then" would become "now". Or when the crops failed, or were slow growing, he would think of the time when there had been good crops, and the crops would appear.

Perhaps it was something to do with the black glass lands. It was a strange place, he knew. He had heard of the strange plants growing in a soil of tiny black glass beads, and of the even stranger animals that fed on the plants and on one another. At night there was an eerie greenish glow on the

horizon, which, it was said, came from the black glass lands. Whatever the source of the gift, Zeke had it by inheritance rather than by choice.

"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted"

Arriving at a clearing, Zeke sat on the roots of an ancient sprawling oak, and rested his back on the gnarled trunk. This was where it was to happen. From here he was to make his escape from a world where he was held captive by his gift, to a world where he would be accepted and free. Here there was nothing for him.

"..... a time to get and a time to lose; a time to keep and a time to cast away"

His eyes were closed, and his body rigid, although swaying very slightly. He allowed his released mind to float backwards through time, until he could see through his closed eyelids the forest dwindling and dispersing. After a time that seemed an eternity, he heard from the distance a continuous rumbling that vibrated the ground where he sat ever so slightly, and he knew he was where he wanted to be.

Standing, Zeke hurried towards the path and the rumbling. About fifty paces from it he paused, just to make sure, and to allow his heart, which was beating a rapid tattoo inside him, to slow.

Yes, everything was as he knew it would be. It was the place he had felt compelled to. Here he would be happy, and dance for the people as he had danced at home for the villages to make the rain come.

" a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance "

The path was about eight times wider than when he had last seen it. It was much smoother, and made of unfamilliar dark grey stone. On the half of the path nearest him, low metal enclosed carts (yes, they were carts: he could see people gazing through the windows, mainly ahead, but a few in his direction) travelled from right to left. Sometimes they travelled three abreast, and always at great speed. On the half of the path away from him the carts travelled in the opposite direction towards the range of low hills that he had known all his life. In the distance he could see a great bridge of white stone across which more of the carts hurried. Always there was a great haste and noise: an exciting place for a boy to be.

Here was the place that had filled his dreams from his earliest memories, and he felt tempted to pinch himself now to see if it would return him to his mattress in the hut where he had always lived. But he knew it was no dream, for never before had it been so vivid and real.

Climbing onto the fence that skirted the path, he sat and watched the people as they passed in a blur of speed. They were of all ages, wearing cloth of all colours. When they looked at him, there was never fear in their eyes, only an amusement at seeing a small, strangely dressed boy sitting, solemnly watching the traffic. A few waved to him. Yes, this was where he belonged; he could not imagine these people keeping him from their children, scorning him, giving him a long list of do's and don'ts.

Making up his mind at last, he jumped down into the side of the path. A grey blue cart, the colour of the sky, was approaching from his right. He stepped into the path and waved it to stop. Always his dream would finish here, and now his heart beat even faster, praying that it would continue now.

And it did.

The cart squealed like a cat having its tail trodden on, and bellowed like an angry bull, only much louder. Zeke was transfixed to the spot, and the cart kept coming closer.

" a time to be born, and a time to die "

The cart slowed almost imperceptably, but kept coming closer. And closer...

END

The continuing story of FanzineRevue....Episode 2:

...forum for other people's unmoderated opinions. He needn't worry about being shot at; although M-3 will probably be forgotten within a year or two it is definitely not a waste of time. Recommended.

IDIOCY COUCHANT-1: Arthur G Cruttenden. "Usual conditions" or 10p.

By the looks of it, the start of Carafandom. Anyone who knows 'Crut' will have encountered his odd but lively sense of humour and IC-1 has it in full measure. Short, mixed quality in its layout and construction, but eminently readable despite the hand-scribed graffiti. More in it than you might expect of eight sides (or pages---same thing).

"Additorial", explaining history of the zine---all six years of it. Is Arthur thinking seriously of entering for the Rusty Nugget Award? See next issue of IC. "The Tale of a Fandem", or the Revealing Story of what Arthur and Brian Hampton did on the tandem going to Heicon70, and the Awful Truth about the cotter pin. "Sheep May Safely", with shepherd Gray ('Leonardo') Boak leading us through pastures green to a better awareness of the hallucinogenic properties of cheese (brand name withheld here whilst I corner the market), the familiar problem of getting good Anglofan writers to produce for Anglofanzines, and the hazards of typing CYNIC. (Try reading it Gray; the cheese can wait.) And Dave Rowe, good as ever, to finish off with.

VIEWPOINT-7: Fred Hemmings (+Dave Rowe), 20 Beech Rd., Slough, Bucks SL3 7DQ. Available for various crimes against humanity. Foolscap mimeo. 21pp.

Granted that this is also MESCIFIC-33, what happened to the other six Vs--- apart from V-6, which we don't talk about---? Publicity stunt probably; or maybe they went to feed Tony Rogers' sewage-powered gas generator, described herein. Chris Priest demonstrates^{now} he managed to write Fugue for a Darkening Island using only a pair of scissors and a stapler; Charles Sprague rides yet again with a short story that almost worked for me---it did something, but once more proved how prone fanwriters are to unsurprising endings---and Vernon Brown gives the latest episode of his famous 'How to do a Con' series, running concurrently in half-a-dozen zines.

Overall, worth reading, though a little stiff...possibly due to the railroading tactics of the principal editor, The Dreaded Hemmings. Good for the short term Fred, but I think it won't pay in the long run to keep riding contributors... but maybe you know something I don't.

SHADOW-15:---'fantasy literature review'---(Vol.2, No 5) Dec71; David A Sutton & Eddy C Bertin, Art Ed.: David A Riley. D.A.S., 66 Watford Rd., Kings Norton, Birmingham B30 1PD., 20p/50p. 39pp.

What CYPHER (or possibly SPECULATION) is to sf (ie: the 'straight' stuff), SHADOW is to horror fiction---or, as Richard Davis in S-15 (quoting Boris Karloff) would have it, "terror" fiction. It lives up to its title and delivers what are, clearly, considered, objective criticisms of many aspects of horror and S&S fiction, the emphasis being on the former, with HPL featuring in this issue. However, even for a genre not noted for its levity, S is very much a serconzine, barring a mildly amusing spoof on the 'Cthulhu' mythos, though even this turned sercon in the end.

The nonconformists who are reading Z3 from front to back may recall my editorial mutterings about the demarcation of literary areas. S-15 confirms those thoughts: SHADOW is definitely not for the fannish general-sf fan unless he has a coincidental interest in the things which cast those shadows we know as nightmares. But the text is well written, at least, and held me; not so the interior illos which were cliched to the point of irritation at Pitt for wasting his talent. Likewise Hunter. Otherwise Fletcher, who provides an excellent cover.

HELL-4: Not "Son of Shadow", but a very chummy first-names-only zine perpetrated by (Brian) Ephraim Robinson, 9 Linwood Grove, Manchester M12 4QH, though rumour has it that he has an accomplice in "Stockport" Skelton. OMPA (April 72), but is liable to be inflicted on those who trade, loc ("and 3p stamp"), contribute, or otherwise provoke the editors. 38pp.

The mood is immediately set by a charming self-portrait of our (Z's) editrix on the cover and by a quick flip through the ish: organised chaos---much like those short metal towers seen so often in continental town streets, encrusted with generations of fragmentary advertisements. It must all have meant something, at some time or other, but by now the running jokes and fan-feuds are so thoroughly entangled with history that some careful sifting is needed to extract the gold from the dross. It's there, however, and is worth the effort of finding it; even the apparently mismatched treatises on "Britain in the Space Race" (Dave Seale) and "The Story of the Jazz Guitar" (Pt.1) (Mike Meara) are enjoyable---if taken separately. This is H's basic flaw (apart from an understandable preoccupation with OMPA): it has to be read in bits, barring the areas where the editors are active; these are constantly fermenting and throwing up new items. Art is very variable in quality; generally passable-to-good with occasional brilliance (but since I'm biased I'll name no names).

DARK HORIZONS-3: (British Fantasy Society official zine). (Spring 72).

Ed.: Rosemary A Pardoe, 15 Selkirk Court, Whitley Rd., London N17 6RF.
Membership £1 p.a.; quarterly (+12 bulletins).

"Aha!" I thought as I picked this one off the stack awaiting my libellous attentions, "another gloomzine!" I might be forgiven: the front cover (Riley) owes more than a little to necrophilia, egyptology and that "morning after" feeling. Then, flipping it over with my ruler, I had my doubts: a Rowe version of (?) a 'Hawkmooon' story scene---swordfight on horseback, etc.---beautifully executed. The interior art, though scanty, is fair-to-good. Mentionable is Harvey: cameos of exemplary design and balance, reminiscent of Moorish art in its use of arabesque. The incorporation of colour in the zine accentuates the light, free visual mood of this issue. So far so good; now for the text....

But no luck, not even a good thrill or belly-laugh, despite the cleverly constructed Hemingway/Lovecraft take-off which relieves the sluggishness slightly. The problem could be the zine's 'official' nature---such publications have a 'respectable' front to maintain---and as a society zine it succeeds, if it accurately reflects the membership as 'weirdoes'. Good-ish, but heavy going. Why do horror/terror/weird/Noddy/etc. fans like to take-off Lovecraft? Does it relieve some obscure anxiety-cum-hero-worship complex?

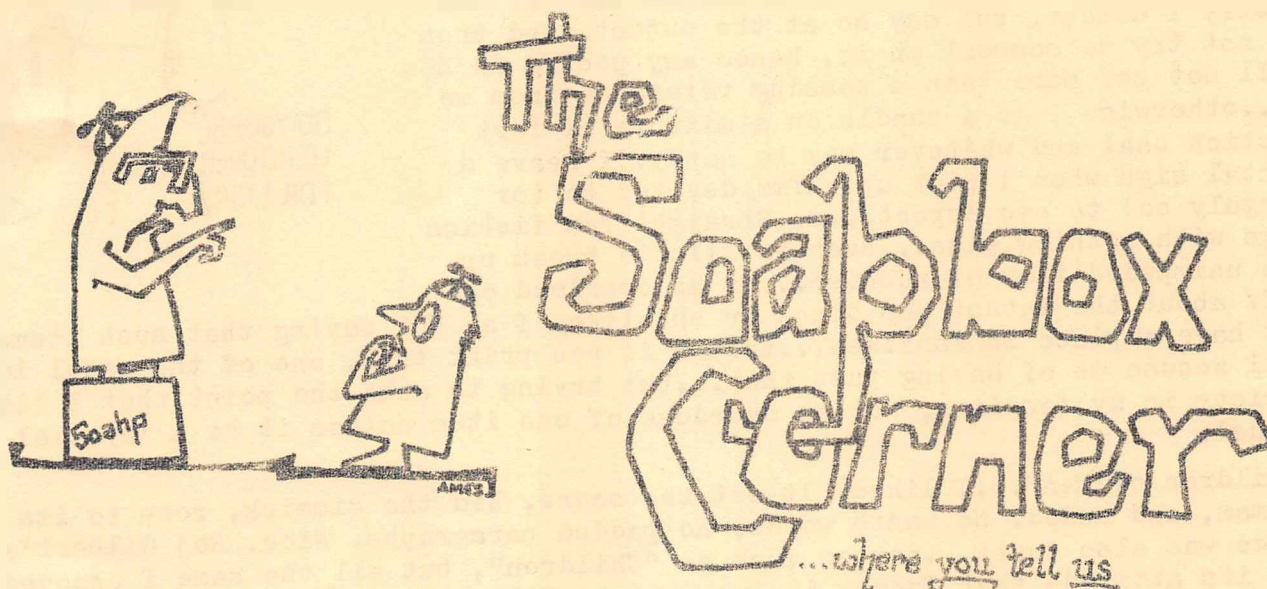
ARC-3: Andrew Northern, 33 Elizabeth St., Agbrigg Rd., Wakefield, Yorks WF1 5NE. 17p/etc(?) (12p to B.F.S. members). March 72.

"A non-profit-making magazine of contemporary fantasy arts" is what it claims, deep within its badly laid-out interior (artfully concealed behind a reasonable cover by Simpson & Plumb), but in reality this issue is a strong solution of record reviews in fantasy-consommé...and the reek of incense is almost overpowering. Yet it seems too dedicated to be a mere crudzine; some directed effort has been invested. Maybe it's just unbalanced and disorganised, for the film reviews and the poetry (the latter especially) are worth reading. Don't know quite what to make of it....

And now for an excursion across The Pond:

ALGOL-17: Andrew Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Apt.3J, Brooklyn, NY 11201, USA. 75¢/copy; \$3.00/4. Or UK: c/o Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey. 30p/copy; £1.25/4. Or Aus.: John Bangsund, GPO Box 4946, Melbourne 3001, Victoria, Australia. A75¢/copy; A\$2.80/4. (Nov 71) Irregular ---appr 10 months. Also available for contribs (articles, artwork, locs.)

((For a daring exposee of the Truth About American Fanzines read through to p76))



Funny how wrong you can be.

I joined ZIMRI with the naive impression that the first issue would be a bed of roses---weeded and cultivated by someone else, of course. And one of the rose bushes naturally would be the loc-column.

Naturally...after all, what the dickens would I have to do with the locs on Z2?...Yes, well, that was how I felt about it too, until the R.S.M. noticed me loafing in the sunshine, happily painting rocks white and the grass greenthe usual essential work in any army. We exchanged words....

I need to have my head examined! But then, women have a delightful way of making the craziest scheme sound logical---to men at least---and so I have had the fascinating task of picking over whatever the postman didn't want and extracting therefrom what little I could. Then lisa had her innings.

Our diverse commentaries are distinguished thus: ((She)) (((I)))

TERRY JEEVES, 230 Bannerdale Rd., Sheffield S11 9FE.

Wow! Which is my first reaction on breaking open the envelope containing Zimri. I really like that cover, so my congratulations to George White. I wasn't so taken by the bacover, but I love that front. (Inskidentally, 'congratulations' happens to be our family way of writing the normal word, not a typo.) I liked the nice clean contents page layout too. Everything easily seen, and clearly identified.

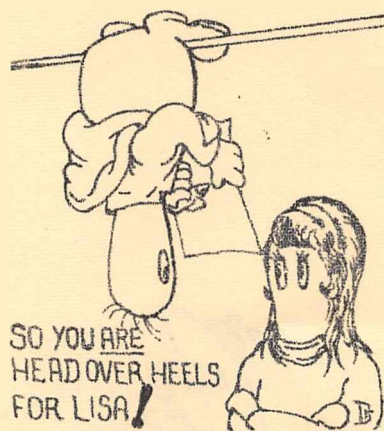
I also enjoyed Holdstock's piece...once I realised that I couldn't dash down to my friendly neighbourhood bookstall and buy copies of the books quoted. Yes, I liked this bit.

IF you happen to start reading this loccol last thing at night, don't bother to set the alarm; when you've finished, simply get out of bed, get dressed... and have breakfast.

THE CONTENTS of this loccol are entirely fictitious. Any similarity to real persons or events is unintentional and, let's face it, utterly ludicrous.

Also liked the lettercol...but is there any esoteric or sinister significance in the fact that the page bearing my loc was upside down?
(((Sympathetic magic, Terry: she hoped you'd have a rush of blood to your drawing fingers.)))

....Gray Boak is dead right in his letter---I do like Zimri. It is a zine that says something as distinct from so many which are twee and clever-clever. Fan poetry I detest, but say so at the outset, and then do not try to comment on it, hence any poetry in Z will not get more than a passing reference from me
....otherwise I go a bundle on a mixture of fact fiction chat and whatever may be handy. I heave a mental sigh when I pick up a fmz devoted to (or largely so) to one aspect...ie Straight fan fiction mags with nothing else...even an illo to break up the unimpeded flow of rubbish...or an overload of guff about the latest pop discs or suchlike. I am NOT saying that such items do not have a place in fanzines...though if you print this, one of the usual idiots will accuse me of saying just that...but trying to make the point that I like variety in my fanzines, not an overdose of one item unless it be a 'special issue'.



"Children of Men"...I liked. It set the scene, hid the gimmick, rose to its climax, and ended. No waste words, no padded paragraphs. Nice. Roj Gilbert's piece was also tasty...not so much as "Children", but all the same I enjoyed it for its attitude that fandom is fun, and to hell with anyone who gets hot under the collar.

Roger Waddington didn't excite me I'm afraid. Not I hasten to add that I have any complaints about his piece from a writing viewpoint...it is just that I am not a unicorn admirer, and these philosophical discussions with animals (particularly unicorns) switch me off fast. I tried the reprint book, 'The Last Unicorn', and gave up after a few pages.

UNFAIR...UNFAIR...in your fanzine review, you have me 'Trying to divide sf into lumps or bands' to paraphrase the quote. Not so, I did say this was an arbitrary idea merely to identify the areas under discussion, and only to point out that there had been three general areas brought about by a shift in story style... but I did say there was no hard and fast line anywhere, and that good stories were still to be found right through the spectrum...rather like talking about childhood, maturity and old age, these are only areas of living and are part of a continuous process, not three lumps of life. Otherwise you're right...I most enjoyed the Golden Age of sf...and after all, why do they call it the Golden Age??? Were I stuck in the past so firmly, I would plump for the very first area...which I honestly admit was by today's standards (including mine) crud. The point I was trying to make...and which virtually everyone missed, so I can't have made it very well...was that sf first of all leaned heavily on action without plot or story...then it began to use both, and nowadays tends to hinge on neither. But of course everyone took it as an attack on their current love. You had to experience all three bands to rate them fairly. Reading such stuff in the light of today's standards is bound to make the stuff laughable...just as William the Conqueror lived in luxury by the standards of his time...but recreate them today, and only a whacky twit would praise them. Enough.

I also enjoyed Chuck Partington's Novacon report immensely, and both book reviews were good. Phil's was slightly the better of the two as he spent more time on the book he was discussing, and less in philosophical sidelines. Nevertheless I liked them both. "Hero's Casebook" was also eminently readable, so much so that I realise I have said hardly a cross word about the whole issue of Z. This in itself is something of a record. (Though I did overlook the 'poetry'.)

....And I also liked and largely agreed with (Analog is boring (((Philistine)))) the final editorial notes. However, before you rush off and say..."He liked the

lot!, I must append one little criticism...how about using that dictionary a bit more huh?

Otherwise a great big fanzine thank you.

((Take a bow, Lisa and Phil.)))(...and arrow, you mean?))

ROGER WADDINGTON, 4 Commercial St., Norton Malton, Yorks.

...Well, I'd class Love Story as a break out from the conventional romantic novel, yet belonging very firmly in that mould; though with the magic, book-selling ingredient of S-E-X...I'd personally like to congratulate Erich Segal on having found the right formula, milking it for all it's worth and then churning it out like a computer; something which the romantic novelists have been doing for years, without this instant recognition! And come to think of it, maybe sf has something to learn from them, what with as ancient an ancestry and a vastly increased readership; and what's more, it's even respectable...((Not sure I agree completely, Roger. Sf certainly can stand more method in its writing, but Ghod help us if they computerise it, much though I personally like Big'A'. (I also like F&SF and, to a lesser degree, If and Galaxy, just in case we get moans from the cheap seats.)))))

Though considering "Global Warfare", maybe we won't have that much in common; I mean hiding behind chintz with one and leading with their chintz in the other...? It's led me to wonder how much of the Globe is actually left after one of the meetings, and the rate of turnover of managers; surely one can't have survived all this time? I must get down there sometime, out of these Northern fastnesses; after all, they say see Naples and die, and I'm curious to know what effect the Globe will have!

((You're dead right about the managers: I've known two since '69; the first went on to higher things, so I heard. Northcountryfen are always welcome, if accompanied by an interpreter. Bring your tin hat too.)))



ROBERT P HOLDSTOCK, 15 Highbury Grange, London N5.

I was totally entertained by ZIMRI-2, from cover at front to cover at back, through fiction and fan-chat, letters and Muldowney vitriol (everybody's trying to be the British Harlan Ellison, with shades of Moorcock thrown in... including me, I hasten to point out. I'm not missing out on a fad.) I read and wanted to read more. ((This man's got taste!))) I didn't enjoy all that I read, but I was entertained, aroused to thought (thoughts I have since forgotten) and moved to grief by the quality of the art contributions. ((Typical Holdstock: ambiguous, so we don't know whether to blush or thump you.)))

...So much for the sweetness. Now the lemon juice to wipe that smile off your face.

The cover pleased and disappointed me. George White is very talented and the picture is excellently executed in a style I envy you for having to hand for use in Z. But that stupid dragon spoils the whole picture---the expression on its face! Straight out of a kid's comic. Why put all that work and talent into a picture that would have been as effective drawn in outline and duplicated? Don't waste printed covers, it breaks my heart. ((The cover wasn't printed, it was in fact duplicated.))

Fiction: Hmmm. It's so easy to condemn fiction in fanzines, isn't it? And yet it's so bloody difficult to praise when it's downright, unashamedly FAN fiction. Stories about Unicorns (minus two hundred marks for cliched-and-horrible subject matter) that begin "The last bombs had fallen in the war that brought the earth to a molten fury" (minus a thousand marks for the stomach ache THAT gave me) and end "The last Unicorn stirred fitfully in his sleep" ---(minus---oh be damned...but how many times have I read that sentiment in fiction? A million?)

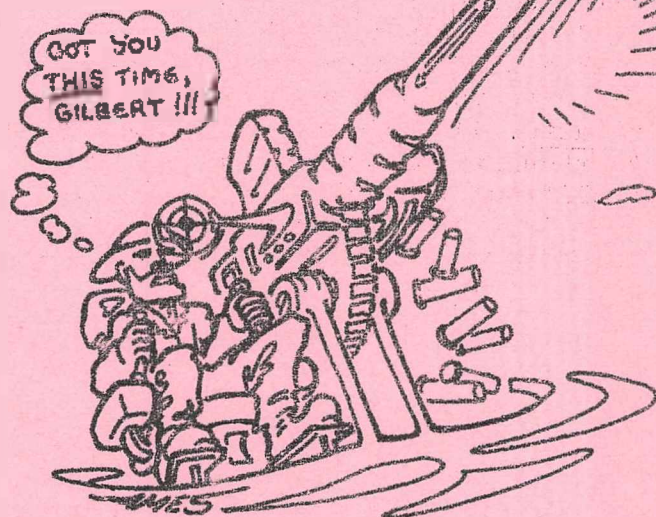
just do not rate comment. "A Hero's Casebook" I found very amusing but feel the author isn't a connoisseur of the horror medium as I was expecting more laughs, more puns, more double entendres than I got and than could have been included. Still, there's more to come I see so, hopefully, there will be plenty of laughs yet (that's got you worried, hasn't it!). (((Yeah, Rob. When you start using funny French phrases, I know something's up!)))

What does one say about a letter column that's a hundred and fifty seven pages long? (((Nothing, unless you can't read silently.))) Some interesting viewpoints, and some viewpoints from some very interesting people. It doesn't say much for your combined modesties to have printed every word said about the first issue ...I wouldn't dare do such a thing. (((You wouldn't have to. We know MACROCOSM is superior stuff.((Eh??)))))

....And on the features: your book reviews are damn good---I like review/critiques and this is something you should strive to maintain. I can't say the same about your fanzine reviews, but then I dislike fanzines that have no character anyway (and that covers most of them). Also...

ALSO...in my eyes, to my mind, you do nothing but bad to your zine by printing pretentious Roje Gilbert doing a Uriah Heep act while, between the lines, he attempts to urinate on specific 'fans' whom he seems unable to match with wit or writ. Don't print nauseating rubbish like that... please!

(((Roje has picked up a fair amount of flak over that "Advantages of Infamy" piece. Anyone else who's unlimbering their AA gear had better take note of the



unwritten Advantage Five:
He's fireproof.)))

IAN MAULE,

Many thanx for ZIMRI-2 which dropped through my letterbox with a dull thud a few days ago (Gannetfandom's Dave Douglass has just thrown Z2 onto the floor (((sacrededge!!!))) and commented that it does indeed make a dull thud). It's a pity that you couldn't get hold of the American A4 paper again. (((American A4'? Whazzat? Route 66, or something? American Quarto, you mean. Apropos a

fanedfeud: are there any strong feelings Out There on paper size? It won't make a blind bit of difference to us, of course, unless there's money in it; still, it's nice to know...))) It gave Z1 that 'class' look at a time when certain American and Canadian faneds were calling British zines crud; now with Z2 I'm afraid the standard of British fanzines drops again. (((Let them gripe, if they've nothing better to put in their zines...)))

....The 21 pages of locs were of course the high point of the zine. With mundane Paul Shackley taking pride of place. I suggest that someone (Ian Williams?) write a long article explaining all about egoboo and the satisfaction (yes, Mr Shackley, satisfaction: that affliction you no doubt suffered from when you opened Z2 at page 23 and saw your letter) it can bring seeing your name in a magazine. I can still remember opening EGG-4 and seeing my first-ever loc printed there, *SIGH* (((Spot-on, Ian. I recall my first pubbing success: in Gray Boak's CYNIC-2. I don't know how much good it did Gray's reputation, but my hat size went up...))) Furthur, Mr Shackley says, and I quote: IF EVERY READER WOULD WRITE A LOC, THE FANED WOULD HAVE NO TIME TO READ THEM. From this I can only assume that Mr Shackley has the reading ability of a 5 year old and is basing his statement on first hand experience. If Mr Shackley thinks I'm doing MAYA in a vacuum he's got another think coming. If I don't get locs from my readers then they lose because the next issue won't be sent to them. As to licking-up to pros, does he honestly believe that such an inconsequential group of people calling themselves FEN (MAN, plural MEN; FAN, plural FEN---easy, isn't it?) can do anything to affect the genre? Maybe Mr Shackley believes in miracles or then again perhaps he has the power, I doubt it though. Finally, I consider myself a faanish fan but I still bet Mr Shackley I know more about it than he does. How's that for a challenge? (((Just to prove that this isn't a two-cornered fight, I'll wade in. That challenge is much like IQ tests, in that you could/can prove almost anything if you ask the right questions; and on the loc side, yes, well, we like reading about opinions too, so locs are welcome and are printed occasionally...pour encourager les autres (Voltaire's meaning of course).)))

IAN WILLIAMS, 6 Greta Terrace, Chester Rd., Sunderland, Co. Durham, SR4 7RD.

Every fanzine should have 20 pages of locs. At least.

Oh I did laugh at Paul Shackley. Poor lad---he's just another loud-mouthed neo shouting his mouth off without knowing what he's talking about. Whilst I don't defend my apparently patronising manner (although I only realised it looked like that when I saw it in print, and wasn't intended as such) I'm not going to defend the content either, because I believe others will be doing that in a better manner than I could anyway and I don't want to add to the excretory matter that will be descending upon his head in Z3's lettercol. (((Being a bit rough, aren't you Ian? I personally agree with Paul in that fandom's a... whatever-it-is...where you don't have to toe the line; on the other hand I do feel he'll likely miss out on a great deal if he dedicates himself to the joys of passifanac. But that is his priviledge.)))

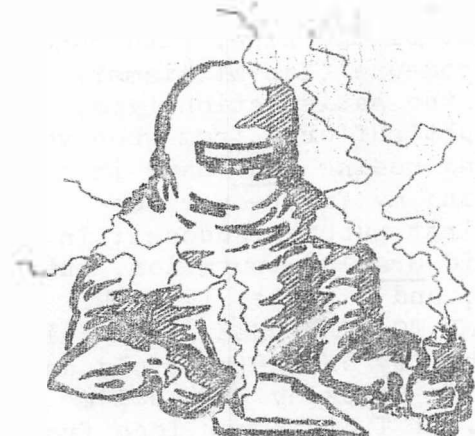
Malcolm Edwards has no excuse for his stupidity in missing the point. Ritchie and Thom's gaffiation was serious in relation to Gannetfandom which was just getting established; not fandom in general. It strikes me that Malcolm in his tone has laid himself wide open to the sneers he used on me. I await, wryly, any developments along those lines.

....Conesa! (((Lisa, I think the man wants a word with you...)))!((A word, you say!?!)) I don't live in South Shields! (((Ten seconds and counting...))) This is an insult of the most deadly kind. (((Ignition! We have a take-off..!))) I challenge you to a duel with curare-tipped duplicators at ten paces outside Chester Public Library at dawn on Sat. 1st April 1972. My seconds will contact you. (((As if there wasn't enough violence in sf already!)))

As for the NovaCon Report. The last person you want writing for you is someone who dutifully attends the programme---a nightmarish thought at the best of times. (((Volunteering???)

....Grief, I've written nearly 4 pages and I'm supposed to have gafiated.
Heavens! (((Welll, there were four pages...)))

JOHN N HALL, 21 Cranley Gardens, London SW7.



....Which one of you wrote the inane, stupid,
***** mindless editorial? If you Miss Conesa,
may I also assume that you were responsible for
the snide, biased thing about "Love Story"?
What in God's name are you finding fault with?
Isn't every sf novel you read the same form of
escapist rubbish? One of the paras is so worded
to give me the impression you're another *****
GODFREAK and.....Oh, the mindless rage that
possessed me when I read this. Christ, in the
first issue you give us a laudable and well
written short on Stravinsky, who if an innovat-
ionist, was also a deep rooted romantic and I
would assume anyone who obviously loved his
music to the point that they would be minded to
write articles of that type would also be a
romantic. But here you go sneering at "Love
Story" which, while obviously hopelessly naive

and stupid, is at least an attempt at beauty in a romantic escapist fashion that
nevertheless we can relate to in some small way. I can't stand the cynicism
embodied in this piece. It annoys me and I hate it.

((Clearly, you wanted to express a point of view, so instead of devoting so
much space to hyperbolic abuse (reprinted here to allow the full odour to be
appreciated), why didn't you---but in half the words? Item: you thought the
editrixial 'mindless', 'biased', 'cynical'. Isn't 'mindless' an indication of a
lack of ratiocination? If so, I'd like to see your reasoning before accepting
your verdict; lisa made it quite clear that it was the exploitation of emotion
that was wrong, not the fact that there was love and romance in it. Item: a
curious bit of hypocrisy: you accuse lisa of being a 'Godfreak' whilst saying
'in God's name'. Granted it probably signifies nothing, you still can't have it
both ways, or maybe you were so busy being indignant that the logic fell out the
window. Okay, so let's go over it again: You like Stravinsky; we all love
Stravinsky; but does this mean we have to rate "Love Story" as Grade A-1?
Stravinsky wrote stuff that could at least be interpreted if you didn't care to
take his word for it as to what it represented; but Erich Segal wrote a formula
with only one meaning---shmaltz. Good, commercial shmaltz, though, a well spread
later by the film technicians whose daily bread is earned that way; but to take
it as more than that, to tag it 'beauty', then shout at those who disagree with
you, is to deny them the right to their own standards of good and bad. Enough
said. Next time put your money where your mouth is.)))

....Actually I have lately given a lot of thought to Gafiation and so you might
consider yourselves very lucky to get a loc from me. Frankly, although there's
nothing inherently wrong with it, ZIMRI is just the sort of fmz that depresses
me even more. That's not to say that ZIMRI is appalling or anything. Christ, it's
a hell of an improvement on the first issue. But please, Lisa, why the same old
thing? Can't we have something new? Is there nothing that hasn't been said
before? Oh, tell me it isn't true blue! Sorry and thing, I'm sure fandom at
large will continue in admirable praise for ZIMRI and its editors and good,
good luck to all concerned. I'll continue to receive anything you care to send
this way again with my usual gratitude. Please don't take anything herein
contained amiss.

((We're working on it, John, and you know how much we want to keep you happy,
but even ZIMRI can't be perfect all the time. Hatchet duly buried.)))

LOCS ARE FOR GRIPING IN---or do you want to argue the point???

GRAHAM POOLE, 23 Russet Rd., Cheltenham, Glos. GL51 7LN.

Lisa's "Editrix" again showed her tendency to try and drift off the subject by giving a resume of "Love Story". However I support you Lisa, this indeed could be sf. For years now I have loved stories of other lives, other worlds and other ages. Books such as Gulliver's Travels, Alice in Wonderland, sagas such as The Odyssey and The Illiad, and poems such as Milton's Paradise Lost and Pope's The Rape of the Lock, even the Bible, all have an atmosphere of another world, one not quite like our own but very similar in many respects.

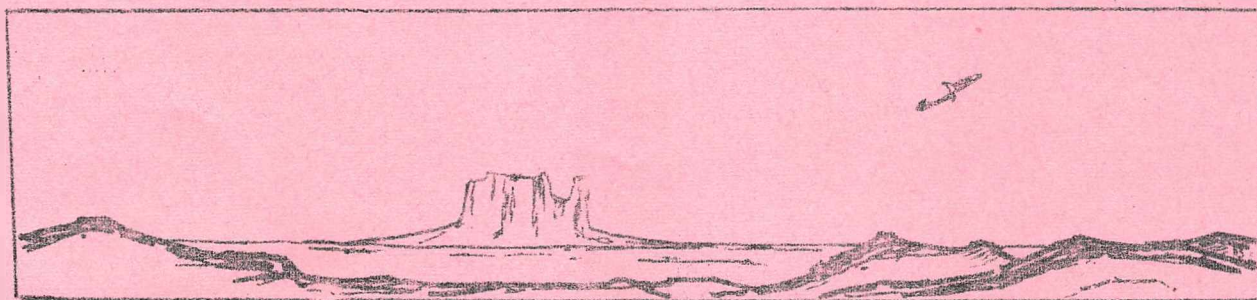
((Really, this isn't awfully surprising; all the titles you mentioned---including the Bible---were originally used as narratives of sorts, and some spent their early careers as spoken stories---the Bible, Alice, the two Homeric items. It was only after their form was already set that they were written down, and their vitality and sense of immediacy survives.)))

....Rob Holdstock's "Global Warfare" was a piece which had me bellowing with gales of laughter. (((-?-))) However, I am sorry to hear that the Globe is in such an unhealthy state. I've heard rumblings about it for some time now but I have never had the opportunity to gain firsthand experience. I hope Rob is able to supply further articles to ZIMRI because this is THE type of humour that appeals to me...Rob's right when he says (in his letter) I do not appear to have read the classics of sf. (How did he know that? ((He gets these vibrations..))) I have enough trouble trying to keep up even with the new novels! By the way what is Deathworld and even more so, which film was the take-off of it? ((('Deathworld' is a planet in at least two Harry Harrison novels on which native lifeforms are able to develop exceedingly deadly variants of themselves over a small number of generations. The novel Deathworld describes the interactions between the planet, a human colony on it, and the offworld hero, Jason din Alt; subsequent adventures draw on the characters created in the first. Good reading. The film was Breathworld, by the Delta Film Group: amateur but funny; it even points a moral of its own. Often seen at cons.)))

....The illo of that poor chap sweating under the giant pen must be me!...Good idea of the sequence of pics, namely trees/seasons methought.

....A letter writer I would like to reply to is Dan Morgan, who hurt me to the quick (and quite rightly so, I feel ashamed of myself) over my autograph hunting. My only excuse is that I came across a page at the back of the Easter-con programme booklet which was headed up 'Autographs'....So I collected the autographs of Anne McCaffrey, David Gerrold, Bob Shaw and John Brunner. (((Well, it's an original anthology, at least!)))

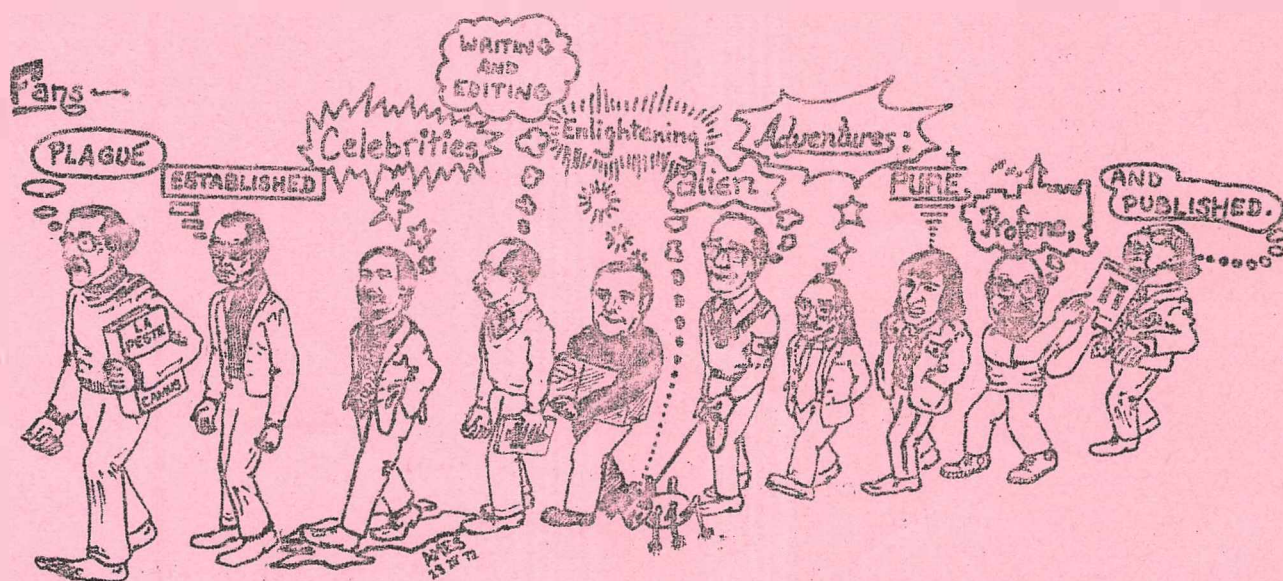
Another reason is that I am a natural collector, from car and train numbers in my youth to newspaper cuttings and sf books at present. I saw the autographs in the programme booklet as a sort of souvenir of the convention. I hadn't got to know many people, being new, and so I tried to create memories of the convention. (((I thought that I wrote long locs,....but over five-and-a-half-thousand words? Thanks Graham; sorry we couldn't use more than a minute part of it, which makes it worth mentioning that short locs are the easiest to edit down to publishable size, although we read 'em all and use what we can.)))



JOHN BRUNNER, 53 Nassington Rd., London NW3 2TY.

ZIMRI turned up. Gosh, what did I do to Graham Poole? As Dan correctly says, if it was on a Convention Monday I may not have been entirely responsible by then, but I hate offending people inadvertently. Was he maybe the one person too many who asked for an autograph? I confess that after the first couple of days the charm of signing programme-books does wear thin.

((Some people, it's true, collect autographs for not-very-honourable reasons: for an 'investment', or to have 'a full set', and these people must surely be the bane of a celebrity's life. But there are also those who do it for other reasons. When I collect an autograph---and I do occasionally---I do it for the souvenir and reminiscence value: "At such a time, such a person was a part of my life, and I want to remember the occasion." Unfortunately, the celebrity isn't to know the two types apart, and unless he wants to risk bad notices in the fanpress (notwithstanding Ian Maule) he has to grin and bear it. It all comes down to good manners from both sides in the end.)))



JOHN ABBOTT, "Rowans", 18 Eden Ave., Wakefield, Yorks. WF2 9DJ.

Belated thanks for ZIMRI. But what can I say?? I spent ages going thro' it, partly because I couldn't understand most of the references and argot. You see, I know very little about sf. And even less about fandom. My one memorable encounter was with Dune---now there was a book! The fiction of Moorcock, Asimov or Clarke does not appeal to me. For all I know, Cordwainer Smith could be the successor of Zane Gray! 2001 (film and derived book) was overrated, methinks. (((I'll leave Lisa to sort you out over C.Smith, but this 2001 myth needs squashing once and for all. I was told by Arthur Clarke himself, on one occasion when he visited the Globe, that the film came after the book, not vice versa as is commonly believed.))) ((There's only one way to sort this lad out, and that's to ask him to read some of Cory Smith's stuff.))

No, I can't see myself becoming a real fan (whatever that is): dammit, where would I start? At the same time, I've made a note of the names, J.G. Ballard, Ursula LeGuin and the said C.Smith...What's all this boil down to? Just that due to ignorance I'll have to "walk alongside" for a bit, to find my feet in sf (if ever). Hope to continue reading ZIMRI, however. (((In that case you can't be all bad...despite those earlier comments. Fandom Is A State Of Mind, more than anything else (though I failed the blood test the first time). By writing a loc and hence participating in fannish activity you've taken the first step.)))

PETER PRESFORD, 10 Dalkeith Rd., Sth. Reddish, Stockport SK5 7EY.

Many thanks for ZIMRI-2, the size and weight of the zine seemed to indicate lots of goodies like we had in No.1, pity there wasn't.

You know my views on the front cover, nuff said; the illo on p30 is very good, also liked P.S. on p3. Don't know why, but a character like 'flugg' the dragon could be used again, after all HELL has its snails.

...."Global Warfare", ahhh this is the kind of stuff I like, an idea for future issues could be to carry on with similar reports from 'Gannet' etc., all good fun. (((I have no doubt that a certain Inca will plagiarise us...))) Now the let down (for me), from p9 to p29: all locs, what a bloody bore, don't get me wrong I like reading locs, but the sheer size of the task in Z2 made me boggle, though I do agree with master Kettle that fandom isn't all sf, not by a long way. The fact is that if Fandom was (or became) all sf there'd be no fandom. (((Fandom's a homeostatic system: too much of one thing and it automatically readjusts itself. Hence it couldn't stay all anything unless the fans wanted it that way.)))

The only story I really liked in Z2 was Jack Marsh's, why because it wasn't sf. I thought Roger showed how nice a young man he really is (that's being nasty). One thing I would like explained is this, are all those proverbs (or sayings) directed at Roje? (((Only the nice ones.)))

....Nice book reviews again, and a good round-off by Phil. Why do so many people deride Analog, one of the foundations of sf without which sf would be in a sorry state indeed? (((My friend for life..! ...By the way, d'you take cheques?)))

Oh yes, just one more gripe, let's have a little more poetry, *** all those who tell you it's out of place.

NICK SHEARS, 52 Garden Way, Northcliffe 4, Johannesburg, South Africa.

.....
(((Nick disapproves of full letters in Lettercols (Agreed: we edit.), fan book reviews, and intermediate-weight fanzine reviews, plus minor addenda. Well, we took you at your word Nick, and didn't pub your loc. You sell yourself short though; edited, bits of your letter could have got through. However, we aim to please. Thanks for the verses---South African Haiku, yet!)))

KEVIN HALL, Hartley Victoria College, Alexandria Rd. Sth., Manchester M16 8NH.

So I picked up ZIMRI-2 and started to read it. To me it seems very good in many of its respects and yet t'would seem that it could still do with some improvement, except for Rob Holdstock's piece which we want more of!

....Who is this Leroy Saucepan (he seems fond of mucking about with other peoples' names), 'cos he sounds like a real wick to me. I certainly like his cheek, having read the odd copy of FOULER all I can say is that the writer of such a pail of inconsequential bullshit should put his own house in order first. Maybe not everyone likes reading a pig pen L.K.. And don't say, If you don't like it don't read it, 'cos I don't any more.

...Three pages of zine crits, most of which I'm afraid I've never heard of, and some of them sound very good. Question: what's the OMPA OMPA in brackets every so often, did you fit a tuba to your typer lisa?
(((That's nothing; you should hear her on the pencil sharpener!!!)))



....Very nice Roger Johnson, I hope the standard keeps up and the Hero flourishes, but why not tell us more about the secretary. So I'm a Dirty young Old Man.

((Hear! Hear! What this zine needs is a bit of feminine interest....Ouch!)))

((Yeah, and I hope it hurt!!!))

((mumble...))

((Offtrail Magazine Publishers' Association is a group of people who produce magazines and are organising the next Easter Convention; details elsewhere in this magazine.))

JACK MARSH, 76 Brookmead Way, Orpington, Kent BR5 2BD.

Phil writes at length on the dearth of good characterisation in science fiction; but I don't believe the picture is quite as black as he paints it. Science fiction is that branch of literature which deals with the response of human beings to advances in science and technology---and, carrying a load like that on its scrawny shoulders, I think, on the whole, the genre stands up pretty well compared with general fiction.

((We'll probably get at least one letter complaining about your definition of sf, Jack, so I'll say here and now that this is not a line of argument we intend to pursue in ZIMRI. "What is sf?" has been haggled over fruitlessly for years and we ain't got the room for it here. However, I agree with your conclusion.))

I guess you've probably been overwhelmed with lists of the most 'relevant' and 'meaningful' sf read in the last year---all of which adds up to a rather pointless exercise. What it does succeed in doing is to give the rest of us an insight into the person who chooses a set of particular books. That could prove interesting (?). (If you were cast away on an uncharted asteroid for the rest of your life, which six sf books would you choose? And one LP!)

Vonnegut summed Dostoevsky up rather well I think, when he said that everything there was to know about life was in The Brothers Karamazov---"but that isn't enough any more." And much the same applies to Tolstoy and Turgenev, and Dickens and Conrad...but Cunningham? Now there's a puzzle!

MARTIN RICKETTS, 12 Market Sq., Fishponds, Bristol BS16 4LD.

....Now Z2. A nice zine. A very nice zine. The lady in Scotland notwithstanding, the best part of any fanzine (for me) is the lettercol; it's always entertaining and often infuriating. As far as I'm concerned you can make yours as long as you like. It's infinitely better than interminable pages of book reviews! (((Loccols are fun, aren't they...If tedious to prepare---it takes hours to reduce the stack of originals to a manageable form, filtering out the things people probably wish they'd never said, putting the surviving comments into a semblance of logical order, and devising suitably patronizing replies. Really, they're a point of contact, and the pity of it is that relatively few people take the opportunity offered to raise some topic of general interest. Too often the comments deal only only with the last issue and not the issues raised by it. Still, we do what we can to provoke the Great Unwashed Multitude into some kind of fanac.)))

Phil Muldowney's "A Word in Edgeways". All that pondering about 'New Wave' seems pointless. Of course you're always going to get cliches and bad writing and hacks. But you don't necessarily have to read them. Sf began to grow more 'liberate' (I hate to use that word)((~?~)) with the influx of writers like Aldiss, Ballard, Disch, Delany, etc. and many other non-prolific---and therefore overlooked---writers. It has been admitted that the 'New Wave' was nothing but a huge con-trick, but it was a trick with a purpose: to use Ballard's words it was assigned "to wake up a sleeping, stupid and stupified audience." Certainly we have a lot better writers now (though not necessarily better story-tellers), but maybe that would have happened anyway, New Wave or not. Perhaps it was natural evolution of the genre. Who can tell? It's like wondering if World War 2 would have occurred had Hitler never been born. The whole point of most sf is that the ideas and the background are equally as important as the characters; the

relationships of people to the situation are just as important as their relationships to each other, perhaps more so. I can see Phil's point, though, and perhaps sf writers aren't skilful enough; but my advice to him if he feels so strongly about it is to stick to Hemingway or James Joyce.

((Hmmm...On the one hand we have the claim that it was deliberate---"a con-trick"---and on the other the suggestion that the old-style sf was supposed to be dying and something new had to emerge. I wonder though: maybe the character of the audience changed. Newer, colder winds were blowing, and people wanted to shelter their fears---"become involved," they said, "or twist your outlook on life until it's mysterious again." With that the migration from the toolroom began; the dealers in magic charms, dragon-killing swords and sugar cubes did a brisk trade; and the Elrics of this latter-day world took up arms in a new crusade. We had a time of skirmishing and even open warfare between regiments of readers who knew little of the issues at stake, and even less of what they fought for and praised: you were 'New' or you were 'Old'; if you lay between you risked being an outcast. Gradually however, the fury subsided. Now what do we have? We have new writers, as you say; we have some newer techniques. Several types of story have been tested, sometimes successfully---I regard Macroscopic as an example of this class---and the tight conventions of the past have been broken up with the influx of new sap from other parts of the literary tree. But, sadly, we have lost something, and what it is I cannot say. But I refuse to retreat to Hemingway.)))

BRYN FORTEY, 90 Caerlon Rd., Newport, Mon. NPT 7BY.

ZIMRI-2 received, digested (burp) (pardon), and now---in accordance with age old fannish custom---to be commented upon. A perverse form of monkey on one's back ---fanzines. I often resolve never again to respond to any I might receive, to drop out completely from the whole fandom bit, but I don't. For all the fact that most fine contents are "not-of-the-highest-quality" the odd item turns up that seems to make it all worth while. God knows why!

The "odd item" in ZIMRI-2 is Rob Holdstock's "Global Warfare". This is fanzine writing at its best. Witty; satirical; observant. All in all a glorious little put-down.

Best of the three fictional offerings was "Children of Men". This, for the record, comprised Jack's first ever completed story written solo. Prior to this piece he had completed only a few collaborations. While nothing brilliant, it does show a high degree of competency that makes one look forward to what practice and experience might bring from his typewriter. I wonder if Jack has complained to you about the title illo. It did sort of give everything away.

"Last Meeting", I'm afraid, left me thankful that it was only just over one page in length, but sorry that even that short space hadn't been devoted to something better able to offer interest or enjoyment. I'm sure that Roger Waddington was trying to say something he personally felt meaningful and worthwhile, and I certainly don't knock him on that score. However, as a reader I found it grossly over-written, as short as it was. These ultra serious 'warnings to humanity' have to be so very carefully handled, and rarely are. All too often an author's total commitment to 'message' gets in the way of restraint and objectivity, and "Last Meeting" was no exception.

While I have just finished being critical of Roger Waddington's contribution, I can appreciate his intentions. He was attempting to say something of note. I can offer no such postscript to "Tales from a Hero's Casebook". I found this piece boring, unfunny and completely pointless. Sorry, but the news that further episodes are planned fills me with dread.

Layout and legibility were again creditable, and the letter column a better one than I've read in ages.

In all honesty I must admit that ZIMRI-2 was something of a disappointment. Jack Marsh impressed with his potential, but only Rob Holdstock provided anything of real here-and-now-readability. Maybe number three will be better.(((Was it?)))

GRAHAM BOAK, 6 Hawkes Rd., Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey 1KT 3EG.

I would like to take issue with you on one point---why should anyone review fan-fiction? It is almost all truly appalling anyway. If fiction is to be reviewed, then surely the prozines should be the place to go? How many people review the prozines? Damn few---why should the even-more-inferior fan attempts receive any greater attention?

((((You make a basic assumption that isn't necessarily justified, Gray: namely, that the fan-fiction is inferior to the pro product. It doesn't have to be, though it usually is---through lack of expertise or care by its writers---and consequently few fanfic reviewers take the trouble to review the fiction; they just gripe without trying to be constructive. And as to why,...why, to point out where it went wrong. You don't house-train a dog merely by kicking it whenever you see it, do you?)))

The complaint about artists not receiving attention---a good point...until you ask "Why do authors receive attention?" It is partly because sf is primarily a word-conscious medium, but more because the pro-authors are prepared to talk about their work, both at conventions and in the fanzines. Those artists who do the same, receive the same attention. Witness Gaughan in the States. At one time it was almost impossible to open a US zine without running across a Gaughan drawing. Those artists who take part in fandom (fannish or sercon) receive their due attention---Kirk, Rotsler,...Those who stay in the background receive no attention at all. And deservedly so...I don't recall any acclamation being given to layout men or compositors or distributors or the little old man who runs the porno shop on the corner from which we buy all our sf...Only those writers who are prepared to put themselves out a little receive attention; I've no sympathy with anyone who sits in the corner moaning about the world not beating a path to his door, no matter how good an artist he is. I would like to see more artwork in fanzines, and more attention paid to that which is there, but it won't happen until the artists themselves start playing a more active role. ((((Anyone heard from that arch-fan, Jimmy Ballard, recently?)))

....I converted to fiawol some three years ago. At that time there was SPECULATION and there was SCOTTISHE. And crudzines. At the Globe there was John Brunner and Mike Moorcock (who was 'in' then) and a trail of brown noses. Nowadays there is SPECULATION and SCOTTISHE. And crudzines. (Though thank Ghu for EGG!) At the Globe there is John Brunner and Chris Priest and you read ZIMRI's letter column!

Peter Colley, who has read two (count them, folks, two!) non-British fanzines, reckons that British fanzines are the best in the world. Is there something in the air up in Manchester, Lisa? Do you wear a mask everytime you go out, to prevent such a miasma seeping onto ZIMRI's pages? (Other than the letter column, of course. We were all well aware that Paul Skelton is totally uncritical concerning his fanzine, but I must agree with you. I'm never happy with any issue of C, always striving to do better, to try harder, to improve...to even get the thing published, at the moment.) ZIMRI doesn't really convince me that Colley is right, but it is fun. I must agree with Roy Kettle---it lacks an editorial policy. No backbone. Do keep trying, however, it is one of the better British zines.

((((Editorial policy? See page 2 et al., but don't hold us to it. Even backbones are flexible in their own way.)))



AUDREY WALTON, 25 Yewdale Crescent, Coventry, Warks. CV2 2FF.

....Admired your front cover but think it would have been better with just the monster---and anyway the man is positioned wrongly and takes the interest right outside the picture---add to that, that he also turns the cover into a cliché. However, the Unicorn on the back cover looks as if the horn is coming out of its right eye! Once again I find the inside illos rather tame, except for the two dear little editors and that delightfully bloodthirsty fellow peeping around the word 'Fanzines'.

PETER COLLEY, 2 Bristol Ave., Levenshulme, Manchester M19 3NU.

....Can't agree with Archie on handcut artwork. He says that editors or artists should do more handcutting onto stencils. Surely, Archie, you realise that handcutting is a skill. Not all zine editors have this skill just as all fans are not good artists or writers. I certainly would not like to see some artwork I had put a lot of hard work on made to look a mess by bad stencil cutting. Artwork, like written work, has the artist's individual style and the only way that this can remain is for it to be electroed, printed, photocopied, etc.. No matter how good a hand cutter the zine editor is some of the artist's style will be lost and the editor will inevitably insert some of his/her own style. The arts are based on the individuality of the artists, writers and musicians. Very well, you might say, why don't I handcut my own artwork onto the stencil? For several reasons which are:- 1) I do not have the time to handcut my own artwork. 2) Cost---to send artwork where I want I'd have to send it in most cases on my own stencils

which I cannot afford. The cost of postage would also be increased if I could afford the stencils. If I make a mistake when cutting a drawing on a stencil it costs me 5p (((approx 13¢US))) or so for this mistake if I have to start again on a new stencil. 3) I myself am not good at stencil cutting. 4) An artist should not be restricted by the need for artwork to be handcut. Some of the best artwork in zines would then be lost. It is impossible to handcut some artwork well, eg: where large areas of black are necessary in some art.

SOME PRE-CUT ARTWORK CAN CAUSE PROBLEMS



Don't get the idea that I'm condemning hand-cutting but it is a skill which is only handled well by a few. Second rate electroed etc. artwork is far above the standard of second rate handcut artwork, but if editors handcut their own artwork or some artists send in ready-cut artwork of a good standard I'm for it. However most artwork, to be of a fair standard, must be other than handcut.

((Did you see Jim Cawthorne's handcut work at Chessmancon? Whew! To be able to produce stuff like that...! As a fanartist myself, I absolutely agree with you Pete. It's not playing it straight with your artists if you ask them to sweat over a drawing board for maybe several hours, then chop their work into unrecognisable pieces. We now have a policy of nearly always commissioning work to avoid the risk of some gem being wasted through the wrong repro

process, inadequate space, non-conformity with adjacent written matter or plain awkwardness. That way you reduce the chances of disappointment. It's good public relations...and common sense.)))

"Are the natives friendly, Carruthers?" £ £

ARCHIE MERCER, 21 Trenethick Parc, Helston, Cornwall.

....Somebody in the lettercol, I think, made some remarks about artists being fannishly undervalued as compared with writers. Well, of course they are! This is supposed to be science fiction fandom, ie: the cement that holds us together is primarily literary. Artwork and other fringe media are strictly subsidiary activities. Naturally, those of us who are more artistically inclined tend sometimes to wish that their own type of contribution was taken more notice of ---but it's the fictional aspect that is the heart of fandom's interests. Incidentally though, I do notice that fanzines in general tend to make it harder than necessary for the artist to obtain recognition. If somebody writes an article, or a loc, the author's name is nearly always found either at the beginning or end, possibly both. If a piece of artwork appears, though, you have first to note which page it's on (sometimes---not here I add---the page in question does not even carry a number), then turn to the table of contents to see who illustrated that page. If there are two separate drawings, by different hands, on that page, one simply has to guess who did which. This soon becomes tedious, and so far as this ZIMRI's concerned I soon settled on a formula whereby I mentally attributed anything worth looking at to the editrix's pen and left it at that. I would, seriously, suggest that naming each artist on the page in question would be a step in the right direction.

((Point taken, Archie, and acted on...Speaking from both sides of the writing/drawing fence at once, I would hesitate before relegating artwork to second league. After all, much of sf is heavily dependent on imagery and the written form is often merely attempting to describe scenes to the reader's imagination. Granted that the word is generally more skilful than the hand at such description, this nevertheless indicates the validity of artwork as a front-line aspect of sf---pictures can tell stories by themselves.)))

This "let's all hate Archie Mercer" argument leaves me at something of a loss inasmuch as I have not set eyes on recent FOULERS---and have, furthermore, no wish to. Therefore I'm not altogether sure what is being talked about. Despite this, Beryl insists I ought to say something in my own defence. I'll try, however, to be blessedly brief. There seem to be two matters at issue here---the Mercer -v- Priest matter and the Mercer-v-the-FOULERS matter.

The Mercer-v-Priest correspondence last year was somewhat involved, but its basis was that Chris---whom I had always counted as a friend---out of the blue demanded that I retract and/or apologise for saying certain things about him. I had not said any such thing, as it happened, which I was eventually able to prove to my own satisfaction. (Ironically, what I had said about him had been to his credit. It just so happened that it was not published.) Anyway his attitude annoyed me (and Beryl just about went up the wall about it); I mean, friends should write each other friendly letters, and not automatically assume that each other has suddenly run berserk and knifed them. Chris did apologise, I may say, and I had hoped that the matter would be left there.

((We can say then, in conclusion, that it was an unhappy misunderstanding, and that all is settled now?)))

Regarding the Foulers, however, I am still mainly in the dark. I am supposed to have said something to a certain young fan---whose name escapes me---to which foulerdom objected. I searched my correspondence-files without success, so anything I did say must have been on a postcard. Part of the gag, however, has always been not to let me know precisely what I was supposed to have said. Quite apart from this business I found the early FOULERS thoroughly off-putting, so I've been only too happy not to continue to receive the things.

....Isn't it beastly of Roje Gilbert to thus destroy his well-known image of "the-fan-you-love-to-hate"? (Of course he's serious???)

DAVE ROWE, 8 Park Drive, Wickford, Essex.

....As a percentage of "at least half-of Bo Peep's sheep", I found Rob Holdstock's "Global Warfare" very funny. (For B.P.S.'s view of the Globe, read Rambling Jake's ramblings in forthcoming VIEWPOINT.(((Do we send the advertising bill to

you or Fred-the-Hemmings??))))

I'd love to have seen Howie Rosenblum smoke "all but the ship" of the Marie Celeste. It was carrying alcohol at the time! Bye-Bye, Howie. Sorry to come one-uppity but it's the Mary Celeste NOT Marie. Marie was used as the title to a book or short story about the same, and as it sounded more romantic, the name stuck.

Oh Yes...Pete & Eileen Weston had a baby daughter on 19/4/72...Pass it on! (((That should end all the speculation (sorry).)))

At May 'Globe', I asked Malcolm Edwards what he meant by the remark, "It's very easy to put far more into it (fandom) than you can possibly get back". At first he couldn't remember making it, and then said that he was probably talking about the time he was producing QUICKSILVER, and only got 9 locs. (Well, I could say something nasty, like producing a serconzine isn't fanac, but I won't.) Probably the fact that his whole fanac was centred on a single channel might have something to do with it. Personally speaking, my spare time is completely filled with fanac; at the moment I've got more artwork-orders than I can cope with. I'm at last breaking even with the tape library orders. I'm typing or writing locs & interfan letters every night. (If you hear that I've disappeared, just send the search-party---with booze of course---to this address. Tell 'em to look for a blob of sweat, that'll be me!) I don't know where it's gonna end; one thing's for sure, I can't gaffia, after fandom there's nowhere else to go. In fact, what I was trying to say (about three sentences ago), is that at the moment my own time's 100% fanac, and I'm still getting more out of it than I'm putting in. (((whew! I feel overworked just reading about all that backlog..!)))

GEORGE HAY, 78 Downhills Way, London N17 6BD.

....You have the basis for a good letter-column, but I beg of you not to let the thing become just a gossip-zine---or, alternatively, if it is to be that, let it be only a gossip-zine, but then a good one, as lurid and nit-picking as possible. (((Our motto is: "Allh the nnews that's fhit hto phint.")))

Our journal for the SF Foundation, called---surprise, surprise!---Foundation should be out, at 50p, by about March 10th, available from the Foundation.... and I'd be glad if you could give this publicity....

(((Foundation is a thoroughly professional job, as it should be with the big names associated with it, with an excellent selection of sf items mainly dealing with the nature of the genre. Now available.)))

JOHN PIGGOTT, 17 Monmouth Rd., Oxford OX1 4TD.

Thanks for ZIMRI-2 which provided a reasonably entertaining hour or so even though you committed the unforgivable sin of issuing a 48-page fanzine and not mentioning my name once! A shattering blow to the ego, that was, even though it came only two days after news of my first professional sale of writing had reached me (at just over 7p (((appr 18¢US))) a word! Though since the whole thing was only 14 words long it maybe wasn't a particularly munificent payment after all...). (((See folks, you too can be a BNP! Congrats, John; may the gods of Avarice smile on your £1 and send you many more. Name duly printed to boost Z's reputation.)))

....Funny thing about Holdstock: I met him at the Globe not long ago, and he seemed a pretty ordinary person. Not at all the kind of person who would write such a brilliant piece as appears under his name here. Perhaps there are two of him or something, with the one of him staying at home behind the typer (one trusts) all day while the other of him is made in bright inflatable plastic specially to appear at functions like the Globe, conventions, etc. (((Rob, stand up and defend your honour! The man's comparing you to a bag of wind!)))

"I feel lonely at Worldcons..." \$ \$ Fr Dm Dm Fl \$ Kr...£...\$ Dm L \$ Fl \$ \$

MARYSIENKA LEGG, 20 Woodstock Close, Oxford OX2 8DB.

....The soppy dinosaur I loved....

....Fun comparing Rob's impressions of the Globe with my own. Probably he would despair of yrs truly, seeing as I never talk sf at the Globe on those rare occasions I get there these days. Well, but I can talk it in letters---it's the folks I want to see, you see---the people I otherwise might only see once a year at a Con, if I was lucky. But is it really so bad, Rob, if you return?

....On the subject of autographs---it depends, as the saying goes. It's rather nice to have a favourite book with the author's name inscribed in his own fair hand within the cover, is it not? What I object to is when sometimes this may be used to bump up the selling price of any given item. But there, others may not agree.

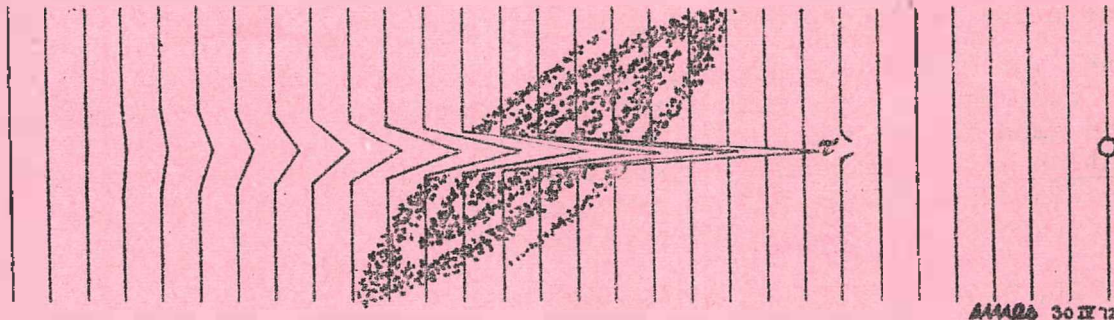
Who is Galadriel? Oh, Lisa, bottom of the class!

....Roje Gilbert: you, too, are different in print than you are in the flesh, as it were. And really, I can't reconcile the two...so, perhaps, a leetle legpulling I detect here?? Hmmm?

((('Hmmm' indeed. Haven't seen you at the Globe in ages, Mary; since you were there last the place has changed enormously: they've enlarged the first-aid post, and the bar has a bullet-proof mirror behind it now....))) ((What? and no spittoon...?!)) ((They keep a barrel for that...)))

PAUL SHACKLEY, 44 Belgrave Sq., Rathmines, Dublin 6.

....I must contest a couple of points. I was interested to see Tau Zero by Poul Anderson dealt with since I've been wanting to read this book because it's the



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only one I've heard of which deals with the real, astonishing and little-known relativity effects and therefore presents a viable interstellar plot without dragging in either of the contrary cliches: generation ship or hyperspace. I think I gathered from the review that the same astronauts who leave Earth also make eventual planetfall. (((Correct.))) If so, how can the reviewer describe this as a "generation ship cliche plot" which explicitly requires that the Earth-leavers' descendants reach the destination? Again, since this is almost the only interstellar novel which insists on being rigorously Einsteinian, how can it be dismissed as a cliche of any kind? It's an obvious idea, certainly, but one which Mr Anderson seems to be alone in using. Further than this, I can't go, not having read the book, I hasten to add. I'm just trying to classify the book, not to criticize it.

((By 'cliche' Phil almost certainly meant that the notion of applying Einsteinian Relativity to sf isn't new, not that the idea or the plot was necessarily bad. Over-use can turn even the brightest concept into a cliche, yet the concept remains as it was, as true or as false. As to 'generation ship', well, maybe that was a misnomer, although at least one 'descendant' is born onboard.)))

ALAN BURNS, Goldspink House, Goldspink Lane, Newcastle-upon-Tyne NE2 1NQ.

((What's a 'goldspink'?)))

....I regard as immoral the filling up of pages with letters, as all it does is to let people like Thom Penman have their idiotic vapourings aired publicly. In my days when I put out NORTHLIGHT I was a really bloody-minded faned, with the idea that if I could put good money into my zine, those who received it should feel honoured that I troubled to send them a copy, and if they wrote a letter back, it usually went into the wastebasket after reading, tho' now and again I occasionally relented and put in a minute lettercol. I gave up fanpubbing when I found that it cost more to send a zine to Gateshead (on the poor south bank of the-Tyne) than it did to Tokyo, Japan.

((('...Vapourings'---what a magnificent word!; must use it in our Japanese edition....)))

But to get on. How you can make sf out of Love Story I'm at a loss to understand. Could be like the Frenchman who said the Albert Memorial made him think of sex, but explained to his incredulous English host that everything made him think of sex. But your crit was reasonable et al.

...."The Children of Men" was the usual rubbish that goes under this theme. (((-?-))) I fail to see what the sleek metal colossus had to do with Baal. (((I'll leave someone else to explain it)))

"The Advantages of Infamy" I fail to understand, but if being infamous means doing all right I did all right out of my infamous days in fandom.

"Last Meeting"---as Thackeray said to an aspiring author who wrote for criticism "Dear Sir, oh my dear sir, yours etc."

The comment on the Novacon I pass over, I never read such stuff unless I've been and I don't go---so.

"Hero"---come, come, this is feeble.

Ritchie Smith's poems. Haiku, no thanks, I take the bus.

"A Word in Edgeways" I note, but can find nought to praise or blame.

So in all a good professionally produced fanzine, put out with no expense spared, and a real pleasure to receive, I look forward to further copies as issues come out, and will of course contribute stuff if I can meet your requirements.

((Gee thanks, it's such a change to have people say nice things about the zine)))

RITCHIE SMITH, 70 Olive St., South Shields, Co.Durham.

....Pleasant chuckle with Holdstock. Unpleasant chuckle at Roje Gilbert. A poem, which was of course the first thing I turned to, so I could congratulate myself on its greatness (Like I've said to Thom, arrogance....):...my 'immortal flow'rs of poesy' were probably caviary to the general, but if you like your quasi -Japanese delicacy & subtlety, why don't you read Ezra Pound's Cathay instead of Three Poems...!?

((Those,er, sentiments formed part of a longer letter from Napoleon XIV, forwarded by Ritchie. It's nice to know how widely read we are...even if some of the resulting locs tend to be kinda confusing.)))

ROJE GILBERT, 14 Copley Close, Murton, Swansea SA3 3JL.

....Liked Rob Holdstock's thing, even with the little go at me (see pp33-4). Mind you, it is the only time I've put my foot in it (and how) but I still get punished for it. This illustrates a main point of fandom, which is small-mindedness. Fans' imaginations and memories are stupendous, but they mainly bring their weight to bear on very insignificant data.

Kettle is wrong...(((deleted endearments)))...He's wrong because he says fandom isn't sf. Let's face it, fandom stems from sf. No equivalent association exists for anything else, except perhaps lorry drivers flashing lights to one another. Most fans read sf, volumes, acres, tons, bushels of it, and know a helluva lot

about it...(((more endearments)))...Take away sf, and fandom would die---very rapidly, for all Kettle's rejoinders to the opposite.

HARTLEY PATTERSON, "Finches",

....Sorry, but commenting on fan fiction is as difficult as reviewing a promag, or more so (as a lot of it is not straight sf).

The success of Love Story (the film at least) is possibly due to having no competition. Previous to it the choice was between Walt Disney 'fantasy' and the bloody (real blood) 'realistic' type. No, Love Story may be unreal but no more so than the majority of Hollywood output.

Never been to the Globe (((a deficiency remedied as of May 72))). Either I'm working the wrong shift, or it's fanzine deadline day, or I forget, or there's some other reason. Drunken fans are OK in very small doses, eg once a year, but once a month---no wonder such zines as FOULER result.

Who is Galadriel??? No more Middle Earthworms for you, my girl!

Keep plugging Cordwainer Smith. One collection in UK paperback is just ridiculoushis work, like some others (Phil Dick springs to mind)((and out again)) have a cumulative effect in that each can be better appreciated if one has read a lot. The first Dick novel I read (Palmer Eldritch I think it was) put me off reading more for several years (((understandable))) ; now I have most of his books and enjoy each new one more than the last.

Mr A Mercer should talk to Mr J Blish, known in music circles as the author of the definitive work on Richard Strauss' Operas. At Heidelberg he told the story of how Strauss was commissioned by the City Fathers to compose a work for the opening of the Stadthalle (where the Con was held). The acoustics were a little peculiar (as Con attendees found!) but the composer rose to the task and produced a choral work that cannot be properly performed anywhere else, as it depends on the Stadthalle acoustics for its proper effect.

Ho hum, semantic quibble for Leroy---he means I think: "the majority of sf fans are almost totally ignorant of sf", which makes it merely an unproven assertion instead of plain nonsense. A lot of very respectable fans are not fans of sf at all but of...well, Tolkien, or "Diplomacy", or comics. Some may not even have heard of sf fandom, but they remain fans. The fanzine with the highest issue number (260 to date---5.2.72) is one most ZIMRI readers will certainly not have heard of---it is GRAUSTARK, a Postal Diplomacy zine that has published almost every fortnight since 1963.

....Chris Priest hits the New Wave detractors on the proverbial nail. Make 'em cite book and author, even if they can't bring themselves to quote the actual offending passages. It may transpire that they have only encountered the 90% trash. See current issue of CYPHER, where after a Jeeves article suggesting that most memorable sf was published before '58, the locolumn has a lot of post-'58 books cited that we all do remember.

Novacon was indeed quite a success, it's a good thing, this, to have a Con returning to the same place each year. Perhaps other parts of the country might try...certainly in the past few years hotels used by EasterCon have often asked for us to come back.

((NovaCon'72 bookings and details available from, I believe, the secretary, Jeffrey D Hacker, 92 Wisley Way, Harborne, Birmingham B32 2JU.)))

JOHN SPINKS, Flat 4, Hillside Club, 50/54 Mill Hill Rd., Norwich NOR 16G.

....My main complaint is that 50% of ZIMRI-2 seems to consist of a post-mortem of Z1...I just hope Z3 won't be a post-mortem on the post-mortem of Z1, and Z4 a post-mortem on the post-mortem on the post-mortem....(((It won't be, we also hope.)))

To consider the rest of the zine, the most entertaining piece was Rob's "Global Warfare". He seems to have captured the 'atmosphere' of the place pretty well, or

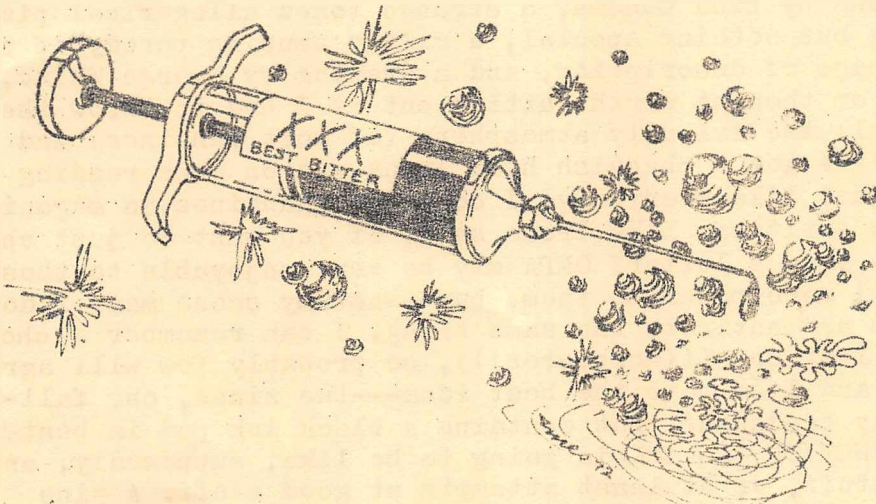
at least so I would imagine, never having been there. (((He should; Howard Rosenblum's pipe provides an atmosphere hard to escape from.))) Knocking fandom seems to be a popular pastime these days, so perhaps Rob is being one of Bo Peep's sheep himself, bleating about the rat-fan's bubonic plague. Why the hell does he go there himself if it is really so unsatisfactory? Surely not just to collect information for a future article. Reluctant congratulations, though, on a good piece of writing.

((We're all masochists in the London Circle; we like going on fanoeuvres.... "I recall one particular evening,...Back in the Summer of '70 it was. The day had been devilish hot, with hardly a thrown beer glass to raise a breeze. The natives were getting restless---one big bearded buck kept muttering, "New Worlds", in a very menacing way. Suddenly: "ApintofE!" yelled one---and the blood-curdling cry was taken up all along the bar. There was I, with only one working beer pump twixt them and me...Gad, but it was an ugly moment!..." (Darkest Hatton Garden, Lord Phantamer (formerly AJ Pinter, barkeeper, the Globe), National Geographical Society, £12.50).)))

....I haven't really changed my mind about fanzine reviews, although perhaps I have moderated my views slightly. Surely if your readers want to know what is in other zines, they can read them for themselves, and I suspect most do. By all means tell us who edits what, where, and what type of zine it is, but detailed comment on the contents is best made in a loc to the zine involved, as was said in a letter to Z2 (((Paul Shackley, p23?))). Fandom often indulges in narcissism, and looks inwards instead of outwards towards the real world. Maybe I'm climbing onto the knocking bandwagon myself, a little self-criticism is called for. To be fair though, the three pages of fanzine reviews in Z2 were quite reasonable. (((Ah, but the true value of fanzine reviews---as Paul Skelton pointed out (Z2:p13)---lies in showing how the reviewing zine stands with respect to the others and what it (or rather, the reviewer) thinks of them. The other zines all know their stuff is second-rate, just as we know ours is best; but that doesn't mean that You Lot Out There know it. You need telling.)))(((And if we don't edit your loc too much..?)))

KENNETH MARDLE, 44 Charles Bradlaugh House, Haynes Close, Tottenham, London N17 0RD.

....If nobody talks about sf at the Globe, then I'm not interested in going there. That's the whole point of a fan like myself attending such a malfunction in the first place.



((The days of the 'White Horse' are long past, Ken; and I suspect that even they used not to concentrate solely on sf. Have you tried Arthur Clarke's Tales of the White Hart? ...It's not so much that we don't talk about sf--we do, as the humour takes us---but that the atmosphere is permeated by its presence. The anatomy of a Globe sausage would make an ideal story for Analog, whilst the mind-bending properties of

the beer could keep Harlan Ellison tripping around his ego for weeks. Treat yourself to a 15p tube train ride.)))

So that's where you obtained the title of ZIMRI from? (((Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel)))...Perhaps now we can have an illustration of Zimri (or was that

him on the facing page?).
(((The thought occurred to Lisa as well. See contents page. For the history fiends amongst our readers, it's worth mentioning that Z isn't necessarily dressed as he would have been. Originally, he was a 'captain of chariots', as is recorded in the Bible (I Kings, xvi, 9) in about 880-890 BC. Unfortunately, pictorial details of charioteers of his culture are scarce (at least, I couldn't find any), so what you see is a pastiche. Helmet, harness and legwear derives freely from wall sculptures depicting the "Siege of the City of Lachish" in the British Museum. It seemed reasonable that Z would get down and swing a sword now and then, and the Assyrians were contemporaries to within a couple of hundred years (Ashur-nasir-pal (884-859 BC) to Ashur-bani-pal (7th Cent BC). The Assyrians would have used a round shield, but hints from elsewhere (an illustrated Bible, actually!) suggest a rectangular shield, as well as the loose kilt and fish-scale chain mail. Comments from military-history buffs are welcomed.)))

....Question: Is there any published record in a zine of James White's talk at NovaCon on Sector General?

(((Fred Hemmings probably got it if anyone did; next to a certain young lady, he's the most accomplished article-finagler I know.)))

THOTH PENMAN, 14 Winterbottom St., South Shields, Co. Durham NE33 2LX.

....I agree, to use words like GAFIATE in respect of someone like Panman (((sic))) is ludicrous. It's not exactly true in my case---what occurred is a turning off. I've forgotten Mushling's name for the syndrome, but it's common enough. I stopped writing to the people Thom Penman wrote to, abruptly, and laid aside things phannish. It's a hard gut-habit to kick tho, and I'm still neo-phanning about here and there. Irony corner: Goblin was going thru a similar withdrawal period about the time ZIMRI-1 came out. Mole is the most fervent phan in the Bright Kingdom at the moment, horribly so in fact, almost Mancunian.

Leroi's letter brings in a breath of sense into this our befogged world. ZIMRI is another phanzine, with all the usual stylisation, atmosphere, and right on, okay, it's enjoyable as such, better than most, has the occasion to feature something good occasionally. ISEULT is going to be the stamping ground of Renaissance Phan though, hopefully, if it comes close to expectations. Petes Presford and Colley seem to have something good coming up too. ((How's that again, Thom?)) MACROCOSM was a nice start at least. So far ZIMRI has produced two drawings and two cartoons by Lisa Conesa, a strange toned allegorical piece that was mildly interesting but nothing special, a mildly amusing parody of no consequence, a reasonable page of description, and a drawing by George White, that I've especially liked or thought worth cutting out if I had to throw the zines away.....Now I like all the friendly atmosphere (of most fanzines) and black snails and all, and I've got a phannish head I can put on when reading basically light phanzines just like everybody; I consider phanzines as magazines however, basically creative entities. Like Irene said, if you want to just chat with friends, why don't you send a letter? OMPA may be very enjoyable to those in there and raring, and all more power to them, but---not my scene man. I don't think phandom and phanzines are entirely the same thing. I can remember a chorus of old Gray phannish heads last Con ((Worcester))), so probably few will agree with me. I think the Petes and Lisa have the best idea---two zines, one fall-out laffs, especially a friendly handshake that contains a black ink pad in best FOULER tradition like MALFUNCTION (is it?) is going to be like, supposedly, and then another full of good stuff, or at least attempts at good stuff. A zine containing aesthetic artwork, good poetry and lots of it, good prose if there is any, and good production, seems to me a reasonable starting point for a worthwhile 'fan-zine'. If it has a 'poetic ina general sense' overtone, better still. At the moment I can't think of a phanzine that has an atmosphere Tristram and Iseult would fit into. MCR-FARCH, perhaps, henchmen have vaguely indicated, but that was long ago and oh so far away....The past is dead---if anyone wants a Renaissance. It'll have to be raised out of the ruins of the present. That's pig-obvious.

....What I don't personally care for in phandom (and I'm sure all this will be really enthralling to all you lucky people, but I'm having my say despite all, in best Idwal tradition) is the unique sameness. The 'fannishness' that predominates to a stifling degree. The inaneness, not truthfully funny, merely humorous: I get a laugh out of Stefan Grossman just talking to the audience about how hobbits are real nice people;....Jeeves (for instance) giving us his enthralling phannish memoires; all those articles over the years comparing jazz/progressive music/damnall with sf; blow-by-blow accounts of the latest trouble with the duplicator/car/house/rubber-goods/bailiffs. You know what I mean. You see it all the time. Myself, I blame OMPA for a lot of this tradition-of-phannishness, but I don't think I'm being entirely fair....Phanzines are too Tweedledum-Tweedledee-ish: they're all made out of ticky-tacky and they all look just the same. They're practically all phanzines or genzines, not that genzines really publish anything that comes---their little slot is narrow and deep, I don't know why.

Phanzinedom seems not only too stylised and unadventurous, but unbalanced. Loads of phanzines on one hand, "general" zines (of a restricted nature) in the middle, but---where are the one or two aesthetic phanzines that should be on the other hand? LOTR has Sam Gamgee and the Hobbits, and the Shire, but Galadriel and Whitehavens and the Elvish Folk too. Phanzinedom is mostly like ITV---switching over to BBC2 now and again might be in order.

Phanzinedom has a zeitgeist. Yes it has. Perhaps it is because people put on their phandom heads when confronted by it, or maybe people whose heads do not basically fit the atmosphere don't stay in it. What I think is needed is not so much a changing as an enlarging. ZIMRI is theoretically neo-phan inclined (((-?-))) ---look, just one thing: do your own-uh-thing. Follow your own star. Don't take off what's there just because it's the usual thing.

((It was tempting to cut this loc, edit it to nothing because it was so long, but even though the mood of the arguments is not new we thought it might be interesting to hear a few (short) comments, not necessarily for publication, mainly for our own information. However, I'll make some kind of an answer now...

((Sure, fandom has a zeitgeist, of a kind, and it's this geist, spirit or whatyoulike, that makes people produce the kind of zines you are complaining about: it's anintellectual gregariousness which manifests itself as fans indulging in or discussing common interests of all sorts---in our case sf happens to be the keystone of our activities. And in the course of it you will inevitably arrive at a high proportion of narrow-topic zines---after all, it's mighty hard to let someone else time-share their monomania with yours. For some it's LOTR, for others sercon; it takes people different ways. Occasionally, however, you hit the odd nugget that is pure diversity---if that isn't being too Irish---and this is where I think you mean the 'aesthetic' zines lie in the spectrum. Unfortunately it is deuced hard to maintain the balance, and a bias creeps in or the zine folds through lack of material/endurance on the editor's part. We just try to turn out a readable zine.)))

....It's too bad you lost that argument with the apes, ain't it, Rob? While I'm on, the bit I liked most about the NovaCon-rep was the part about the Hotel being invaded by five idiots in monkey-masks, the human fly, and an unbelieving night porter. Great stuff! Chuck Partington must have no sense of the cosmo-genic.

....And now to end on a phannish note. And I almost forgot to mention it. George White's illo for Jack Marsh's piece---just incredible. Best thing in here, if one can make a damnfool assertion like that. I didn't know George had met Holdstock, tho....

((I guess fame is when people bother to insult you in public, so perhaps Rob ought to feel flattered.))) ((especially as Thom recognised Rob, just like that!)) ((Just one big, happy family, that's us!)))

DAN MORGAN, 1 Chapel Lane, Spalding, Lincs.

....P.S. Just noticed the note about ZIMRI being produced at 'indecent intervals' on your contents page...That would be maybe F sharp to B flat? (((Erchhh!! That's enough to make one quaver!))) ((Make one quaver!? I think you managed more quavers than that Andrew...))

PETER LINNETT, 13 Grosvenor Rd., West Wickham, Kent BR4 9PU.

Lo and behold---after six months plus waiting, the new ZIMRI, with ghastly front cover & varied contents...I first turn, of course, to the gigantic LoC section, to find my 400 word letter cut to five lines. Just as well too---any more LoCs and I would have screamed. Fiction was as usual crap (going to argue the point? (((dark muttering)))). Phil's editorial interesting, though he makes the mistake of treating sf as a block of literature instead of as being written by a great number of individuals with widely differing styles and intentions. What is sf, anyway? (((Don't answer that!))) Individual writers are all that matter, don't you agree? ((Aye, but why is it a mistake to treat sf as a block of literature? That's what it is, after all---plus a good many other undefined things---with or without the highbrow overtones on the Big Name 'Mainstream' writers.)))

R.Holdstock's piece sure gives us the real gen on the Globe (warning me to keep away). Book reviews---is it really worth devoting a page to Poul-Anderson? (((Yes.))) Oh yes---no more fan poems or Roger Johnson---PLEASE!! ((Read on Peter...))

PHILIP PAYNE. "Longmead", 15 Wilmerhatch Lane, Epsom, Surrey.

....Just renoticed your sacrilegious comment in Thom Penman's letter on p11. 'Who is Galadriel?' I fervently pray you are verily kidding. Any sf fan who doesn't know who Galadriel is should be strung up by the thumbs and beaten lightly by the hardback edition of LOTR. Not that I'm saying that everyone should like Lord of the Rings, I am quite willing to humour the madmen who don't, but surely any fan should at least read it to know what all the fuss is about and having read it you couldn't forget who Galadriel was---I hope. (((Philip Payne wins the coveted Brass Yngvi Award For ZIMRI-3 for coming closest to saying who Galadriel was without actually giving the game away. Well done Phil...)))

Comments also on the letter from Brian Robinson. I hope I got his meaning right but reading his comments on sex in sf prompted two thoughts. ((Bet that surprised even Brian.)) Firstly I would disagree about there being no sf which could be classified as porno. I have not read them myself, so perhaps am in a bad position to speak, but I gather that Philip Jose Farmer has published, over and above his 'daring' books like Flesh, some straight sf pornography. I know little about them but the only time I came across them they were being offered to me 'under the counter' so to speak. More worrying I find the publication of books, a while back, specifically geared to sell on their sex content. Two examples which spring to mind are The House that stood still by A E Van Vogt and Gunner Cade by Cyril Judd (ie: Kornbluth and Merrill). The first was republished under the title The Mating Cry with a near-naked girl on the cover. Inside as well the few encounters of hero and heroine were taken further than in the original and left a lot less to the imagination. Gunner Cade I know less about as I never read it but at the same time it was republished under the title Sin In Space, also with a half-naked girl on the cover. Although I have nothing against sex in a story if it helps the plot I think it is sad that stories, which were alright on their own, should have been made sexier in an effort to sell them.

(((Yes, I remember one of the Hucksters at the Globe had a copy of Sin In Space ---the presentation on the cover was almost funny in the way it emphasised the sex. Good-looking girl though.)))

From Malcolm Edward's letter it seems I missed, in Z1, an article I have been waiting for for a long time, namely one on fandom. As a new fan tentatively

entering the field I got very confused with all the terms. After a while I discovered the meanings of LoC and GAFIA but FIAWOL still sounds like a long-lost cousin of Galadriel, and are you sure 'Ghod' and 'bheer' are spelled right? I reckon every new fan should be sent a free dictionary so he at least realises that he speaks the same language after all.
(((There are rumours that Archie Mercer may have such a dictionary...Archie?)))

OF CHAUVIN, 17829 Peters, Roseville, Michigan, 48066 USA.

....Phil Muldowney...hhmmmm,...sounds familiar---haven't we met before..?
AHA! Now I remember: I saw his letters in Amazing several times. Let me pause for a moment and put on my sercon cap. (*there*) I hate to say this, but Phil's comments "A Word In Edgeways" sound sort of like the things that Hugo Gernsback said---only instead of 'giving us a deeper understanding' and 'educating us' in science, Phil wants sf to educate us in humanity. Personally, I'm not too sure that fiction of any type should 'educate' a person---or has any other purpose, really, than providing them with a vivid, intense experience. "Good fiction is art and simulates nothing---it simply is its own valid self"---Jakobsson, in the Feb If lettercol. Also, for an idea of what sf is all about and really for, may I suggest that Phil read Alexei and Cory Panshin's articles in Feb Fantastic and March F&SF? I think that the Panshins really explain just what it is that people are searching for when they read science fiction. And it also explains why Orbit and its ilke have been so dissatisfying.
(((Must comment on this 'education' point. As far as I was able, I looked up the references you give---If and F&SF---and wholly agree with you over the Panshins' article---"the vitality of good sf is almost completely due to the degree of positive development embodied in it" was, as I understand it, the meat of their thesis. Jakobsson possibly had such a thought in mind when he wrote your quote, but he does go on to say, "Bad fiction may pretend to simulate other things ---and is a lie." This, too, I agree with. Unfortunately, bad fiction can sometimes succeed in its deception; the praise of false values and futile philosophies may be accepted uncritically by those who have never learned better, and therefore education of some sort is a good thing. However, it should only be education by example; formal preaching is worse than none, and will only drive its hearers (or readers) away. I am strongly opposed to the bible-thumping, or its analogues, which goes on in some quarters---though I am, I find, guilty of it myself on occasion. If the lesson can't be given without overwhelming the pupil, it ought to be deferred until he's ready for it. You'll find few sermons in ZIMRI, but we will encourage an improvement of standards wherever possible.)))

One last thing: like I have repeatedly stressed in CYPHER (perhaps rather fuggheadedly at times, I'll admit) 'significance' and 'relevance' are meaningless terms. They are completely and absolutely SUBJECTIVE. What may be 'significant' or 'relevant' to you may not be for Moorcock, and vice versa.

Hhhhhmmmm, now that I read down further, and read what you say about kicking the TV screen in, I believe that you probably agree with me. In fact, you may go insane with joy when you read the Panshins' piece in F&SF. Good Grief, I almost feel like starting a new holy war!

Ok, enough on the sercon side. Sercon arguments generally depress me anyway. The latest SPEC depressed me. In fact, I feel like tearing it to shreds, but writing a loc isn't worth it, Pete never prints mine...

HEY! I loooooovvved Rob Holdstock's piece! Insanely funny, and I kept giggling through the whole damn thing, and if an article makes me LAUGH, then I know that it succeeded. MORE, please! One belly laugh is worth a thousand giggles, or however that saying goes. That foot illos was also quite good---and unfortunately the only worthwhile illos in the zine..

How could any reviewer possibly 'judge' a fanzine on the content of one loc? That's insane! If someone dislikes what the loc-writer said, then they should either write a loc to the editor tearing the poor fellow apart, or they should write a separate article disagreeing with what the loc-writer said and explaining

why. But why knock an entire fanzine on one letter? How unfairly biased can you get! If the whole fanzine is like that, and you're only taking one letter out as an example to prove how fuggheaded it is, fine...But not otherwise.

Roger Waddington's "Last Meeting" has a coincidence in titles with a story that just appeared in a US zine called "The Last Meeting". Roger's story unfortunately suffers from too much dialog and an extremely short length. A story needs some space to develop---even a vignette such as Roger intended. His opening paragraph is good, however, and if the prose throughout the story was as good as that, it would have been much more worthwhile. By using extensive dialog, Roger has violated that ancient principle: show, not tell. He tells the story with words, rather than painting it with description. If he keeps this in mind when writing future stories---and visualises what he is trying to portray---then he'll probably produce much better material.

Well, I have a cold and my typewriter is clogging up with cold capsules so I'll quit.

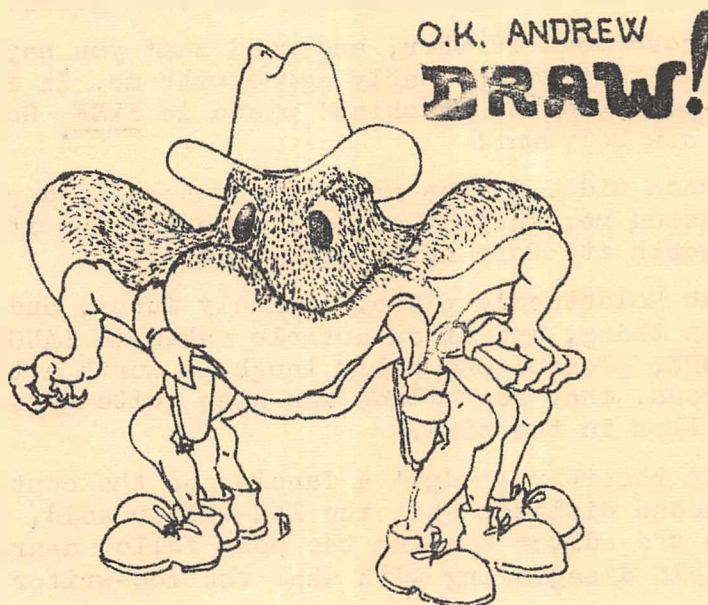
((((Commiserations, Cy. Halfway through typing up the draft of this loccol, I found the reason for my typer's odd behaviour: it was clogging up with whole erasers. Don't ask me how.)))

And that is that.

Acting in my capacity of in loco editoris primi, as it were, I've expressed myself pretty freely in replies to comments meant for Phil Muldowney. Accordingly, the brickbats should be aimed at lisa or me, not at Phil. Any gumph who slips up will be severely ignored. (There's bound to be at least one!)

For the statisticians amongst you, there are thirty-five locs credited here, even if not all of every one got through, and our thanks to you all. The length amounted to roughly thirteen/fourteen thousand words---anyone crazy enough to do an accurate count should send the information to the Zimri Awards Committee, who will adjudge his worthiness to receive the Gunmetal Yngvi For Z3. He may also be certified.

Now maybe I can get back to painting those rocks.....



LADY OF THE MORNING

She is the lady of the morning
 weaving garlands in the sun,
Showering those below her
 with a taste of things to come.

Oh I know that I can love her,
 give me time
 enough
 to see
her wealth of Autumn,
 midst the tall and golden,
 Spring-time flavoured grass.

For her eyes are starry whirlpools
that will draw out all my soul,
 and leave me here
 to wander,
 endless paths
 below
 the cloudy winter skies.

Draw out all my conscience,
Leave me
 lonely, leave me
 standing.
Dreaming dreams,
 and
 living fantasy.
Whilst my hopes of some tomorrow,
 spiral upward
 to the stars.

.....Saw her once
 I did,
 her splendour
 blotting out, the works of man.
Far more lovely
 in the winter,
than an host
 of Christmas,
 carol
 angels, melting in the sun.

With a roaring log fire standing,
 I could see
 for one brief moment.

All
her glory,
All
her tears.
See her, standing, dimly,
.....With a dark eyed passion,
 flaming briefly,
 through the windows
 of her soul.

And her smile is more than mortal
more than saints

or demons
saw.

Guaranteed
to make you smile,
a little
while a little,
time
away
with her.

So t'would be a fool, tis certain,
who would
turn and walk away,
for such beauty
here, I'll stay
here I'll stay.

- Kevin Hall, '72

.....
IMAGINE

Imagine a heart that breaks when we part - mine.
Imagine tears that fall for your sadness - mine.
Imagine words that have hurt you - mine.
Imagine regrets for a lifetime - mine.
Imagine love that is yours for ever - mine.

- John Alan Glynn, '72

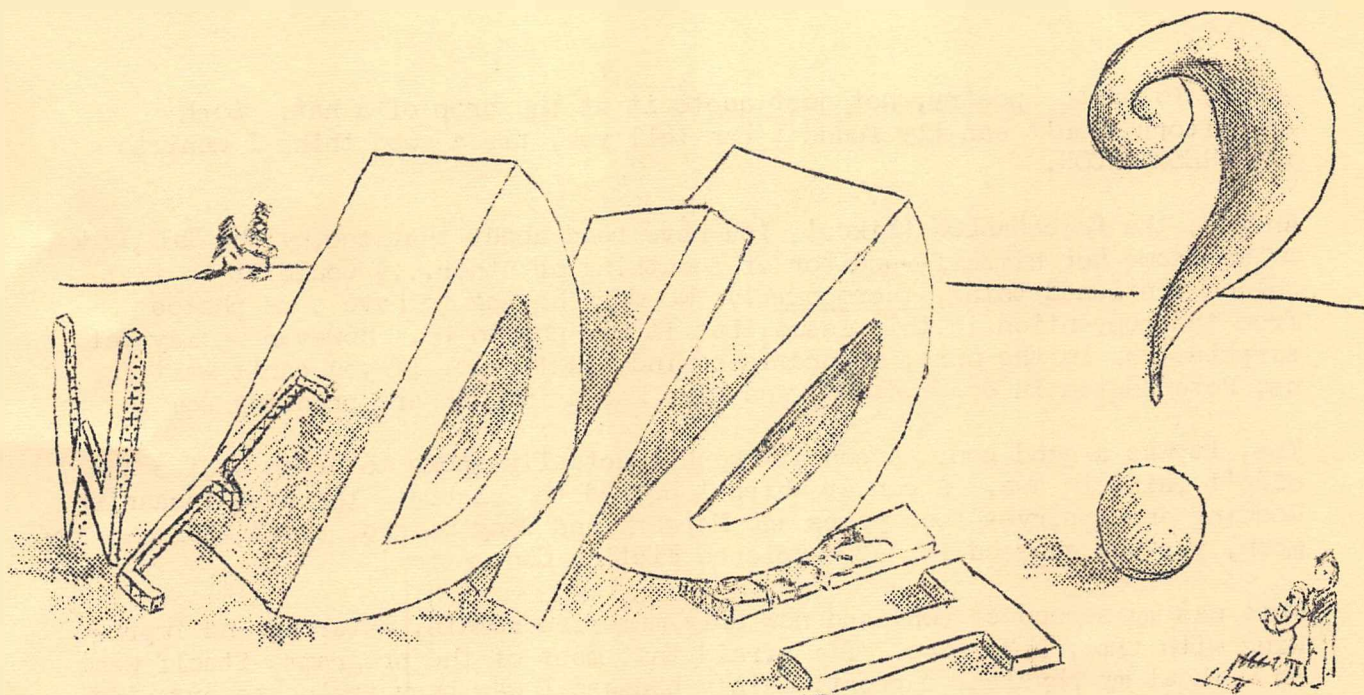
.....
SMILE

Small flower of the sun
fell from eyes
breaking away like a leaf gone dry
A squirrel leapt from a trampoline
silence sits on a pine-cone
its praying to a drop of dew
staring at the feet of a man
everything waits
to be
trampled

- lisa conesa, '72

.....
Every where I see you
placing the butt end of smiles
between your sad lips.

- Alan Coker



'....did what?' You may be thinking; why, IT the zine you are now holding in your very hands, of course! You must admit its quite a size if nothing else. And the 'we'? Well, you should by now know about Andrew and you've met me before. The 'we' also includes the contributors, without whom...etc., etc. Which is where we both thankyou most profoundly, and beg you not to rest on your laurels, please keep sending those manuscripts, LoCs etc, we need you!

We also thank: KEVIN HALL our bleary eyed proof-reader and poet; ROGER JOHNSON, who's Hero went and tore on the duplicator and had to be left behind for the next issue. Many, many thanks to the artists DAVE ROWE and GEORGE WHITE---as I said before, you already know about Andrew.

I should offer my apologies for the reproduction at this point, but I hear you groan, so we'll take it as said: Apologies and Thanks. Mind you, I could write sagas about my first solo efforts on the new---new did I say? Hah! twelve quid and good luck you'll need it---duper, but I won't, I won't. Suffice it to say that having run-off most of the 'zine by now, I congratulate myself that its still here and not outside my window, broken, smashed and shattered, 'blessed' by words in several languages.... I advise any fan-ed who's thinking of buying a second-hand duper to think twice, cos mine isn't the only tale of woe... But there, I said I won't, so I better not, let us away to happier things.

"A PARTING CUP TO PHIL ANALOG CAME ANDREW" ? Words of the Artist himself: David Rowe; hmmm, anyway...Andrew, the other half of this edotorial duo already said a few words about Phil--there-he-was-gone-Muldowney, again I could go on, but the wound is still fresh and the tears obscure the keys on my typer. Later perhaps I will be able to say a few choice words to and about Phil, but not now, not now. However, worry not dear reader, you will see my ex-co-ed again within the pages of Zimri, as a contributor and a frequent one t'is hoped!

Happily I welcome Andrew and sincerely hope he'll stay with Zimri for a long, long time to come. Even if you haven't mentioned Cordwainer Smith amongst your favorite authors, Andrzej, but I suppose one can't have everything... I mean, this guy is an artist, author (pro yet!) and has been



known to write poetry, not just quote it at the drop of a hat. Such co-editors aren't easily found I can tell you, tis a good thing I went to the CHESSMANCON.

Ah yes, the CHESSMANCON (Yikes! You have read about that too, by the Tall, Dark and Handsome Rob himself---editor of something or other...!) Could it be that seldom mentioned thing, macrocosm?!) we were hoping to have some photos from the convention in this issue, but it was not to be. However we may yet surprise you in the next, no promises mind, just hope. If you can't wait for us, Pete Weston in SPECULATION, and Mike Maera in LURK are printing some.

Yes, it was a good con. A con at which I actually spoke to Brian Aldiss and didn't faint in awe. A con at which I helped to celebrate the most faaaanish wedding anniversary---four years ago Margery and Tony Edwards spent their honeymoon, yes you guessed it, at a Science Fiction Convention!

This was my second sf con, and now only memories remain, maturing and improving with time, like wine. I'm afraid that most of the programme itself went on without my physical support, mainly because I was busy trying to organise the chess tournament---an experience which needs some very mature wine to be looked back upon without a shudder or two. Imagine, three chess boards, thirty three contestants, all raring to GO! And some nutty character who would insist on switching on the telly. I, of course, would have none of it, oh dear me no! Off I went to an official body and complained, Tony (the official bod) came and pulled the plug out, but fen are geniuses in disguise, an electronic fan soon found us out, and there it was, back on again....Eventually I put me foot down, and without spilling a drop of fannish blood that was settled, and the contestants could play on in peace.

But kibitzing grew dull, fen kept vanishing and I had the job of chasing them out of their hiding places - mostly bars - when it was their turn to play; Sustaining myself from time to time by an odd drop of alcohol whenever I came across a familiar face. That part was fun. Fred Hemmings and Ian Maule were the most difficult to find, I must have met at least three familiar faces trying to track those two down. The FUN ended by Hans Loose beating all - all except Fred, who was disqualified for being invisible - and that was that.

Oh, but there was so much more, like the room party, and the many, many chats with fen-folk. Fen whose faces were both familiar and strange. Amongst the 'strange' was Peter Roberts; I'd imagined him to look like some intellectual country squire, you know, all tweeds and stiff upper lip. Pete turned out to be more like a Chopin or Liszt; all leather and long hair, intellectual yes, but not a bit squirish. Then there was Jim Goddard, who looked like a very British Oeyanne, towering over and very soft spoken. Eddie Jones was gay and steadily kissing every fem-fan in sight - just as I'd imagined him. Greg Pickersgill looks more like a teddy-bear than Ian Williams, and Roy Kettle looks like Roy Kettle and is extremely strong, give him a tel ephone book and he might tear that in half too.

The familiar face of Thom-Magic-Penman kept popping up through the haze of alcohol, always and ever surrounded by Gannets and Mad-men. I remember trying to get him on his own for a few minutes, we kept fixing times and places, but Thom was always late!

Next year the Convention is being organised by the members of OMPA, it is to be a very faaanish one, which should be fun, because if the last one lacked anything it was just that, more fen taking part in the actual programme. More news of the con in the next issue of Zimri.

This issue was brought to you with sweat, tears and most of all FUN, I only hope you enjoy reading it one iota as much as we've enjoyed producing it.

The Saga of FanzineRevue....Chapter MIXIT

In which all is Made Plain, Egos are deflated, and the Gentle Reader is at last Released from Bondage Vile....

ALGOL(cont.):

As an example of what can be done if an editor aims for quality rather than quantity, A-17 deserves close study. Editor Andy Porter has a stated policy of aiming high even if he has to postpone publication to finance his beautifully produced (lithoed) zine. Each issue is reckoned to cost about \$300, and this high cost appears to justify itself inasmuch as the contributors (who include Robert Bloch, John Bangsund, Greg Benford, and artists Bode, Rotsler, Jeff Jones, Gilbert, Frolich, Simonson, Staton...the list is a long one) have an incentive to do good work---there are fewer chances to hide crud work in poor repro. Therefore, it is with regret that I say, despite the enjoyment I derived from it, and although it's a work of art and does contain almost uniformly first-rate material, and the loccol is jammed with Big Names....well, it succeeds more as a prestige publication than as a fanzine. But highly recommended, for the art if nothing else.

TWENTIETH CENTURY UNLIMITED-3: (Aug 71) Andy Porter (yeah, the ALGOL man), address as in ALGOL; "available free in trade with fanzines growing impatient to receive the next ALGOL...and that fact should be noted if you review it." Also for a ~~10~~ envelope with 24¢ postage on it" (for our US readers) if really desperate. Otherwise not for sale. So there.

Art is practically nonexistent here---one map;and identical front and bacovers are an impressive photo of a steam loco in full spate against a sunset. The repro is a ghastly Ghod-knows-what that could conceivably be blamed on a mimeo.

I'm not sure what 'FAPA' stands for, but TCU is a FAPAZine and reads very like the OMPAZines I have seen...only better. It also happens to be a steamtrain-fandomzine---in moderation, mercifully; though it is interesting to learn that India is still producing steam engines. Largely humorous: best by far was Susan Glicksohn's Canadafannish "Susan Column", an eye-opener---did you know it took 20 Newfoundlanders to change a lightbulb? This zine could hardly be more different from ALGOL in content: lighthearted and even frivolous occasionally. Get those ~~10~~ envelopes out.(((And good luck to you Andy, when you move to Toronto.)))

MECHTA-1:("A Journal of Ideas in SF")("1972") Bob Wilson, 210 Markland Drive, Apt.1001, Etobicoke, Ontario, Canada, and A.Philippe Boyer, 46 Saranac Blvd., Apt.5, Station T, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Irregular---subs \$1/3, contrib or trade.

Aims to be highly literate and Good For The Genre; a worthy objective and we wish them well. Not that their intentions overlap those of Z; the editors appear to prefer close examination of sf-and-poetry (eg: Tennyson vs sf) and dissection of authors' styles, to studies of the supporting arts (such as illustration). Successful on its own terms; not tedious; fairly well laid out (double columns, left- and right-justified) though crowded. It needs to be read seriously for maximum benefit. Not really fannish.

MOEBIUS TRIP-13: (May 72) Edward C Connor, 1805 N.Gale, Peoria, Ill.61604, USA. Loc, contrib, etc; price: 50¢-\$2./5 (5-a-year). 53pp.

MT is an intense forum-zine with a very strong sociological influence in many of its articles. Some titles from this ish should make the point: "Science Fiction: Definitions And Implications", "One Nation Under Ghod?"(Organised religion, the US Constitution and Personal Freedom in the USA), "The Elusive(?) Sense Of Wonder", "Fandom is A Way Of life"(Fandom as an antidote to 'Future Shock'), (book review:)"Love in the Ruins"(latter-day St.Thomas More in an allegorical near-future story). And a sober lettercol in which past topics and correspondents are dissected at some length. Plus Bill Rotsler. But in case you think I'm

describing a serconzine, don't you believe it; the dough is well leavened and manages to avoid heaviness. Try it at least.

And back again to Olde Englande...with...

WADEZINE-9: Mrs E Audrey Walton, 25 Yewdale Cres., Coventry, Warks.CV2 2FF. No date; no conditions; almost no zinc. Dear Lord, what are we to make of it? I had been warned, had even seen an earlier issue, but did I learn?.... ++shuddder!!++....the cover---in horrendous Waltoncolor, featuring a crawly thingummy advancing along a darkened ravine---is easily the best part of this whole....publication....; the interior is a shambles of mangled locs and very early Rowe (obviously Audrey hates Dave; she would never have printed some of this stuff otherwise), plus some reasonable Jeeves; the "Editorial" burbles harmlessly about the 'language of colour'; the rest....Can I go on? ((courage aches, you can do it!))...the rest is a tragic mixture of good and bad, with the bad largely triumphing over the good.

The most outstanding fault with this...publication...is an acute lack of organisation, coupled with a predilection for emotionally-motivated rumination ...but---though I groan before admitting it---the...((go on: use the word...)) ..the zine...has style and a faintly masochistic appeal....Maybe I simply admire the editorial courage and determination (how it managed to make No9 I cannot imagine; surely someone else has commented ere now?); or maybe my clutch is slipping. Where can I find a good psychoanalyst?

Oh yes, and something most unfunny happened on the way to the duplicator....

PARANOID-1: (27 April 72) Ian Maule (see MAYA). Trade, loc, contrib, begging letter. 8pp. Very short, no artwork except for an interesting cover by an anonymous artist. I don't know what Ian has to be paranoid about; this could be a damn fine zine if/can avoid crud like the "F.G.Smallmount" story...(?)... Everything else was excellent, with top marks to John(our-friend-for-life)Hall for his 2001 parody. Even the editorial escaped being excessively inane.

THE TURNING WORM-2: (27 May 72) John Piggott (Ass Ed. Ian Maule) Jesus College, Cambridge CB5 8BL, until June 10th; then 17 Monmouth Rd., Oxford OX1 4TD. Available "usual fannish reasons" or one free on request to newcomers; otherwise 40p/ \$1.00. 372pp.

A Piggottzine all through. Conreps are endemic in post-con zines. This much is normal, but a reprint from MAYA-3??(or vice versa?) But easily the best in the ish. Which is fairly simple to achieve when the rest of it is a so-so editorial which was half conrep itself, some pretty fair fanzine reviews and a few entertaining locs. At least it's done efficiently and I for one have no gripes other than at some comments in a certain loc which we needn't go into here....

ZIMRI-3: (late June/early July 72) lisa i conesa & Andrew M Stephenson. Fill in your own reason for getting it. Indescribable. Has to be read to be believed. About 200pp. at least.

THE GROUND ZERO SPOT ::::::::::::::----- CYPHER-7

James Goddard & Mike Sandow @ "Woodlands Lodge", Woodlands, Southampton, Hants. For subs (15p UK; \$0.50 US; A\$0.40 Aus.), trade, or - presumably - loc/contribs 68pp

CYPHER is one of those zines which manages to be depressingly good most of the time, but has the decency to prove its editor(s) to be human by including the occasional dropoff in its thick, varicoloured, nearly-always-well-laid-out, bulk. Of the two accredited editors, only Jim Goddard makes himself felt; but on the whole the editorial presence is most restrained---almost hesitant.

For reasons which become obvious after a brief inspection, CYPHER has acquired a 'sercon' reputation. However, both C6 and the present issue demonstrate clearly that labels ought to be tied on loosely, if at all: first prize goes to

the excellent cartoon strip which is anything but sercon (well, maybe '-con', inasmuch as it debunks several idols who have lain abed resting on their laurels for far too long). If 'Calvin M James', the co-creation of John Constantine and D. West, can survive the first few episodes he may well become a landmark of 70s fanpubbing. Are we allowed to feel jealous Jim?

The remainder of C-7 is largely serious - including an obituary of the late and missed 'Ted' Carnell, by Phil Harbottle. I shall always remember Ted as the first editor to reject a story of mine; and the kindness and courtesy with which he treated my abominable ms (literally ms!) made further proof of his thoroughly decent nature unnecessary where I am concerned. Regrettably this obit lacked some of the depth that one might hope for, considering its subject and author, although it by no means did him a disservice. R.I.P.

"What Are You Solaris?", by Jeff Clark, reprinted from PHANTASMICON-6 : Stanislaw Lem is presently somewhat of an 'in' writer in Western fandom; how much of this is due to an apparently active - if erratic - imagination, or to the sheer novelty of the ready availability of a prominent Iron Curtain SF writer in English through normal publishing channels, I cannot say. Certainly he has been well- (almost over-) exposed in recent months, so Jeff Clark's thoughtful review of the most discussed of his works, Solaris, is most welcome for its different approach, a more cautious and objective study than has been customary to date. Reading between the lines, I am reminded of an observation made by a close friend (who is in a position to know), that Lem in the original Polish tends to be politically dogmatic, stiff and old-fashioned by Western standards; perhaps he needs to be translated to be fully appreciated.

Terry Jeeves wanders through the bookstacks again, and manages to convey some of the excitement of those early days of SF when the pulps were the Gospel and their editors were Moses in various guises, descending from Sinai with the Law for the masses. This time he covers Big A - "Astounding"/"Analog" to the peasants - from his first encounter with it, back in the Prologue to Genesis around 1934. I was reminded sharply of how much of the early work I would probably detest: he cites Skylark of Valeron as a memorable Astounding serial.... Confession Time: two years of dust lie on a copy in my possession, the first few chapters being more than enough to choke off my interest. I keep it, though, in the hope that someday its inner light will shine out for me; some wild hope, I reckon! However, complete agreement from this corner, Terry; Analog is "more than a magazine".

CYPHER-7 should have been titled CYPHER-6b: three items are sequels to first parts which appeared in C-6. A bad mistake, as so much of C-6 was left hanging.

"SF and the Death of the Future" by David Pringle is a sober examination of the origins and essential nature of sf, significantly lacking in the hysterical sycophancy so often encountered in discussions on the genre conducted by its aficionados. In other words: He doesn't rave, he rates - and fairly. Recommended to sercon debaters presently low on steam.

Brian W Aldiss (beware of imitations!)(did I hear cries of "Impossible!" ? --- hang about, you ain't seen nothin' yet!) rounds off his interview in C6; more properly, this is part of the 'original' interview, to which readers are referred.

Last of the three hangovers is "SF in Belgium and Holland" by Belgian writer and actifan, Eddy C Bertin. This takes the form of a potted history of sf publishing, writing and fandom in those two countries with occasional references to France; the nett result is a sluggish but sporadically illuminating listing of titles and dates that may possibly be of use and interest to scholars but does little to correct that 'sercon' reputation of CYPHER's on which I commented earlier.

Erratically good book reviews abound---Jim Goddard's deserve special mention for their exploration of the natures and backgrounds of the tales rather than merely listing their plots. Eddy Bertin's are interesting more for his ability to condense the mood; he has a weakness for precis.

An intriguing use of mixed coloured inks in the titles rounds off a generally well-produced issue with the usual complement of Jeeves, Rowe, Gaughan, weirdies

by Chauvin, some neat titles by Healy, a Frolich, and odds by Baker and Bathurst that I'm not sure about. C's weakness where artwork is concerned is that much of it has very little to do with its surroundings---in common with many fanzines---but this may be merely a personal gripe.

It is always fun to have a go at Editorials ((isn't it just, you lucky people---thought of some rude remarks on mine yet?)), so I derive special satisfaction from the blatant plug for a zine you may have heard of, namely MACROCOSM. This occurs about halfway through Jim's editorial. We of the Zimri Probe Corps are pleased to be able to reveal---after months of careful research, wire-tapping, head-tapping, and (when sufficiently desperate) standing of drinks---that it is all the result of a nefarious scheme contrived by Jim ("The Cypher") Goddard and Rob ("Bugs") Holdstock, that well-known arch-faneditor-at-large.

The discovery was purely serendipitous as it happened. (Isn't that the way of it?) The Zimri Peace Foundation Labs were field-testing a new product for a certain foreign government: Acoustic Rice, Codename AR-1.

AR-1 was an organic semiconductor material fabricated into pellets resembling rice grains; each grain operated as an independent microphone and radio transmitter, and relayed sounds impinging on it. The range was sufficient to allow interception of signals by the geostationary HEIMDAL-1 satellite over the Atlantic. The plan was to infiltrate this product into places frequented by experienced rice eaters: then, if it escaped detection, AR-1 would be applied to ~~XXXX~~ realistic conditions for the final test. Little did ZPCLabs suspect just how matters would turn out: on the first day they intercepted this conversation, itself an excerpt from some twenty hours of recordings:

SEGMENT: AR-1(T.001)/31-3-72: 1237.30/ MZ. TRACKS 53-91 (COMPOSITE)

CLEARANCE: CONFIDENTIAL.

FIRST FAN: So it's a deal, Jim?

SECOND FAN: I think so, Rob; but can you swing it at your end?

FF: Easily. The next conrep I'm persuaded to do for ZIMRI I'll slip in a quiet plug for CYPHER...they'll never suspect. I'll put them off the scent by making jokes about this rice...What about you?

SF: I'll think of some subtle way of raising the subject.

FF: Good. So when fans and People read ZI...you-know-who, they'll see my comments on CYPHER; then when they try C they'll learn about MAC...Clever, huh?

SF: You said it. Devilish cunning, almost Oriental; sure that rice hasn't done it?

FF: This stuff? Ghod no! All it's done for me is give me wind....

END OF SEGMENT AR-1(T.001)/31-3-72:1237.30/MZ.

See what I mean? Doesn't it utterly destroy your faith in faneds? But there's a sad end to the story: It seems the designers of AR-1 forgot to check on its digestibility; and since the transmission frequencies were randomly scattered all over the assigned band, and the average active life is some four years...well, ZPCLabs are back at the drawing boards, redesigning AR-2 for a different band: all you get from the first batch are all the sewers from Chester to the Wirral and beyond....in hi-fi of course!

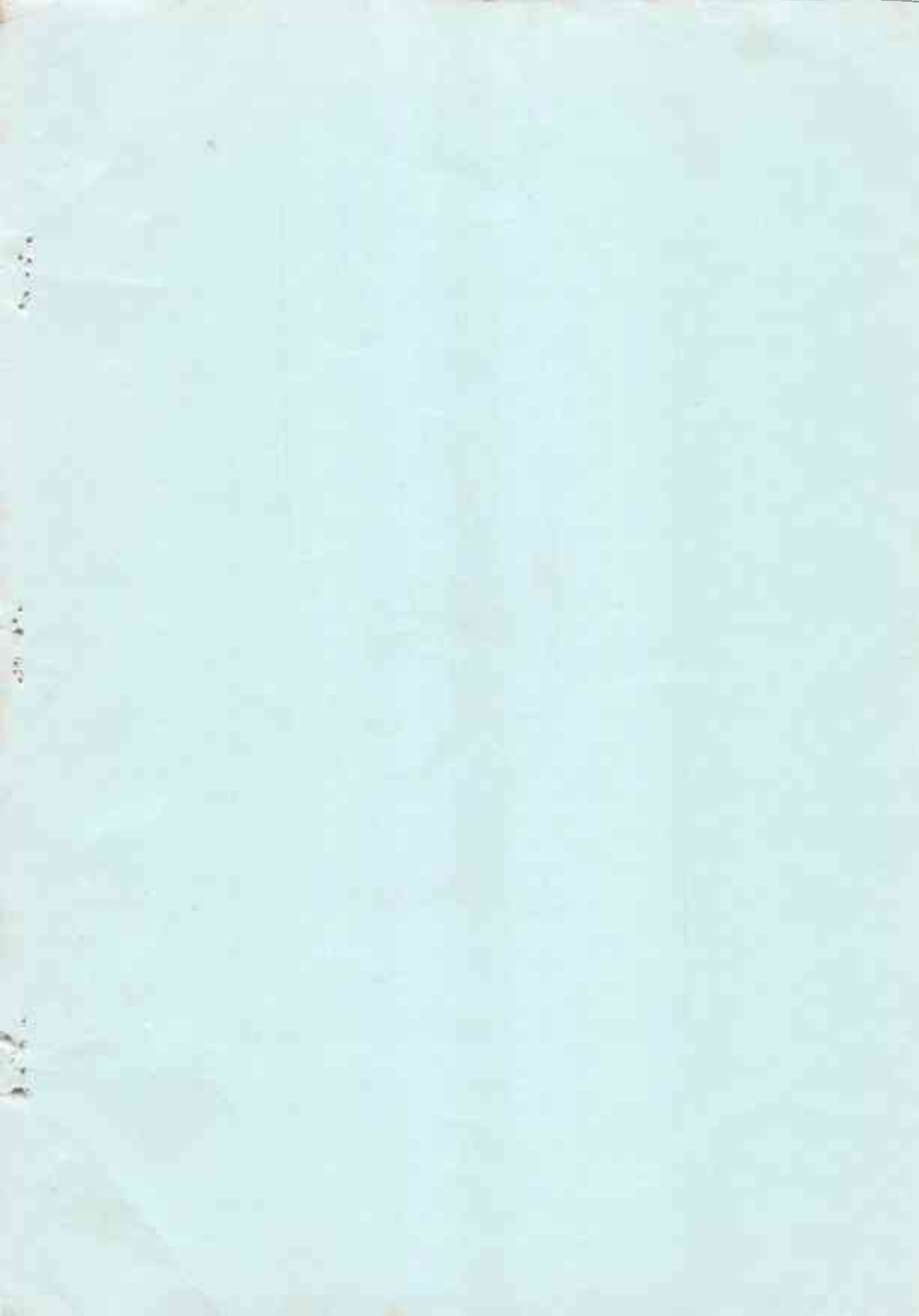
This is where I stop, and where you go back to p28. I had thought to slate SPEC, give rave reviews of MADRGAL-1 (come back, Audrey Walton; ALL is forgiven!) and perhaps mercilessly dissect ZIMRI-4. But they'll have to wait.

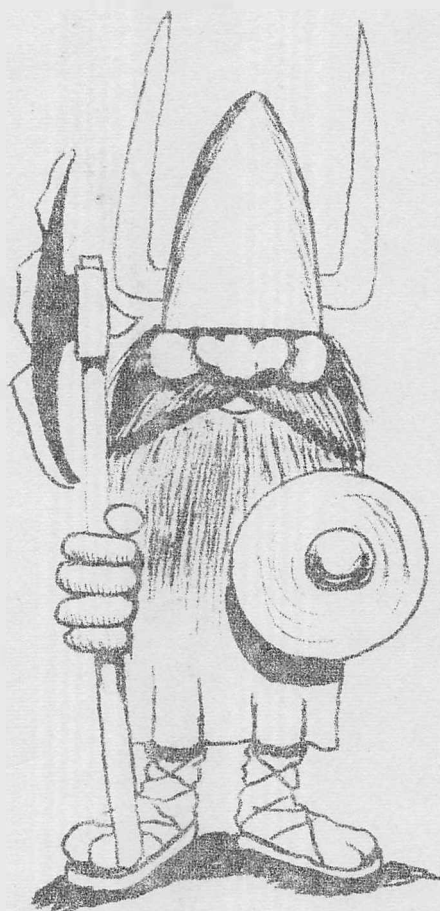
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Last words from our editrix (women always have the last word, so who am I to fight tradition and Fate?): And not before time either! Huh! All this talk about fanzines and not one word about the best one of them all...Okey, second best then. ISEULT-2 Folks will be out almost immediately (soon). Already on stencil are: Beryl Mercer and the Marching Mad Onions; Thoth Penman going Superbly Nova; Yours truly gathering nuts on an island even Your LoCs answered and...Oh! himself here's not left me enan

This has been ZIMRI THREE, a product of the Lilliput Publishing Corporation(2072)

way, ISEULT is edited by: lisa conesa (yes, the same) address on page 0 in this magazine. Send mo





George White 7.