

GANNETSCRAPBOOK 3

Yeah, remember Gannetscrapbook? Come on -- you remember The Alien Critic, don't you? And Hyphen? And Grue, and Shaggy, and... so we appreciate that if you search the ol' grey cells real hard you just might bring Gannetscrapbook to mind. Or not. But whether you remember it or not, you've got another one. This one is edited by:

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And in these mind-expanding pages you will find:

Cover-- Harry Bell
Siddhartha -- Ian Williams
Marrmas -- Andy Firth
So Near, Yet So Far -- Rob Jackson
That's the Way it Crumbles, Cookie-Wise -- David Edwin Cockfield
How Not to Produce a First Fanzine -- Mike Hamilton
Ten Little Gannets,--a Fannish Romance -- Kevin Williams

Enjoy! Enjoy! Well, alright we shan't ask too much of you, but even now the Great Wheels are Turning and the Deadline for No.4 has been set at 18th March, Yes, 1978. Seriously though, folks, and we really do mean this, we want to hear from you:- with an increase in the personal commitments of many of the members of Gannetfandom, it could well be that this will be the only place you'll see our material. (I know, awful thought). But we also feel that this could be a valuable forum for those newer Gannets to to make themselves Known. Like Rob Jackson, Ian Williams and Dave Cockfield; we expect great things of them one day. Well, Jackson might make his name someday. Or did I mean write his name someday.

Look, you gotta understand my position: here am I, famous fan artist, fan of some thirteen years standing, Fann Award winner, piss-artist. And surrounded by folk hell-bent on emulating my achievements, especially the piss-artist bit. In some cases, only the piss-artist bit. But we're all fans, and what more do you expect from us? Hard luck.

-- Harry Bell 8/1/78

Siddhartha:2½.....a special bound in supplement to the great Gannetscrapbook.
Words by Ian Williams typed straight onto stencil with his Smith-Corona Electra II electric typewriter, its first public appearance.
Background music: Pandy Newman's 'Little Criminals' and Neil Young's 'Decade'.

1. Saturday, 7th January 1978, just seven days into the new year. Thoughts on that: surprisingly optimistic despite a lot of shit that's been happening to Gannetfandom of late. It's going to be a different kind of year, I feel, and I believe a good one.

For a start, I've begun a new job. Well, actually, it's the same one I've been doing for nearly four years but at a different place. A much more modern library from my old, a little busier, more staff. No more pay, mind. I started on Wednesday and all the signs indicate I'm going to be very happy there, the library environment is attractive and the staff are a pleasant bunch.

The novel Rob Jackson and I have been working on for such a long time is finally complete and is currently being typed up properly.

2. So 1978 looks good so far, nowwhat happened to 1977? I chronicled the first half of it in Siddhartha:8 which still leaves six months to bring you up to date on.

Little happened between getting back from Brittany with Harry Bell and Silicon apart from certain internal hassles which I won't bore you with. Silicon:2 itself was a great weekend. There were several differences of opinion between ourselves and the hotel management which, rather than detracting from the weekend, had the effect of bringing all the fans attending really close together. There was a marvellous atmosphere and I enjoyed the con more than any since the first Fancon and more than most before that. (Full details in Sid: 9, to appear later this year).

Oh yes, before Silicon was a party at Rob's place with special guests FAAn Award winners Bob Shaw and Mike Glicksohn, not to mention Gannetfandom's own FAAn Award winners Jackson and Bell. A good party.

A while later Rob, Dave Cockfield, and myself went over to stay with Bob and Sadie Shaw for a weekend. And a very enjoyable one it was too especially when Dave tried to burn down the Jackson family's country cottage. I'd write more on this but I promised it as an article for Ian Maule.

Novacon came and went almost without notice. A low-key and rather undistinguished weekend unfortunately, especially as a dry run for Skycon this Easter.

3. And that brings me up to Christmas. Nothing of note happened except the discovery that Rob Jackson was in love much to the astonishment of his friends.

Actually my memory is getting shocking. Kev (No Relation) Williams got married and Thom and Cath Penman and I became good friends again after too long a time.

Christmas was mostly watching tv or going out with an old friend who was up from London. There were one or two good movies on tv, especially the absolutely marvellous Dark Star which had become an unseen legend in British fandom. It was good sf, good film, and very funny.

4. At the end of Sid:8 I said that as soon as I'd finished the fanzine I was going to begin work on a novel. Much to my (and probably everyone else's amazement) I did and completed a 55,000 word first draft in about six weeks. That was where I went wrong. It was competently written with very involving characters and their problems (so said the couple of Gannets who read it) and I must admit I was very pleased with it at first. However it wasn't the novel I'd intended to write and now looking back on it with the perspective of a few months, it is a very flawed work. But now I know how it should be done --at about twice the length for one thing-- and I hope to spend this year re-writing it.

After finishing the novel I tried writing a few other things but seemed to run out of steam after about four pages (including the next Sid). I'd decided the Muse had deserted me. Actually, it's a case of building up a head of steam, of letting things bubble about in my conscious and sub-conscious until I know it's the time. Once I'm in that frame of mind I can work hard and intensely until whatever I'm doing is completed. Right now, I'm almost there.

5. Actually, where I am right now is sitting in my front room feeling very tired. The simple reason for that is it's been a damned busy week at the library and because it's a new place to me with different systems and ways of doing things. I've not only had to work physically hard, but concentrate on what I was doing all the time. So I'm feeling dead-beat. Rather than type this for duplicating tonight at Harry Bell's place, I'd prefer to be having a long soak in the bath reading sf. But I had to get this done for the Gannetscrapbook. Couldn't miss out on that masterpiece, that pinnacle of fannish achievement. Three issues in seven years!

6. I'm still as pissed off as ever at the state of British fanzine fandom. 1977 must rate as the dumbest year since I came into fandom back in late '69. The old farts (like the Gannets and Rats) are still there putting about, putting their infrequent ish. But as for new stars on the scene, forget it. Nobody, nowhere, doing nuffin. There's a real lack of excitement in British fandom, ironic considering our enormous success in the Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards. There's no way I can see that being repeated this year. Even Doc Jackson hasn't putted his ish for over six months.

7. Enough of that. Considering the optimism I'm feeling, the last thing I want to do is reverse the mood. I think a lot of good things are going to happen this year, but a fannish revival isn't one of them.

I really do feel that things are over the hump and that this year promises a lot. Whether they actually happen or are achieved is another matter. It's all our karma. The bad that happens lays down the seeds of good things. we continue, growing and learning. about ourselves and others.....Ian Williams.

MARXMAS

PHIMP! "Everybody out!" screamed a voice.

"Dammit, another lightning strike." said Nick.

Two fairy folk burst into his office, fighting.

"Parity with the elves!" shouted one.

"Maintain elfine differentials!" yelled the other.

"Okay. What's it all about?" asked Nick.

"More money and better working conditions," they announced in unison.

"As usual," sighed Nick. "Who's first?"

"I am," said the gnome. "Jack Gnomes, general secretary of the Toymakers and Gnomic Workers Union. Screwing the arms onto teddy bears all day is boring. We want a boredom bonus."

"And you?" Nick addressed the elf.

"Hugh Scyllan, general secretary of the Amalgamated Union of Elfine workers. Making the spacers that the gnomes use to screw the arms onto teddy bears is a highly skilled job. We want more money in recognition of our skills and to maintain differentials with the gnomes which have recently been eroded by inflation."

"How about a productivity deal?" asked Nick.

"That's how you settled the last dispute," they complained.

"All that happened was we worked harder and payed more tax."

"Look, this is a non-profit trading organisation," protested

Nick. "We depend on taxpayers money to subsidise business.

The money for any wage settlement has to come out of taxpayers pockets. As employees of North Pole Enterprises, and as such taxpayers, this means your pockets."

"I don't suppose we could run at a profit," suggested the gnome.

"Shame on you for thinking such a thing," admonished the elf.

"Just think of the administrative costs of handing over rebate to consumers. Profit provokes greed brother. Greed promotes inequality, and inequality promotes deprivation and suffering. This system provides everything we need except more money. Since brother Nick nationalised unemployment and made it part of the civil service, opportunity has never been more equal, and shares never more fair."

"So you'll go back to work and fulfil your quota?" ventured Nick.

"No chance!"

"But it's Christmas Eve. Some of the kids won't get a teddy."

"Tough."

"What about the fair shares?" demanded Nick.

"You don't understand brother," they chorused, "a principle is at stake. This is a heroic but desperate struggle of the courageous fairy workers against the mass exploitationist, big daddy Xmas."

"But I can't afford another round of pay increases right now," said Nick. "Come on lads, show a little restraint."

The fairy folk shook their heads. "The North Pole must be informed of your feudalistic attitude towards a legitimate grievance," they said.

"I'll phone the Red Harpy," said the gnome.

"And I'll phone the Socialist Fury," said the elf.

They left arm in arm.

"What am I going to do?" sobbed Nick. "The production line is stopped and no chance of a settlement before Christmas Day. Those poor kids won't get any toys, and it's not their fault."

"Pset. You wanna buy five million teddy bears?" said a voice from the office door.

"Eh?" Nick was confronted by an imp in a black pinstripe suit and white tie, which matched the spots in his black patent leather shoes and the band in his trilby. The imp was wearing dark glasses and smoking a large humidor.

"You needs da teddy bears. I gotta da teddy bears. Maybe we do a deal eh?"

"Where'd you get five million teddy bears?" asked Nick suspiciously.

"Please, no questions eh! Maybe they fall off da back of a sled eh? Maybe I playah da market, invest in da teddy bear futures eh?"

"Okay, how much do you want?"

"One faery gold sovereign per grossa, she make thirty four grand, seven hundred twenty two point two two recurring faery sovereigns.

But to you, only thirty four grand seven hundred twenty two."

"It's midnight robbery!"

"Please, I gotta da V.A.T. inspectors to bri..ah..satisfy. Life, she aint easy for da small businessman."

"Okay, I'll take them. The kids can't go without their teddy bears." said Nick post-dating a cheque.

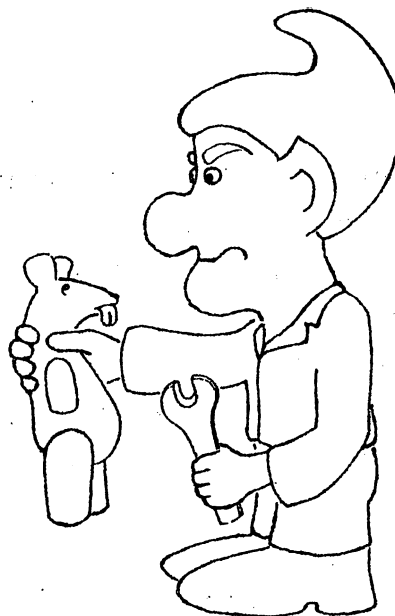
"You giame da rubber cheque, you have da fatal accident maybe." said the iap.

"I know, I know." said Nick tiredly. "This is my liffesavings. When you've been around as long as I have the interest really mounts up." he handed the cheque over. "Now tell me where the bears are."

"Warehouse seven, south pier." replied the iap scrutinising the cheque.

"At the North Pole, all piers are south." remarked Nick, heading for his sledge.

On his way to warehouse seven, Nick passed Jack Gnomes and Hugh Scyllan who were arguing vehemently with a contingent of jinglewriters, leprechauns from the Red Harpy and the Socialist Harpy. Their leader Ken O'Connor was saying, "Sorry brothers, we can't report your heroic but desperate struggle against the oppressionist Kias until this closed shop issue is resolved."



"But this is of polar importance," protested the gnome. "What happened to the freedom of the press?"

"You don't understand brother," replied the other, "A principle is at stake. Denunciation of censorship is all very well, providing it is the North-pole Union of Jinglewriters doing the denouncing. Recently cards have been appearing with jingles penned by freelance flibbertigibbets who do not belong to the union. These renegades must be brought into line. We can't have just anyone denouncing censorship and promoting the cause of the working people can we? The presses stay frozen so that the competition cannot print its subversionist propaganda."

"Give it up Jack," said the elf. "It's hopeless trying to start a wave of panic buying on teddy bears, if brother O'Connor won't sensationalise our strike for better conditions. Let's negotiate a round of drinks."

Lick finally located warehouse seven, but the stewadores there refused to help him.

"Sorry Lick, we won't touch them," said a pixie. "There's cheap imported South Pole teddy bears and they're blacked. The penguins are flooding the market with cut price imitations, and our brother elves and gnomes are being laid off because of unfair competition."

"Your brother elves and gnomes are out on strike," screamed Lick.

"We must show solidarity," replied the pixie flatly.

"We'll move 'on Lick," said a brownie approaching the crowd.

"It's too near Christmas to worry over details."

"One small voice of reason," sighed Lick.

"Not so fast," said the pixie. "This is a job for the Association of Sled Loaders and Egalitarian Fairfolk, not the Mythical and General Workers."

"Rubbish. It's our duty to see the kids get their toys," said the brownie.

"You lot are on double time for Christmas Eve," replied the pixie. "More like it's your duty to pick up the extra bonus. Those bears are blacked and no strikebreakers from another union are going to infringe on our right not to move 'on."

"You didn't say that when you were putting them into the warehouse brother," retorted the brownie. "They were concrete evidence of the improved purchasing power of the faery sovereign abroad, when you were off-loading 'em. That last directive from the union executive changed your mind."

"You can't touch 'em," said the pixie.

"Can," returned the brownie.

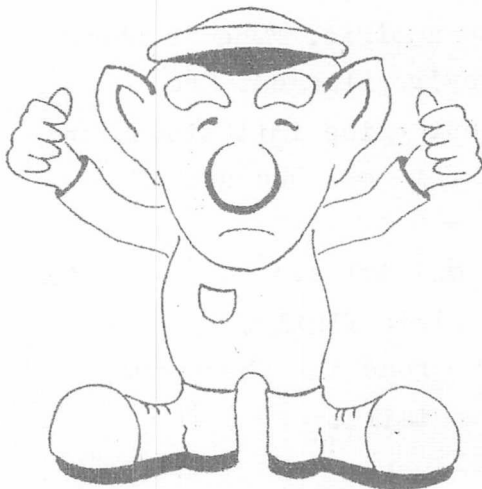
"This is clearly a demarkation dispute," said Lick. "I'll get on the teleprinter to arbitration."

"You don't understand brother, a principle is at stake," said the pixie and the brownie simultaneously as they shuffled over to warehouse evens teleprinter.

"Come in God. Come in God. God do you read? over." typed Lick.

"What do you want?" came the reply.

"Small matter of demarkation," typed Lick. "Can the mythical and General Workers load up sleds?"



The printer tapped away furiously. "The management is holding a one day token stoppage in sympathy with the police dwarves, the hospital fairies and the coastguard..." "What about the fire-trolls?" interrupted Lick.

"To hell with the fire-trolls." came the response. "I'm sick to death of your petty squabbles. It's my birthday and I'm having a treat."

After that, the teleprinter refused to work.

"It's twelve thirty!" exclaimed Lick. "Those poor kids. If we don't get a move on, they won't get any presents. Aren't any of you going to give us a hand?"

"Sorry Lick. Red tape and all that," sighed the brownie.

"I see now why it's red," muttered Lick loading his sled by hand.

"These are my bears. This is my sledge, and none of you can stop me loading it." he said.

"Scab!" shouted the pixies and brownies.

"Look, you can't all be special cases." said Dick, continuing to load.

"Yes we can." replied the gathering throng.

Dick finished loading the sacks and climbed onto the drivers seat of his sledge. He was confronted by a thousand or more assorted brownies, pixies, dwarves, snows, elves, hobolds, flibbertigibbets, imps, sprites, leprechauns, poltergeese, gremlins and goblins.

He urged his team of elk forward. Dick fondly reflected how well they always served him. Elk naturally had blacker legs than Reindeer, and were therefore immune to the glib coercion of that red-nosed agitator Rudolph. They had each consumed a nose-bag of marijuana and nitro-glycerine, for the big night, and were raring to go. But the roaring crowd of pickets barred the way.

Suddenly, all the lights in the immense complex of caves and caverns, that was the North Pole Conurbation, suddenly every last light went out.

"Brother Tsargill, North-pole Union of Plasma-workers." announced a voice in the blackness, suddenly gone quiet.

"No more plasma for the plasma stations until we get a one hundred and fifty percent increase in wages, in recognition of the dirty dangerous job we troglodytes have to do."

"How can we Plasma station Workers go on strike if you've shut down all the plants." protested a voice. "It's not fair."

"Pack it in sfo." said another. "Hunting Krakens under the Arctic is no picnic, but we don't make half as much as you. If the Nautical Union of Sea-sprites could lay off thousands of other-elves like your mob, we'd have the clout to hold out for more."

"What about ectoplasmiosis rates?" retorted the first voice indignantly. "How many merman do you know of, injured by falling nanas?"

"The hobbits out on the ichor-rigs run the same risks." said another voice, "And they work worse hours. But the ichor companies can pay more because they have to run at a profit. The incentive is to stay out of the red."

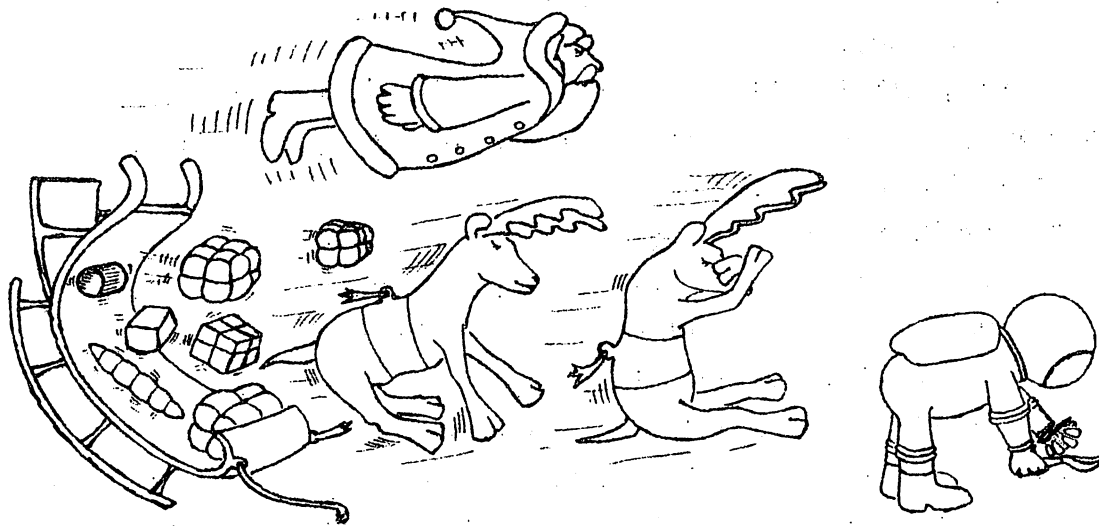
"We'll keep the red flag...ouch."

"...nationalised to save the workers from unscrupulous sky-barons, profiteering on marna..."

"...You don't understand brother, a principle is at stake...."

The argument diversified, grew heated and confused. Everyone was trying to talk at once, and listening to nobody. The lights remained out however. Longbow, Pick and his ilk jostled their way through the crowd to an exit.

"Typical," he thought to himself as the team hurtled southwards. "It doesn't matter what it is. If you want a job done properly, you must always do it yourself."



There now follows an appalling joke to fill up the remaining space on this page.

Good Fairy : "Darling Santa, why are you sprinkling water in front of your sleigh like that?"

Santa : "BeClaus the animals are on strike, and from a distance this might look like rain, dear."

Should have left it blank, shouldn't I?

SO NEAR, YET SO FAR

on his travels again, goes

ROB JACKSON

Have you ever tried driving 1,100 miles nonstop in 24 hours immediately after six exhausting and exhilarating nights at a Worldcon? I have, last summer.

I actually came through it relatively unscathed, in fact no more exhausted than when I started; though there were times when it looked as if I mightn't.

I wanted to get to Cincinnati to meet Bill Bowers and other Midwest fan, as I was disappointed at the absence of many of them from Suncon. So during my six days in Miami Beach Lou Tabakow (a marvellous man, the Elder Ghod of Cincinnati and other Midwest fandom) very kindly passed the word around and soon found out that Brad Balfour had a spare seat in his two-seater MGB and was heading back to Cincinnati at the right time.

Brad was active as a teenage fan in the late sixties but has done less recently, being more interested in freelance rock journalism in Cincinnati and environs. When I met him he proved to have exactly the right smooth, hip, personable nature for his job, and a very typical ambivalent yet occasionally argumentative intolerance for authority (parental, employers, hill billy garage mechanics, or whatever). He was very pleased to have me along, and arranged to meet me outside Disney World in northern Florida at 8 pm on the Tuesday evening after Peter Roberts, Joyce Scrivner and I had toured the place (far too skimpily, as it turned out - Peter and Joyce came back the next day).

Brad arrived threequarters of an hour late. He'd had some trouble with the car in Miami and had had difficulty getting it fixed, but it was all right now, he reckoned.

Oh, jolly good, I thought. At least we won't have any bother with the car. It's a much better car than Joyce's scruffy old Ford Pinto, despite the fact that Joyce's car got us here with little trouble. This should be a smooth journey. But am I going to keep awake? I thought, yawning.

I'm hungry, I thought. Everybody else thought it too. We went to a Best Western motel (something like a Holiday Inn, you ignorant Britishers) and I foolishly pigged it at a five-dollar help-yourself buffet, and wondered why I didn't feel any less tired now my stomach was full.

It was half-past ten by the time Brad and I said goodbye to Peter & Joyce and drove northwest into the night.

"I'm the kind who likes to press on - I'm not keen on stopping at all," Brad said. "I'd like to get home as soon as possible. How about doing four-hour shifts?"

"Okay," I said, stifling a yawn.

Brad had a pretty fair cassette recorder system in his car, and a collection of cassettes which only partly coincided with my tastes for driving; much of it seemed that night to be long tracts of instrumental progressive stuff, interesting but a little soporific for night driv-

ing. Of course, the cassettes were totally indistinguishable in the dark, and it was impossible to get them back into the glove box (which had originally been tightly packed with them).

Eventually Brad located the Stones' Beggars' Banquet, put it on, gave me some route instructions and after we'd got some petrol (sorry, gas) turned over and went to sleep on the pillow he'd brought.

I had already got used to changing gear with my "wrong" (i.e. right) hand — but it was a talent I had little opportunity to use that night. The road droned on and on and on... "EAT", "EXXON", "Best Western", "Ramada Inn" and other signs flashed past at varying intervals... The Stones droned on and on... My eyes became heavy... My eyes jerked open... I turned the cassette over and found a long rambling piece of guitar/drum/flute music with little easily discernible structure or melody... My eyes jerked open again... I found it slightly difficult to keep the car on the right side of the lane lines... I said to myself "Better keep on — Brad wants me to"... I started to resort to my occasional post con trick of closing one eye to rest it, and driving with the other (this is only to be tried on quiet roads, but is really surprisingly successful at keeping me awake)... Eventually I pulled off for gas (sorry, petrol) and also bought a can of Coke. The bright lights alerted me somewhat, and Brad rolled over in his sleep.

"Why have we stopped?" he asked. "Are you tired? I'd like to get on."

"No, no, not at all," I said. "I'm OK." It was one am.

I drove a further hour and a quarter, slightly invigorated by the caffeine in the Coke.

Eventually I pulled off the road, woke Brad up and he took over. I arranged the pillow and went to sleep. An hour later I was woken by a drop in the tone of the engine.

"I can't go on any longer, I'm too tired," Brad said, pulling onto the hard shoulder. Poor you, I thought. I know how you feel — and I wondered if I'd pushed myself too hard before. Still, we hadn't come to any harm. We both slept a couple of hours, and eventually Brad woke and drove on.

At 7 am, in the unreal grey light of a new morning, I took over again. We were now in Tennessee and the country was not as totally flat as it had been further south. As the car pulled up some of the inclines I felt a slight loss of power. I didn't say anything, as I didn't want to wake Brad; but he woke anyway and muttered: "It was doing that before. I wonder if it's feeding gas properly."

"Or it's not firing too well — maybe it's the distributor," I said. "Or the alternator."

(I hope Brad will excuse any inaccuracies here — I can't precisely remember the tentative mechanical diagnoses we made, except that there were a lot of them.)

Anyway, I drove happily on, refreshed somewhat by my catnaps and by the fact that it was now the natural time for activity. It started to spot with rain, and as we entered the chaotic rush-hour traffic around Knoxville, Tenn., it began to rain much more heavily. I negotiated Knoxville successfully simply by following the signs, but after that the visibility worsened and the clouds lowered and I had to concentrate more and more on driving. This annoyed me, as what little I could see of the countryside of northern Tennessee and southern Kentucky seemed

very beautiful.

It also became hillier, and the losses of power on the upgrade became more frequent...

Brad took over at 11 am, after I'd driven four hours nonstop. We stopped for lunch at a little country eating house. After we dashed through the downpour to the verandah and splashed through the deep puddles in front of the door, we found it to be a strange, very rural little hillbilly saloon with gingham tablecloths and preference given to regulars. The menu was also strange; I can remember having yams.

When we set off again Brad became rather worried by the losses of power. He refused to pass slowmoving trucks in the fast lane while on uphill gradients, in case we lost power, slowed down and another truck or car ran into the back of us. But he didn't want to stay behind the truck and lose speed, either — so he had only one alternative.

He passed the trucks on the hard shoulder.

He did it quite a few times.

What those truckers must have thought of this crazy hippie passing on the hard shoulder I don't know — it would have been interesting to listen on CB and find out, if it were possible to understand what they were saying.

Eventually Brad pulled into a garage to peer under the bonnet. He decided he needed a metric wrench to tighten or adjust something or other (the MG being one of these crazy foreign cars, it was also in these crazy foreign measurements) and we began a tour of the service stations in the little hillbilly township we'd stopped in to borrow one...

"Sorry. Try Deke's up the road."

Brad, on returning to the car: "Fucking hillbillies!"

"Sorry. Try Matson's up the road. They get these crazy foreign cars."

Brad, on returning to the car: "Fucking hillbillies!"

Brad also got some of the mechanics to look at it. All the people who had a look had their own ideas. Eventually a concensus was reached that it was something vaguely electrical. This diagnosis was strengthened slightly when the thing wouldn't turn over and needed push-starting — evidently the battery was kinda flat, and when the car was running it was firing on current from the alternator.

Eventually Brad decided to drive on to the next town with a real live MG stockist, about 80 miles on and 60 miles short of Cincinnati. So we pushstarted it and nervously got back onto the road. By this time Brad wouldn't let me drive just in case something Nasty happened.

Brad also decided that if the car lost power for a short time it would be most likely to restart if it took as long as possible to coast to a stop, and he also said he'd noticed that it tended to fire best if it was run at as high an engine speed as possible. At least I think that was his rationale...

Anyway, the result was he decided he had to drive as fast as possible. We did a steady 75, slowed only by hiccups in the flow of power or in the traffic, for 50 miles.

"COP!" I said.

There had been a Kentucky State Police car parked on the central reservation.

As I turned round to gaze back at it, it turned and moved off after us and its blue light started to flash.

Brad slowed sharply down to below the speed limit of 55, as he didn't feel like a chase.

The cop rapidly gained on us.

It passed us, blue light still flashing.

It just kept on beyond us, still doing 80 or so, and pulled up another car ahead of us.

"Wow! Thank God for that!" Brad slowed down. For a while.

Eventually he decided just to press on to Cincinnati. We made our way down the Interstate as it wound its way down to the south bank of the Ohio River opposite Cincinnati just as the evening rush was beginning, and crossed into and through the centre of Cincinnati without needing to slow down or stop, despite the density of the traffic.

Then we made our way out to the northeast. The roads became less modern and less well designed for smooth flow. Half a mile short of Brad's parents' house there was a level crossing with a small steep hill just beyond.

"There better bloody not be a train," Brad said. "I'm not going to bloody well stop and lose power now."

Do I need to tell you whether there was in fact a train or not? Yes, of course there bloody well was a bloody train.

Brad cursed and swore, revved and throttled as we waited in the line of cars. Eventually we negotiated the crossing itself successfully — but as we started up the little hill the car stalled. Cursing, Brad pulled off the road onto the grassy verge, killing the car's remaining impetus. It would not start again.

So much for the trouble-free journey I had expected the previous evening! It was sheer luck that we managed to get so close to our destination. And the next day when Brad had the car examined it proved to have an absurdly simple fault — a loose connection on the battery was preventing it charging up.

Brad and I walked to his parents' place and his mother brought the family station wagon down to Brad's abandoned car to pick up our luggage; then at Brad's parents' place we were fed royally on steak, I was able to have a shower and I was able to contact Bill Bowers, who reacted with delight to my presence and immediately invited me to stay at his place while in Cincinnati.

Message to Bill and the rest of Cincinnati fandom: the journey, despite its slight vicissitudes, was well worth it.

Rob Jackson, January 1978.

by David Edwin Cockfield,

Had this sCrapbook been named after pigeons rather than Gannets I would now be engaged in trying to procure a contribution of superior quality from frequent visitors to my back garden. However it is not and I must resort to producing something myself which will maintain the high standard of mediocrity set by contributors to previous issues. This will be extremely difficult considering my boundless talent but for the sake of posterity I'll give it a try.

A Hastily Prepared Article, (or, What I Did On My Holidays)

At one time Christmas was my favourite holiday. A time of merriment spoiled only by the traditional once a year trip to the local religious propaganda center to listen to boring recordings of the need for peace and goodwill. We used to take turns between the Methodists and the Prebyterians depending on how the mood took us. I always found it strange that we never visited a Catholic church since the family was predominantly Catholic but assumed that we had sinned too much for the confessional box to record - or forgive.

The highlight of the Christmas period was naturally Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. Every Christmas Eve I would sit under the dinner table scoffing mince pies and slyly sipping the drink of any unsuspecting relative who left it unattended. Eventually I'd be spotted and despatched to bed in disgrace trying my best to prove that I could knock it back with the best of them. I'd climb into bed and then patiently wait for Santa Claus to arrive, not that I believed in him, after all I already knew where my toys were hidden. Unfortunately I soon fell asleep only to awake and find my presents at the bottom of the bed. I knew that my parents had put them there but because I never actually caught them I was unable to refute their statement that Santa had called. What a way to bring a kid up on lies.

Christmas Day would herald a big clan gathering for dinner which was an event which I always enjoyed enormously. Who wouldn't with relatives generously throwing money in their direction laced with compliments on how big and strong they had grown. After dinner I would again position myself in my favoured position under the table to avoid being trampled upon and lip-read the epic adventure films on the tv. It was necessary to lip-read because adults always insisted that the volume be turned to its lowest point. I didn't mind them talking but it was annoying when they decided to change channels even though I was the only one actually watching tv. In desperation I'd turn to my toys only to discover that my step-father was occupied with them. All in all it was an exasperating time but memory has naturally dulled the petulance of the period and I remember only a time of great enjoyment. Half a generation later at the age of twenty-six I wish that I could say that the Christmas Festival was still as enjoyable rather than being a chore to dispose of as soon as possible.

The general structure of the Cockfield family gathering has remained unchanged although I now forgo church in order to take lessons on how to type straight.

On Christmas Eve I still fall asleep waiting for Santa however my sips of alcohol are considerably larger. And when I wake what do I find? Nothing but a bloody great hangover!

I shouldn't complain because on Christmas Day I still receive monetary presents although the big, strong, and healthy comments from my grandmother can be slightly embarrassing, even if they are true. As regards the tv my role is now nicely reversed as I take perverse pleasure out of switching channels at random. I also get to play with the toys of visiting cousins which is just as well as I have now discovered why they do hog the toys. What else can you do when all you get for Christmas are Ties, Socks, and Handkerchiefs?

The last paragraph sums up my Christmas this year, sheer unadulterated boredom! Fortunately the holiday was actually rescued by that bane of the thinking mind, television. I was lucky enough to see three (I counted them) whole films which lingered in my memory for days. The first was SILENT RUNNING which must be one of the best known and greatest films of the genre. If you've never seen it I'm surprised that you're reading this fanzine. Needless to say after seeing it four times and being emotionally effected by it every time I consider this to be a great sf film because it does succeed at a gut level where most sf films fail. DARK STAR almost failed by appearing to be of a long, drawn-out, intellectual nature but I think that this was the fault of some bad direction and editing as opposed to deliberate intent. Overall the film was a pure fun-filled extravaganza laced with inventiveness and variety. Who else but Dan O' Bannon could come up with a Jackson-shaped monster? It was lively, suspenseful, and humorous which is all the more surprising when one remembers that it is a cheap budget student film. One wonders what the makers would produce with sound financial backing - STAR WARS? Quite likely as George Lucas's first feature was a fifteen minute short entitled, "THX-1138-4EB."

The third film to captivate me was Billy Wilder's, "THE APARTMENT". A funny, yet very moving story of a shy, ineffectual man's love for a seemingly innocent but worldly young lady. Jack Lemmon, and Shirley MacLaine are outstanding as the couple in question and Fred (flubber) MacMurray, and Ray (everybody's Favourite Martian) Walston gave what I think are the finest performances of their careers. Linked with the brilliant scriptwriting and directorial talents of Wilder this film ranks alongside the likes of Citizen Kane as a CLASSIC. Notwithstanding all this I must confess that I rate the film because of Shirley MacLaine. For two days I was head over heels in love with her even to the point of forgetting my nostalgia for Christmas past. Eventually though I came back to earth with a bump, but as Shirley delightfully says in the film,

"THAT'S THE WAY IT CRUMBLES - COOKIE-WISE."

HOW NOT TO PRODUCE A FIRST FANZINE !

by an acknowledged expert in this respect,

Mike Hamilton

I suppose, besides me there must be others, who on receiving their first fanzines resolved to produce their own. Of course you don't intend your fanzine to be exactly the same, your's is going to be better! Now for another neo the creamy period of the fabulous myth of the great golden fanzine, to end all fanzines (except for your next issue of course) starts. In this happy state various ideas for articles float about, all of which are monstrously long, eight sides for a con report, a few sides on fanzines reviews say....ten etc etc.

Then some sadist announces you can borrow the duplicator, funny how fast illusion disappears.

Well since I was doing a full time course in marine engineering, spare time was a bit limited, but with the image of the great golden fanzine fresh in mind, perfection seemed the object. The intended plan of action ment I would write out page, type it up, make corrections and retype till right. Unfortunately I made a rather alarming discovery, remember those masses of A4 sheets I was planning to type, well after typing a few I discovered those typed letters were oh so small and those A4 sheets were far bigger than I had imagined.

Eventually I got together a few sheets, unfortunately the second curse of the first fanzine producer is impatience and having brought the stencils, the lure of typing them up to hurry it along was too great. With exams coming any work had to done at weekends, so the pile remained vitually static.

A while after the exams I dragged out those first few stencils, the con reports, fanzine reviews were dated, so I threw them out.

Luck was at hand, a few months after I started a six week course at my college, taking apart generators, doing skilled (!) work on laches etc. The advantage of this was, for this period there would be no homework, which ment I could once again start work on a fanzine. There was a hitch, that was the limited period of time I had to cut the stencils in, which ment I had to vitually type straight on to them. The second hitch is when reading my own work I seldom if ever, spot my own errors.

Beside I didn't trust myself to drawing out the artwork direct on to the stencils, I had it all electrostenciled one Friday afternoon, on the Saturday the agreement was I should get to Rob Jacksons about eleven and have it duplicated before Ian Williams arrived with his. On the Friday I typed the last two stencils (I finished this about two in the morning). I left the sticking in of the artwork till early next morning since it sounded like an easy job.

I got up for eight, and following Dave Cockfields advice, I cut the right size holes in the stencils, placed the piece of electro-stencil in it, then to hold this in place I put corflu around it. For some reason I had got the impression that this was ment to act as a form of glue, and since the normal stencil stuff didn't seem very sticky, I took it for granted I was ment to use the white paper corflu, then back this with tape.

For again no apparent reason I used the tape to hold it to the rear of the stencils. After three stencils, two things were certain, one, the correction fluid was not suppose to contact the stencil and more important the tape was supposed to stick, it didn't, just kept dropping off.

At ten oclock my good humour went out the window.

At ten ten its replacement a sort of hopeful pessimism followed it, by ten thirty and still only five stencils done, I gave Rob a phone and arranged to bring the mess across.

Finally a bit late I arrived, then I discover it was't forflument to hold the stencil it was the tape, which held okay if applied to the front of the stencil!

Worse was to come, went before duplication Rob just happened to read that final stencil I typed at between twelve and two the night before, I must have been stoned no one could make so many errors. As it happened I had brought some spare stencils across, so Rob agreed to retype that. Of course there was a catch to this.....he got to keep the original stencil, I still fear if he or others publish it as joke.

Anyway the worst was over, I thought, all the stencils but the last one where done, expect a last full page drawn, when it came to part it from it's electro-stencil backing it ripped! A quick repair job, then on to the duplicator with that.

As this was been finnishied Ian arrived, "all must finished Ian".

"Good", very talkative.

Finally as I stapled mine next door, Ian and Rob duplicated Ian's fanzine. Enventally Dave Cockfield arrived, "Mike, why is the unicorn on your copy, picking that lions teeth", "Mike, whats a terkie", shudder.

Hopefully there's ^{for} moral some where in here on how to produze a fanzine, if you find it please tell me!

***** T E N L I T T L E G A N N E T S *****

- A FANNISH ROMANCE

BY KEVIN WILLIAMS

The headlights picked out the cracked concrete roadway winding through the strange deserted brick buildings occupying the centre of what once must have been a great city. Swerving to avoid a pile of broken masonry the car turned into a dark and narrow lane and moved towards the wan light blinking through the swirling mist at the end of the street. The car pulled up under the light hanging over a small old building surrounded by huge dark and foreboding old warehouses. As the engine died and the four occupants emerged unspeaking a rumble of thunder shattered the silence and a fork of lightening split the night.

"Why here?" said the smallest, shivering in the clammy cold night air.

"It seems strangely familiar", said the taller fatter figure.

"but let's not talk here in the cold, let's see what awaits us inside!"

Sometime later, a solitary figure approached the building and pausing only momentarily pushed the old wooden door which opened onto a dimly lit passageway. At the end of this a glass panelled door emitted a bright, distorted facet of lights. The dark figure swung open the door which revealed four figures huddled around an open fire in a wood-panelled, high ceiling room. Four heads turned simultaneously at the sound from the door and the bear one spoke,

"Who are you?"

"Uhh..... I'm Uhh, Henry Right-one, I Uhh... just come on my bike, sorry. I'm late but I've missed the last bus... did you get an invite from "THE MASKED GANNET" as well?"

"Yes we did ... mysterious, isn't it? have you any idea who it is?"

"No I haven't any idea, though this place seems familiar. But I can't recall if and when I've been here before but then it's been over forty years since I have been into a city - even though I was one of the last to leave after the FALL (I couldn't start my bike)."

"Yes we thought the same ... and I hope when our host arrives he could remind us, in addition to explaining why he invited us here in the first place. Come and warm yourself while I introduce everyone. I'm Jean-Bob Cartre - you may have heard of me - I won the odd Pulitzer and Nobel literature prizes some years back."

"Yes I've heard of you, wasn't it you who founded the renaissance boreroque school of literary achievement. Weren't you called Pseudnicks or something?"

"Yes thats me, it is funny, isn't it, you write a few things for your own entertainment and suddenly you're a cult figure yes, life is tough at times. I sought solitudebut failed. Anyway, more of me later.

This, is Ritchie 'Hissin' Smith, Ian Little-uns and 'Cocky Dave Field'. Now more about me. Some years ago when Rosseau, Kissenger, Mahatma and Lin and I were strollin in the Kasser Palace in Rehovath, I just happened to mention this little idea I'd had about

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GANNETSCRAPEBOOK 3

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