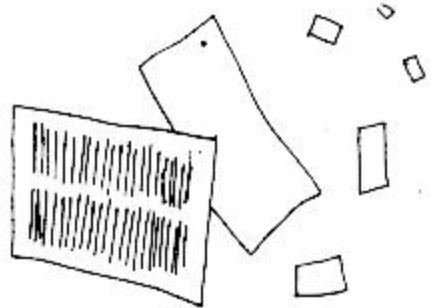
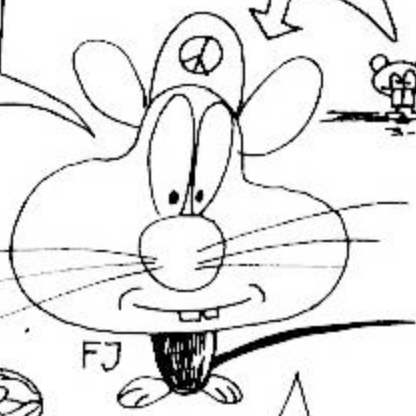


MAY I REPRESENT YOU...  
THE  
FANJANANIMAL!

FANJAN  
NO. 2  
NAMES



DRIEMAANDELYKAS  
VERANTWOORDELIJKE  
JANS EN J.  
L.V. HULLE BUSCHSTR  
197  
SCHOTEN-BELGIE

LOOK  
TERRY,  
NO STAPLES!



© 1972 BET

# WHO'S WHO IN FANJAN

In the Notes for an Editorial, a big name for a sheet of paper in the office desk, with scribbled notes that, at the time of writing seemed important enough, I've put down, last October 'excuse rush job'.

Six months later I'm puzzled what the rush was all about, though it must have gone mighty fast since I forgot to mention, anywhere in the issue, which artists had contributed. Let me put that right first of all: the cover was drawn by Herman Ceulemans, based on an idea discussed over a pint of beer one evening.

Herman wandered into fandom when he found a flyer SFAN placed quite strategically at the exhibition 'What is Science Fiction?' at Antwerp last year. He has done a few covers and some interior illos for INFO-SFAN, as well as writing a few stories, and now out of military service does most of the chore of typing I-S stencils. I can only hope we'll be seeing more of him in future Fanjan's.

Interior illo and backcover was supplied from Holland by the longest name in fandom Thijs van Ebbenhorst-Tengbergen. Luckily he isn't quite as tall in person. Student at Utrecht, I first met him at The Hague convention in 1971 and have since then been in fairly regular touch with him. At The Haguecon he had just been awarded a second prize in an artwork competition, and it was only logical to go up to him and ask him whether he would possibly be interested in supplying some artwork and/or covers for I-S. Both artwork and stories were forthcoming, and after some writing to-and-fro, I've been able to persuade him to draw directly on stencil - not always improving the final result, but at least far easier on pocket money.

Last year saw Thijs shaking hands with Mike Moorecock, at the same time collecting the first prize in the I-S short story contest (he still maintains I'm partly responsible for typing his scrawl out legibly), and he is, this year, together with Herman Ceulemans and Daniel de Raeye, to judge I-S' first artwork competition.

Helps with us again this issue with a typical Thijs story for which he also supplied the illos, as well as doing the heading for Bertin's article. The cover, based on a jannish suggestion, I can only hope won't come true. I have definite promises that more will be on show in the future, and actually I'm prodding him to maybe join ONFA since he's actually thinking of publishing his own fanzine. (Unless that's in Dutch).

Now that you've met the contributors of previous issue, there's only one oddy in this issue, and I doubt whether I need explain who he is. To tell you the truth, I don't think he knows himself as I've found him in practically every fannish publication round about here in the most various disguises. Probably has werewolf blood in him somewhere.

Eddy has started publishing his own fanzine (10 times a year) containing reviews and author listings. In Flemish, it won't interest you particularly, but you can guess at his output when you hear that this magazine started off as he couldn't get his reviews published regularly and often enough to fulfill his own craving for reviewing everything he lays his hands on. (That makes a swell opening for... but I'd better not start getting censored again!!)

His present contribution is a slightly changed version which appeared as his contribution to PAPA, Belgium's answer to nobody in particular. But note it down on your APA listing, Ken.

When I reread the above, and then consider that's just the result of three words on top of my 'editorial note-sheet'... then look at the latter to find it scribbled full of odd sentences and scrawlings I've difficulty reading myself. I start to wonder whether it was after all such a good idea to try and work some continental flavour in Panjan. All nice and well, but at this rate I'll be competing for biggest mailing contribution!!!

I'm trying to think up something to excuse my non-appearance in Jan's mailing, surely the one mailing I should never miss. Nothing will quite satisfy, so I might as well come up with the truth. Almost every stencil this issue was done - i.e. Bertin, Thijs, Comments - but I had asked Paul Torfs to get the cover run off on electronic stencil, and due to difficulties with the firm where he has this done, never got round to finishing off the issue. So I've just let go, there's always an April the first....

Indeed, I'm reminded of this since that's the weekend we're off to Traa- Ponts on a gastronomical weekend, and Rosa has just reminded me we leave Friday next!

Leaving me four days.

Last time's rush simply can't have been as bad as this one....

In the comments to letters I have already mentioned the fact that due to Sonia's begetting a daughter, both Rosa and I have suddenly become grandparents, really aged folks. And that because of something ~~someone else did!~~ When are they going to let grandparents judge when they want to become such... all the same it does eat away time, not by the hour, but by the day, with Monday already a regular tripday to Sania's place, and the children dropping in a couple of times during the week, time just flies by. And strangely enough, not one second of it is begrudged. I suppose it will pass, become more or less a regular feature like most of the things in life.

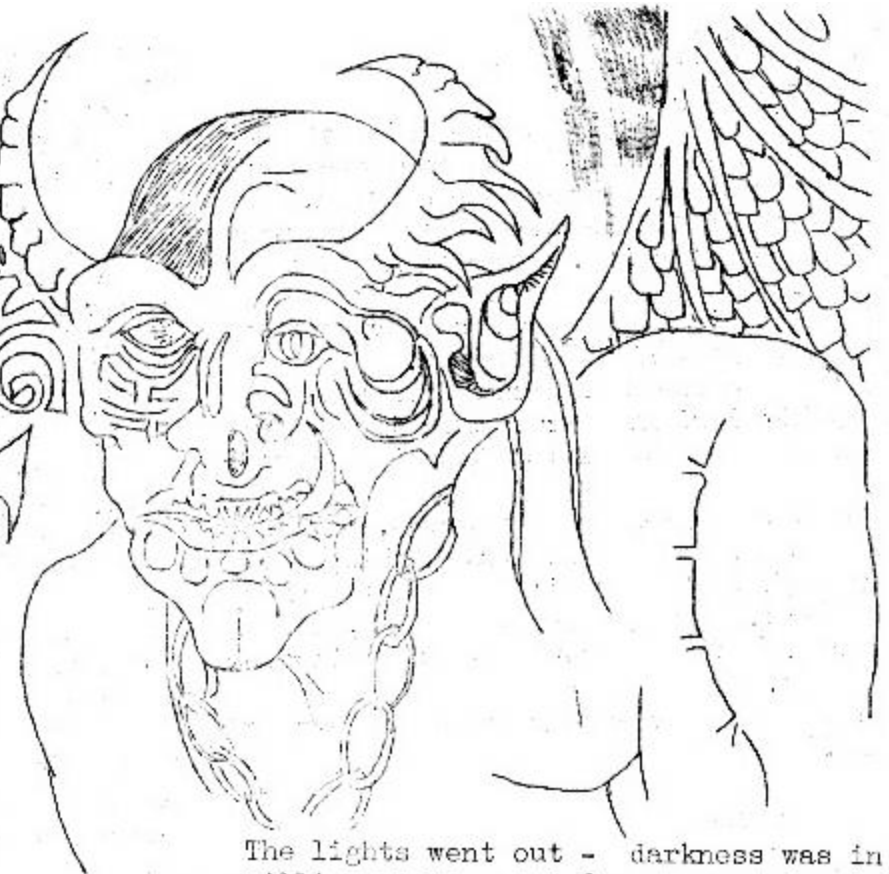
In the meantime, I've run behind on most things, especially in dark-room work, and having to play with a further new toy in the house isn't going to solve things.

No Easter can this year, a blow only lightened by the fact that I'll have more time for a November visit, but that's for the future.

Having dropped almost all activities in local fandom, I'll be more free to enjoy OMPA and contacting you people, so, until then, love

Jan

# THE UNWITTING SUPPORT OF THE GLOOM



VERSE 70671235

Change came suddenly.  
Just like that he awoke.  
His first thought was to the point, no  
time wasted in confusion.  
"The lines must be broken. Once again it  
is time to renew our old struggle."  
He began to trace the old patterns of  
transference in the frozen sands of  
Duran. Cold planet light seeped across  
the moonscape.  
The pattern was completed and reality  
shook, broke in a thousand many-hued  
fragments.  
He was back on Earth.

VERSE 70671236

Night. Towers rising to the night sky  
like world trees. Their sides shining  
with a myriad pinpoints of light.  
Up, up travelled his gaze but the build-  
ings lost themselves in the upper  
reaches of the night.  
Almost he felt awe.  
Then, brushing away all feelings of rever-  
ence, of wonder, he cried out: "Listen,  
Lander, I am back. I, gloom-risen, Bat-  
leader, Snakeleader, the thief who stole  
half of every day. I am back!"  
His voice was unlike any sound, but it  
drifted mistlike over the world, disturb-  
ing dreamers and paling the moon.  
He moved his hands and pointed.

The lights went out - darkness was in a  
million rooms, and faces peered out in  
the dark void, realising that they were  
out of almost alone.

VERSE 70671237

Once more he was clothed in shadows -  
batwings seemed to move behind his back,  
while an uncertain phosphorescence play-  
ed over his face. But even this hollerglow  
couldn't reach his eyes, too black, too  
pained deep to be lighted by any candle.  
After some time the backup power-station  
restored the light.

He smiled, still walking in shadows.  
"Come," he whispered, "come my friends."  
They answered - the bats, the cats, the  
birds and those of the humans who loved  
strange empty places, who couldn't stand  
the eyes of their fellows, and who hated  
order, with an almost crazy  
abandon.

On he walked, with his friends and al-  
lies. His place for the time being would  
be lower earth, where the debris and the  
dead of ecological disaster lay piled  
high where the dry whispering of poison-  
ous had taken the place of birdsong, and  
the trees were clothed in torn shrouds  
of plastic.

Later he would storm the citadels. Later  
he would once more brave the light - the  
sun, that aspect of Randor. He who stands  
above the Wheel...

VERSE 70671238

=====

Sun eternal ...  
Here in the temple of the faith the sun never set, although the moon and earth moved strangely across the heavens. They moved their little wheels, gazed in star-spattered eternity. Never think of those below.

Of the billions who were born with no place to go, no food to eat.

Why should one feel sorrow for them? If they lived right, or rather died right, would not the Wheel put them in a better place?

Even so, one does not question, petition the Wheel. It was no god, nothing but a principle, like gravity, like the birth of stars. And no one, NO ONE, was in charge. So there could be no asking for favours.

Far indeed was Randor from the heart of Lam!

VERSE 70671239

=====

On the great plain, he found the dying man. He now, his body shrunken, his belly hungerbloomed, seeing One who flowed like a dark mist over the land. And knowing that those above, on the upper decks of the titan skyscrapers, scorned not for him, asked the Dark One to comfort him and to tell him why the world was filled with futility, being wholly devoid of either order or chaos, having no goals or encompassing fears.

And he, the Dark One, squatted close and offered some friendliness, not being evil but more a reflection of the dark distances that no sun can pierce, a distillation from those places that lie empty and forgotten.

VERSE 70671240

=====

And from his scathing tongue the dying man heard the following tale.

Know then, Child of Earth, I am night without end, the little devourer of the sun. I did my share in the making of Cosmos Six. My first name in an urhuman language was Tallit, meaning Mist of Gloom, for it was my doing that the daylight was robbed of half its duration. Before long I found my enemy and discovered that he was as great as I am. He,

being invulnerable, I was not from the silent dark but out of the coagulation of white hot suns, chose to meet me, naming himself Randor, in the shape of light.

Long we battled, in a thousand disguises, on worlds and galaxies untold, till only a short time ago we exhausted each other. Randor I banished to live in the form of a man, bereft of all his powers, save his immortality and invulnerability, to this world. But Randor bound me with a dream-spell, which only recently was voided. So you now understand the sorry state of Earth, for there is nothing to drive men, not order nor chaos; love and hate have become uncertain emotions. There exists only a greyness when we don't polarize the universe.

For millennia the law have remained the law, those who rule held their rule forever. But I will alter it.

Ah, my friend, times will surely change. Greatly relieved, the man closed his eyes and died.

VERSE 70671241

-----

Morning came, and like a bereft, staring eye the sun hung above the chasms of the cyclopic city.

His old powers had returned. All things that flow not according to rigid laws, several aspects of Time itself, all that was his to command.

But it was all as nothing because Randor wasn't there as counterbalance. For when all is chaos, there is no chaos.

Only the inexorable order of sheer random movement - only in a universe that is moved by emotional goal directed entities can there be order and chaos.

VERSE 70671242

-----

He came upon a band of killers: men and women, ferocious and animallike, who sported long bloody knives and strangler ropes. He stood in their path and held in his left hand the shield of stealth and in his right hand shone the golden knife called Shimannon.

"Come and slay me! Beasts of the field are ye, sharp of teeth and claw. Yet I am more carnivore than any of you. Come! Try me!" And the three leaders tried to beat him, but he stood his ground and the

golden knife called Shimannon drank their blood with great immoderate glee. Those left cast down their weapons and implored his mercy.

He bade them to collect their weapons, saying: "Hold on to your long knives, for you'll need them all the more now that I am your master."

They obeyed, fearing greatly, for they had met the Feast.

VERSE 70671243

For sixteen days and sixteen nights they marched, till they came upon the cave of a sage.

Tsillit seated himself in front of the

wise man, and hooded in darkness asked: "What do you see when you look into my eyes?"

The sage answered: "Nothing." Tsillit, thinking the man was making fun of him, asked his men: "What do you see when you look into my eyes?"

They answered: "A void. A night, screaming with horror. The flashing of claws and blood-dripping fangs. The ceaseless moving shapes of old killers."

"Now," said Tsillit, "once more, wise man, what do you see when you look into my eyes?"

The sage smiled. "Nothing!"

Crying out in tremendous rage Tsillit slew him.

VERSE 70671244

That night he broke the pattern of bondage, and Randor was set free! Morning came and the sun was a new sun, once more alive, sensate, a shining eye.

RANDOR

RANDOR

RANDORRANDOR

RANDORRANDORRANDOR

RANDOR&RANDOR&RANDOR

RANDORRANDORRANDOR

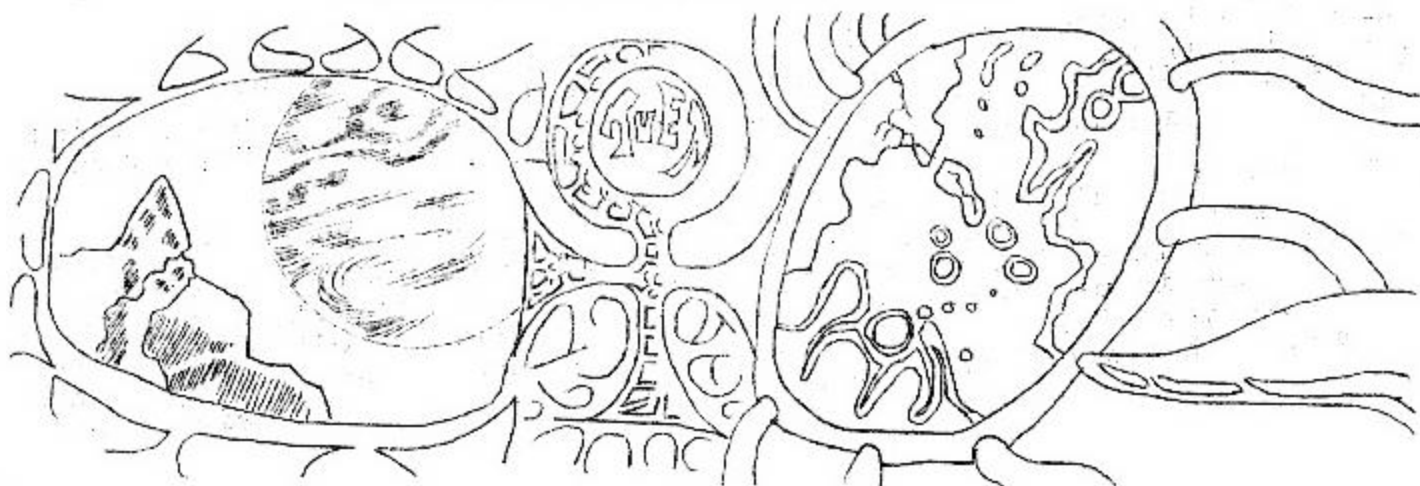
RANDORRANDOR

RANDOR

He basked in the sunshine till a shadow fell over his face, and a golden youth spoke golden words: "I am back!" ...

(to be continued till the sun is red and dies in the embrace of winter, and maybe, even then ...)

NOSYOV TIS DIMOG



# RECALLING THE SIXTY-SEVENTH

HELL YOU ASKED FOR IT. Belonging to the old guard that worshipped Irish fandom, I followed George Charters motto: All the Way! Why use alternatives? Read it and throw it away. Lovely excuse to skimp on comments. Though I couldn't but remember the announcement about Cas and Skel. Best wishes, and I hope both of you will be able to say, 25 years from now, the same I now do: I'd love to do it all over again.

How did the pics come out Brian? Does the lightmeter allow for the light contrast against the window? It was rather dark elsewhere in the room. Liked the magazine, but once again, it does deserve a letter of comment I didn't get around to. Though I did work out a good ploy (rod). Will have to try again next time around; they have a saying about the third time being the good one ???

VIEWPOINT and another shamfaced slinking into the corner on realising that all I'd done was say hello to Fred without even mentioning I liked the Chessmanconrep, and most of the issue. And no letter. Will have to try and improve my habits. Perhaps if I smacked less and wrote more... Well, Rosa would be pleased, her always grumbling about airpollution and breathing space... Special good marks for Terry's illos with the report. Lovely idea. And enjoyed rereading the report at a later date, after having met some of the characters in real life...

LURK I can face manfully. And the tribute to Terry deserves a separate award. Reading Nick Shears remarks on OMPA, and looking back at the little egghoos some people have received from this end (looking at it from the publisher's viewpoint), he's got something. I don't know off-hand, could hardly base a conclusion after only a couple of months return to activity, but there does seem to be less of a letter-exchange between fans than there used to be. Or was I just lucky in an earlier incarnation? Could it be the easier, and presumably cheaper means of getting together over a pint of beer or a cup of tea? With plenty of people driving their own cars?

ERG hit back faster and harder than I'd expected. But I did say... "Who think they..." which should show that I don't necessarily think the same. You were very much on the sercon track this issue, weren't you? Is old age getting at you? And only forty!

FHTV, the title you hunt for. Cover brought back memories of similar fun. Having used a cartoon for the local photo-clubzine, I mentioned to Rosa that it really needed colouring in to be completely effective. Stapling the issue, three members dropped by wanting either information, some material or just a cup of coffee and a chat, so I put them to work, each armed with a couple of colour pencils. Who said colour

printing was too expensive? August on the Farm had lovely items in it and with a bit of pruning down could have made award status. But I haven't found any lawlers in Flemish yet.

WAGY is a title I remember from way back when... but who would recognise a Bobbie Wild under the Cif Trail listing R.Gray ??? Enjoyed the lot, but it doesn't spark off any comments. Liked the vampire story, would you object to seeing a Flemish version some day?

WAGY PHARI brings a nice flavour (sorry, flavor) to OMPA. And with the means to reproduce those drawings.. wonderful. So how does one do it justice? When even

WAGY forgets to acknowledge its artists? Cover was by Herman Coulemans, backcover and interior illus by Thijs van Ebbenhorst Tengbergen. And yes, that name covers but the person. Honest.

WAGY PHARI commenting on things another. And the rest of the issue devoted to Wive Trips to Nowhere, which I haven't (I'm allowed to be honest about it?) had the courage to make. Though I shall certainly do so in the near future. After all, I waded through four of the originals....

WAGY PHARI pins down one of the troubles with a full scale renewal of the Year. What about people joining in halfway through? As I was only to get two mailings in 1972, Yag put me down for 10 pages of activity. I suppose someone getting only the last mailing would have to put in five, though that's rather a nuisance, since he's likely to be cut before he knows he's in. Used to have four mailings time to get your activity quota done! And does this present system really bring any improvement? Not if you go by either membership list or by activity of members in each mailing.... If you put as many staples in Viewpoint as you did here, we'll at least have an average of two to each publication.... Re Bert/Bhert - I may remind you that Ghent just has to be fannish with a name like that. And yes, it dates back from before fannish times. Precoognition perhaps? Date is easy to remember too: 20/5, or twenty over five makes Stancon 4 ! Like your idea of splitting comments in prosecution/defence items.

WAGY PHARI QUARTERLY a refugee? Enjoyed some of it, shook my head at parts wondering what the heck it was about... and after rereading the editorial I'm still wondering which and what I'd read.

IS + but next time... to quote: "more next time, honest!"

PABLO - now did Brian (or Skel) say that less than 4 pages wouldn't get comments? Actually wanting to ask Carroll something I even commented on this by letter. Sorry I missed you at Novacon. Asking around for you I was told 'haven't seen him around', though of course, a conreport states you were there. Shall we try again at Master?

LOCF ON THE TRAILS left me cold, to translate a Flemish proverb.

LOCF CG I enjoyed better than Fundalorn. I've got access to a variety of typewriters at the office, though I have a preference for two - one of which is next to me most of the time, using it now actually,



whilst the other has been used on This's' story. the smaller type being useful spacesaving on longer material, or when doing fancy columns. We also have this lovely job with circular heads, you know, like people, where you can change the type whenever you feel like it. Unfortunately the secretary won't let me touch it. Actually I don't even know how many heads she's got, I only see the one shaking no all the time.

EGOBOO POLL with fifteen chapters to vote on? I'm easy on this one, haven't seen sufficient items to really select.

LES SPINGE helped a lot in unsuspected ways. Reading your review of 'Challenge to the Stars', the name Patrick Moore seemed familiar, so I looked up the booklist I'd received a couple of days before, and indeed, there it was, a flemish edition HET AVONTUUR VAN DE RUIMTE, which can hardly be called a translation! But I put it down on my present-list (used for birthday presents, new year gifts, and so on) and had it in my possession a couple of weeks later. (My daughter knows a good thing when she sees one!) But it is wonderful. Thanks for bringing it to my attention.... Got a similar phone-extension at the office. Very annoying when the chap across the room leaves the phone off, you get all the office noises magnified through it no end... As soon as rates go down I'll call you up just for the hell of it...

EULOGY / ARICA proves the purple monster is not yet a continental monopoly as someone once suggested. Goes to show that nowadays fans do have more money to spend on their publications (or anyway, do spend more) for whatever else is said about it, this spirit duplicating is the cheapest. So how come a fairly simple spirit duplicator still costs over £30.?? Perhaps we should have a reprint about Archie's original selfmade duplicator, and wasn't that based on details from Paul Grever? Do you know they sell flathed-duplicators (ink) for £ 30 ? Come to Belgium and enjoy low prices....

ARCANUM, with a nice piece about Life in the Wilds and a very much appreciated Cy Chauvin column, will certainly be a worthwhile addition to the CMPA stable, Hope you manage to maintain the standard.

LES SPINGE (again?) with a lovely cover, and a strange statement coming from a treasurer saying he ~~xxxxxx~~ actively discourages money, yet only a week or so later sends us a letter saying dues have been raised by 50% ! Make up your mind, Carroll.

So I close with sincere apologies for having treated you to unfair shortness of comment ( if indeed there wasn't a total lack), which really doesn't reflect my satisfaction at being back among you !

DUE TO MY PREOCCUPATION WITH A 3.2 HG  
REAL LIVE GAL  
THE 68TH HAS BEEN PUT ON ICE! SORRY.

WE ARE ALL  
INSANE, MY  
FRIENDS

EC BERTIN

OZZNET

REFLECTIONS ON MODERN MAN , OUR VERY CIVILISED SOCIETY , AND ,  
MORE ESPECIALLY , ON THE NATURE OF THE HORROR STORY .

People are often surprised when they learn that I write horror tales, for, supposedly, these are written only by sickeningly morbid unwashed creeps, hammering away on a typewriter in some damp cave, while the stormwind howls through broken windows.

They are probably convinced that it must be quite unhealthy for a decently dressed, soft-spoken and rather shy young man such as myself (now listen Jan, I didn't ask you to comment, so shut up!) to spend his time on such things.

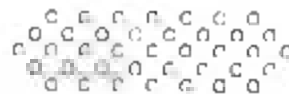
So let's set a few things straight first: I just love horror stories, I love to read them and I love to write them. I don't know why, probably Freudian (voices only, please!) but somehow I can find beauty in horror, and I am glad to say, I am not the only one. Which may prove, as the saying goes, that there are many lunatics in asylums, but far more still walking around freely in the streets.

Garry Svejha, the editor of 'G.C.', David Sutton, editor of 'Shadow Magazine', and others, have searched, found and analysed the beauty in the classic works of masters of the craft such as Poe, Mather, Blackwood and even Coleridge. I don't analyse my own writings, I can only say that most of my good stories (yes, I did write a few stinkers, and if you haven't read those, be glad!) are written while listening to the most beautiful music; whole stories have come into mind just hearing a few notes of good music; some are written when I'm feeling roody or melancholic, when I could almost taste the radiant beauty of a moonlit landscape.

I never sit down with the intention 'now let's write a real shocker'... but sometimes that's exactly what comes out of the typewriter. And then I read about one of my stories - and that a science-fiction one - that it is more 'an explanation of bloodthirsty and psychopathical behaviour'.

Now I'm far from offended by this, quite to the contrary. I enjoy word feuds and if anyone wants to regard me as something that shrieks 'Cthulhu' at the full moon and prowls through graveyards armed with pen and notebook, that's alright with me.

So this article is not meant as an attack, or as a rebuttal, but these words have set me thinking because such a critic displays a startling ignorance of what a 'horror story' is all about, and this misinterpretation seems generally widespread. So even if you hate weird stories, please bear with me, and let me tell you something about the three types of story, yes, three types, which together make up that part of the literary field generally known as 'the horror story'.



Horror, of course, is a very private feeling, and what scares me probably leaves you cold. What is horror to you? Is it a swamp monster tearing out its victim's throat? A film vampire with fresh blood streaming along his fangs and cheeks? Or is it the psychopathical murderer stalking the night streets? Or the detailed description of a young woman in the process of being cut in pieces?

Some people seem to think THAT is what horror is all about, and it makes me so mad everytime I hear someone speaking about horror stories when he has only THAT in mind.

They are correct in a way, because these things are the cheapest elements in our first story type: STRAIGHT HORROR: the account of a realistic event, some gruesome happening, meant to give the reader a physical reaction of horror and disgust; stories of bloody murder and carnage, or gruesome torture; it is the cheapest and easiest story to write. Many authors don't give a damn about their characters, there is no compassion, no real feeling, no need for a real atmosphere. And the reader can't help being moved by what happens, as physical horror of this kind always gives a revolting feeling in the stomach.

But if we want to look for this kind of horror story, we might as well buy today's newspaper, or watch a war documentary. Unfortunately this is the type of story most people equate with the whole spectrum of macabre literature, and they couldn't be farther from the truth.

Compare it with our second type: SUPERNATURAL HORROR. Here we are not confronted with some physical danger, though this may be implied, but with an evil that is spiritual, something unknown, unexplainable, and therefore frightening.

The author must be a craftsman, because he has to create an atmosphere to help the reader suspend his disbelief and he has to make it all sound real before he introduces the unseen to create a psychical feeling of distress, of dread, of horror, for the reader; and this not because of some wicked murder but because the reader is suddenly confronted with something he can't cope with as it does not obey his laws. Some macabre authors do believe in the supernatural, such as Catherine Duval and Dennis Wheatley, but most have to suspend their own disbelief first.

Let me explain the prime difference between these two types of horror with a few examples. Compare the rat eating its way through the body of a living young girl in 'The Copper Bowl' with the never shown horror of 'Count Magnus' which is only suggested.

If films are your kick, what frightened you most? The howling werewolf with bloodied fangs? Or the unseen thing in 'The Haunting'?

Famous adventure and black magic story author Dennis Wheatley, in the introduction to his horror anthology, makes the following comparison.

A man sits alone in his living room, working on some papers. Suddenly he looks up, and in front of him is a poisonous snake. The horror is physical and real.

A man sits alone in his living room, working on some papers. Suddenly he looks up and in front of him, a hand is crawling, a dismembered hand. Here the shock is psychological, the horror something unknown, impossible. The snake may be more dangerous than the hand, but which would frighten you more?

I have written several straight-horror stories, but always the intention is more than just to shock my readers. Most of them were mystified by the inclusion of two almost identical stories in my first BRUMA SF collection, identical for all but the ending, and printed together for purpose. They were written to demonstrate the difference between straight and supernatural horror. Though the horror in both is inhuman, the first 'A Drink of dark Wine' is pure psychological horror, while 'A Taste of your Love' is about an absolutely physical menace.

Of course, both fields intermingle, many supernatural horror stories contain gruesome scenes, while many straight horror stories rely on the inclusion of a murderous vampire, a werewolf, or pick your own choice of creature. But an implied, suggested horror is always the stronger, and such a story will linger on in your memory, long after its gruesome counterpart has been forgotten.

My own favourite horror story goes as follows: you are all alone in the living room at home. You go to the library to pick up a book you left on the table there, and, knowing your way around, you don't put on the light as you enter. In the dark you stretch out your arm to pick up the book, and your fingers close on it as it is given to you.

Can you imagine a story which would give you a more frightening shock? I can't. Unfortunately I don't know who wrote it, except that a famous British mainstream author once told it in an interview as the most terrible experience he could imagine.

I would class the most recent type of horror story, PSYCHOLOGICAL HORROR, as a class apart, the third in my resume.

With the advance of psychiatry and psycho-analysis, man has slowly begun to realise that his brain contains more dark and ugly corners, and semi-alien gibbering, than a regular haunted castle. The human mind is the darkest place in the universe, and exactly because that darkness is an inseparable part of ourselves, an integral part of our personality, it is a place we hesitate to scrutinise.

There is an inherent seed of self-destruction and madness in every human being and it is rather uncomfortable knowing that you, and YOU and I and all those around us are in fact potential psychopaths. It is one of the prices we pay for enjoying modern civilisation: the rules of society and human relationship have partly closed the outlets for that seed of madness. We have taken the

dark part of our mind and locked in a cellar, the existence of which we prefer to forget. Instead of releasing violent emotions created by present-day tensions we hide them deeper in our subconscious. After all, we are civilised beings - (are we?) - and prefer to act that way.

Bruce Porter in his essay 'The many faces of murder' (Playboy Oct.1970) sees this potential violence fitted with a safety valve, so that the 'civilised' being can release extra pressure now and then. The stress never reaches the 'Breaking Point' (as Laphne du Maurier titled a collection of her short stories dealing with exactly this facet of life). Others however are 'controlled' people who have locked their safety valve, they always act kind and gentle, never say a bad word ... but these are also the people who suddenly grab a gun and ammunition belt, get up a tower and start shooting at everyone in sight. The tension has become too much to bear, the safety valve gives in and blows up ... straight into the faces of those unfortunate enough to be in the neighbourhood.

A supercontrolled society with nothing but 'nice people' would blow itself skyhigh in the same fashion, because that inborn violence can't be changed completely by man himself unless he would accept a peaceful society under influence of drugs, the way Kubrick demonstrated in his adaption of Anthony Burgess' 'A clockwork Orange'.

I used a similar breakdown into psychosis in my story 'My eyes, they burn' using a setting where, in a near future, every psychological malfunction is 'cured' in early youth by drugs and subliminal messages.

By his very nature, man is a violent animal, Sam Beckinpah, director of 'Straw Dogs', a film which also illustrates my point, has said: 'Violence is alive in everyone of us. It is our survival instinct. Man is only an animal among other animals. And a hungry animal he is, full of hate.'

We may not like this very much, after all, we ARE civilised ... but take a glance at the headlines in the papers, at the scenes of manslaughter, mass murder and insane bloodshed, everywhere in our 'civilised' world.

Again the message of 'Clockwork Orange': 'You can't control violence, you have to face it - no matter how bad it seems - and then you can try to conquer it.'

Ramsay Campbell, British author, concludes his essay 'Note of Caution' (in Stardock 1, 1970) as follows: 'Let's not draw back in blind horror. We must perceive the horror in the everyday and personally confront, not recoil from, the unknown.'

A story of mine 'Composed of Schwets' describes a psychological breakdown and withdrawal into madness, build up from small trivial incidents all adding up to my point: the door to the dark corners of our minds must be opened, but then we have to face ourselves as we are, and not shrink away. It also illustrates an important point about the psychological horror story (insanity itself plays only a small part in these): madness must be treated with compassion. In too many stories madmen inflict horrible tortures on innocent victims purely for the sake of gruesome effects, and regular readers of recent 'Pan Books of Horror Stories' will know what I mean. These are a far cry from the 'psychological' tale, just straight nauseating horror, written only to shock the reader and earn their authors an easy pound.

All of us possess a subconscious need for horror. However what we can see and touch is no longer as terrible as the unexpected, the unseen, so the author is in fact replacing the terror effect of his story with cheap thrills.

Richard Davis, author and producer of the 'Late Night Horror' series on TVC, brings this search for the macabre back to a collective subconscious of the human race, dating back to prehistorical times. But in his article 'Macabre Fiction in Literature' (Shadow 1971) he also pleads for a compassionate and human treatment of insanity in fiction. He writes: 'We must be able to say: He does this, therefore he is insane, and not: He is insane, therefore he does this.'

Would-be critics and reviewers, stop this senseless howling about 'gruesome bloody horror stories' if you don't know anything about the genre you're attacking.

Would-be authors, stop writing such stories if blood and gore is the only thing on your mind. There is enough straight gruesome horror all around us if you get a kick out of it. There is no need for more of it in macabre fiction.

What would a serious reader of crime fiction say if I attacked the genre having read Jerry Cotton or Carter Brown; or denounced the whole field of romance because I'd read Courte Mahler? You, as reader, would you like it if I stated that all science fiction is lousy because I don't like 'Sioux Spaceman of the Red Planet'?

Open your eyes, take a long good look at the macabre field, go in open-minded, and learn to appreciate the stories I love to read, the stories I love to write.

(c) 1972 by the author

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# MEET EDDY THYYS HERMAN FANJAN IN GHENT

BENELUXCON1 19-20 MAY SFANCON4

# OFFICIOUSLY

When I said CFF TRAILS was a bloody mess, I meant it.

I maintain it still is.

Not so much for what's in it, but rather for the way it is presented. After all, CFF TRAILS as official organ for the Association should be a showcase publication. Sure, there'll be a listing of titles in front, and a listing of names at the back, which won't help its looks any, but even so, a decent heading doesn't take all that much time. With artists like Terry & Skel on the roster, with the dozens of letter guides splashed in the various members magazines, surely that shouldn't be hard to manage?

The mastheads can be done, easily, months in advance. Where typing is concerned, that is perfectly legible (if sometimes spaced rather oddly).

And Ken, don't take it too hard. You should know by now that it is only people who do something that ever get blamed. If noone else will, I'll send you some stencils, just let me know.

I'm sorry to see the voting delayed. Except where it may concern some Stateside fans who might get it too late, surely everyone has had their say on the matter in this mailing, and votes could have been called in making the carried proposals effective as from next mailing. I doubt whether holding out another three months will help any.

If you just enumerate the proposals, we'll all have to go into the cellar or up in the loft to check up on what we're voting on. Unless some people took the Hell alternative and threw the CO away.

Never made money as fast as I did in OMPA. Imagine a 50% return on money paid out only five or six months ago! If I'd known I'd have paid up till 1984 or 2001!

If Darroll wants encouragement: almost all lost property offices have a ruling saying unclaimed items will be confiscated, sold or destroyed after 12 months time. So hock the credits as gifts. Especially as you seem able to make good use of them anyway.

Yes, I'm sure we should have more sections in the eqchoc poll. After all: 15 categories and 26 members... Now if it was the other way about, we'd be (practically) sure of getting something each. If only for best one pager, best two pager, best three pager, and who knows best lactivity! Which reminds me .....

# INNINGS

P.A.SKELTON  
185 Pendlebury Towers  
Lancashire Hill  
Stockport  
SK5 7Rw

There we were, typing the last stencil for 'Inferno' and suddenly we realised that we were going to have this blank space at the bottom. We couldn't understand this as we had worked everything out beautifully

inforehand and it all fitted perfectly. It was very late however, and the Sectsmac was exhausted so we just gave up and extended what we had. The problem was more than our drink-befuddled minds could cope with. As we were packing up though, I chanced to find the review and we was able to stagger to bed without any nagging worries as to where the lines of review had disappeared.

Anyway, whilst it is by no means a deathless review or anything like that... well, after all, egoboo is egchen and whilst anything that I write is by definition a waste of time. I dislike it being doubly so by being discarded unused. So, without further ado, Laydeez mind Gentulmain, I proudly present Paul Skelton and Jan Jansen in ... "The Return of the Prodigal Review".

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ZANIAN 1 (Jan Jansen)

£££Skel£££

Two hours for lunch??????? Ye Ghods! What time do you finally finish then? Six?? I have to make do with forty-five minutes, but I usually end up killing time anyway, so it's

no loss really. In fact I'm writing this out now after having dawdled through my snack. The best part of a threequarter hour lunch break is getting to slide off home at half-past four. Unlike the members of the species Home Commuterus I live quite near my place of work too, so that I can be home, changed, have eaten dinner and be ready to face the evening at five-forty-five. So, I have six hours in which to ac lamably and still stay healthy, wealthy and wise by getting my kip.

A lot of the old names seemed to get the hell out of OMPA just before Brian and I came in. Do you think, maybe somebody ratted on us? A bit strange really. A couple of mailings previously they were all there, or so it seems, and then there were none, or at least getting on that way. Very strange. ...and they say prescience is a load of hokum. Do you think I should give this information to Dr. Rhine?

The Constitutional Amendments (touch wood) are merely proof that OMPA is on the upswing. The members care again. The amendments show that they care. We are no longer prepared to sit back and let OMPA disappear down the drain of it's own apathy. To say that OMPA has a poor reputation among the younger fans is a masterpiece of



understatement. It is not sufficient for us to sit back and tell outsiders that they just don't understand what an apa is all about. We know what's wrong with OMPA and it's up to us to sort it out. FAPA is not a standing joke, neither is SAPS, or for that matter, most of the other apas. True, I'll grant you that the amendments are making things more complicated, but if we get bogged down in our own red tape, then we deserve everything we get. We are supposed to be, in the main, a bunch of reasonably intelligent people. If we can't operate our own rules then it's time we packed up and went home.

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Skel

Not having seen every issue of every zine in the last couple of years, I don't know whether HELLish reviews have ever appeared elsewhere, but I couldn't resist the temptation to run this one here.... If the rough wood was for the attempt at French, you get no marks, they only have one m after the a, same as in English, though you made me wonder... Lucky guy, I get home six-thirty or ten to seven, depending on whether I get a lift home or not.

TERRY JEVES  
230 Bannerdale Rd  
Sheffield  
S11 9FE

Many thanks for the LOC, which re-instates you on the mailing list.

And that from our President, dated 4.12.72 !!!  
Strange to note that the air letter containing this sentence has a 5P printed stamp, whereas the one Skel used a fortnight later carries a 6½P one. Seems like Michel stopped grumbling about Belgian postal rates, and pitied the British.

RON BENNETT  
kne Diesel 9  
7010 Shape

Yes, there has been a little crossing in the post. We're highly delighted with your 7th 1 of Ann and look forward to making her acquaintance in

the very near future. Also equally pleased that everything went so well....for us it was extremely painless. Ann is obviously a Get Up & Go young lady.... I can see that before you can look round she'll be full of mischief. You'll have to harness such energy towards worthwhile projects like turning duplicator handles.

Ron.

Unfortunately I haven't yet found a reasonably priced method for reproducing photographs to include in the magazine. It's still cheaper to make a set of prints and include them than anything else come across so far.... And that's a job rather than an extension of a hobby. Besides which, photographic paper has the tendency to curl at the slightest suggestion of dampness. The copy-paper used extensively before the new photostatics came in general use, can be used for photographs, but tend to have too high a contrast, developed as it is for copying lines and letters black on white.

THE MERCER  
20 Truethick Parc  
MELSTON  
Worcestershire

I was, I must admit, extremely glad to drop OMPA: I found my life being built around the three-monthly schedule of receive the mailing, do a zine, send it in, wait for the next mailing, get it, do a zine, send it in... I'm now producing a 20-page zine three times a year, mainly consisting of other people's letters on and around the subject of Tolkien and his works =

70" easier!

Sonia married? It only seems like yesterday that she was a girl of a child fascinated by the fact that "Eddie" rhymed with "already".

As you seem to have discovered, we do like animals in the house, or rather one particular animal. Said animal disapproves of other animals in the house though - except small dead or damaged ones she brings in herself, when we disapprove. (We prefer them live and healthy.)

Archie.

Maybe there is something to that 'habit-forming' regularity of apa-activities. But does a three-times-a-year non-apa publication make that much of a difference?

Not only married, but as you will have gathered from Ren's letter (and undoubtedly a mention elsewhere) rather as well. It is the time to start off a GrandPAPA! No use looking for members in Belgium though. I'm the only one eligible.

Julien & Masweld  
Goedertijd 11  
B-2710 Hoboken  
Belgium



What are you trying to do, putting me in an awkward position like that? Here I go, calling you jokingly FAKEFAN if you're not in the third mailing of Papa - and of course you miss it! What will people think? "There he is again, snarling at poor Jan!" They will call me a Big D-Eyed donster yet! Are you planning to let me go down in fan history?

as the Jansen Snarler or something? Are you willingly destroying my image of Gentle, Helpful, Active Superfan?

Julien

It's not an image, it's just imagination. Yours. Besides which, someone else is, not jokingly, doing a far better job of snarling, so you needn't worry about future historians in this respect.

DON ALLEN  
12 Briar Edge  
Forest Hill  
Newcastle upon Tyne 12

Many times over the past few years I've thought of writing to you, and other people like Eric, Ron, Archie etc. but I would put it off for some reason or another. I honestly

thought Fandom was dead! I know a lot dropped out in the early sixties, myself included! ... At present I am busy reading lots of the 'new wave' fanzines and hurriedly getting myself up to date on Fannish affairs. One of my first impressions is that the new fanzines are not so good as the old 1950's fanzines. The sense of humour, that Fannish quality, doesn't seem to be there. I admit some of these fanzines are beautifully printed, it's the writings that are pretty mundane. To me it's as though Fandom were full of neo-fans who haven't yet learned their trade. I've still got all my old stencil-cutting gear, and "Duplicating without tears", so in a sense I'm all set for battle...

Will you tell Ron to kindly come and collect his elephant, it's costing me a fortune to feed...

You'll be rid of Cecil soon enough, as Ron & Co will be installing themselves in England shortly. He'll make a good playmate for the kids.

An unquoted sentence in your letter. Yes, I did understand the reviews, I'd read most of the fanzines you see, probably hits OAPA's weak spot, with a maximum membership of 45, but presently only about 20, the run-off is too low, the feedback too small. With a run of a hundred copies per issue which may be considered normal for an editor/publisher who wants to see a fair circulation without a backbreaking mailing list or a budgetbreaking moneyspender, there's still four times as much circulation outside OAPA.... Since the larger-run zines are usually the worthwhile ones, why should you, having seen them all, probably also receiving them in the future, want to join?

MICHAEL J. HEARA  
61 BORROWASH ROAD  
SPONDON  
DERBY  
DE2 7QU

Many thanks for your long letter - long by my standard anyway. I'm sorry to read that you contest short notes, and I hope you won't be offended by this one. The fact is that, much as I would like to, I

just don't have the time to write long letters anymore. To write a letter the length of yours would take me all evening, as the words to say come to me slowly. However...

Enclosed is the tape (on which) I have recorded the Hulmer/Slater/  
Walsh panel on tracks one and four, so that even if your machine is  
only two-track, you will still be able to play it.

Mike & Pat

The copy-recording came out remarkably well, and thanks, it  
does make an excellent souvenir of the convention. Tape-  
recorder is four-track stereo. Both of them. You see the  
Grundig went to hell as recording went, though it still <sup>as far as</sup>  
plays back faithfully everything recorded earlier on. So  
after a couple of months of indecision, Rosa offered me  
a deccord 1200 to go with the Beocenter 1500 we have, offer  
gladly accepted on my part. So you'll get comments on the  
next Luck on tape. Whereas the Grundig has three speeds,  
1/4, 1/2, 9/8 and 19, the Beocord has only the latter two.  
As for short notes - I detest writing them, mainly - I'd  
rather receive a short note than nothing at all, obviously.  
Though in general I feel that if you've got the paper in  
the typewriter, you might just as well go ahead and do the  
job properly. Unless you really go out of your mind, the  
postage is the same. As far as conciseness is concerned,  
airmail letters or aereograms, are an easy way to curtail  
endless rambling, you can go on for just so long and then  
you've had it.

H. R. HULMER  
19 ORCHARD WAY  
HORSHOVDEN  
TONBRIDGE - KENT  
TN12 8LA

It was really great to see you again  
at Novacon and I'm looking forward to  
meeting you again at Bristol, always  
assuming you don't decide to save  
your energies for Ghent. There is  
little likelihood of our getting

across, more's the pity; but things are working out for us in a  
peculiar way right now. I gather you're having familiar problems of  
venue and organisation over there; you have my sympathy. I  
suppose the best plan is to bear in mind the old saying: 'All cons  
are good cons'.

Fascinating, really, that you've crept out of the  
woodwork and taken up acting again. This is something that I  
cannot do right now and it is also something I'm not 100% sure I  
would do had I all the time there was necessary. I dunno. I'm extremely  
interested in learning how you make out, how your rebirth of enthu-  
siasm continues, how you surmount all the old familiar obstacles that  
you - certainly - know about. Will you still be fanning hard in a  
year's time? I was privileged to receive a couple of OMPA bundles  
a couple of years ago and they looked great, happy eager people fanning  
away and the water looked very inviting.

I hope that OMPA does carry  
on, getting better all the time. It is smaller these days, and it  
seems that anyone can join from the word go, without having to be a  
fan beforehand or having had some experience as a fan publisher. How  
were you treated in the question of credentials? Anyway, all I can  
say is carry on and I hope that you get from OMPA and fandom all the  
interest and recreation to which you (as an old fan and tired) are  
entitled.

Your series of little notes to different people on page 12 of FANJAN 1 brings back the old nostalgia, all right. Nativity. Ah, yes, a long time ago. Of course you can use this and please do, if you want, glad if it helps. If you draw a picture remember that the ship had no rudder. (All deeply symbolical, that.) (I think.)

As for us here, Pamela wanted to know just how long your white beard was, and I had to say you looked a young keen and alert fellow. We wavered no longer that you had the strength to push back the coffin lid and climb out, hands reeking with mimeo ink, a stylus gripped in your fist, the mad light of lust for a mimeo in your eyes, tearing duplicating paper up by the ream....

Keep smiling, keep writing, keep fanning,...

Ken

After such praise (or is the word flattery?) I should really go and lie down, play the 'old fan and tired' part properly. All I need now is a recording of this, so I can close my eyes and let the words spill through the room, well on the way to achieving nirvana.

Actually I could fulfill the prescribed qualifications 'show proof of activity in amateur publishing during the preceding 12 months'. There had been letters and one article in English language publications, though my own publications were then restricted to Flemish (and non-science-fictional). I've cut back on fanac already the past couple of months due to Sonia's giving birth to a daughter. I had no idea that being a grandfather took up so much time, though undoubtedly this too will be regimented in the near future with more or less fixed visiting days...but heck, those first months, you want to be there to take pictures, to really see the little girl grow from day to day - remarkable what a difference of three quarters of a pound does to these small things - you want to be able to say 'I've seen her smile' and not just rely on second-hand stories.

A motion has been put forward to allow 'reading' membership in OMPA - i.e. people interested but unable or unwilling to publish themselves, but won't find out myself whether this was carried till next mailing arrives. (It looks at this date as if this too, fanjan that is, will miss the mailing). If you should be interested....

I enjoyed Novacon, and am terribly sorry I'll have to miss the Eastercon after all the good hopes I had, but Kesa can't get the weekend free, and I shall only get off from work on the Friday, which would really curtail visiting time, wouldn't it. It carries its compensation by making the Beocord possible. Furthermore, cancellation of one has left more time free for the other, so that Kesa and I will spend just about a week in England next November - it'll be four months by that time since we've seen Ron and family, and we're not sure we can get used to that again. So start polishing up the Flemish I taught you all those years ago. You're gonna need it.

F A N J A N 2

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een driemaandelijke  
uitgave van

Jan Jansen  
L.v.Hullebuschstr 197  
2120 SCHOTEN  
Belgium  
verantw.uitgever  
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TIJDSCHRIFT

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BERTOETCAL

JAN/MAR 1973

For distribution through:  
O.M.P.A?  
Cff Trails Magazine  
Publishers Association  
and  
to other friends.

ISSUE JAN/MAR 1973

LATE LATE FINAL  
ANN TIPS THE SCALES AT 5 KOS  
28.3.73

