

4
MICROWAVE



CONTENTS

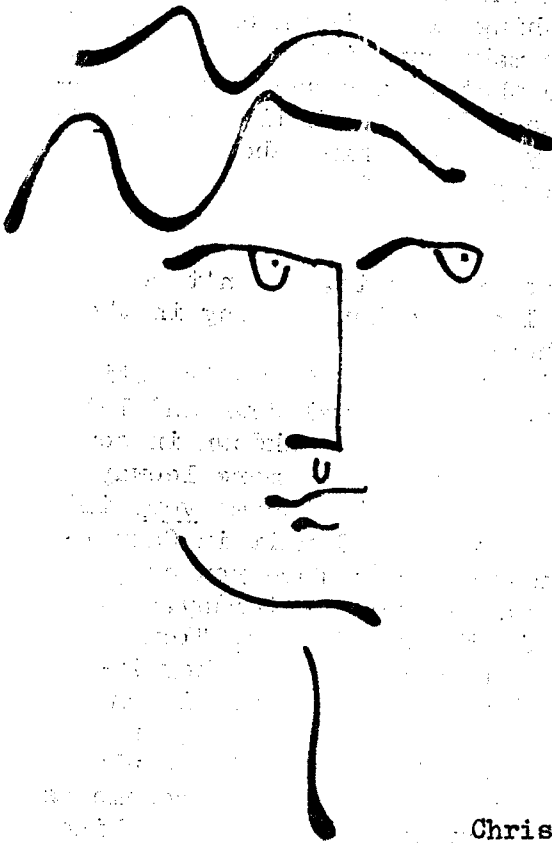
Magnetronics - Editorial	1	<u>ART</u>
With a Comb and Glass in her hand? - Lee Hoffman	7	Harry Bell - Cover.
Phoenix Burning - Sid Birchby	11	Dick Bergeron - 1.
All in the Mind		Terry Jeeves - 4,24,28.
- Harry Turner	13	John Cook - 5,11,12,16,22,25,33.
Pastime - Dave Rowley	15	ATom - This page,7,8,10,15,31,32, bcover.
Any Post, Dear? - Just the odd letter or two...	18	Steve Mowbray - 12,20.
		Harry Turner - 13.

Crowded out of this ish, but held in the file for the unfashionable Annish (due April, send in your contrib NOW!), were; Terry Jeeves with another 'Nartaz' yarn, Pete Presford on Sprengle-changing, and Steve Green with a 'Legalise it' piece. Also promised, but not here yet, are; the first of Ted White's columns, another from Sid Birchby and unspecified 'somethings' from both Vin^o Clarke and Margaret.

MICROWAVE is published quarterly by Terry Hill, 41 Western Road, Maidstone, Kent. ME 16 8NE UNITED KINGDOM. ('phone (0622) 20234.) and is available for trade (if you haven't published for 6 months, and Real Soon Now hasn't got here yet, you'd better LoC), LoC (Letter of Comment, Criticism, or even Catharsis), artwork, articles, Videos of 'What we did on our Honeymoon', Tapes of old comedy shows, Smut, or even 3x10p stamps.

The continuing story of 'what does Marg do?', continues. She proof-reads and corrects your letters (some of you want to learn to spell), and typed up some of the stencils (as did Elda Wheeler - thanks for that and everything else, Elda), but she still won't accept the title of Co-editor; "I wouldn't lower myself." Therefore I have appointed her Galactic Overlord and Power Behind It All.

Printed by K.T.F. Press, Welling. Thanks, Vin^o. Two colours - that's not
too many.



"Hi, kid"
"Hullo....Sir?"
"Watchoowannadoboy?"
"Well, I don't really know"
"D'you wanna go back to school, kid?"
"Uhh, not really"
"Well, d'you wanna go to work, boy?"
"Uh-huh"
"D'you wanna dig potatoes, son?"
"No Sirree!"
"Watchoowannadoboy?"
"D'you wanna be a fan-ed, kid?"
"Help! Mum! It's a pervert!"

(words from 'American Boy Soldier' by
The Edgar Broughton Band - but not all
of them)

Magnetronics

Christmas came and went, and still no word-processor, so I suppose I'll have to churn out another ish with the same old equipment. It's not easy pricking all this out on a stencil with a hatpin, y'know.

The periodic culling of the terminally idle from the mailing list has been carried out in humane manner. Those of you that had a cross or two on the bacover of the last ish, but are reading this, now know that 'editorial whim' has you firmly in its grip. You'll probably have to write in to get off the mailing list.

Talking of writing in - many thanks to Martyn Taylor for his enigmatic reviews in MATRIX. They inspired enough people to request copies that I was able to replace all the deleted names and in fact increase the list by a few. Ta, Martyn.

PARDON?

We've been treated to a series of 'public information' commercials on the tube lately, designed to appraise the various ethnic groups of the existence of pamphlets to enable them to communicate with their English doctor. A Very good idea. Now, if only they'd bring out some pamphlets to enable English patients to communicate with their non-English doctors. It is sometimes difficult enough to extract the meaning from the accent of a Scottish or Irish doctor - but when confronted with one of the now almost inevitable Asian physicians, I'm stumped. Many's the time that I've agreed with a statement or question from one, without knowing what he said - good manners denied me the luxury of continually asking for reiteration. Having failed to understand the first, second or third time, I assume that I'll never understand what was said. If you keep saying 'What?', 'Pardon?', or 'Come again?',

the other party is going to assume that one of you is stupid. So my incoherent doctor is faced with a choice; either I'm insulting him or I'm stupid. I don't like either alternative, so I agree to things I don't understand. If I do it, perhaps others do, and how can a doctor make any kind of reasoned diagnosis from that sort of response? I believe that it was recently suggested that qualified foreign doctors have their knowledge and ability re-checked before practising in Britain. When will somebody do something about their ability to be understood by the majority of their patients?

SO WHAT'S WRONG WITH SELLING YOUR BODY?

The possibility exists that by the time that you read this, I won't be here. Well, not here at the Castle Microvore. I may be languishing in the Kent and Canterbury Hospital, doing my best to heal.

Y'see, about a year or so back my brother's kidneys handed in their notice. He was put on a special diet to keep his blood potassium level down and left to manage on about 60% of the normal complement. Due to a breakdown in communication between him and the dietician, he thought there was more leeway in the diet than there actually was. The result was that he became very ill a couple of months ago and was rapidly admitted to the renal unit in Canterbury. Total kidney failure. "How long were you off work before you contacted us?" asked the specialist. "I wasn't, I was at work yesterday." replied my brother. "You shouldn't have been," said the specialist, "You should have been dead." That sort of failure I call very total. They inserted a tube into his abdomen so that they could run bags of fluid in and out of him in a sort of flushing operation. They connected a vein to an artery in his wrist to increase the back-pressure, so that his veins would be easier to find for the dialysis machine. In order that he could resume as normal a life as possible - in between spending every Tuesday on the machine at the hospital and every weekend hooked up to their bags (the dept. housing the machine doesn't operate weekends) - it was decided to replace the fairly rigid tube in his abdomen with a more flexible one. It was a good job that they left the rigid one in as well while the new one settled, because it took three attempts to get it in right - one of the operations to insert it affected my brother so badly that he had to be put on oxygen when he got back to the ward. While all these horrors were being visited him, I'd worked out that I'd been issued with a pair of kidneys and never had any trouble from either of them, and furthermore, considering their source, they were probably quite similar to his. I made some enquiries, and during an interview with the specialist, I found out that there could be a seven-year wait for a suitable dead donor. If mine are any good, then I'm perfectly willing to rent him one. The reason for the long wait, I'm told, is that he, and I, are members of the commonest blood-group; O+. The trouble with being O+ is that, whilst it's all very fine if you just want to borrow a pint or two (in fact I'm told that a pint of O+ will be acceptable in all circulatory systems), when it comes to organ transplants it's a different story. Just as O+ blood will fit anyone, so will O+ organs, subject to tissue match. So, if an AB-corpse comes in with a donor card, his or her parts will only fit another AB-, but if O+ parts are available, the entire waiting list can have a chance and an O+ down at the bottom of the list can only hope there's no tissue-match as technicians work their way down the list. Fat chance. There are no provisions for an Organ Donor Service along the lines of the Blood Donor operation. Apparently the fear is that certain unscrupulous individuals would start 'organ-legging' - selling their parts to the highest bidder - so

they limit live donors to immediate relatives.

The situation now is that I have had a battery of tests; they've taken blood, urine, X-rays, weight, height, blood-pressure and even something called a 'Dynamic Renal Scan' involving having radioactive material injected into my arm. The results of all these tests are being studied and hopefully I'll hear something soon. The 'right' answer will put me in hospital for about ten days and off work for a further six weeks. So now you know.

--oo000oo--

A rather medical magnetronics this time, sorry. That's just the way it happened. Also somewhat shorter - this is because despite my saying that I would have to WAHF more of the letters this time, more people wrote in and what's more they wrote the sort of letters that I like to receive and print. Tango Sierra, Martyn. Also, there are several letter-extracts on the 'Legalise it' theme, more of which will be welcome. If he gets his act together in time, we should have a piece under that general heading from Dave Hicks dealing with Transylvanian Debt-collectors.

LEGALISE IT!

Why not and where's the problem? Sometimes I think the trouble with the madhouse we call society is that there are too many people with a vested interest in conditioning the rest into blind acceptance of emotive-reaction responses devoid of all studied logic or evaluated consideration. The real problem isn't that things should be legalised but why they were made illegal in the first place. Eggs, for example. What big-head decided that certain sizes of eggs should be illegal? Or descriptions of same? Why can't I drink, shop, spend, twentyfour hours a day seven days a week? Who has adopted the god-like prerogative of 'giving' permission to exercise the so-called right of freedom? Why, if a thing is legal, can't it be employed in a normal manner? Why, always, the Catch 22 situation? Think of prostitution for example. Or trading, which is what prostitution is. Or selling a piece of yourself to an organ bank. Or any number of things which in themselves are permitted - Ghod, how I hate that word! - but which are ringed with so many obstacles you haven't a hope in hell of getting off the ground.

So legalise everything - aren't we supposed to believe in freedom?

Incidentally, talking of graffiti, the best I've seen of late was appropriate to the above. IF VOTES CHANGED ANYTHING THEY'D BE ILLEGAL.

So true.

E.C. Tubb.

My suspicion is that most things which are illegal would be better legalised and that the reason they're not is simply because there exist legislators who are firmly convinced that nothing people like to do should be allowed, period. It's the puritan influence -- or maybe, to be more generous with the blame, the Judeo-Christian influence -- which labels most human pleasures "sin". Of course, one must draw a line somewhere: I wouldn't legalise murder, for instance -- at least not beyond the current acceptable level (murder is okay in times of war and self-defence and maybe if one Bad Guy kills another....). But the American experiment with Prohibition -- paralleled by the current prohibition here against marijuana -- proved only one thing: if you make something lots of people like to do illegal, you'll simply create lots of new criminals. Indeed, most of the "victimless"

"crimes" have spawned a genuine criminal network (organised crime) precisely because of their illegality. It's said that if marijuana was legalised here and taxed (the way alcohol and tobacco are taxed) we could entirely eliminate our current huge national deficit. But it won't happen, largely because people are convinced -- against all rational evidence -- that marijuana is "bad" for people (other people). (Indeed, the political groundswell for legalisation is dissipating....)

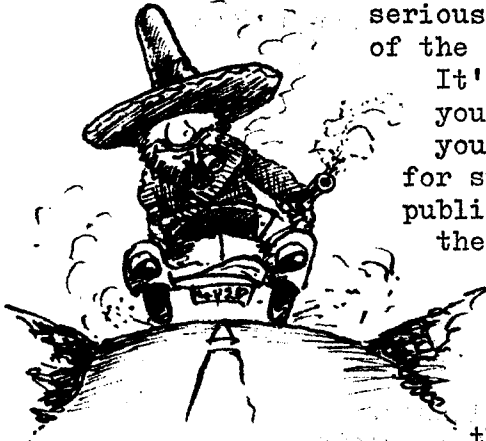
There has been some relaxation of the laws against "sin" here: abortions are (mostly) legal; gambling has become legal outside Nevada (where it always was) and in a pervasive way as state after state has launched its state lottery, in competition with illegal "numbers games"; and pornography which couldn't even get past customs or through the mails twenty years ago is now legally available both by mail and in stores. But prostitution is still illegal (except in Nevada) and more drugs are illegal now than were twenty years ago. So it goes.

Ted White.

I'd like to see the 'six month traffic experiment' made illegal. You know, the cops or watch committee suggest routing all cars 97 miles out of their way to make a pedestrian precinct of 100 yards length....as a 'six month experiment'. Naturally, motorists can't sit there for six months waiting for the damn road to re-open. By dint of much difficulty and inconvenience they muddle round in a variety of other ways...then at the end of 6 months, the powers that be say.."Ah it worked..we'll make it permanent!" That way, in Sheffield, they (among other things idiotic) closed off the slip road OFF a newly-built multi-million dual-carriageway/underpass main road so that traffic must now continue for a further mile, negotiate a huge roundabout..come back the mile and negotiate another roundabout.. to get to where the slip road used to put them. HIGHLY INCREASED difficulty simply to aid buses...for which we exorbitant rates anyway.

Terry Jeeves.

'Legalise It', as I'm sure you've been told by now, is the title of an old track by ex-Wailer Peter Tosh, extolling the virtues of 'Strange Substances'. As I recall, he lists the diseases they allegedly cure with some thoroughness. Personally, I'd like to see the stuff (though not the harder stuff) legalised, in order to remove its glamour and to stop people making exaggerated claims for its powers (though I have encountered similar claims for the medicinal powers of 'a few pints' or 'a wee nip', which are perfectly legal). What I'd like to see legalised? It's hard to say - ideally I'd like to see all 'victimless' crimes removed from the statute book (bit vague that) but the problem is that permitted behaviour is circumscribed in our society more by custom and precedent than by what's written down. We continue, despite pieties, to live in a country where your treatment by the law depends a lot



on your position in the pecking order. Sorry for getting serious, but it does worry me that the cautious reforms of the last few decades are now being clawed back.

It's now legal in Scotland for the police to haul you in simply because they don't like the look of you. If you object, well, that's one more cause for suspicion. Needless to say, it's antagonised the public, the clear-up rate for crime has dropped, and the call for even more powers goes up...meanwhile this law's due to be extended to England this parliamentary session. Prepare to be 'detained'. Enough of this. Back to the frivolity.

Modest proposals: that spying be encouraged, that there be no 'official secrets'. The people with access to top secrets are probably those least likely to use them constructively. So let's share them around. Save all that money spent on KGB, MI5, CIA, etc., too. Re. big, fast cars, I recall a suggestion of Gilbert Shelton's that sections of highway be designated 'Free Zones', with no speed or safety regulations, with in fact no law enforcement whatever, so that all manner of sabotage and banditry would also be permitted (got the bazooka, boys?); services, of course, would be few and very expensive.

Niall McA. Robertson.

Nobody else in fandom will share my nomination. It's prohibition, the very same American phenomenon which has received such universal scorn and joke-making and bitter memories ever since it was repealed fifty years ago. Alone in fandom, I think the evils of prohibition were much less serious than the evils which unlimited consumption of alcoholic beverages has created in the United States since 1933, like a quarter-million fatalities attributable to drinking every decade and estimates that more than half of all hospitalizations have alcohol as a factor, directly or indirectly.

Harry Warner, Jr.

New legislation - or lack of it? How about some legal safeguards on the sale and repair of cars? I've just been reading the results of a survey carried out by Merseyside County Council's fire and public protection committee...they sent around a specially 'doctored' car to various garages in Liverpool. One garage charged £70.00 for a service and did only 10% of the work necessary; not one in ten of the garages concerned carried out more than a third of the tests needed. In the front garden here there's a Morris Minor which was pre-M.O.T.-tested by a local garage and had £90.00 worth of work carried out on it. On the actual test, the same garage found a serious fault and quoted a further £160.00 for work to be done on it. (They didn't get it.) I knew a guy who collected a car from servicing, and had a wheel come off within half-a-mile. They'd forgotten to tighten the nuts.

By the sound of it, they could also legislate against your mother-in-law's tea....

Vinó Clarke.

SOMETHING COULD BE SAID FOR REINTRODUCING THE CONCEPT OF OUTLAWRY

A short while ago, Chuck Connor sent me an LP by Jonathan King, knowing that I have a fondness for his work. Thanks, Chuck. The LP is called 'Pandora's Box' and originally came out in 1973. For some reason I feel moved to share the lyrics of one of the tracks with you.

'A Modest Proposal (Swift's Song)'

The time has come to put out the babies,
the day has come to take them away,
this world of ours has too many ladies
just having their babies in any old way.

We'll pass a law quite simple and easy,
regaining control without any pain.
One baby in three can grow up as it pleases,
the others we'll eat after they have been slain.

The flesh of a baby is really delicious
if roasted, par-boiled, broiled, griddled or grilled.
I gather its flavour is rather like fishes
or small milk-fed chicken when they are fresh killed.

We can do no harm to minute old babies -
it makes no sense to have any more.
We shoot a mad dog inflicted with rabies,
but this method of mine will help feed the poor.

No comment from me, your comments are invited.

NEVER PUT ANYTHING WIDER THAN YOUR ELBOW IN YOUR EAR

THE INTERNAL TRIANGLE.

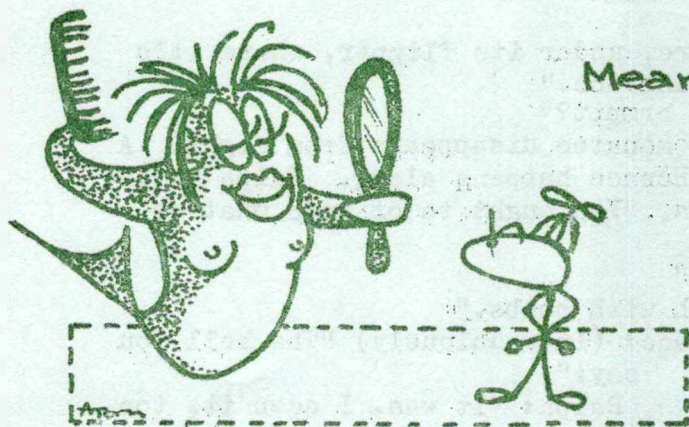
One happy consequence of write-in requests for MICROWAVE is that there are now three pairs of hands for all tasks. Following a short correspondence I became involved with Elda Wheeler - a refreshingly unliberated female who considers herself primarily a sex-object. Her charm, poise and elegance quickly won my heart and several other important parts of my body, and she frequently joins our happy household. Margaret tolerates the situation and has less headaches.

Elda - what an incredible name, evocative of the Old Country, Dahlink - has a permanent aura of menacing sexuality that seems somehow unreal in one so graceful, yet she is a self-correcting distraction. Despite the numerous occasions when she lures me from my tasks for a physically exhausting dalliance, fannish activity does not suffer because, in addition to her more obvious talents, she types thirty words per minute - about twenty-eight more than I do!

The only drawback to this otherwise excellent arrangement is cost -- wear and tear on bedlinen and accessories when used by three is considerable. Have you seen the price of bullwhips and black satin sheets lately?

NOT THAT THERE ARE ANY NICE PEOPLE LIKE ABI

With a Comb and Glass, In her hand?



Meanderings about Manatees

Lee Hoffman

There are far more real estate agents in Florida than there are manatees. The manatees are an endangered species. The real estate agents aren't. The last couple of decades have seen such a population explosion of real estate agents here that I expect they'll eventually overrun and destroy their own environment and bring themselves to the position of being an endangered species. Our Florida manatees will probably be long gone by then. It's too bad. Manatees are really the more desirable of the two species.

Manatees were in the running to become Florida's official state animal. They lost the election. The voters were the state's school children. They chose the more colorful but likewise endangered Florida Panther. If the real estate agents prevail, Florida will probably have an extinct state animal. (It might have been more appropriate to make our state animal the Real Estate Agent.)

Manatees, in case you're not familiar with them, are large creatures that eat underwater vegetation and laze around in warm waters looking a lot like elephants that went wrong in embryo. By common human standards they are marvelously ugly. My encyclopedia describes them as mammals having a body which "is somewhat seal-like in shape, reaches a length of 8 or 10 feet, has a large round head with bristly, tumid lips, no apparent neck, no external ears, the forelimbs converted into paddles, no hind limbs, and the tail spade-shaped, like that of a beaver. The thick wrinkled skin is blackish, and almost hairless..." It further states, "The manatees are stupid, gentle, defenceless and harmless creatures, showing great affection for their young, one or two in number, which are nursed at pectoral udders, often while the mother stands erect upon her tail enfolding the 'calves with her broad arms."

According to the mass media, it was the sight of such creatures that inspired legends and myths of mermaids. In fact, some reporters even claim

sailors who had been too long at sea took these creatures to be half-woman and half-fish. Personally I don't think any sailor was ever that long at sea and lived to talk about it. If manatees did inspire the tales of mermaids, I suspect the original scenario went something like this:

Ralph and Clyde are standing in the bow of their craft, gazing at the water, thinking wishfully of the last time they were ashore, when suddenly Clyde jabs Ralph in the ribs and cries out: "Hey, looka that!"

Ralph: "Gaagh, it's ugly! What the hell is it?"

Clyde: "Damfino, but it's got boobs."

Ralph: "The hell!"

Clyde: "Sure. Look there, under its flipper, where it's feeding that young one."

Ralph: "Tits in its armpit?"

Clyde shrugs. The manatee disappears from sight. A green hand named Horace happens along. Ralph hails him over and says, "You ought to of seen what we just seen."

Horace: "What?"

Clyde: "A fish with boobs."

Horace: (Incredulously) "The hell you say!"

Ralph: "It was. I seen it, too. It was nursing a baby."

Horace: (still Sceptical) "A real baby?"

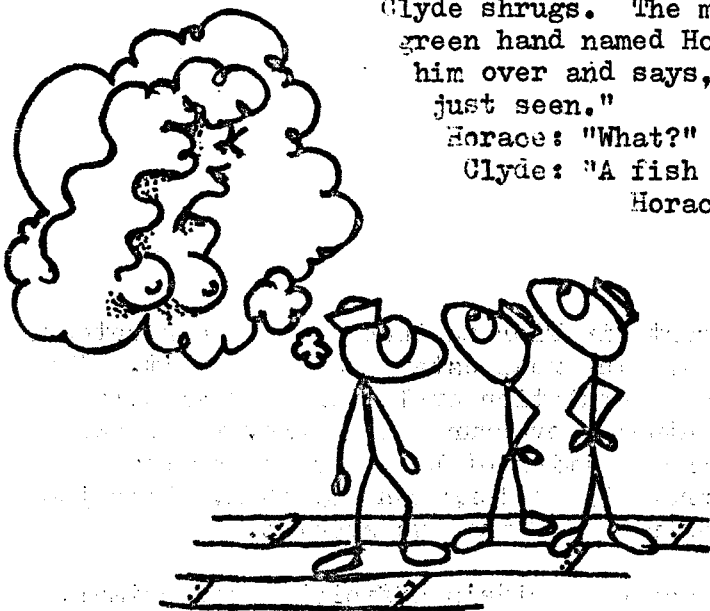
Ralph: (warming to his subject) "Sure it was real. As alive as you or me. True as I'm standing here. Ain't that so, Clyde?"

Clyde: (Nodding agreement) "Only it had a tail like a fish."

Horace: "And a top like a woman with tits?"

By the time Ralph and Clyde finish with Horace he is convinced that what they saw was half-woman and half-fish, and by the time the three of them head tell the tale ashore in exchange for free drinks, Horace is convinced that he saw it too. Etc.

On the other hand, the concept of the half-human/half-fish may have come first and then been applied to the manatee. Manatees are also called "sea cows" though I doubt anyone ever mistook one for an ocean-going bovine. They bear about as much resemblance to cows as to female humans. I also suspect scientists named a certain fresh water polyp after the hydra of Greek myth rather than that the Greeks built an epic myth on the struggle between Heracles and a fresh-water polyp. If we attach names from myth to living creatures, why couldn't our ancestors have done the same? I am inclined to the theory that the mermaid concept had its roots in the births of sireniform terata and/or severe cases of ichthyosis, both of which were probably occurring before we invented myth. After all, the traditional fish-tailed female human is only one of the many forms of fish-human mixtures in mythology.



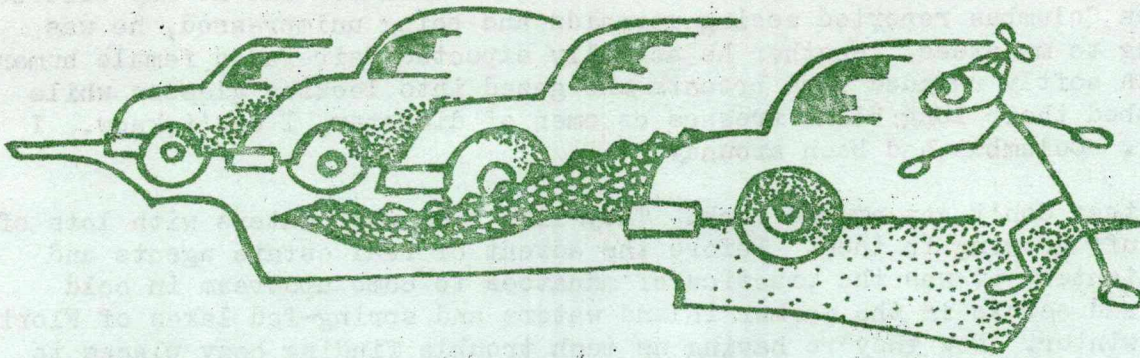
Anyway, somehow manatees got identified with mermaids and it may well be that when Columbus reported seeing mermaids and being unimpressed, he was referring to manatees. Whether he actually expected fair-faced female humanoids with softly rounded bare breasts who gazed into looking glasses while they combed their long blond tresses as omen of disaster, I don't know. I doubt it. Columbus had been around.

Manatees don't get around much. They like nice warm waters with lots of green stuff growing in them. Before the advent of real estate agents and their clientele it was the practice of manatees to come upstream in cold weather and settle in the warmer inland waters and spring-fed lakes of Florida for the winter. Now they're having as much trouble finding cozy places to stay as those tourists who arrive late into the season with no reservations. Most of the nice warm waters and spring-fed lakes are surrounded by houses and resorts, and the waters are filled with power boats, water-skiers and swimmers. Normally manatees are willing to share the water with an occasional swimmer if the latter will mind his own business, but having a bunch of sight-seers trying to ride his back and pull his whiskers can discourage the average manatee very quickly. And it is rare that investigators find adult manatees without the scars of power boat propellor gashes in their backs. They're the lucky ones that survived. Manatees have this habit of lolling about enjoying life just below the surface of the water. Power boaters have a habit of speeding heedlessly along enjoying life without giving a damn about much else. Signs advising them to go slow because they're in manatee waters seem about as effective as speed limit signs on highways.

The onslaught of civilization has brought the manatees one blessing, albeit a mixed one. Nuclear power plants. In the chill of winter, the manatees find haven in the discharge outfalls of warm water from the nukes. They congregate so readily and get so much public attention that some of the power plants now have basins for them at the outfalls. It's good public relations. But when a nuke goes down in the winter, it's bad news for the crowd at the outlet.

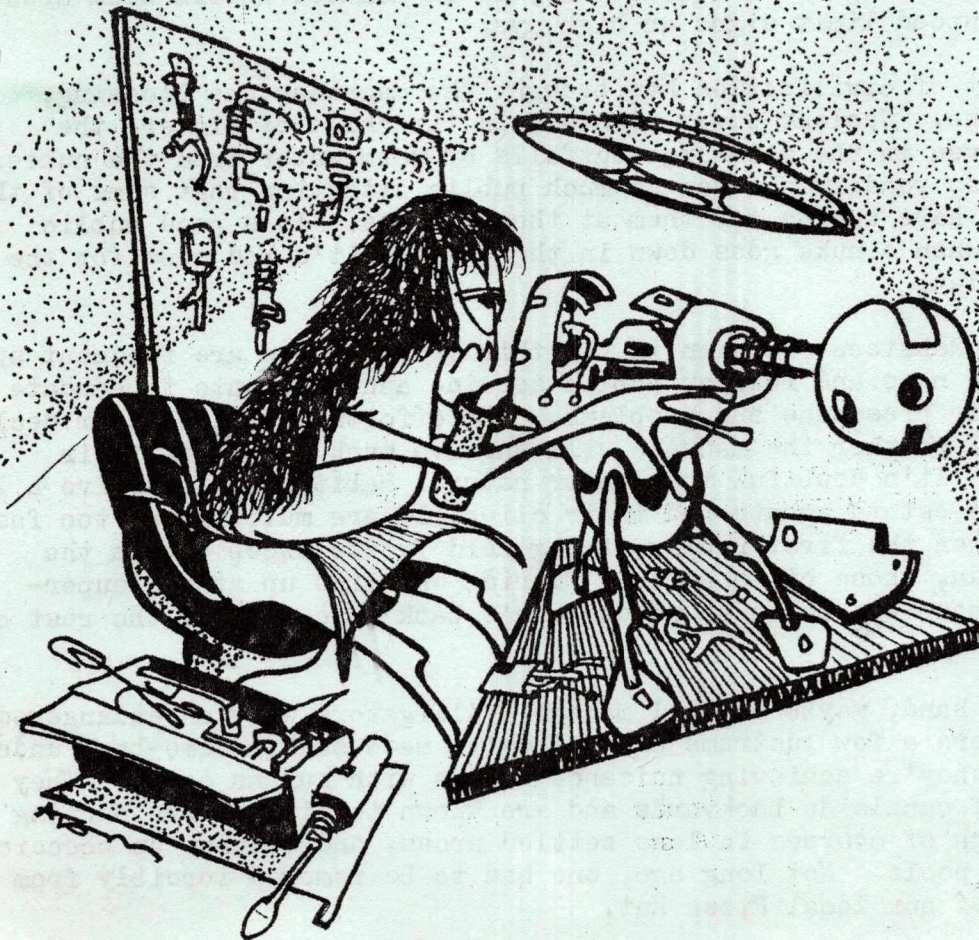
The Save The Manatees campaign is big this year. There are frequent spots about them on the news and regular public service announcements to educate people about their presence and problems. The efforts may slow their decline, but it's doubtful whether the manatee will survive much longer in their natural habitat. It's doubtful that their natural habitat will survive a lot longer. The real estate agents and their clientele are multiplying too fast. In the autumn, when the first really strong cold fronts sweep across the border from Canada, those of us here in Florida who line up at the supermarket checkout counters begin to wonder who's back home minding the rest of the U.S.

On the other hand, maybe they'll manage. Alligators were an endangered species around here a few lustrums ago. They've made such a come-back under protection that they're achieving nuisance status with humans again. They swipe dogs out of canalside backyards and are known to nip golfers hunting balls in the rough of courses in less settled areas, and to show up occasionally in swimming pools. Not long ago, one had to be removed forcibly from the parking lot of our local Pizza Hut.



But the Manatee is a far more fragile creature than the gator, so I think we'd better make the best of them while we've got them. And save lots of pictures for future generations -- if there are such. We're a pretty fragile creature, too.

~~~~~





# PHOENIX BURNING

## Sid Birchby

Long ago, I was conned by Ron Bennett into writing a column for his fanzine 'Skyrack', and I used the pen-name of Phoenix, being even then a born-again fan. Also, what was a Skyrack, for heaven's sake? Better be careful and conceal my identity. Actually, it was an old place-name near Ron's home, something to do with Wapentakes and Thridings. Well, if only he'd said...

Here's 1983, and two sturdy men of Kent asking me to write something. I'd say there's a friendly competition between them, so just to be awkward -- er, impartial -- let's revive the Phoenix Column and send it to both. Different text, of course, and no need to be coy about the name, It's me, it's me!

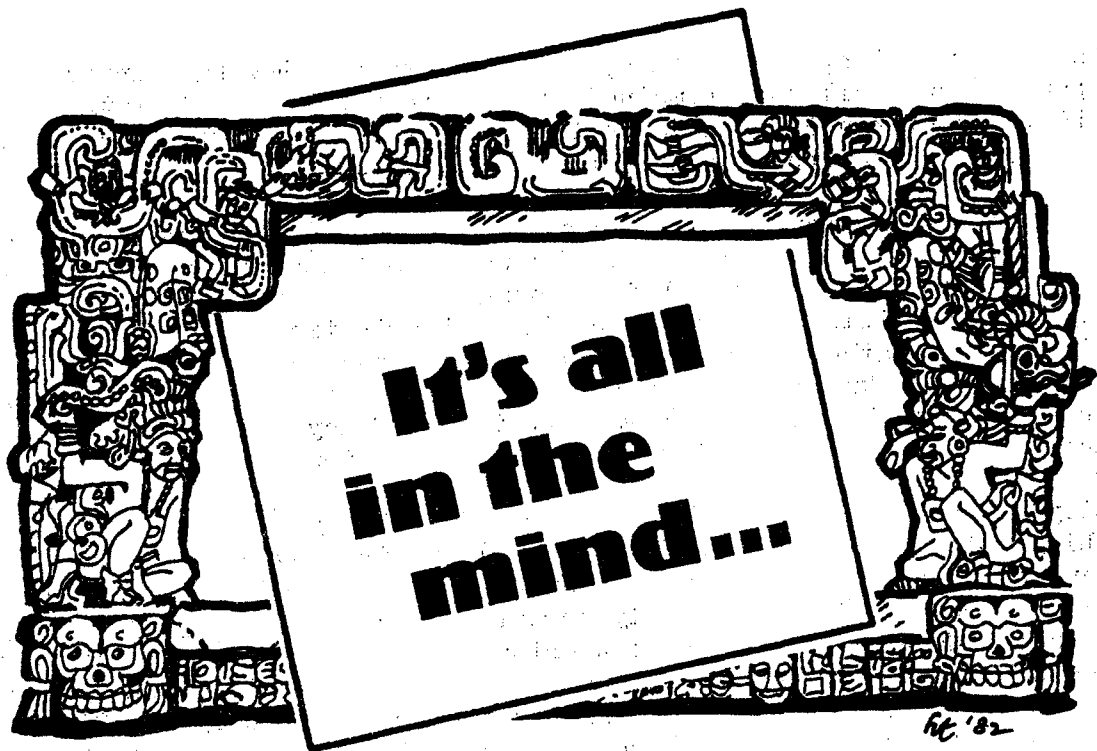


FANZINE NAMES. They have always been peculiar, just to grab a certain in-group, since the days of 'Le Zombie' and 'Cthulhu'. Judging by the fly-posters on the crumbling walls, the idea is now used to advertise pop-groups. Now, I don't say that Microwave is an odd name for a fanzine, but why was it chosen? I think we ought to know. As for 'Not Science-Fantasy News', that's easier, but I'm blown if I'm going to type it all out again. Can we have a short punchy acronym, please? All I can think of is NOSFANN, which sounds like the baddie in 'The Magic Flute'.

LIFE IN THE LIFTS. Every working day, I press the lift button and a dinky light says that, sorry, the lift is on its way to the top floor and may be some time. What's going on up there!! I know for a fact that there's nothing but old files and the staff canteen (which doesn't open for another hour, and then only for bacon butties). Is someone having secret munchies? Before I can decide, the lift drops like a stone, sneers at me, and comes to rest in some Lovecraftian dungeon of the cleaners, Health Clinic, Morlocks and Shoggoths. There is a long pause for emptying mop-buckets, eating butties, and a quick Nameless Rite.

GAY FUZZ. When that man entered Buckingham Palace and talked to the Queen in her bedroom for ten minutes before the guards arrived, the press had a field-day. I expect you know about the maxim of putting as many key-words





During a brief stay at a scholastic retreat near Mold, on the Welsh border, I met a party returned from a visit to the nearby Offa's Dyke. In a state of near ecstacy they described the deep feelings of the ancient past that assailed them on the site. Well, I thought, this I had better try for myself. I went. There indeed were the grassy dips and hollows that marked the earthwork but for me no deep feelings welled up from the springy turf. No all-pervading sense of history invaded my my mind.

It may be that you have to possess the right sort of imagination to be an archeologist. It's easy to enthuse over the obvious - the ruins of castles, cathedrals and monasteries, prehistoric sites like Stonehenge and Avebury, Roman remains such as Hadrian's Wall...

Though as far as the wall is concerned, when I visited Stacksteads I stared hard at places about which a guide waxed poetic but all that met my gaze were the inevitable grassy dips and hollows, which failed to come up to expectations, no matter how I fed my imagination with the glowing words.

I am consoled by the fact that even a writer of the calibre of Aldous Huxley shared my plight.

In his book Beyond the Maxique Bay he describes a visit to the classic Mayan site of Copan, in Honduras, in 1933. He dwells on the encroachment of time, and it's allies in destruction - weather and vegetation - and the curious tricks they play on the works of men. They can destroy a city as an architectural and engineering unity, he wrote, yet spare it's decorative detail. While great masses of masonry are buried or disrupted by the blind

growth of vegetation, the statues, fragile pots and jewelry survive intact. At Copan he found all that remained of the great complex of platforms, pyramids, and sunken courtyards that once occupied the site, were a few mounds covered with trees, fragments of a wall, and rubbish heaps of stones.

"Buried under the mould, disintergrated by the thrusting roots of the tropical vegetation, a sacred city of pure geometrical form once stood here... but toiling up and down through the scrub, among the fallen stones, I found it all but impossible to reconstruct in my imagination the Maya's huge embodiment of a mathematician's dream. I had read the writings of the archeologists and knew what sort of monument had been raised at Copan. But these almost shapeless burrows supplied my fancy with no visible foundations on which to rebuild the Maya's prodigious works."

Huxley's fear that buried Copan (bought in 1839 by the American explorer John Lloyd Stephens for a mere 50 dollars) was irrecoverable is now confounded by the sheer industry of archeologists. Today the site is revealed as one of the most highly organised architectural complexes to be found in the Maya area of Central America. The ball-game court is cleared and reconstructed. The great mass known as pyramid 26 is crowned with elegant buildings, reached by the impressive Great Hieroglyphic Stairway with a whole 'book' of 2,500 glyphs carved on the risers of it's 63 steps: the longest inscription found in Mayan territory.

The already ruined building known as Temple 22 was shattered by an earthquake after Huxley's visit. Now it has been meticulously restored on the basis of the careful records made by Alfred Maudslay during a visit in 1889. The many images of the Corn God found here have prompted some to call this the Temple of Agriculture: the magnificent sculptured entrance to the sanctuary is formed of a life-size figure on each side, squatting on giant death's heads and supporting a sky monster twisting in bizarre coils across the top. And throughout the site there are intricately carved stelae, larger than life-size figures, ornately robed and carrying ceremonial bars, imprisoned within a wealth of symbolic detail not yet clearly understood. One of the free-standing altars, with a dedicatory date of 776AD, shows 16 seated figures and appears to commemorate a congress of astronomers held at Copan on that date.

The art of Copan is distinctive for the way in which architecture and sculpture are integrated. Contemporary descriptions include words and phrases like "breathtaking", "mellow poetry", and "one of the loveliest of all Classic Maya ruins".

Maybe I should visit Stacksteads again just to see what they've been up to....

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\* \* \*\*\*\*\* \* \*\*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

---

EVERY SO OFTEN, AT 4.30, I DISCARD ALL WASTE PAPER

---



# DRAKE

by Dave Rowley

Mr. Parker of the 'U-View Temporal Emporium' was disturbed by the door chime. 'What is it now' he muttered to himself. Glancing up he observed a man of about 30, a shade under 2 metres in height, cleanshaven, looking around the shop.

'Good afternoon sir', he offered the customer, who just smiled and nodded whilst carrying on with his visual once over. Finally he asked:

'Busy?' apparently making polite conversation.

'Not really, I'm only stocktaking for the new catalogue.' replied Parker indicating the preview scanner. 'Can I help you? Mr. Er.....?'

'Burke. Possibly, you see I have a few hours to spare and was wondering if you could provide me with some new entertainment. It's my opinion that I've seen just about everything of interest in the last thousand years.'

'How about our new line "Great voyages of discovery"?' Burke shot an inquiring glance at Parker who continued 'Oh, it's the very latest addition to our swiftly expanding service. Can I interest you in taking advantage of our introductory offer as stated in our advertising literature?' - while indicating an assembled display on the end of the counter bulging with leaflets. Burke picked one up, whilst glancing over the sheet he said:

'Drake, Vasco de Gama, Christopher Columbus and the like, eh?'

'Can you imagine it? The smell of salt sea air, the sound of the wind blowing through the rigging. Care to try it?' Parker almost pleaded with his customer, playing him like some deep-sea game fish.

'Why not?' The customer suddenly blurted out. 'It should make a pleasant change.'

'Who would you like then?'

'I don't really know, how about picking at random?'

'I'm sorry sir, but the catalogue is arranged in chronological and alphabetical order and not geographical.'

'I meant without aim, or by chance, not a place called Random.'

'Terribly sorry', Parker opened the file and stabbed his finger down.

'How does Captain James Cook, 28th April 1770, Botany Bay sound to you?'

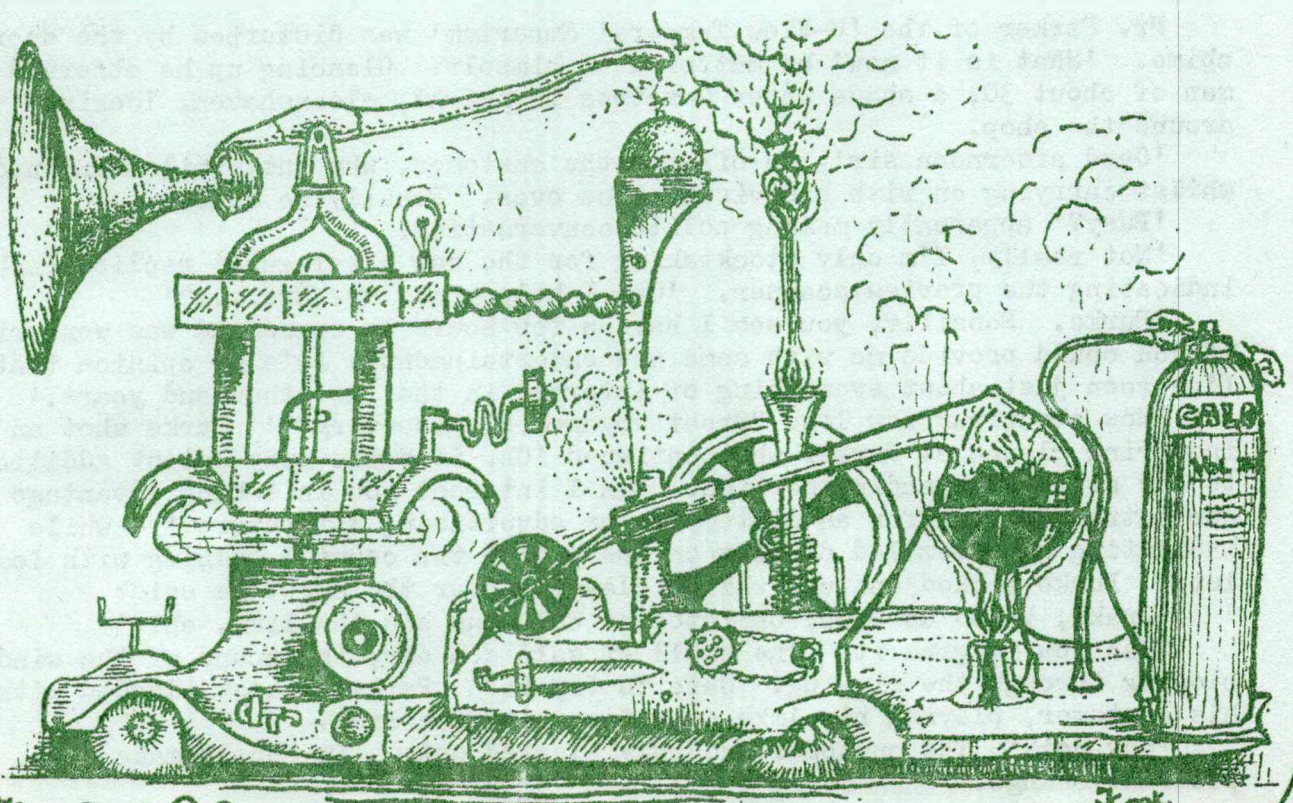
'All right, I'm game.' He then produced a wad of notes, counted off a few and offered them to Parker.

'Just a moment sir, you've given me too much.'

'Oh yes, the introductory discount', accepting his refund. Parker then led Burke to a booth at the rear of the shop in which he installed his client.

'The flashing multi-coloured lights are only to make the apparatus look technical. It's really quite a simple device.' Parker used this patter with all his customers, he thought it put them at ease thus making them more receptive subjects. Parker then walked to the control console and tuned the equipment to the correct co-ordinates, thus allowing Burke's mind to become receptive to the thoughts of someone aboard the 'Endeavour'.

The Temporal Encephalo-Scanner had been invented a few years before quite by accident, as all good inventions are, by a couple of technicians in a research establishment. In stead of picking up thoughts from a subject in the next room, the experimenter heard what turned out to be a speech given by Sir Winston Churchill in Parliament just after World War II. By altering the value of certain components the geographical and chronological positions of the received thoughts could be varied. Refinement on the equipment allowed full sensory perception so the viewer could apparently be in the past.





Burke found himself standing on the deck of a sailing ship in the middle of a storm. Although he was centuries in the future he was in essence Jerry Thomas, a simple sailor on the exploratory ship 'Endeavour'. Suddenly he heard a cry and looked around. His jaw dropped as he saw the captain swept overboard. Burke wanted to dive in after him but Jerry's quick thinking overrode his hasty thought. Swiftly he tied a rope around his waist and then secured the other end to a mast. Then he dived in, reaching the drowning captain just in time.

'It's all right now Captain, I've got a rope round me so we'll be able to return to the ship.' No sooner were the words out of his mouth, the 'Endeavour' hit the Great Barrier Reef. Eventually the ship and the crew ended up on the shore.

After the storm the crew collected the supplies from the wreck and then set about making themselves a hearty breakfast. Burke noticed that the Captain did not look at all well and suggested, due to some malfunction in the equipment, through Jerry:

'The best thing to cure all ill, as my old mother used to say, is to feed the infection. What you need is plenty of hot broth down you.' There were murmurs of agreement from the assembly, and so while the ship was being repaired, the Captain existed on hot stew and the like. After about a week, the monotony of his diet was beginning to tell on the nerves of Captain James Cook R.N.. The slightest annoyance escalated into full bodied argument which almost lost for Cook the respect of his men. The final straw was when Jerry tried to serve the Captain with a mid-day meal of a large steaming hot bowl of broth.

'I'm sick to death of this broth' screamed the captain. 'I've had enough of you. MEN, clap him in irons! I'll keelhaul you once the ship is ready.' At this Jerry turned and fled up the beach.

'After him lads, ten lashes to the last man who catches him.' At this they leapt to their feet and chased the unfortunate along the beach. Burke could feel Jerry getting tired, sweat was pouring down his face and he could hear the pounding of the feet behind him. Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder. Burke let out a scream and fainted. He woke to Parker furiously shaking him and asking in worried tones:

'What happened? Are you alright? You didn't half give me a fright. I noticed that the In-Use light was still on when I was closing up the shop.'

'How long have I been gone?' inquired Burke.

'All afternoon sir', replied Parker.

'Well thank goodness you woke me when you did. I was about to be attacked by a bloodthirsty bunch of Cook's crew.'

'That's strange, I always thought he was a reasonable sort of man. What ever happened to him so he would allow his crew to come after you?'

'You've got the wrong end of the stick. He ordered them after me. He wanted to keelhaul me - whatever that is.'

'I can only say it's a good job I got you away then. Something must have gone wrong with my equipment. Maybe it was the co-ordinates from the file, I'll sue the suppliers I will. Just think if something had happened to you it could have closed me down, then where would I be?'

'Who cares? I'm glad to be back,' sighed Burke.

'Can I get you a cup of tea?' asked Parker beginning to feel sorry for his customer.

'No, I think I'll go and get drunk to try and blot out the memory.' And with a farewell wave Burke left the shop.



Mal Ashworth than that of Steve Green, who sounds callow and pompous in this company. (Note: I opened my dictionary to check the meaning of 'callow', and found it also means 'low-lying and liable to be submerged'. Hmmm...) I don't think Steve represents 'now' fandom in any case. ((Funny that, neither does he - see next LoC)) I'd agree with Chuck (funny how his name keeps cropping up) that the KTF-dom is now outmoded - indeed I have a theory (and here is my theory, kof, kof, my theory is, kof, kof, that my theory is...) to the effect that these are hard times, and that fandom really belongs to such times, when we require good company, and humour, to chase away the various blues of unemployment, industrial disputes, even war. KTF-dom, in contrast, is the product of those children of affluence, indulging themselves by throwing abstractions at each other through the windows of their ivory castles, and backslapping each... I'm boring myself - there must be some way to end this letter. Take, say Bernard Levin & J. Nicholas, and compare them with Jon Wallace, who might not talk any sense either, but who is my friend. As you can gather, I face life with some perplexity, and prefer the company of those who acknowledge that they don't have all the answers either.

There I go, being serious again, so I might as well try to answer a point from Joy Hibbert. I've been inside politics at various angles(?) and all I can say is that most politicians - particularly in the two main parties - are nothing more than gangsters, and considering the mess that they've got us into, apathy is a perfectly rational position to take. Incidentally, 'Apathy Man' Wallace et al in Dundee have been heavily involved in the Health Workers' dispute. so, in the eyes of some they're dangerous militants. It's a funny old universe. I'm no snob - I enjoy a loaf of bread and a flagon of ale on the banks of the Tiber with the Praetorian Guard as much as any Emperor of Rome. May the bonhomie of fandom, which unites generations innumerable and brings comfort in the darkest of times, thrive as long as the pyramids of Aegyptus stand. So it's a big goodbye from me and the parrot without a single mention of SF. If Margaret is co-editing, this letter is really addressed to her. Enough - let my soul be at peace.

((As I'm a person who dislikes personal labels I really should be more careful about throwing them around, shouldn't I?))

STEVE GREEN, 11 Fox Green Cresc., Acocks Green, Birmingham. B27 7SD

Greetings from 'now' fandom! Actually, I hate to disillusion you, but I'm one of the pre-Seacon old guard, and already suffering from the fannish generation gap (my God, have you seen some of the kids turning up at cons these days; I was reading sf before half of them were born...). The one thing I was happily born too late for, though, is to have been part of a numbered fandom, one of those moronic American traditions the British have intelligently decided to ignore.

Incidentally, like Lee Hoffman I also recently quit an apa, but for exactly the opposite reasons: the criticism was so watered-down and infrequent there was no point in staying. I'd be interested to know Lee's reasons for joining his apa in the first place, if it wasn't to ensure a decent flow of constructive criticism between himself and the other members. Or perhaps he wanted a cosy little backwater in which to cultivate neat in-jokes and an air of elitism. Surely not, but I think we should be told.

((Of course, the best person to reply to Steve is LEE HOFFMAN: In reply to Steve Green's direct question, I never joined any APA "to ensure a decent flow of constructive criticism between (myself) and the other members." For

that, I joined a Writers Workshop and if I wanted more I'd join Group Therapy. I may have joined the APA I referred to because I wanted a "cosy little back-water" in which to cultivate neat in-jokes and an air of elitism". I do enjoy that sort of thing. But the APA I'm in nowadays, I joined because I want to ensure a decent flow of conversation with interesting people on topics of common interest. In this group we're not involved in criticism as a means of self-improvement but rather in expanding our awareness in various areas most of which don't involve criticism at all. Disagreement and discussion quite frequently, but not criticism. And none of us is heavy into trying to convert the others to a particular way of thinking or set of standards. There's no pressure to conform to someone else's opinions at all. Maybe that's why I've stayed with it so many years. (Incidentally, the instance I cited in my previous letter was a little inappropriate in that the criticism that caused me to drop out was criticism of a member's lack of activity, rather than of that person's contributions to the APA.) (( This could develop into a long, involved, interesting (or boring, depending on your outlook) discussion of why people join or leave APAs, but only if I think the comments on the subject are worth printing.

Quite a few people were moved by the MATRIX review of No. 2 to write in for copies. One of these was moved enough by what he received to write back.))

STEVE MOWBRAY, Fraser House, Pollock Halls of Residence,  
18 Holyrood Park Road, Edinburgh. EH16 5AS

Can this be the same Terry who wrote 'Publish and be Damned'? Persuaded not to publish a piece just by a few threats. Whassamatter? Ya wanna live forever? ~~After~~ all, Terry, you are the editor, since M. refuses to be called co-editor, so you should decide. ((Ah, sweet youth! Blissfully ignorant of the pressures of married life.))

Nartaz Rides Again - no messing here, this one goes straight for the goolies and no quarter given. 'Wide blue Honda' indeed! This Terry Jeeves chap certainly knows how to write 'em.

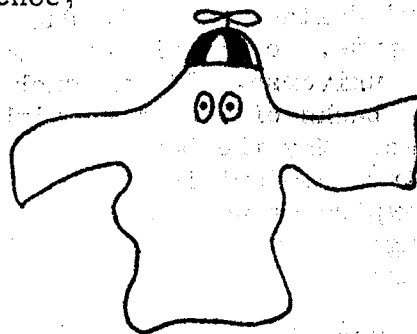
Tales of an Otitis Media Fan. Oh Jeez. The less said about this the better. I think you should control yourself if you ever get the urge to ask for contribs on anything like this again. ((Control myself! I wish I had - as I write this I have an incredible pain in my right ear...excessive wax...I hope!))

An article. Lovely. The ending came as a complete shock and made me burst out laughing, which was rather embarrassing as I was reading it in the middle of a maths lecture. I hope you publish some more of Skel's ramblings in the near future. ((So do I... but after his last piece, how do I go about getting anything from him that isn't a reiteration of the same?))

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

Dear Terry,

(That always makes me feel as if I'm writing to myself), many thanks for the super issue of M-3...I don't know when I last enjoyed a zine so much. Not trying to be derogatory...the reverse in fact, it really gave the friendly feel of the 'good old days' before feuding, vitriol and such-like...should we refer to that era as 'BN' leaving you to guess 'Before Who?'



FANTOM

Anyway, lovely art...EXCELLENT duping, VERY GOOD layout and interesting contents. ((Hmm, 'lovely art'...I hope you're not just saying that as you're one of the small band of people who doodle for me - the band expands, Mr. Mowbray also has the occasional urge to scribble as you can see opposite.))

'Stable Manure'...and its corollary 'unstable manure' reminds me of another idiocy I keep hearing on the box. 'This is Charlie Stinks, live from London' ...imagine the stir if he had been dead from the place? We also get 'live recordings'...'live broadcasts'...etc. I shudder to think of the converse... a dead broadcast...unless it be Bob Monkhouse, or suchlike...must say I liked your idea of Incontinent Ballistic Missiles, wish I'd thought of that one... reminds me of the blonde blasted into maternity by a misguided muscle.

Chuck Connor beats a good drum for ears...all I know about the things is that Christopher ANVIL lives in one. As for Vin<sup>o</sup> on face/lace making... I reckon he's pulling our legs over Punto in Aria...that's just a boat song as heard in Oxford. Lace was invented by a maggot with hiccups noshing on a cabbage leaf...I know, my garden is full of 'em.

Letters were SIMPLY GREAT...apart of course from Steve Green who entirely missed the point of my Serendipity piece...mark you...I don't know what the point was myself...so that makes two of us...pointless, isn't it? Ah, but isn't it fun to wander OFF tracks...Val and I love to go off in the car and find little side roads we've never tried before...then drive down 'em to see where they take us. On one such occasion we negotiated a cart track like a tank testing course, went through a five barred gate (we opened it first... and then closed it behind us) to find ourselves eventually in the backyard of a coal mine...so we had to retrace the route. Another such digression faced us with a level crossing and a locked and barred gate...oh well, it's fun.

Take Jon Wallace referring to a zine with inner ear disease (he didn't... but I wandered off on another track)...imagine putting cotton wool in your fanzine to cure its fanac...then again, he wears decent trousers and a tie for an interview...personally, I'd have added shoes, socks, and shirt at the very least...but who am I to cast nasturtiums. Then Joy Hibbert puts you in your place as a non political animal, you unutterable thing. 'Far too many people with your attitude' indeed...to my mind, the trouble is there are far too many people with the other attitude...i.e. that one vote every five years is a rational system to cover all the umpteen (unkept) promises made before elections. OUR VOTING SYSTEM STINKS...STINKS I tell you...ah the shame of it...ah I'm off on another diverse track...makes me feel like a train... a line followed by Lilian Edwards when she complains about difficulty in getting her LOC-omotive wheels turning...and of course, trains use points, so here we are back to the point again. Oh the heavenly joy of wandering and finding one's way back. ((You can only find your way back if you knew where you were when you started. I don't know about you, but I have trouble with this.))

CHRISTINA LAKE, 2 Shepherds Green, Chislehurst, Kent. BR7 6PA

MICROWAVE is evolving into an incredibly chatty zine, not just the articles but the masses of letters. I think you've definitely found a market for your type of fanzine (unless you're just more of a bully than most editors?) ((Bully? Me? Hands up all those contributors who were bullied into it...oh...shut up, Terry.)) It's the printed equivalent of a happy crowd sitting around at the pub swapping stories; no, I don't mean totally incoherent, just relaxed and out for a good time.

I liked the way your contributors took you up on your slightly facetious suggestions for articles - I can't quite believe the Chuck Connor one, it's

so ludicrously serious! ((Chronically so))

DAVE ROWLEY, 11 Rutland Street, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs. ST1 5JG.  
Saturday 23rd October dawns and I've got to drag myself out of bed for over-  
time purposes. Oh, let me go back to sleep. Joy scampered downstairs and  
collected the post. "Do you want the good news or the bad news?" "The bad  
news," I replied, expecting a bill. "Your artwork isn't in MICROWAVE." I  
heave a sigh of relief. "The good news is that your loc is printed." Eyes  
snap wide open and I sit bolt upright in bed. "Give it here! Where? Where?"  
I eagerly ask. I read it, curling my lip up at it. Ghod, it's rubbish.  
Only one editorial insert. Either I'm a creep or very boring. ((Shall we  
take a vote on that?...perhaps not.))

Gosh wow oh boy oh boy I'm mentioned on the inside cover between two  
artists and on the same line!!! I hope no-one gets the impression I'm one  
too...an artist.

Hmm, yes, well, whatever that was at the top of page one certainly was  
entertaining. (No names, no pack drill) Could have possibly been improved by  
the second part being either the other side of the editorial or at least  
later in the zinc.

Magnetronics. I have read this 3 times and cannot say anything as you've  
said it all. (Except.. 'Do you read crisp packets?') ((Yes, and I'm usually  
stunned to find that the most exotic flavours are produced in unlikely places  
like Bingley or Mablethorpe.))

INCONTINENT ballistic missiles. Ouch I've only just noticed that. Funny,  
but that article reminds me of loads of double meaning signs I've seen and  
meant to take note of.

Skel's piece brought back memories of my between-cars  
period. Taking  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour to walk to work is no joke, es-  
pecially up hill most of the way. I worked out that  
even a brand new bike is cheaper to run than a second/  
third/fourth-hand ~~that's~~ car. Saved by the Bell, my  
father negotiated a deal for my present transport and  
the bike idea went out of the window. Pity. I need  
the exercise, perhaps I should take up swimming again.

Chuck, do you have a thing against tonsils, or do  
you have an aversion to the deep throat. Your article  
goes to lengths to fulfil the morbid fascination some  
of us have concerning operations, visits to the doctor  
and suchlike. Great stuff. Keep it up. This is what  
we want etc.

The Locs themselves: I can see here I'm torn between two sides (Lee  
Hoffman and Steve Green). Basically you have to go with at least a leaning  
towards the majority view. It may be your zine, but if people want something  
different, well, you have to change your policy or change your readers.  
Changing readers can be divided down into converting them to your way of zine  
or exchanging actual readers. A few off-beat articles don't seem to have gone  
astray here. Perhaps I'll just shut up and keep reading.

OK, who was it that described me as in the top of page? I'll bet it was  
Kevin K. Rattan. Sounds like one of his comments. I'll find out at NovaCon.  
((The controversy over the description's origins has been resolved in private  
correspondence - unfortunately after Kevin was accused at NovaCon.)) Speak-  
ing of Kevin, he doesn't half go on; mind you, it's all relevant (except the  
occasional plug for his own zine). By the way, Kevin, have you met any at-  
tractive post-boxes lately, or are you remaining faithful to the one at Keele?



TED TUBE, 67 Houston Rd., London. SE23 2RL.

I liked the cover on Mic 3 - those illustrations of high technological achievement which show the impossible in a realistic manner hold a certain, .. bizarre magic which extends our artistic horizons and depicts an outward conceptual appreciation of an ancient moral - things are not what they seem. A mag dedicated to such illustrations would find me a happy supporter.

Only when venturing into the letter col of Mic 3 did I feel on familiar ground for there I began to detect the old, familiar, sickly-sweet stench of intolerant vituperation. The cause seemed to be outrage at another's temerity in having the audacity to hold a point of view at variance to the accepted norm. Naturally, as a fellow heretic, I hunted down the dire missive which had resulted in such scorn together with unwanted and no doubt unwelcome sneers, insults and heated invective.

So what did Abigail Frost really say?

I don't know the lady and doubt if we've ever been in the same room at the same time but I agree with much of what she says. And for the benefit of the contributor who has no idea of what a 'real' fanzine is, try thinking of it as a desired product. Something which arouses interest, has a personality, contains items of general interest to those interested in fanzines, holds kindness, good humour and - if it isn't beyond too many to achieve - a certain tolerance. Something that's nice to get, to read, to comment on.

Turn such a thing into a platform for chest-beating and vituperation, bad language even if blocked out, sneers and snide comments and what you end up with won't be a fan mag, real or otherwise. It'll just be a feuding ground for destructive big-heads flaunting their egos - and who the hell wants to write a mag like that?

ARNOLD AKIEN, 6 Dunblane Road, Seaburn, Sunderland, Tyne and Wear. SR6 8EU.

A very great improvement on your first issue! (I know that you're waiting for me to say it could hardly have been worse...so I shan't say it. Isn't it annoying when your expectations remain unfulfilled?) Not having produced my own fanzine, I have no means of knowing how I would respond to this question but tell me - do you prefer to receive a qualified well done from someone who is genuinely critical and hard to please, or a casual - and rather careless - pat on the head for merely making an attempt to pub any sort of ish? I just wondered and wonder the more because of one or two items in moderately ancient fan ed Paul Skelton's just-published THE ZINE THAT HAS NO NAME. Of course you probably already have a copy, but this is so relevant to M, I'll just quote it anyway:-

"You have to go back some years to trace the origins of other threads that are warped into this issue. Back in fact to July 1971 when Brian Robinson and I published our first fanzine, HELL. Unfortunately we were both too new to fandom to be aware of what had been done before, nor were we sufficiently involved in the current scene to have access to the best fanwriters. We did however have one ingredient sadly lacking in much of UK fandom at that time - enthusiasm."

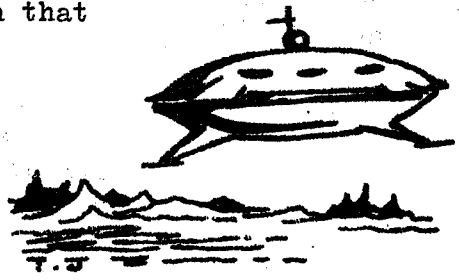
Skel goes on to say that Hell soon became reasonably well-produced, adequately laid out, regular, but, because the zine failed to pull contributors who would satisfy a readership patently more demanding than its editors, HELL developed a reputation for good packing but poor content. The voice of experience. And that cruelly foreshortened bit of Skel's...editorial? ... is astonishingly relevant to M.

It depends on the sort of person you are whether you can struggle on doing what you want to do in a modern fanzine world which demands standards of

excellence that very few writers or artists are capable of attaining. I say this because M now - and you now - occupy much the same position that HELL did just over ten years ago: layout, repro etc. etc. pretty good, but content ....ho hmm -unremarkable. M is, though, promising, very promising. You have bags of enthusiasm, that I hope will survive the harsh demands of a critical - some say overcritical - world, and if you haven't yet done anything remarkable with your evident passion for publishing....it is early days yet.

All of which foregoing does generalise a lot, doesn't it? So - I'll just take down your particulars - will you stand still! Now then, what have we here? An interesting cover; not a potential award-winner by any stretch of the imagination, but not bad. A good Contents page ...now look, a very famous fan whose name I forget, once told me that he'd once had a loc that said that the only interesting thing in the zine was the postage stamp on it - and then proceeded to comment on that stamp. Frankly your shared postage stamps weren't all that good, and as for the cancellation mark....oh very well, back to page 1. Women! That made you jump, didn't it? (They seem to scare Heilline half to death since he seems to prefer the literary equivalent of inflatable dolls to anything resembling real human beings of the female kind.) Whilst there are, I'm sure, women in the ranks of the readership, the ranks of the contributors don't exactly seethe with vast hoards of women, do they? Indeed, the ranks don't even seethe with your wife, save by inference on page 3. Odd that. Moreover can it be a coincidence that your all too brief passage of sexual inuendo, re. the age of consent, appeared on page 3? (Though what can be signified by the appearance of an ad. for "When Yngvi was a Louse" on that self-same page I can't imagine!)

.....and it's page 5. Oh dear, oh dear. "I can see employers that only want white workers putting up signs like 'We only employ Protestants'." No, that wouldn't work - there are far more 'coloured' Christians in the world than white/dirty pink/artificial tan ones. (( But are all Christians Protestants?)) An employer who put up that sign might get more black applicants than white. And what's this about strange perversions and Mormons? Good Grief! First Eric Bentcliffe on page 3, and now you're delicately tarring and feathering Mormons. It must be the country air that does it. All this messing about in manure and looking for signs in between tarring Mormons! I thought it was only Californians who went in for kinky religions. Los Angeles in Kent - whatever next!



Skel is capable of making a passable article out of nothing at all - and frequently does. Alas I've already pulled his leg a little too much on the subject of bikes, so I don't dare mention the juxtaposition of himself, a bicycle or two, a bed and Cas! Sex everywhere! They're all at it! Even Terry Jeeves has one Nartaz beating his breast and doing strange things that he learned at his foster-mother's tail whilst screaming "Hoooooo-eeeyyyy" (six o's in Hoooooo and six rhymes with....) and as for Chuck Connor and his swollen glands - has this man no shame? Most people who have staphylococci keep quiet about it! No mention is made of how he acquired these exotic diseases. Come now! Do you expect us to believe that you're not speaking from personal experience? You are entirely too familiar with the symptoms of these diseases, Mr Connor. We know what you've been doing. Who is this

Aspergillus Niger that you met on your Summer holiday? Not that it's any of my business what consenting adults do to each other in private, but the Public has a Right To Know! And what's this? "Terry and I are going to compare notes on Lateral Sinus Thrombosis." Bloody Hell! Not content with orgies in the countryside with Mormons, association with the biker sub-culture and incomprehensible porn thinly disguised as puns, and soliciting ("embarrassing photographs") Terry Hill is comparing notes of strange sexually transmitted diseases of the ears. I emphasise the Hill because, really it becomes obvious that Terry Hill is no more than Terry Jeeves in disguise. All those years of quiet rectitude and Erg publication have been no more than a diversion from his real identity as Terry Hill unashamed ruler of a Vice Empire that encompasses all of Kent and stretches its evil tentacles far beyond the borders of that unfortunate land!

Yes - the first postal consulting detective strikes again! I confess that there was a moment back in chapter nine, when I thought it might have been Vin Clarke, but we detective geniuses aren't easily deceived, and so - if you'll just put on the hand-cuffs you'll find enclosed in this envelope, Terry, and deliver yourself to the nearest police station, along with your full confession.....yes, that's the way. Don't forget to tell them who sent you.

Now, where did I put my violin?

((O.K. I'll come quietly, but I have a very good lawyer and having gone to all the trouble of creating the persona of 'Terry Hill - enthusiastic neofan', I may well continue to use it.... not everyone is as perceptive as you.))

JOY HIBBERT, 11 Rutland St., Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire. ST1 5JG

Discrimination on the grounds of religion hasn't entirely been missed, it just hasn't been looked at like that before. Most employers trying to appear reasonable state that they don't discriminate on the grounds of race, colour or creed. One or two have started stating that they don't discriminate on the grounds of sex or sexual preference, but all these statements have to be taken with a bushel of salt. Some firms just pick their staff by race quietly. A few firms employ Asian women, as these are supposed to be less troublesome. One point you missed - there is a religion, though I don't know which it is, which doesn't allow its members to be members of trade unions. People of that religion would be very popular employees. There's also the problem of what religion someone is. If a person claims to have no religion, would they be believed, or would they be counted as a member of their parent's religion? Denning hasn't half been a nuisance lately. There has been a lot of discrimination on the grounds of religion, but it's been mostly harmless and of no interest to anyone else, e.g. Sikhs and crash-hats, Moslem girls being allowed to wear trousers to school.

((From one young lady to another - one that I unfortunately forgot to mention last ish.))

PAMELA BOAL, 4 Westfield Way, Charlton Heights, Wantage, Oxon. OX12 7EW

"Ah me!" she said, while placing the back of her hand to her brow with great dramatic effect, "Terry did not admit to hearing from me in the WAHF of MICROWAVE 3. What can I have done to deserve such cavalier treatment? How could my poignant comments fail to move any editor? What manner of man is this



that is not immediately impelled to record my every utterance for posterity?" On the other hand (that one not on my brow) thank you Terry for sending me Microwave 3, I really enjoyed it. Super illos, articles and beautiful clear presentation.

I like your style of writing, though if you honestly believe that you can't, then you should make a better than average editor. Come to think of it I suspect a neat ploy there. All too often I'm asked by people to write an article on this, that or the other for Phoenix and have to firmly point out that I do not write the journal, I edit it, that if they care to write on the matter or give me the name and address of someone who can do so - knowledgeable - I would be happy to give it space. I wonder if in the first ish I had firmly stated an inability to write, if I would have been spared both the requests and the ensuing indignation of those people.

There is much to be said for Joy Hibbert's comment on political attitudes. ((And give her the chance and she'll say it!)) Unfortunately the overriding concern of every Political Party seems to be to keep us political ignoramuses. Do not allow schools to teach the students how democracy works (or should work) never give the people a clear understandable choice of policy, just get the PR boys to show the faithful how best to slant the 'dogma' at whichever socio-economic group they work amongst. My dictionary gives 'intriguer' as one definition of a politician. It would all too often seem that it is the only definition nowadays, also that the older definition of political: 'constitutional; in accordance with good policy; acting or proceeding from motives of policy', is no longer an accepted one. The intriguer is all, workable policy is a back number, shine up the Party face, keep it (and thus self) in power. I have always felt that it is a duty to vote if one lives in a democracy, however I am aware that doing so is of minor importance, to have any hope of making the system work enough people have to care, to attend public meetings and persist in asking questions that demand answers not dogma.

((Another letter that would have been in the last ish - if it hadn't arrived two days after I'd cut the stencils - was this one from the hermit of Hagerstown.))

HARRY WARNER, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740, U.S.A.

I must admit that I am fonder of the typography and reproduction contained in the second issue than of the more aristocratic publishing technique used in your first. My eyesight isn't what it used to be, and the proletarian simplicity of a mimeographed fanzine is more compatible with this faltering optical apparatus than the patrician splendour of offset publications which have reduced the type size. However, I found both issues interesting and entertaining enough to read everything in them, although there was a brief moment of suspense when you seemed about to launch on a long, serious article about Joseph Nicholas on page seven of the first issue. After reading everything that could possibly be written about Joseph Nicholas seven times in eighty-four issues of various fanzines, I have sworn off articles on that topic. ((and I swore off mentioning him in MICROWAVE.))

Your biographical material is valuable, particularly to a hermit who doesn't converse with other fans at cons every other weekend and therefore doesn't learn all the intimate details about every fan even if it isn't put into print. Maybe you are destined to become a famous pro, ((I've never touched a golf club.)) because of your amazing collection of jobs previously

held. At least two out of every three biographical articles on famous pros seem to reveal that the subject had several dozen vocations before getting off those side tracks and beginning his journey down the main line to destiny as a science fiction writer.

The cri de coeur from Margaret caused me to have suddenly a new respect for myself as a benefactor of humanity. The contribution to the Betterment of the human race which she suddenly clarified in my mind isn't a large one but it's better than nothing. It consists of the fact that I never got married and so somewhere in North America there is a woman who has enjoyed life thoroughly down through the years, blissfully unaware of the tribulations she would have experienced as a result of my long stay in fandom, had she become my wife. I hope St. Peter has at least a rudimentary knowledge of fandom and its effects on mates, if there is any doubt about where I'm supposed to go following death and one aspect of my life like this might tip the balance and permit me to take the high road.

TED WHITE, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, VA. 22046. U.S.A.

MICROWAVE 3 arrived here yesterday and I am impressed by its steady growth as a fanzine. Each issue has gotten more solid and each issue your own writing has become more "fannish" and relaxed, indicating to me that you're becoming more comfortable with your fanzine. If you keep this up MICROWAVE will end up on that small list of fanzines the arrival of each issue of which I eagerly anticipate. ((I'd heard the fanzine scene was a bit rough these days, but are things that bad?)) (There is some danger to this anticipation business, however. It can become so intense that the actual arrival of the anticipated issue is an anticlimax if not a decided letdown. I am starting to suspect that this will occur for me when WARHOON 30...currently at the top of my list...eventually arrives. I have been expecting it for months now and it can hardly measure up to my inflated expectations even if it is Bergeron's best issue yet...sigh.)

Good letter column...marred only by the way you presented the letters, with editorial brackets that never closed and inconsistent line-spacing that occasionally confused me...when leafing through...about whose letter I was reading. I'd rather see a format in which the author of each letter is more distinctively identified and each letter doesn't merge into the next. ((OK, boss. One tidy locool, all right?)) I agree completely with most of what Steven J. Green says, and I might add that if it's true that "The exact order of material never really occurred to" you, it's time you changed that. ((Working on it, sah! Don't whip me no more, massah!)) One of the things you learn in editing is that a fanzine has a pace, which is the result of the order of the material in it, and as the editor you control that pace, whether deliberately or accidentally. Deliberately is better...

((If all goes well, Ted will be starting a regular column in these pages - starting in the next ish. Now onto just a touch of sour grapes.))

VINE CLARKE, 16 Wendover Way, Welling, Kent. DA16 2BN.

I see I've been nursing a viper in my bosom. Your layout of MICROWAVE 3 makes my NSFN look like something the poodle dragged in; it's lucky I can fall back on the excuse of senile dementia and the little-known fact that inhaling Corflu causes atrophy of the Artistic Instinct and loss of hair. You wait thirty or forty years and see what happens to you.

Turner's cover, tho' not as colourful as his ULYSSES DERIDING POLYPHEMUS (Nat. Gallery) or the Nov. '43 issue of ZENITH (ah, those were the days, heh heh heh heh -cough -cough -choke) reminds me strongly of some modern s-f;

beautifully constructed, perfectly built, and meaning any damn thing you care to read into it. My personal interpretation is that it represents a medic (thermometer, false teeth, pince-nez), probably Dr. Asimov, thinking about writing a book on Rubik's Cube....

You're wondering about the slogan "Legalise it" aerosolled onto a bridge. I would have thought it was simple...this was obviously one of the many illegal bridges which are springing up across the country. With local Governments starved of money, they turn a blind eye towards the little bands of unemployed bricklayers and engineers who steal out into the dead of night, building a bridge here, a viaduct there. Doing a public service they are, and are in no sense arch villains.

I was beginning to have some doubts that a certain indescribable atmosphere I remember from waaay back had survived in fandom, but both Skel's and Chuck's articles had it in full...a sort of...er...'let's have fun?' Congratulations on attracting this quality...As for Terry (Ferdinand Feghoot) Jeeves, I am

lost for words...I was thinking of telling you about mon oncle

Albert, the french explorer of the Amazon

Basin and surrounding territory, who

was captured and eaten by a cannibal

tribe, but who tasted so vile that

there arose the saying "A Bert

in the Andes, worse stew in the

bouche" but I am weakened by

Terry's tale and can't go on.

I see you are continuing to

avoid all those delightful

dalliances down the byways of fan

writing...writing about fans writing

about fans writing about fans...and I wish everyone would note your example.

((Both MICROWAVE and NOT SCIENCE FANTASY NEWS are printed on the same machine (with the same paper and ink), so the quality should be comparable... shouldn't it?))

MAT COWARD, 7 Arkwright Road, London. NW3

I loved MICROWAVE, a really enjoyable, friendly, witty zine. Why do you want to lower the age of consent to 14? Are you for some reason opposed to people younger than that having sex? ((There were, and maybe there still is, a group of agitators in the States with the slogan "sex at eight, before it's too late" - personally I think there's a lot to be said for a little at lunch-time.)) An ENTzine. I think this must be the first one I've received. What's next...gynaecozines, cattarrh fandom, pediapas...? Bupacon '83, anyone? How do you loonies become interested in such things, are you sufferers? In answer to Vinç - it's easy to grin whilst eating a banana if you put it in your mouth sideways, and all at once.

I agree with several people in the lettercol that duped zines are preferable. They seem more intimate than printed ones, and also the reader seems to have more contact, with the ink on the paper, burble burble, the idea of the faned actually cutting the stens and labouring to run em off, rather than just dropping the pages into a litho shop. Litho seems to cover the words with a layer of gloss which acts as a barrier. I really must get my hair cut. I've got neighbours as well...ten flats, 3 of them labour MPs, 3 union full-timers, 3 active Labour Party members...during the May elections, a canvasser

from the SDP knocked on my door, really enthusiastic bloke, estate agent or something. I almost felt sorry for the poor sod.

Does Lillian Edwards like gardening or not? I wish she wouldn't be so bloody ambiguous.

←(It is hard to get people to commit themselves, especially when their comments might appear in print. Our next writer seems likewise a little unsure.)→

FORREST J. ACKERMAN, 2495 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, California, 90027, U.S.A.

I haven't read "Through the Dragon Glass" for 12,000 years but across the centuries, or perhaps I should say millenia, it comes back to me that the conclusion of that classic Merrittale went something like this: "Break it? Not for 10,000 lives that are the toll of Rak!" The suggestion that I wd ever recant on "sci-fi" is surely a sug-jestion?, as unlikely an event as that the disciple of the Dragon Glass wd shatter his only Sesame back to Santhu. I know in my non-existent soul (for I have been an unwavering atheist since I was 15) that one of the best things I ever did in my 66 years of existence on this "mad mundane mass" (Harry Warner, Jnr.) was to introduce the term "sci-fi" to the world. I have been gratified to discover it embraced in countries as distant from each other as Hungary and China, as different from the USA as Romania and the Soviet Union, as progressive as Finland. The anti-"sci-fi" Ellisyndrome has engulfed some important people -- Asimov, Pohl, Bradley, Bova, Bradbury, Haldeman et alia -- but 99% of the world knows better than to denigrate the no-longer-novacious coinage that I created in 1954. Sci-fi lives! Sci-fi serves! Thus spake Forrythustra, the Sci-Fi Guy and proud of it!

←(And I only wrote a short sentence on the subject last ish! Hmmm. I must now point out that we have all been victims of a hoax: the letter from 'Jimmy Robertson', that Chuck Connor, Kevin Rattan and I all made comment on, was not written by Jimmy at all! One of his friends did it for a joke. Weird friends you got Jimmy.)→

CHUCK CONNOR, Sildan House, Chediston Road, Wissett, Nr. Halesworth, Suffolk.

Yeah, well, I suppose I really should kick off with an apology to Jimmy Robertson. I must admit that I did go a little over the top, but of late I've been hacked off by some comments namely that the BSFA is the be-all and end-all of fandom (which has been my main bitch since I found out that this was untrue, and that there is a much bigger world outside than in). Now that I know it's a hoax (albeit a sick one), I feel a little out of place. I met Jimmy for a little while at Channelcon and we seemed to get along okay. Yet, with Abi Frost claiming that her paper personality is the complete reverse of her physical one, you just don't know, do you? ←(With Arnold Akien's exposure of my true identity, the way is now open for anything to happen.)→

Liked the start/pre-start to MAGNETRONICS, and it seems that some of Vin's humour has rubbed off on you a little bit. Which is not a bad thing, I hasten to add! And it seems that we have the same kind of storage system, ie only the weirdo information gets stuck to the brain cells. In fact, we pulled that M. Caine stunt a couple of Christmas-times ago when the party list was looking like it wouldn't end. Four of us were in the same watch so we went ashore together. At a suitably pissed point someone would start up in one corner of the room. As word got around the rest of us would pick up on it,



normally in the form of "Who's that bloke you brought with you? He's going on and on about all these ants in South America and something about there not being a proper term for the back of the knees." "Oh, you mean 'X', yeah, he has these turns now and again. By the way, did you know that the North and South Poles are variable? They've proved it by taking samples of ancient clay rock and subjecting it to analysis. It appears that they change now and again, rather like the sex of barnacles. Now those little creatures really do put a new slant to the term 'bisexual'...." And so it would go. They were fun days but everyone's gone their own ways now. Shame.

Good to see that I wasn't the only one to take your requirements for specific material seriously. Yet, what I would like to see (if Vinç can get hold of enough material) in the follow-up article is a more detailed look at such things as the ELVIS LIP, the DEAN HAIRLINE, the GARBO JUT, and of course the STREET-PORTER TEETH (not to be confused with Esther Rancid). All have created a following out of these natural trademarks (apart from Janet Street-Porter, who has made a following of men with funny ties) and so should deserve consideration. Yet, to add spice to this possible series, can I suggest a Quest? Yes? Right then, a Quest to discover the artist who created the reversible face illo. The ones you turn upside down and, like those smiley badges, still grins at you.

((There was a lot more to Chuck's letter (it was closely-typed on A3 paper), some of it personal, some of it DNQ, and all of it a hell of a job to edit down to the above. Also difficult to edit are epistles from the Earl of Emsay.))

MAL ASHWORTH, 16, Rockville Drive, Emsay, Skipton, North Yorks.

Construe not this unwonted - and unwanted - silence to mean that I rate the latest MICROWAVE at not a jot; nay, I rate it a lot, God wot. The reason for the delay in letting you know is just the usual - Time's Winged Chariot knocking me over with its slipstream like the Christ-accursed Phantom jets we get screaming over Emsay most days of the week.

As a matter of fact one of the things I particularly enjoy is writing letters of comment to fresh young faneds ("You getting fresh or sumpn?" as the fishmonger said to the customer who was sorting through the mackerel); well, no, that's an exaggeration. I hardly ever enjoy writing any letters (though I did make an exception for one I wrote last week offering to be made voluntarily redundant next August), but if I did enjoy writing letters I would enjoy writing them to fresh young faneds - and the reason is: I can maunder on ad nauseam (per ardua ad nauseam - now there's a slogan to get the old patriotic fervour going, eh what? Or how about per fervoure ad nauseam? Or per nausea ad nauseam? We could do with a whole new clutch of regiments to take this lot on board. Beats your soggy old "Who Dares Wins" any day of the week; sounds like a Rank Bingo slogan, that one. Very rank.) As I was - almost - saying; the reason I enjoy writing to fresh young faneds is that I can go on at great length about all the reasons I haven't written earlier, and so on. Now with a sour old sod like Vince Clarke I can't get away with that y'see. Just because it is a theme on which I happened to write 4,287 times in the Old Days, he thinks it is no longer valid (correction; I think he thinks it never was valid) and gives me the bum's rush every time I pull it on him, whereas a decent, pleasant, amiable, tolerant young faned like you, now.... OUCH!

No, but listen...I mean...really...

Actually my re-entry into fandom has been a bit of a disappointment to me.



For twenty years I camped out in the remoter regions of the Glades of Gafia, waiting with persistent patience, planning with painstaking precision, alliterating like an allergic alligator, until - finally - The Moment came. All the old timers, I figured, would be sure to be gone by now; no one would know me and my disgusting habits; now, finally, was The Time when I could re-emerge with a casual and ingratiating smile and look forward to many happy years of writing letters of comment filled with nothing but excuses as to why I hadn't written earlier. My mouth watered, my eyes glistened, my nose dripped (scrub that bit - that belongs in another story). And what did I find? One of the first people I came across was Vince Clarke who said: "Yah boo - you're not still on that old shtick are you?" Rage. Frustration. Red anger. Twitching of the Big Toe. What's a fan supposed to do, already, sit out another twenty years? (Cries of "Yeah, yeah - go, man, go. Sorry you couldn't stay, hee hee" etc.)

But just in case my theory is wrong and letters of comment are meant to be about the magazine and not comment about me I suppose I'd better say something about MICROWAVE 3. Well, it was terrific.

Can I go out to play now?

This typewriter sounds like a bad night on Krakatoa to my over-sensitised headbone; and all because the weathermen forecast snow last night. "SNOW" I bawled into the kitchen "It could last for weeks. Quick, let's get off to Chipping; we might not get another chance!" Pausing only to switch off the cat and throw out the washing (or maybe vice versa - I'm not well versed in the mysteries of the kitchen. Or even viced.) Hazel leapt into the car and away we went - to Chipping.

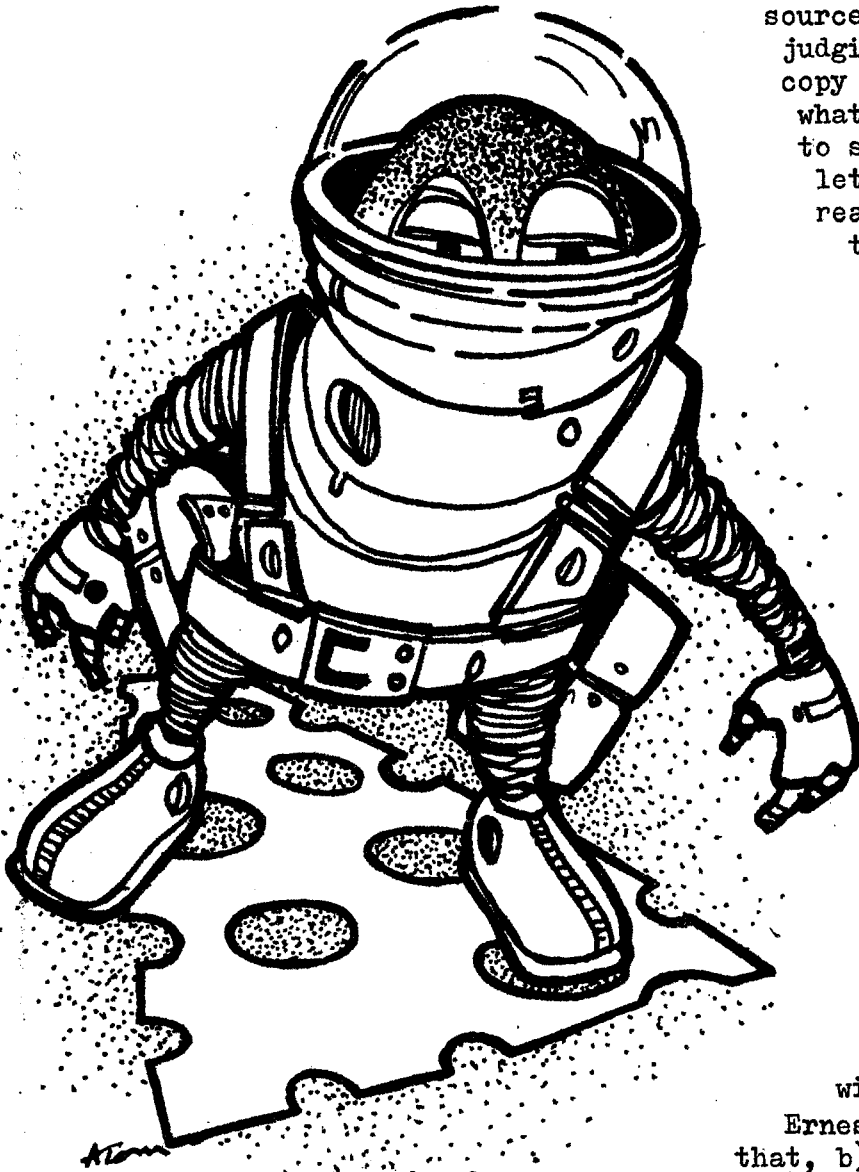
So now you understand about my head. Well, back to MICROWAVE...

Wassatt? Chipping? God of the Dogs, some people don't know anything! Chipping- you know. 'The Talbot'. Possibly the best pub in the world. Superb landlord, great locals, great place and magnificent Boddingtons Bitter, kept to perfection. Twenty five miles and fifty minutes from here - every one of 'em filled with pleasurable anticipation. The only disappointment we had was not getting snowed in while we were there.

Notice how subtly - like unto a steamhammer - I am delaying having to actually say anything about MICROWAVE. The truth is, y'see, I am flabberwhelmed and overgasted. I mean I do seem to remember forecasting that it was destined to become one of the Top Fanzines and all that, but you don't have to be so precipitate about it, kid. Hubris, that's what it is, a mighty dangerous condition. It's that what brings Nemesis Critters (and probably Joseph Nicholas) ((I thought we weren't going to mention him?)) down on your head donchaknow? A Harry Turner cover and a letter from Bill Temple!! Really now! That's what James White used to call 'vulgar ostentation. I mean, what are you going to do for an encore, huh? Some hitherto undiscovered bits and pieces by Van Gogh and James Joyce?

In fact, despite the excellence of the various goodies - Skel's short piece, ATom's delightful illos et al - it is the parts of the mag where you are in evidence that I enjoy the most. You edit an excellent letter-column and, in my experience, that is not easy. You obviously get interesting and original letters and you select and present them very well. In fact it was while reading the lettercol in MICROWAVE that I got the idea of compiling the mailing list for ROT No. 6 from such





sources - what better way of judging who might appreciate a copy of one's zine than reading what they write. I was going to start commenting on the letters individually, but re-reading them I realise that the general standard is so good I would either be unfairly selective or you wouldn't get this issue before issue No. 9 or so.

Your own amorphous 'Magnetronics' were, for me, the other main delight. These assemblages of 'bits and pieces' are not only what I enjoy doing as much as anything, in my own writing, but also what I enjoy reading; if that is what folks criticise MIC for, all I can say is wait until they see ROT (of course, it could be quite a wait!) Don't worry either about your tendency to write in a sort of shorthand - here again, I have just the same tendency and console myself with the thought that a)

Ernest Hemingway did OK like that, b) it makes one a better tree conservationist than, say, a D. West style of writer. And I suppose I do really believe that nowadays something really does have to be worth printing to justify killing more trees.

((Just when I thought that the gremlins and trolls of the Ninth had got him, the Donaghadee divot delver remembered that a man cannot live by short putts alone.))

WALT WILLIS, 32 Warren Road, Donaghadee, N. Ireland. BT21 OPD.

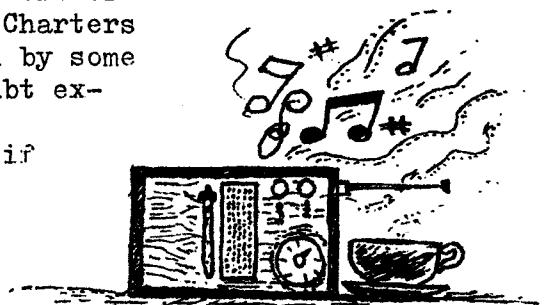
I don't want to worry you, but it is becoming obvious from the exponential improvement in the three issues of MICROWAVE so far that you will either have to cease publication with issue No. 6 or thereabouts, having attained perfection, or begin publishing markedly inferior material. As a help I am writing you this letter of comment.

---

FINAL SCORE! STAPLES 3, ABI FROST 5

---

I liked the interineation bit. That's the sort of thing George Charters loved. The same George Charters who as a small boy having his photograph taken by some Hibernian contemporary of Daguerre (who no doubt exclaimed, 'C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas Daguerre') stuck his little finger out to see if the camera noticed it. The same distrust of reproductive mechanisms continued into adult life, as I remarked in a discussion with him once about the tv set in his bedroom. He complained that craning his head into an upright position to watch it gave him a crick in the neck, so I suggested he turn the tv set on its side so that he needn't move his head at all from its normal position of sideways on the pillow. "You mean when you turn a tv set on its side, the picture comes out sideways?" I assured him it did, but he was not convinced. "When you turn a radio on its side," he pointed out, "the music comes out the right way up." I could not deny the truth of this.



I thought perhaps you were a little hard on Lord Denning. What he had to decide was whether the Sikhs were a group of people distinguished by their race or their religion. It seems to me that the latter is a quite reasonable view and that Lord Denning should be discharged from your fanzine without a stain on his character. Whom you are really after is the legislators who decided that members of particular religions shouldn't have the same protection as members of a particular race, and it wasn't so much a loophole they missed as a pitfall they avoided. There is a fundamental difference between race and religion in that race is an innate characteristic while religion is an opinion. Once you get into the business of distinguishing between people on the grounds of their opinions things can become very difficult.

I loved the Incontinent Ballistic Missile bit, and the Skel article was a lovely variant on the I'm-not-writing-this-article theme.

Vince's piece was pleasant, and the idea nice.

The letter column was fascinating. Chuck Connor's contribution reminded me that in her latest book the incomparable Posy Simmonds has a pop group called "Hugh Janus and the Dropouts".

---

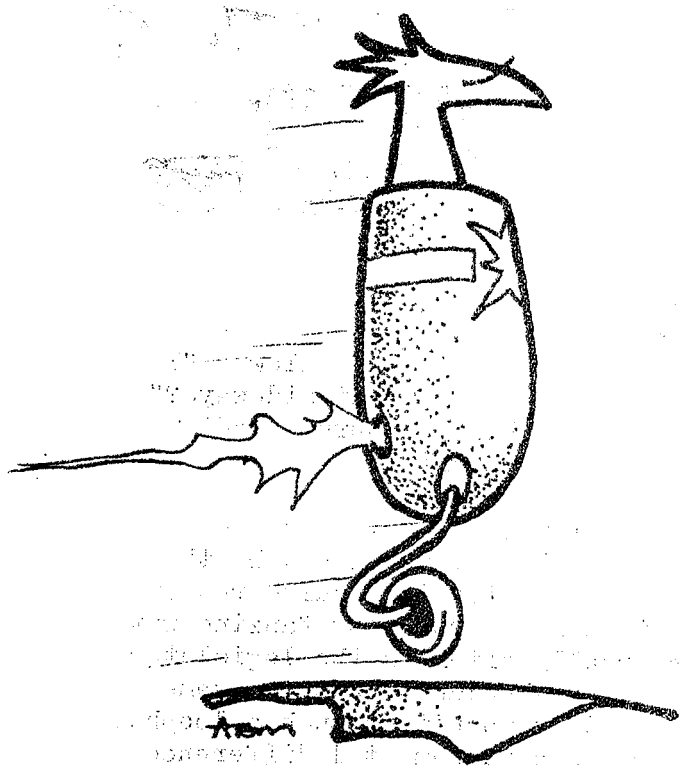
### I FORGOT - I'M CELIBATE

---

← Thus ends the lettercol - would you believe that I've just this minute received a late LoC telling me they're too long? Nil desperandum, on to the WAHFs - no extracts this time, I used them as interlineations.

We Also Heard From: Tom Taylor, Jimmy Robertson, Syd Bounds, Ethel Lindsay, Kevin Smith, Pete Presford, Dave Hicks, Jon Wallace, Avedon Carol, Kevin K. Rattan & Peter Campbell.

Last minute thoughts - Please, no more contribs typed in red.... Could someone organise a whip-round to buy Arnold Akien a typewriter?.... STOP PRESS! Last night Marg bought me a duplicator as a Birthday present (Not involved? - Huh!), we all know my Birthday's not till February 13th, but you gotta think ahead.... Twenty pounds - that's not too many... Don't forget, the next one's the Annish, your contrib requested A.S.A.P.... This stencil typed to Stanley Unwin reading 'War and Peace'... Slowly.....



PRINTED MATTER - REDUCED RATE  
PRINTED MATTER - REDUCED RATE  
PRINTED MATTER - REDUCED RATE

Sick to the stomach with Brighton?  
Join the club. Repeat after me:  
BLACKPOOL IN EIGHTY-FOUR...BLACKPOOL  
IN EIGHTY-FOUR...BLACKPOOL IN EIGHTY-  
FOUR...BLACKPOOL IN EIGHTY-FOUR...BL  
ACKPOOL IN EIGHTY-FOUR...BLACKPOOL I  
N EIGHTY-FOUR...BLACKPOOL IN EIGHTY-  
FOUR...BLACKPOOL IN EIGHTY-FOUR...BL  
ACKPOOL IN EIGHTY-FOUR...BLACKPOOL I  
N EIGHTY-FOUR...BLACKPOOL IN EIGHTY-  
FOUR...BLACKPOOL IN EIGHTY-FOUR...BL  
ACKPOOL IN EIGHTY-FOUR...BLACKPOOL I  
N EIGHTY-FOUR...SOUTH GATE IN EIGHTY  
-EIGHT...BLACKPOOL IN EIGHTY-FOUR...  
BLACKPOOL IN EIGHTY-FOUR...BLACKPOOL  
IN EIGHTY-FOUR...BLACKPOOL IN EIGHTY  
-FOUR...BLACKPOOL IN EIGHTY-FOUR...  
Get the message? So vote on it!

From: Terry Hill,  
41 Western Road,  
Maidstone,  
Kent.  
ME16 8NE  
UNITED KINGDOM