*We are not fans of anything. We have never been a fan of anything. We hate the word fanzine. We are utterly opposed to fanatics. We even dislike the word, fan, and everything it stands for. We sneer from the side-lines at all that you follow and spit on your need. We make sure to make sure that we never become a disciple of anything. The very thought of declaring ourselves a fan of something is abhorrent to us and makes our blood boil. We are not team players, we are not members of a club, we do not want to be part of the gang or one of the crowd or in-it-together come-what-may. We are not going to join you for a drink even if you ask us, get YOUR own bloody pint! We are not fans of lager or lager louts. Take off that bloody ridiculous scarf, shouting out your declaration of devotion and blind following. We do not need to see it. If we had a pair of scissors we would neatly cut up the stripes of your old school tie and sever the tresses of Bella. We want to do a dishonour to your sense of belonging. We have no respect for your badges of honour and stitch-by-stitch we will undo these insignia of lies. We would like to do a misdeed to the one that you follow and the rest of your creed. We will seek you out. We will single you out. And we will become Abel from the Erl King. We will find you and you won’t even know that we have. You and all your gormless friends on facebook with all those red-eyed photographs of you drinking in pubs, clubs, hen-nights, stag-nights dressed in your stupid costumes and bobble antennae .We will obliterate every digital denizen. There will be no more proof that you have ever subjected us to this vision of debauched and worthless hankerings after priapic pleasure and Dionysian indulgences. Your red eyes will burn out like comets in the night sky. Do not tell us where you are going for your work-night-out or your Christmas party .The only crowd we will be with is the one at your wake. We hate the framework of your religious ideology, your pamphlets, your leaflets and your biblical fanzine, your message of truth and your promise of salvation. We are not singing from the same hymn sheet. We are not on your message, your missal or your manifesto. Your pleadings abhor us, your biddings disgust us. You would not be glad to have us on-board. We are not joining your ship. We do not want to be part of your monomania, your search for the whale, the whale, “Hast seen the white whale?” Our names are not Ishmael nor Joe Blogs or Sweet Fanny Adams .We are not coming round to dinner even if we were able, even if you were the last person on earth, we will not join you. We will not be the third person that sits at your table.*