

that as a hyperactive person with a need for immediate gratification, it was making me nervous.

I gave the matter my consideration (I have an attention span of about 40 seconds, so that's probably how much consideration I gave it). I figured that if Dave Langford can put out one fanzine by himself and another with Kev Smith (while still producing *Ansible*), it must be possible to do something on my own while still co-editing with Anne-Laurie

(or ALL, as we call her around the house). And I did seem to remember, once, having put out a fanzine of my own back in the dark ages of 1976 or so—didn't that indicate that it was possible? Well, maybe. I quit doing *The Invisible Fan* back when the woman we refer to as The Queen quit being available to do xerox, but there are other people who work for the government, you know. Like Jeff Schalles, for instance. "Seems like an idea," I said to myself, trying not to remember how much I always hated having to keep my mailing lists up to date and mail things out.

"But," I said, "If I'm going to do a fanzine, shouldn't I really have something to say? I mean, what about all that about seeing good things appreciated?"

"You're some kind of idealist, right?" I answered myself. "You think someone should write good fanzines, just like someone should be a good president, or someone should write to their congressperson, or someone should complain to the networks about censoring the not-so-dirty words—but it shouldn't have to be you, because other people are supposed to make this an already-perfect world for you to enjoy."

"Right," I said. "Dan Steffan can make the perfect fanzine. Or Teresa and Gary and that crowd."

"Who said anything about it being perfect? Anyway, Ted says you have a mission, and he ought to know."

"Oh."

* * * * *

STUCK INSIDE OF MUNDANE WITH THE FANNISH BLUES AGAIN? I don't suppose you're wondering what I've been doing lately... Well, that's too bad, because I'm going to tell you anyway in an effort to overcome the writing block I've developed from writing too many Sociology papers and Philosophy papers and...

Well, it goes like this. When last we left our intrepid young warrior, she was trudging grimly through the horrific jungle of free clinics, doing battle with malpracticing doctors and other graduates of GOD 101. With her resources depleted and her arsenal getting to be badly dated, she stumbled down into the pits of hell (the University of Maryland,

College Park Campus) in search of a mighty weapon with which to defeat the evil medical profession (a degree. You remember how it is with medicine. You need a degree.).

Well, there's too many demons, man. They're everywhere. Boredom, exhaustion, madness. The piano is busted and my color film comes back "damaged in the mail." If I have to write one more paper on something I've already written about, I'm going to never write again. It's *depressing*. And I'm so tired of always having to put everything off "until the semester is over." I can't even find time to read anything. And I'm sure as hell not learning anything new in school. As a matter of fact, one of the books I was assigned to read last semester was one I helped write. Lately I feel like I'm slowed down to a standstill. I stand around and blink a lot. Maybe it's just the contact lenses, but I don't think so.

In other words, I haven't been doing much of anything lately.

* * * * *

NOTES ON NOT LIVING THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL

I had been told that Joe Mancini was a pretty good instructor, so I decided to get myself an automatic A by taking his writing course. I sat down on the first day and looked around, noticed immediately that most of the class were women, ranging in age from 18 to 37. Mancini had that I-read-Ginsburg look which should have warned me right away, but I have lots of practice doing things like suspending-my-disbelief, so I decided to stay for the ride. He made a little speech about how this was a 400-level course and "If you don't already know how to write, you shouldn't be in this class," and proceeded to present his course outline.

"I want you to keep a journal in this class, so I decided to assign a book you could read that would give you a good example of journal writing. I knew most of the students in this class would be young women, and I wanted to give you something that you could relate to, and the only thing I could think of was *The Diary of Anne Franke*, so you'll be required to read that." He then went on to talk about the regular text book he was also assigning, and I sat there with my mouth open.

I checked my pocket calendar just to be sure. It was 1980, all right. I was 28, and even the youngest woman in the room was over 17. I had read more than a couple of women's diaries in my life, and I'm no fan of diaries. I never look for them, and read them only when I can't avoid it, but I knew of the existence of quite a number of them, some of which are quite famous. Why, just a month or so ago, Cheryl Cline sent me a copy of her incomplete bibliography of women's diaries and journals, which has no less than 259 listings. And Mancini couldn't come up with anything other than the journal of a 13-year-old who lived in an attic (which everyone has both read and seen the film)? That's the only thing he thought we could relate to?

"Any questions?" he finished.

"You...weren't aware of any other female diarists in the world beside Anne Franke?"

"Well, I knew this class would be young women."

"Anne Franke was *thirteen years old*."

He didn't see any difference between her and us, tho, and at least I didn't have to buy the book, since I already had one, just like everyone else in the world.

But midway through the semester Joe asked us what we thought of the book, and if we had been affected in any way by it. We weren't all that enthusiastic, having seen it all before over and over, but we did talk a bit about the way her family had chosen her as the scapegoat, and how she did seem to be aware of it on some level.

"That's all?" said Joseph, a bit disappointed. "What about the part where she gets her first period?"

We all looked at each other and then shrugged. "Nothing special," we murmured.

"I don't believe you!" said Joe. We all looked at each other some more. Anne Franke, while living in that attic, had been at that age where young women often start to menstruate. She had, in fact, gotten her first period at that time. Joe, perhaps, had found this fascinating, or traumatizing, but for us it had simply been something that happened to her, just like it happened to us. Compared to most of the women I know, Anne Franke's biological maturation had been an amazingly dull event, without even the common garden-variety every-day worries about bleeding-through during classes or at parties that those of us who do not live 24-hours-a-day in attics must worry about for 30 or 40 years. Never once in her diary is there mention of ruining a favorite pair of blue jeans or a nifty pair of fancy underwear with an early flow or heavy bleed-through. Why, it was almost as if she didn't get her period at all. And even if she had, it was hardly something monumental—it would have been worth no more than a slight sympathetic laugh of recognition.

But I felt sorry for Joe. I wondered if maybe men thought menstruation was some sort of big deal. It was possible, since they've often written strange things about it, even created wierd laws around it. A menstruating woman, it is said, can wilt a field of crops simply by walking by, but I never knew a woman who felt so much power emanating from her while she was on the rag—surely, it must have been a man who came up with this odd idea. I had grown used to men having odd ideas by then, of course, so it wasn't as if I felt I had just had one of those great enlightening moments. Still, Joe was being a perfect example of how men are a different species from women. There he was, getting all excited and mystical about a perfectly simple and mundane thing. "Men," I said, "are always getting all excited and mystical about perfectly simple and mundane things. If *you* got your period, that would be a big deal. If I, or Anne Franke should menstruate, that is no more than can be expected."

Joe Mancini thought we were all very strange, of course. It was obvious to *him* that getting one's period was an event of great note. To us, it was just having one more expense—sanitary napkins and tampons. Why, the damned things are even taxed as a luxury (Yeah, well, if they're such a luxury, think about what your furniture would be like if we quit using 'em).

I did manage to get the A from Mancini, thereby accomplishing the coveted 4.0 for the semester, but it wasn't the last I ever heard of Joe.

In philosophy class last semester, I noticed a copy of HOWL sitting atop a pile of my friend Linda's books. I immediately had the feeling of being haunted by Mancini's ghost when I realized that all of the books on the stack were by similar authors—not poets, but men who wrote for other men and without ever giving a thought to the possibility that real, intelligent readers of books could be something other than men. You know who I mean—the guys who write all the "Great Books." I asked what course my friend was taking that she had to read all that trash for.

"Uhng. It's supposedly an American literature course, but it's all stuff like this. I mentioned to

the instructor that I was a bit annoyed that all of these representative works of American literature were incredibly male-oriented, and you know what he said? He said, 'That's funny, most people don't complain about that until much later in the semester.' I couldn't believe it! People have been complaining about it all along, and it hasn't made any impression on him!"

"Joe Mancini, right?"

know?"

"Took his Expository Writing course. You know he teaches Jungian Archetypes, too?"

"Figures."

The best of Rod Stewart is Sam Cooke.

A REVIEW Jeff Schalles dropped by the other day to get a haircut and deliver my copy of *Boonfark* 4. Now, I mostly don't have time to read these days, as I've said, but this was a special occasion, so within 24 hours I managed to find time to read this thing. And it's good, even tho I hate red ink on blue paper.

Dan has been going on about how he wants to put out a good old fashioned fannish fanzine for a while now, and *Boonfark* 4 shows he isn't just an idle dreamer. Not only is this issue full of good writing and artwork of the truly fannish variety, but it is infused with just the right touch of love for that which is good and lovable about fandom. Even Ted White manages go for the more tender emotions in his "review" of *Warhoon* 28—and when Ted says that, when he read *The Enchanted Duplicator* for the first time, he was a Believer, it is touching without being mushy.

Rich Brown does his own little piece on W28, and this, more than any other piece of writing in the issue, got a big emotional rise out of me, although I couldn't explain myself why. But Rich's writing certainly is in good form here, I can tell you that.

Along with two more installments of "The Incomplete Towner Hall", Dan manages to keep that old fannish ambience going right up to the end with the first chapter of his own illustrated version of *The Enchanted Duplicator*. I can't think of a more respectful tribute to that wonderful story, and it's the kind of thing that makes me wish I had the resources (like, the artistic talent) and imagination to have done something similar.

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FUN WITH CAPITALISM A few years ago a group called INFACT started making films and circulating information flyers denouncing the aggressive tactics of the Nestle Corporation in marketing infant formula in under-developed countries where the use of such products

HMMFF! I NEVER FOUND THAT
"HUMAN FEMALES ARE SEXUALLY
RECEPTIVE CONTINUOUSLY."



could (and often does) result in extreme malnutrition and death for bottle-fed babies whose mothers have neither the money nor the facilities to use the product safely. The propaganda which Nestle has been using includes the hiring of "milk nurses" who are not nurses at all in most cases, and who go directly into maternity wards giving lectures to new mothers about how formula is "modern" and supposedly safer than mother's milk. Of course, this is a blatant lie, as so far nothing has been developed which can replace mother's milk effectively (no formula can contain the anti-bodies and bacteria which make mother's milk so superior to any other means of feeding infants), but free formula samples and heavy pressure usually have a lot of effect in starting these women to bottle feed their babies. The cost of this sort of nutritional program is way outside of the mother's income, and eventually the children starve to death. INFACT has been promoting a boycott of Nestle's in an effort to discourage this program (Nestle's now owns Libby's, Deer Park Mountain Spring Water, Tetley Tea, Taster's Choice, and a number of other commonly used products).

A few weeks ago, the press began reporting on a counter-campaign which Nestle's has launched against INFACT. Now, no one is terribly surprised about their denials or their insistence that they aren't doing it anymore anyway (even though they weren't anyway, of course), or even their going so far as to accuse INFACT's people of being a bunch of liars. What has me quite entertained, however, Nestle's claim that the boycott is part of a Communist Plot. I'm not

making this up, folks. Those filthy communists (you know, they're the ones who are anti-God and want to destroy the family and all that) are trying to subvert the sacred Christian relationship between a new-born baby and its bottle by conning poor unsuspecting people into thinking that maybe nursing isn't so bad after all.

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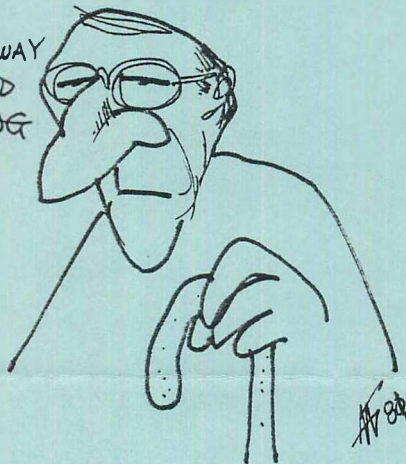
A WORD ABOUT LAYOUT You may have noticed that I haven't improved the layout here over that of *Wsfanac*. No fancy lettering,

no division of articles so that each one starts on its own page—tacky, tacky. But you see, I started using this format for *Wsfanac* because it was such a small fanzine that there really wasn't any room for that sort of thing, and I discovered that it is amazingly comfortable for me. My hand isn't steady enough to use press-type like everyone else does, and my own calligraphy is laughable. Besides, it's really Low Budget City around here, folks. I'm not sure I can afford press-type or letter-guides and postage too.

* * * * *

MORE THAN JUST A PLACE TO BE BAD On a panel at Suncon it was—no it wasn't, it was someplace else, like Balticon maybe—well, anyway, Ted White was quoting someone to the effect that "There's no place to be

BY AN UNNATURAL ACT
I MEANT
GIVING AWAY
MONEY AND
NOT TAKING
YOUR DE-
DUCTION.



bad anymore." He was talking about the demise of the pulps, saying that, among other things, writers no longer had a place where they could write lousy stuff and learn their craft from their mistakes. I didn't have any reason to disagree with that appraisal, and I still don't. But I remembered that statement recently while thinking about my own current lack of inspiration. I don't write fiction, so it's not the pulps I have in mind.

I've been working on a research paper for the last few months. I had written a theory paper a couple years ago on the same subject, and now I was doing the clean-up version, with all the references and notes, which meant I had to spend a lot of time at the library. I knew that my theory was original and that there was no real scholarly work in the area, so writing that original theory paper had been an exciting, fast-moving work. I felt like I was saying something which still needed to be said. But while working on my research, I realized that, in bits and pieces, what I was saying had almost been said by dozens of people who had stumbled on the same kind of information and noted it without real recognition. These people were not writing as scholars, but rather were doing commercial, popular non-fiction of the Nancy Friday-type. The more I looked at their work, the more I felt that I was no longer saying anything that needed to be said—I could just as easily string together the words of these other people and have the same damn paper. Although I knew that I was doing the original synthesis of these observations—I am, in fact, the first person to develop a really cohesive theory in this area—I nevertheless began to get the feeling that I was just another third-rate, uninspired researcher who was using other people's work to say something that had already been said. And my work just came to a standstill.

Similarly, a few years ago, I was just getting into composing music instead of simply using other people's material. At the same time, I found I had far less time to go out to see live music. So the only music I was listening to was very, very good stuff—I only listened to music by people I already respected most of the time, bought very few albums and saw even fewer concerts. This was quite a departure from my previous musical exposure. Shortly before that time, I had been the emcee of a coffeehouse where some of the best local musicians started working on their acts—and some of the worst showed up there from time to time, too. It was in this environment that I suddenly found myself best able to start writing my own music—and when I went from that to a situation in which everything I heard was by good, established artists who had already polished up their work, I found that I was having fewer and fewer urges to create any music of my own.

Now, it's true that I need a lot of creative energy to be going on around me in order to create, too. Writing is my only solitary vice, but even that requires input from somewhere. Musically, I was dead as long as the people around me were musically dead. The culture I became a musician in was so high-energy that it was impossible for me *not* to be a part of that. But in that kind of environment, one is not only constantly being inspired by good works, but one is also being goaded into creating by other people who are not nearly so good. The inspiration works on more people, and some of those people are so bad that merely hearing them play is enough to send one running to the studio screaming, "I can do so much better than that"—and one does. When I heard Paul Butterfield or John Mayhall or Tracy Nelson perform I *wanted* to make music, but if I heard one of the zillions of performers who were so awful I couldn't understand how they got hired, I *had to* make music. By the same token, nothing inspired me to write essays and articles better than seeing someone else make a point badly or say something that was completely off-the-mark, as long as I was in an environment where creative energy was flowing all around me.

Now I find myself in a fandom where *Pong* and *Telos* and *Warhoon* and such are creating that aura of creative energy around me while others are sending me fanzines that show me how it should *not* be done. I guess that has something to do with why I want to do a regular fanzine again, in spite of the postal rates. It also explains a bit of why I'm thinking about composing again.

So if you find that reading something good doesn't inspire you to write, let me recommend that you read something *bad*. It just might do the trick.

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IF WE'RE GOING TO
RECORD IN STEREO, WHY
DON'T YOU GET THE DAMN
EQUIPMENT?



MUSCLE BEACH A few years ago, after a particularly unsettling encounter with one of the neanderthals who inhabit the Dupont Circle area, I thought it might be a good idea to develop a little knowledge in the field of martial arts, and signed up for a Karate course. Being your basic, physically insecure American female who has been effectively socialized to carry around a lot of body-fear, I turned out to be really lousy at this, partly because I just didn't have the kind of psychology necessary to strike complete strangers, and partly because the course was being taught by Jeff Smith, a Grand Champion who couldn't even understand the concept of someone not already being socialized to start a fight with people for no apparant reason. I had a friend who was making arrangements for me to get into a good Kung Fu class, but in the meantime I was making do with what was available to me.

It was in this environment that I became acquainted with the expertise of a fellow named Bruce Lee. We were required to watch this gent in exhibition, and I had just enough knowledge of fighting by then to appreciate what I was seeing. Only after you have gone to bed aching night after night with muscles which have easily failed at struggles against air that seems to have been as hard as rock; only after you have worked on forms and blocks and kicks and punches until you were ready to drop and yet found you have developed no where near the speed and power you thought you had; only then can you really appreciate someone like Bruce Lee, able to floor an opponent with a fist that has only *one inch* of play to build up force behind it. With fifteen feet of area to swing my foot, with the strength of my entire leg and hip and body behind it, I was never able to create the force that Lee got just from his wrist alone. "A thousand dollars to anyone who can *touch* me," he said. And no one could.

Shortly after that, a made-for TV movie called *Kung Fu* was aired, and at that point the price of Kung Fu classes went way out of my range, even if I could find a class to get into. I never did learn to fight, and quit taking Karate, in despair. To this day I have never been able to strike anyone, even

under great provocation (and I have had some great provocation). But the awesome power I saw in Lee's body—this is something I never forgot. I was hypnotized by what I saw there: he could really Do The Dance.

I'm not talking about the potential for violence, or even the simple self-defense aspects of it (although, of course, I am seduced by the idea of being able to really defend myself well), so much as the idea of perfect personal control. It goes with any truly demanding physical activity—you've seen it watching the skaters at the Olympics, or a ballet, too. I remember a woman at the circus who did some very tightly controlled movements on a trapeze that impressed me similarly. But Lee's demonstration of it was stunning, not something easily found elsewhere.

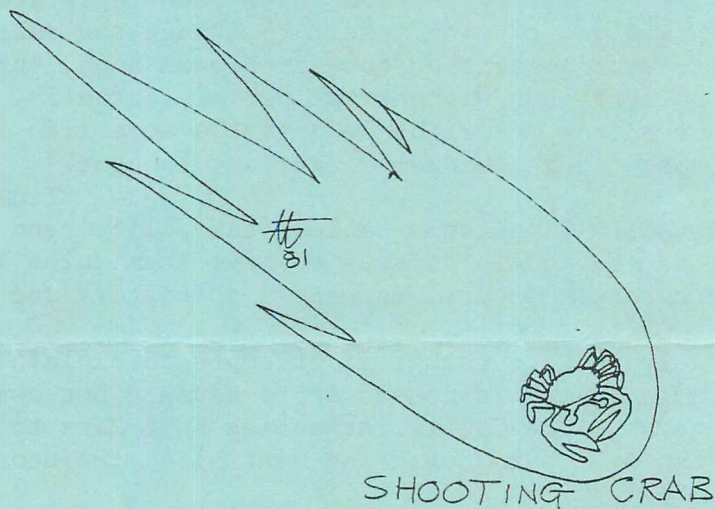
So, I go to the Chinese movies. They're awful; they have no plots and the subtitles are worthless. Sometimes they can be very funny, as with Lee's *Return of the Dragon* or Chan's *Big Brawl*, and I can enjoy them for that, too. But I don't really go to the Chinese movies for the humor, any more than I go for the great acting or the terrific stories. I go because I know that, somewhere in between the interminable dialogue and the absurd plot-twists, I might catch a glimpse of someone else doing The Dance so well that I can see it in their muscles as they move, and feel it in my own.

And now, a word from ALEXIS A. GILLILAND...

CRAP, ECONOMIC POLICY AND SHOOTING CRAPS

What could be more appropriate to a small, fannish fanzine than a brief note on economic theory? Most economists have sought to create a hard science out of their subject, infatuated by the sheer weight of the numbers they can run through their computers. This, of course, takes them far, far from the truth. Economics is a science like gambling is a science. One does not gamble in isolation. Equally, economics is rarely practiced in solitude.

Let us propose a model (a new-fangled coinage replacing the familiar but trite 'paradigm') of an economic system. We have in mind the classical gambling house. There are several modes of play, of course. If you wish to play poker with your friends you have your choice of renting a table by the night or by the hour, or, if you aren't well-connected you may find the winners of each hand being obliged to kick in a chip or few. Taxes. The high rollers get special treatment. Free plane flights from the other coast, fancy dinners on the house, all the perks that money can buy. Clearly, the high rollers are being supported by the chips extorted from the poker players...and if they win! My God! What an outrage.



The fact, of course, is that the high rollers are being fed back a little bit of their own money to keep them happy. To give them, as it were, an incentive to keep producing. The house always wins.

There is, so far, nothing terribly complicated about our model, because we have assumed that our players on all levels are all on the level. But suppose that both the house and the players are not satisfied with the present situation? The house can change the rules to stop a game from losing (or not winning fast enough) and the players can select the games they wish to play or not play. This is as far as economic theory takes the matter.

The fact is, that the players also cheat. Economists can't easily quantify the extent of their cheating...if they could, the house would obviously DO SOMETHING about it. Like breaking a few elbows. But if the house is too greedy, and rigs the rules too badly, the unintended result is to *force* the players to cheat. We model makers ignore the possibility of the players going off to another gambling house. Very few nations will permit any significant part of their populations to emigrate. (Although much of America's popularity as a place to emigrate to has been due to the fact that it was a better house to gamble in.)

In 1980, it was estimated that 33 percent (a terribly precise figure which is translated 'maybe a third?') of Italy's economy went unreported to avoid taxes. Some experts placed the figure as high as 40 percent (more than a third, but not half, yet.) Well, the Italians, after all, as Nixon said, are all Mafiosi, so what do you expect?

One can reasonably expect that Americans, operating in an Italian-type gambling house, would play pretty much as the Italians do.

The fact is, the American house is changing the rules constantly in order to up the take. Inflation is combined with the progressive income tax to create a fiscal policy that would never have been legislated. And this is so lucrative that the house can't bring itself to change the rules *back*. At the poker tables, it amounts to taking half the pot after each hand, putting them in the same class as the high rollers, but without the perks. Actually, 'amounts to' is wrong. 'Moving in the direction of' might be a little more like it. One example of how our *paradigm* model of the economy clarifies thought.

Finally, we can describe the tangled mess of what is laughingly called 'tax policy' and 'economic theory' as the 'house rules' and the 'rationale for why we have them rules' respectively. It is at once obvious that 'economic theory' is wedded to history and not mathematics.

'Economic theory' does not predict, rather it attempts to explain the last war. And everybody takes 'economic theory' and uses it to advance her own peculiar interests. In theological terms, 'The Capitalist quotes Karl Marx to suit his purpose.' So that 'economic theory,' far from being central to the economy, is actually ornamentation and camouflage.

Perhaps you could say that Art is to Reality as Economic Theory is to the Economy. If you specified modern art. Things have been rather bizarre lately. Or perhaps not. By and large artists tend to be pretty interesting people. And in one important respect, artists and economists are exact opposites. Artists often seduce their models...economists are often seduced *by* them.

So much for theory and theorists. Going back to *our* model, we see that it is less than perfect. Many exceptions will occur to you if you think about it with half your brain. The *top* half, of course. This should be highly encouraging to you.

After all, the *world* isn't perfect, either, is it?

[Yeah. Well, I don't play poker, Alexis...]

MONDO DEPRESSO Last Sunday afternoon I decided to put aside my childhood prejudices and give old Ralph Bakshi another try. After all, in the last few years, since *Fritz the Cat*, he must have gotten himself a little more together, right? So throwing all caution to the wind (well, not *all* caution—I went to the cheapo cheapo Twilight Showing for \$1.75) I went to see *American Pop*.

About halfway thru the show I turned to my friend and said, "This is depressing."

"Yeah," he said.

About halfway thru "Somebody to Love" I turned to him again and said, "I give her about two-and-a-half minutes 'til the heroin overdose."

"Yeah," he said.

About half the way through the heroin overdose I was wishing I had some more popcorn, and by the end of the movie I had the distinct impression that Ralph Bakshi must have very little respect for rock music. I thought, but didn't say, "I bet this guy bought his first Joplin record when she died, his first Morrison album when *he* died, and has been into Lynnard Skinnard ever since the plane crash." It's the first time since I was a little kid that I walked out of a movie the minute the credits started to roll, 'cause I usually want to see the credits. But I just wanted to get out of there and do something for my stomach. Christ. All that noodling on the piano, all those dance halls, all that Dylan and Hendrix and Joplin and Gershwin and Kantner and Slick and Travers and Gravenities—and all you get is *Bob Seeger*?

"Boy, I'm glad I didn't pay four bucks to see that!" he said.

* * * * *

AND SO... Naturally, I raced back home to listen to my nice ancient record collection, and have been here ever since. I suppose I should take this opportunity to thank Joe Mayhew for the copy of *Schmilsson*, and Buz Owen for the Nina Hagen record, which must be losing something in the translation (she really cannot be said to *sing*, although I have been told that her lyrics are great. Unfortunately, I don't happen to be particularly fluent in German). You guys wouldn't happen to have a copy of *Plastic Ono Band* or *Blind Faith* around, would ya?

Well, that's how it is. I listen to The Electric Flag doing "Killin' Floor" about once a day, and I just found a station that plays almost exclusively 60's rock, so I set my clock-radio to it (I woke up yesterday morning to Dusty Springfield doing "What the World Needs Now Is Love" and they followed it with Cilla Black. *Cilla Black!*).

And then I get the latest mailing of ALPS with a highly laudatory review of *American Pop*. Well, glad you enjoyed it, guys. I guess that means a few less stomachs to clean up after, anyway. Me, I think I'd like to see *Blow Up* again.

ABOUT 200 METERS INTO
THE TROLL HOLE THERE IS
A 250 KG UXB, TWO FUSES,

TYPE 50 AND TYPE 63,
AND SOME SORT OF
TRIP
WIRE
ARRANGE-
MENT



I seem to have run out of things to say, room to say it, and time to play with this all at the same place. How convenient. And now, it's time to frame for you a nice little friendly sort of colophon, mainly just because I want to play with my typer.

!! BLATANT #8 is continuous from the late Wsfanac, and is published by Avedon !!
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!! 20795, US of A). Silver Dagger Publication #92, Spring 1980. Copyright 1981 !!
!! by Avedon Carol. All rights revert to the contributors. And in this case, I !!
!! am sure you've noticed that all of the contributions are from Alexis A. Gilli- !!
!! land, Hugo-winning strange-person and right-winger, if you ask me. !!
!! This issue is !!
!! dedicated to the memory of Mike Bloomfield, who said: !!
!! American music is not !!
!! necessarily music directly from America. I think of it as the music you !!
!! hear in the air, on the air, and in the streets; blues, soul, country, !!
!! rock, religious music, traffic, crowds, street sounds and field sounds, !!
!! the sound of people and silence. !!

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