

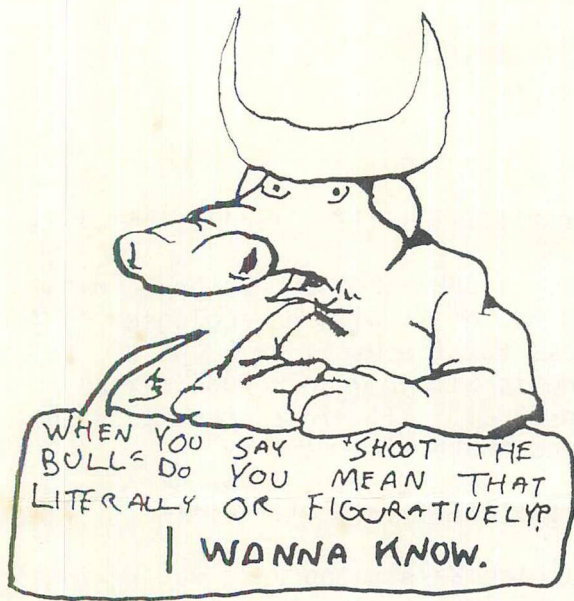
BLATANT, the fanzine that puts BNFs in the WAHFs, is published by Avedon Carol at 4409 Woodfield Road, Kensington, Maryland, 20895, US of A, with no apologies to you, Mr. Terry Carr. BLATANT is available more-or-less for the Usual or \$2.00 US, or if I feel like it. This is the Summer '82 issue and is Silver Dagger Publication #104, cha cha cha. Copyright (c) 1982 by Avedon Carol. All rights revert to the contributors. They only rise up in the sweat and smoke like mercury.

THE NATION'S CAPITOL The demise of the Star, as the Washington Post was reminding us last summer, put's a grave responsibility upon other Washington area journalists. The Post is meeting this responsibility by polluting its once at least marginally reliable pages with the likes of William F. Buckley and other fruitcakes. We here at the offices of Silver Dagger Publications, on the other hand, are meeting the challenge with such measures as providing

It occurs to me that in my many years in fandom I have never committed an editorial in a fanzine. So, I hear you sneer, what is a SMOOFF (Secret Master of Old Fart Fandom) like yourself doing in a feminist fanzine like BLATANT? Technically, you ought to be asking Avedon Carol, it's her fanzine, after all. However, since you ask me, I will tell you: That's for me to know and you to find out. Reading the rest of the editorial will probably be no more enlightening. Accept it as given. I am her. Or is that 'here'? Avedon does funny things with pronouns sometimes... or is here a pronoun? Is he/she, heesh, sheesh, and sheeit a pronoun? Should case agree with number?

Three bites on the neck and you pub your ish forever.

Now just a darn minute, comes the voice from the peanut gallery, we never heard of 'SMOOFF' before, and we aren't neofans that can have their intelligence insulted with impunity! How true. The secret is out. I will tell all. For years and years Bob Tucker has been proclaiming the organization at cons...pretending to say



'Smoooth.' A widely copied act. Almost a cliché.

SMOOFFs have infiltrated fandom as we know it...excuse, please...as you know it. And today America, tomorrow the world! Think of all the Old Farts in high places. Ronald Reagan comes to mind. And Breznev. And Begin. Etc. ad nauseum.

Avedon's mission is entertaining literate good old juveniles in a literate manner. Forever. Monthly, we will excuse. Somehow monthly and forever seem incongruous, although Ben Franklin's fanzine, *The Saturday Evening Post* didn't do badly. Perhaps the secret was that he made money. Or perhaps he was the first SMOOFF. The world was younger in those days and he didn't have as much competition. He even got protection for fanzines written into the first amendment of the U.S. Constitution.

Back to why I am writing this editorial, I, Alexis Arnaldus Gilliland, with all sorts of fannish credentials, (Perhaps to be strictly accurate, it ought to be called an uninvited guest editorial.) would never engage in frivolity. For more than a few pages. And in an obscure personalzine, at that.

So much for disclaimers. If you have read this far, thank a teacher. If you don't know any teachers, thank a librarian. If you don't know any teachers or librarians, an unlikely possibility, considering the present state of fandom, send Avedon money. She can use it almost as much as the usual, and, like Ben Franklin, it may keep her fanzine going on into the indefinite future. If you get a copy of BLATANT in 2031, you can thank the USPOD.

And that is the definitive recapitulation of my position. Am I therefore a recapitulationist? Not in this fanzine. But stay tuned.

[That's what you get for letting uninvited guest editorials into your fanzine. First they bite you, then they have the nerve to complain about the taste. --ac]

\* \* \* \* \*

---

"Still driving that incredible zucchini?"

---

LIFE IS TOO...UM...I FORGET Look, I've been kind of sick, ok, so I don't want to hear any more crap about how I let Jack and Joe and Bergeron and Willis write my last issue for me. I mean it now. After numerous trips to National Institutes of Health, it has been established that the tumor is not malignant, but that doesn't mean I have to listen to any of your shit.

Anyway, I guess it was a little bit prophetic that Jay Kinney sent me a "get well soon" postcard to tell me that I--that's right, you guessed it--I left the 'e' out of his name.



But look, just because I can't spell or type or read, doesn't mean I'm always wrong. I mean, sometimes I'm doing it on purpose, Mog, really--calling Washington's only major newspaper '*The Washington Post*' was no accident. (Auntie Mog also said, "I'm infinitely relieved to see that you just don't bother to run long peurile letters from unregenerate twits and ignorant nestlings" on The Woman Question.)

I've given a great deal of thought to how I could print Gary "A clean pool is a happy pool" Deindorfer's lengthy loc, but I'm not that strong. Here's a short bit from it: *PONG, BLATANT, and John D. Berry's new WING WINDOW. I think these small fanzines have possibilities, especially when they are frequent. PONG is less frequent than it used to be, WING WINDOW has only seen one issue so far, and I am not sure how frequent BLATANT has been. Thoughts run through my mind of these fanzines being small, adaptable, alert mammals springing up in the wake of the clumsy, lumbering genzine dinosaurs. That analogy has been used before. Originality is only sometimes my strong point.*

Listen guys, I really like getting long locs and reading them--but I hope you don't expect me to print every golden word. I mean, here I am, living in a world where Robert Redford shows up on my TV doing lemonade commercials and then the box shouts, "Now! You can buy diamonds directly from God!" (I'm not making this up), and here's this letter from Gary in which he introduces each paragraph with another paragraph telling me why he's going to say what he's going to say, for three densely typed, marginless pages. And then here's this four-pager from Ted White (Himself), and--hey, this is like a 12-page fanzine, guys.

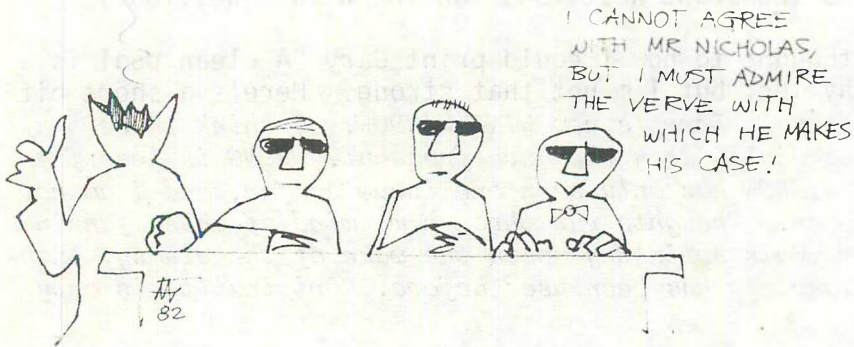
Anyway, Ted says: *For the past fifteen or twenty years "fannish" and "frequent" have been, with far-too-rare exceptions (like FAST & LOOSE), contrasting terms, and even the apparent exceptions (like FAST & LOOSE again) lasted for too few issues to change this perception. Thus, it was almost as if PONG existed in a separate dimension, visible only from certain oblique angles, more than a trifle "unreal" for its recipients. Only after a year of publication--twenty four issues!--have people started mentioning it in their fanzines and treating it like an actual fanzine. I suspect many people took that long to make up their minds that it was real and not an illusion (or, worse, a delusion borne of terminal fannish nostalgia), not something which would be gone before it had quite arrived, like (to grab the handiest example again) FAST & LOOSE.*

Ted also says that, no, the PONG mailing list isn't all that long and inclusive. "But it is primo."

And Lee Pelton says, "I almost haven't the heart to tell you that it's Joyce Scrivner, not Scrivener."

And now, for the really serious stuff, here's Phyllis Eisenstein: *Joe Nicholas's display of Anglo-chauvinism makes my blood boil. His letter indicates clearly how little he knows of American fandom, and perhaps how little he knows of British fandom as well. I will never forget the endless line of fans which snaked up flight after flight of stairs at Seacon, hundreds of fans all waiting for Christopher Reeve's autograph--and plenty of British fans among them. In fact, I passed numerous American fans scorning the line because of the idiocy of collecting "Superman's" signature. Nor will I forget the rousing ovation given Tom Baker, in spite of the fact that most of the U.S. was still seeing the Jon Pertwee Dr. Who. That audience was full of British fans. And how about the cheers at the Hugo ceremonies when Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy was mentioned? Precious few Americans had been exposed to that, too. And at pub meetings after Seacon, I heard considerable talk of Blake's Seven, which hasn't even been aired in the U.S. No, Joe; media-fandom is alive and well and integrated into British fandom.*





As for American authors going to cons so they can be worshipped like gods and have their pronouncements treated like the 10 Commandments-- what utter bullshit. I've been to over a hundred American cons in my time, both as fan and pro, and I've seen and been on my share of panels, and I know that it's just about impossible to feel like a god in front of an audience of 23. Yes, at a typical regional con (attendance 200-700) the average number of people in the audience for any pro panel, no matter who is on it, is just about 23. For the guest of honor speech, supposedly

the highlight of the con, perhaps 25-50% of the convention membership shows up. The rest are out to dinner. In the autograph session, usually an hour long, less than 50 people ask for autographs. (But if you're Larry Niven, two of those people have a shopping bag each of books and take up 15 or 20 minutes by themselves.) Do you get the message? Most of the people who attend the bulk of the regional cons (and the vast majority of these cons are in the 200-700 range, unlike, say, Boskone) are not there because of the pros. And it doesn't take long for a pro to figure this out. I have seen pros sitting in con suites virtually ignored by the fans in the same room. Oh, I won't deny that some pros fit Joe's description, but I submit that such are not limited to this side of the water. (At one time John Brunner was looked upon as a Major God of British fandom, and lately it looks like Chris Priest has joined the pantheon.) Perhaps if Joe Nicholas attended a few regional American cons, he would see that most pros do indeed attend in order to spend time with friends (both new and old), as well as to get out there in front of somebody and plug their latest books.

And then Alex Eisenstein adds his two cents (it says here): Groupie-dom, in various forms, certainly does afflict latteday fandom. But Nicholas is obviously exercising his Ameriphobia (to coin a term). The real complaint is that we are inundated by media apparatus and addicts, many of whom are also sf fans in the more general sense...

But Nicholas doesn't really care about any of this, even in the abstract. He's too busy scoring Ted for wanting it both ways--a silly parlor trick that N. can't even perform convincingly. On the one hand Ted wants knowledge of fan tradition; on the other hand he wants some advancement over that bare knowledge. Gosh, how paradoxical of him. Ho-ho, Joe.

\* \* \* \* \*

WONDER BREAD: BUILDING A BETTER FANDOM You've been waiting for this, right? I'm now going to tell you what's been wrong with fandom lately, and how to fix it. (Really? You are? Are you crazy?) Well, OK, no, I'm not really. I'm not that mean.

Now, I've mentioned Willis before--I mean, I've mentioned that I read Willis and

found it good--wait, don't leave, I'm not going to make that boring old speech about how everyone should write like Willis and none of you will ever hold a candle to him.

As I started to say, I've read Willis and I liked it. But if there's one thing that I think makes Willis very very different from the writings of the people who now are singing hosannas to him and claim to be carrying his banner, it is that he did not waste valuable space doing what I just did--making tiresome comparisons between What Is and What Should Be that can not help but put anyone not specifically excepted on the defensive.

Ted White wrote in *Warhoon* 22 that one reason he thinks certain Britfans don't like Willis is that he's Irish. I couldn't help but react to this by thinking to myself, "What a load of rubbish." In spite of the fact that I feel nothing but respect for Willis, I must admit I have to sympathize with any fan who is sick to death of hearing Willis and Sixth Fandom and everything else that we were not a part of praised to the skies in a tone that only too often carries with it the implicit charge that the rest of us just don't measure up.

What I do, sitting here at my desk typing away, is try to put together a fanzine that is at least reasonably amusing and easy to read, and creates for me a congenial avenue of expression and communication with the rest of fandom. That's what I hope I'm doing, anyway. Now, I must be doing something right, because people like Dan Steffan and Ted White, as well as Joe Nicholas and quite a number of other folk, tell me either privately or in locs from time to time that they enjoy my fanzine, and that I am not dull and boring, and that I should keep doing this.

What I read in other people's fanzines, however, tells me something else. I see articles (still) about how there are no good U.S. fanzines, or about how today's faneditors in general have very little to recommend them in the face of the rosy memory of fandoms past. I see Dan Steffan writing an article in *Pong* about how there are no good fanzines coming from the U.S.--listing a few exceptions and then appearing to change his mind in mid-stream as he remembers that they don't come out often enough, or whatever other sin of omission he feels they have committed to get lopped off the list. (I also see that when he did have something good to say about a U.S. fanzine, it went only so far as to admit that, yes, it did come out. Wow, what heady praise!)

I don't know, perhaps Ms. Hoffman and Mr. Calkins and Mr. Willis and Mr. Bergeron had this same experience back in the days I can't measure up to now. Maybe Lee was constantly opening fanzines from people who privately admired her work to find fmz review columns which never once mentioned her name. Maybe Walter A. Youngfan went to his mailbox time and again to discover that no one thought enough of his zine to commit to print a single word of praise for it. Perhaps Richard Bergeron used to wonder if anyone ever read his zines before they round-filed them--and for all I know, all of the great fanwriters of the past felt like Luke McGuff in the hands of Ted White. Maybe these people were characterized by such extraordinary strength of ego that being lambasted, unfavorably compared with their predecessors, and ignored merely firmed them up and taught them to love fandom and make better fanzines.

I doubt it, tho. I think those people were encouraged by each other, in much the same way so many of them have encouraged me. And I think that's why they kept publishing and writing as long as they did--because their fandom was a place where they had good reason to want to reach out to each other. Yes, there was and is always room for healthy criticism and even a few devastatingly snide remarks (I should know--I make snide remarks about my best friends all the time, don't I, Patrick?); but you don't get that sense of family unity from having the old folks



sitting on the porch talking about how these young kids today don't know what they are doing and will never do it as well as Grampa did 'way back in '56. What you get, instead, is today's teenagers leaving the nest in droves. I mean, no one wants to listen to that shit.

\* \* \* \* \*

MORE SEX AND PORN A couple of people have written in to correct Paul Kincaid's assumption that Pauline Réage is a woman. It's true, no one really knows who wrote *The Story of O*. I personally have not read it, because I already knew the ending(s).

But then again, I know a lot about weird kinky pornography. Matter of fact, my research is on wierd kinky pornography. No kidding. And wierd kinkiness in general.

So, this issue's Question is: Is *The Story of O* more of a turn-on than *Nine and a half Weeks*? Or not?

\* \* \* \* \*

FEAR AND LOATHING ALMOST EVERYWHERE As I may have mentioned earlier, I've been sick. Mostly this has meant going to NIH a lot and having myself poked at and looked at and counted and things. They make me drink radioactive iodine and remain supine for long periods of time underneath big strange machines. They stick a lot of needles in me. So far the only thing that seems to have been demonstrated is that (a) I have a tumor and I have some symptoms, not necessarily related to each other although no one would be surprised if they are and (b) whatever it is, it isn't cancer (yet). Naturally, even if by some interesting magic I turned out not to be actually sick, this would make me sick anyway, I think. Especially the part where they talk about things like surgery and how the major risk is the destruction of a nerve which is named after a famous opera singer who doesn't have one anymore (wherver she is) because when they did the same sort of surgery on her, they cut it, and ruined her career.

I find it all very distracting. I mean, I'm supposed to be writing a paper on John Locke and Property. Now, under normal conditions, I would not take great joy in writing this paper, but somehow all of this makes it impossible. Part of it is the symptoms--can't concentrate, you know--but part of it is, who wants to write about junk like this when my bridge game is being eroded like this--and it wasn't all that hot to begin with? You see what I mean?

Well, I don't think they are going to be operating on me any time soon, which is a real relief. And I think fear has been responsible for a lot of the symptoms I started to have after I started seeing doctors. But I still don't know what to do about Locke.

IF JOHN LOCKE HAD  
BEEN IN SIXTH FANDOM,  
WHAT WOULD HE  
HAVE DONE?

PROBABLY FEUDED  
WITH TED WHITE.



## THIS WEEK'S "WHY I'M STANDING FOR TAFF" SPEECH

This may sound a little weird, but I'm actually standing for TAFF because I want to see Britfandom. That is, I'm not going for the bheer or the scenery or the prestige or recognition or whatever. Sure, there are unfannish reasons for a trip to the UK--why, mundane toursits are said to go there all the time--and of course I am interested in looking at old buildings and all that (I mean, over here, anything that's been standing for 100 years is considered to be very, very old). But that's not it. I mean, it would never occur to me to stand for TAFF just to go over there and do things I could just as easily have done had I never heard of fandom. It's having people like Langford and Malcolm Edwards and Kev Smith and Joe Nicholas and all them telling me anecdotes about Britfandom that makes me want to go and see it all for myself. I want to be there.

• % % %

LIVING WITH THE ANIMALS I always love it when stereotypes cross like

this. Like Roger Waddington writing: *...Which brings to mind one of the traditional American sights that's long been fascinating to me, both as a fan and a user of the mails, and that's those little postboxes everyone seems to have, mounted on their posts with a flag to raise or lower; or are they gradually being phased out? What's always interested me is, judging the size of junk that comes to my address, is how that little box can take some of the bigger packets, parcels of books, say, or APA mailings? If there's anything that won't fit in my letterbox, the postment will just open the door and drop it inside; but how does a US fan cope with the postal service?*

Just think, this is one more example of how the terrific diversity, inventiveness, and, uh, some other adjective-ness of we Americans has been overlooked by them Foriegners. They imagine us all going out and putting our little red flags down each day, do they? Hmmm. Little do they know about door slots, vestibules, and such. And of course, I'm not going to mention that for some people, the little tiny mail box on a post has been replaced by an even tinier letter box in the wall of the apartmenthouse entrance.

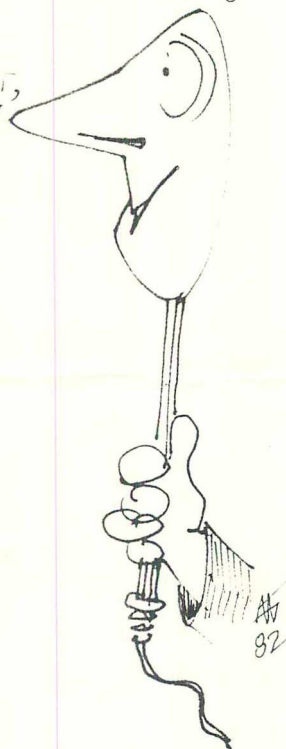
None of which has anything to do with how US fans "cope with the postal service." We don't--as Michael Ashley obviously understands: *...given the absolutely terrific service offered by the Post Office, I should wish you a Happy Christmas and a similarly felicitous new year (if there is one, neutron bomb permitting--you didn't vote for Reagan did you?)*

Oh, dear, have I neglected to mention that I am a crazy raving left-wing weirdo? And a female one besides? (And while, in spite of Alexis' uninvited Guest Editorial, this isn't a feminist fanzine, I am a radical feminist, so this is a feminist's fanzine.) Reagan? Oh dear me, no.

\* \* \* \* \*

I AM THE GREAT  
OZ! NUMBER ONE  
FAN FACE!

EAT YOUR  
HEART OUT,  
STEFFAN!





AND NOW, IT'S TIME FOR A FANZINE REVIEW COLUMN BY THAT ARROGANT FINK, TED WHITE.

*FANZINES ON WRY*

*by Uncle Ted*

The fanzines that are most talked-about around the campfires of fandom are those which are remembered as the best, but Sturgeon's Law applies to fanzines as it does to everything else. When we speak of QUANDRY, INNUENDO, HYPHEN, or any of the other Greats of Yesterday we are speaking of less than 10% of the fanzines published contemporaneously. For every INNUENDO there were five or ten fanzines like SPIRAL, TWIG, SATA ILLUSTRATED, THE COSMIC FRONTIER, FOG, UMBRA--and many many other titles which have now faded into the past like a dittoed page left too long in direct sunlight. No one remembers those fanzines now. They were "average" fanzines, some of them better than average in fact, but they were largely unmemorable and are no longer recalled by most fans; they never became legend.

But while they were coming out those fanzines--far more than the HYPHENs and QUANDRYs--set the tone of their fandom, and they claimed the attention and involvement of most fans. Most fans are not BNFs. Most fans are not outstandingly talented. Most fans don't put out a HYPHEN; they put out an UMBRA--a decent fanzine which commands the loyalty of its contributors and its readers, but not a great fanzine.

When we talk about the quality of fanzines published in the last year, the last five years, or the last ten years, we are really talking about the aggregate quality of those "average" fanzines, since they set the tone by their sheer dominance of numbers. And when someone like Joseph Nicholas excoriates American fanzines, he is talking about those "average" fanzines.

Personally, I have very little interest in either upholding the honor of American fanzines or belittling them. But I do think it's instructive to consider and contrast the American "average" with the British "average."

Because I don't want to be accused of introducing an obvious bias to this comparison, I picked for the "average" American fanzine RAFFLES rather than, say, HOLIER THAN THOU (a fanzine which might as fairly be pointed to as "typical" or "average" but in which I find little to admire). For the British zine, EPSILON.

In each case these are fanzines which appear to be improving and may well end up in the top 10% remembered fondly by our grandchildren. Each has its weak and strong points, and each is edited (or, in RAFFLES' case, coedited) by an artist.

RAFFLES is typically American: it sprawls. The sixth issue has 58 pages on which appear two editorials, two columns, the first chapter of a TAFF report, a Lunacon GoH speech, two articles (one really a letter), and a lettercolumn. There are also a number of lesser items, running a page or less in length.

Bycontrast, EPSILON 11 is remarkably compact. In only 24 pages it contains a brief editorial, a column, two articles, and a lettercolumn.

RAFFLES #6 is one of the best looking issues of that title to appear; the messiness and slipshod production on view in #5 has been replaced by considerably better mimeography and more attractive art. Much of the credit for this goes to coeditor Stu Shiffman, who has gotten into Art Nouveau. This is exactly the right course for Stu because his art up to now has been characterized by abrupt and sometimes awkward angles, making many of his drawings look like they'd been scratched out with a nail in plaster and darkening them with excess lines. Art Nouveau is characterized by flowing lines and graceful curves and a delicacy of approach which precisely counterbalances Stu's more accustomed style, and Stu exploits the style quite successfully



with his cover and contents-page illo. The cover's vision of the Spirit of Fandom is much more acceptable to me with its stylized Mucha nymph than, for instance, Dan Steffan's rather more bawdy Spirit in his comic strip version of *The Enchanted Duplicator*. I certainly hope Stu continues to pur

Larry Carmody has the first of the two editorials, a rambling, friendly discourse on how RAFFLES came into existence and what's in the current issue which continues for another four more pages (out of six) to talk about sports and softball games Larry has played in. Since Larry is a professional newspaper sportswriter his interest in sports is hardly a surprise, and he writes amiably about the subject, but as he himself notes, "Sports to many fans is an anathema of the first order." In my opinion if one is to present four pages on a topic one knows in advance is anathema to "many" of one's readers, the course is clear: anti-sports readers must be won over. How? One way is engrossing anecdotal writing--if it's interesting, amusing, or entertaining enough, most fans will read it without realizing it's about a topic they find anathema. Larry tells a couple of anecdotes but rambles too much. Another way is to offer a fresh insight to the reader--either about the topic (sports) or about possible reactions to it (why Larry, unlike most fans, likes sports; what he gets out of them, and what any fan might, if she tried, get out of them). Larry avoids this, simply recounting the history of his own interest in and participation in sports as he grew up. We know he enjoyed sports, but we never really find out why. In fact, Larry is writing to those in his audience who don't need to be told--his fellow sports fans. That being the case, Larry has basically flown in the face of his own perception of RAFFLES' readers, making his pages on sports a self-indulgence. Well, it's his fanzine (50% of it anyway), but it is exactly this sort of unfocussed but amiable rambling which leads to RAFFLES' sprawling qualities.

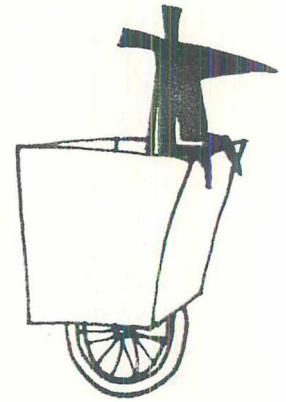
Stu, who contributes nine pages of his TAFF report elsewhere in the issue, manages to hold his own editorial down to only three pages. (But, inexplicably, his editorial is directly followed by his page of "TAFF-eye view of Yorcon 2," six nicely laid out cartoons. Why they were located here rather than adjacent to his TAFF report I have no idea. This kind of organization adds to the vague and unfocussed quality of RAFFLES.)

Rob Hansen (EPSILON's editor, coincidentally) begins a new column rather pedestrianly titled "The Welshman Writes." The piece itself is an amusing description of how Rob and people like Malcolm Edwards, Chris Atkinson, and Linda & Greg Pickersgill became The Friends In Space. Unfortunately, the piece is badly organized in its presentation, since it is followed by a reprint of the original letter in MATRIX #34 which set all the wheels in motion. Had I been Rob in this instance I would have quoted the letter first, or, if the decision to reprint the letter was that of RAFFLES' editors, they should have boxed it on the first or second page of Rob's piece. Since MATRIX is a British publication, it can be safely assumed that most of RAFFLES' American readers never saw the letter in question, and an earlier opportunity to refer to it might have made Rob's exposition easier to follow. As it is, the letter is printed following Rob's column and is at first glance an unrelated page-filler. What I'm saying is that it was a good idea to reprint the letter in juxtaposition with Rob's column, but it should have been more obviously integrated with the column.

Andy Porter's "Requiem for Fanoclasts" is reprinted from a 1973 issue of ALGOL. I recall reading it there and thinking it inappropriate and out of place in ALGOL. Here it reads well. Andy was not one of the original Fanoclasts (he entered as part of the third or fourth generation) but he was a Fanoclast during the club's greatest strength and he talks intelligently about the club and what eventually became of it. Sandwiched between the original article and his two-page 1982 update is a three-quarter-page excerpt from *The Lord of the Rings* which ties into the thematic metaphor

Andy used in his original piece, but struck me as unnecessary (even as I thought the metaphor was unnecessary and unnecessarily sentimental, too).

Joseph Nicholas had the misfortune to have a 1979 letter of comment tardily turned into a brief (barely over one page) article. It is minor, self-justifying Nicholas, and did not deserve the honor of being singled out in this fashion. (as a page-filler a somewhat grumpy letter by Taral follows Nicholas' contribution.)



Last issue RAFFLES presented James White's Lunacon CoH speech (the one Luke McGuff attributed to Willis in his RUNE review). This issue we have Steve Stiles' Lunacon CoH speech. It suffers by the contrast. Apparently the transcript of a tape, it shows Steve rambling about, looking for a topic and never really finding one, reduced to chance memories of the Good Old Days of earlier times in NYC fandom. Oh well.

It is not until we get to Moshe Feder's "The Twiltone Bazaar" that we get to the meat of the issue. Ostensibly a column of fanzine commentary, ostensibly a consideration of THE MONTHLY MONTHLY, this column is in fact the best-written, most insightful overview of fanzine fandom on the NorthAm continent during the past several years that I have yet to read. Feder writes with a style, wit and maturity which blows me away. I was once not one of Moshe's biggest fans, but his recent work (CLASS ACT #1, "The Twiltone Bazaar") convinces me that my earlier assesment of Moshe was mistaken and wrong. It is ironic that now that he is fully in control of his abilities Moshe is a semi-gafiate who writes little and seldom. I want to read more: more "Twiltone Bazaar"s, more CLASS ACTs, more contributions to other zines from this man. In any case, this column is the standout item of the issue, as well as being a strong contender for Best Single Piece of Fanwriting for 1982

Stu's TAFF report is intrinsically interesting to anyone currently involved in British fandom. Here we begin meeting specific Britfen, viewing them through Stu's fairly perceptive eyes. Little of specific import is told, but the report is comfortably readable. (My copy, however, has a duplicate of page 41 where page 45 belongs, although page 46 appears on its back. My nextdoor neighbor's copy lacked this defect.)

The lettercolumn starts out strongly with letters from Willis and James White; it subsequently degenerates into letters by myself and others. (I am not saying that to be cute; my letter as it appears reads like a disorganized collection of rather bald statements.) All of the responses to Taral's letter in #5 have been ruthlessly edited out except for a letter from Mike Glicksohn. Glicksohn's response was appropriate for him, but I think a broader response would have been a better idea. Taral broached several important (to him) questions and deserved answers from more than one man whom he dislikes. I'm told this was Stu's decision which Larry disagreed with. I'm with Larry on this one.

EPSILON #11 begins with an excellent cover, a collaboration between editor Hansen (who did pencils) and Harry Bell (who inked). I understand a collaboration in which Bell pencils and Hansen inks is forthcoming. Rob's usual style of art (sometimes varied) is architecturally precise, very draftsmanlike. Bell has thickened and softened his lines without losing their precision and the result is (deliberately) evocative of the twenties.



Hansen's editorial "Intro" occupies only the first page of the zine, but his "Notions" column investigates for six pages various aspects of fannish reprints, the need for them and the best ways of meeting that need. In a letter of comment on the issue I pointed out that context is important in the way we read and respond to fannish reprints--that the republication of warm fannish writing in coldly presented volumes often does a disservice to the reprint. Hansen's implicit agreement with this point of view is reflected by the context into which he placed a 1974 Brosnan piece reprinted in this EPSILON. The piece, a rowdy exposition on "A Typical Visit From Robert P. Holdstock," fits perfectly following as it does Leroy Kettle's rowdy "Man of Steal," which concerns itself with John Francis Brosnan Himself.

These two pieces lend a vigor and spirit to EPSILON which contrasts nicely with Hansen's cooler, more quiet writing, giving the issue a good balance between seriousness and frivolity. They are followed by eight pages of well-edited letters which round out the issue.

EPSILON lacks anything quite as good as RAFFLES' "Twiltone Bazaar," but averages much better overall, lacking also the meandering mediocrity found in too much of the rest of RAFFLES. RAFFLES #6 would have benefited considerably from heavy pruning; within its 58 fat pages is a thin fanzine of high quality. EPSILON #11, in contrast, needs no pruning at all; it is compact, concise, and all meat. Nothing in the issue falls below a reasonably high standard which is only occasionally met by the material in RAFFLES. One has the sense that Hansen pays attention to his editing while for Carmody and Shiffman editing is something considered only half-seriously. RAFFLES feels like a lot of material tossed together with only the roughest and most basic organization--editorials open the issue and letters close it and the rest goes in-between somewhere--while EPSILON has been fitted precisely together, each item in its correct place in relation to the other items and the issue as a whole.

Both fanzines are good, though. Both are solid and dependable. Each is a fanzine the next issue of which I look forward to. Both are recommended.

RAFFLES: the Usual or \$1.50 to Carmody (629 East 8th St., Brooklyn, NY 11218) or Shiffman (19 Broadway Terrace, New York NY 10040)

EPSILON: the Usual to Rob Hansen (9A Greenleaf Rd, East Ham, London E6 1DX, UK)

---

"In hyperspace, no one buys vodka with food stamps." — CDMA Ellis

---

LAST CHANCE FOR INSTANT EGOBOO      There's still a buncha more letters here. Let's see, Lee Pelton says, "If you're going to discuss SF, I'm going to leave the room!" I have a letter here from Roger Waddington, but I can't read the date. For all I know, it's been here for years. Don D'Amassa liked *Dream of Wessex*, and Gina Clarke is building a house, or re-building it, out in the middle of nowhere. Marc Ortlieb enjoyed Joseph's loc, and D Potter says: *Once in a great while I think about sending one of my tattered and tatty personal-zines to Ted White, but prudence prevails. He merely sees fanzines that reinvent the wheel. I see fmz (probably angling for an exchange for the last tatty zine, out of which I had run by Noreascon) that reinvent the lever and the stone axe.* She also says she misses Berrotini. Norman Hollyn wrote at length on his nifty new word processor (and thank you very much, Norm; if this was a 24-page fmz, I would have printed much of it). We also heard from Allyn Cadogan, Gayle Kaplan, and Sheryl Birkhead. However, no one has explained to me about Ethel the Frog. But Eric Mayer wants to know why male authors feel compelled to write about women when there are plenty of

women writers to do the job better. And Jean Weber wrote, and George Flynn explained Noreascon to me.

And let us not forget, the Art Credits, at long last: p2--Bruce Townley; pp4,6, & 7--Alexis Gilliland; p10--ATom, and p12--Rob Hansen.

\* \* \* \* \*

How many feminists does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

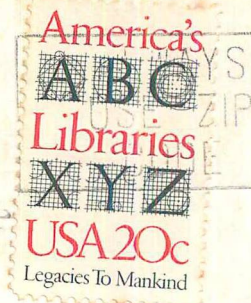
*That's not funny!*

\* \* \* \* \*

(OK, I admit it,  
it was a fake Robert  
Redford.)



BLATANT  
4409 Woodfield Road  
Kensington, MD 20895  
US of A



RICHARD BERGERON  
Box 5989 Old San Juan  
San Juan, Puerto Rico 00905