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EASY DOES IT EVERY TIME I usually have no trouble coming up with something to say for myself. Usually what I have trouble with is finding more room in-between Ted's column and the letters responding to Ted's last column and the letters responding to the last responses to Ted's previous column... But, as I was observing to my friend Andy just yesterday, it's hard to think of a way to talk about your latest activities and interests when your latest activities and interests involve going to AA meetings, and you're addressing a bunch of people who think of beer as a sacrament.

Sure, it's easy for me to talk. I just found out that there's actually a documented physiological reason why I don't like to drink. I belong to a class of people who metabolize alcohol in such a way that the stuff makes **us** sick before it can make **us** high. I can't get drunk because I feel queasy and fall asleep before I can get high. As someone else has pointed out, this doesn't exactly give me an incentive to drink. And, as it turns out, this is a racial trait--or it turns out to be one, sort of--because in cultures that have had booze for a long time, the people who like to drink end up selecting themselves out of the gene pool, since alcoholism has a tendency to impede reproduction. And the Middle-East discovered booze a long, long time ago--long enough that a good 93% of Mediterranians really hate to drink.

But, you don't have to drink to develop a tolerance for alcohol. You can become a drunk by taking other drugs in the same class--the sedative-hypnotics--which don't go thru the same changes when you metabolize them. That's right, you can develop a tolerance and even a craving for booze by taking vallium. Lucky for me, I hate vallium, too.

So what in the hell am I doing at AA meetings? You might well ask. Well, I have this friend, see... I get to see little half-hour video-tapes full of fascinating facts like those above, and I get to hear people talk about how they started drinking, how they drank, and how they quit, and how their lives are after quitting. Drunkalogues. Sometimes they're pretty interesting, even entertaining. "I couldn't watch television, because it was too intimate a contact with humanity...I put the phone in the refrigerator so I wouldn't have to hear it

ring." It's the first time I've ever heard the phrase, "sense of wonder" used to refer to something other than SF. It was used to refer to being sober.

For me, of course, being sober is mostly a state of mind. My friends tell jokes about my ability to get drunk on Cokes and Marlboros. Maybe it's a contact high, I don't know. But there are these times when I suddenly go "on" and the next thing you know I'm doing a monologue about how musicians talk about music ("Led Zeppelin sucks!"--that technical language always impresses people), or why Hemmingway wasn't such a great writer, or the difference between Jerry Falwell's conversations with The Lord and my own exchange with Jesus (he told me there was no God). People tell me I'm entertaining ("Best Dramatic Presentation" and all that)--sometimes. And some people just tell me I'm very strange...

But anyway, now you know where all those "Easy Does It" bumper stickers come from, right? Or did you just think there were a hell of a lot of Al Kooper fans in the world?

 "Anyone who would look like the cover of a Phil Dick book can't be all right."

NOT ON FILM OR TAPE Well, you want to know what people had to say about sex and about Chris Priest in response to the last issue, right? Of course you do. That's what a lot of you wrote about. Those of you who didn't just write about Ted's reviews. So, since I have nothing to say for myself....

Darroll

Pardoe says: *Phyllis Eisenstein made a very strange remark about Chris Priest, and I can only assume she doesn't know him at all. John Brunner, certainly, has sometimes behaved in the way she describes, but surely never Chris? As well as being an excellent (and underrated) writer Chris has always been as much a fan as the rest of us, and participates in British fandom as a 'fan who happens to be a SF writer as well'. You could never call him an egotist.*

Other people wrote to defend Chris Priest--and Colin Fine even wrote to defend Joe Nicholas. But Bill Rotsler wrote about sex, so let's get on with it. I, too, haven't read *The Story of O*, except in movie & graphic novel form. I've looked for 9½ Weeks, having read an excerpt somewhere & liked it a lot, but can't find it. (Ask your friendly local librarian, Bill. Most librarians have read it and always know where it is.)

I have a question which you, as one of fandom's leading feminists, might be able to answer. I'm serious now. When does a female stop being a "girl" and become a "woman"? Reason I ask is this: Some months ago at LASFS I got into a conversation with a very militant feminist who has never been seen around there again, as far as I know. She claimed, quite vehemently, that a "girl" became a "woman" at menstruation. I agreed that biologically this was true, but it just didn't seem right to me to call a 12-year-old female a "woman." But on the other hand, where is the demarcation point?

I asked her when she thought a "boy" became a "man" and she had some idea it was about 20. I thought that rather one-sided and arbitrary. I suggested (using the menstruation bit) that a "boy" became a "man" when he was able to ejaculate...which is pretty dumb, too, considering that's what, seven? Ten?

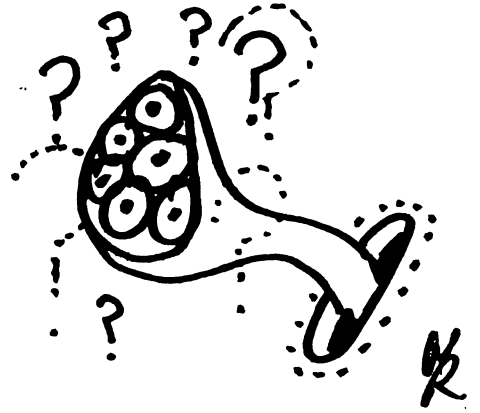
I get a little uncomfortable when I am addressed as if I were the last word on feminist theory, but this is an interesting question which has been annoying a lot of us for a long time. I can't really answer it, but it's worth discussing. Of course, you could always go by that old saw that says that "girls mature earlier than boys do" (when do boys mature, anyway?).

Personally, I don't want to be addressed or referred to as a "girl"--but my mother, who is about 64 or something, still uses "girl" to refer to herself and the women she hangs out with from the office. "The girls from the office." However, it is always "the ladies at the church" when it comes to her cronies in the choir and working on the bazaar and all that--I hate being called a "lady" even more than I hate being called a "girl."

But I feel uncomfortable with calling a female who has obviously reached puberty a "girl," too. After all, if you can be eleven years old and forced to carry a pregnancy to term after a rape, and then have the child taken away from you because you are an "unfit mother"--let's face it, in a society like this one, that's a good part of what being a woman is all about, and that sort of thing doesn't happen to males at any age.

Legally, the difference between being seen by the law as a child or an adult is different for males and females, too. Kids can get incarcerated for doing things that aren't even illegal--but females will also be incarcerated for things that males can get away with. Sexual things. Being perceived as a kid can be useful for a male who has committed a real crime, but worse for a female. The kind of crimes juvenile males get picked up for are usually crimes against people or property, and being treated as a minor can mean little or no time incarcerated--a kid will get out of juvenile hall upon reaching the 18th birthday, even if it is a crime that would have netted a 20-year sentence for an adult. But females tend to get incarcerated for consensual sexual acts, and being perceived as a kid doesn't protect females, just makes it more likely that other people will control their lives in ways that adults don't have to deal with--like getting locked up for "going too far" (which could be anything her parents say it is), or being forced to carry a pregnancy to term. The consequences of being male or female are different enough that it may not be fair--at least not in this society--to draw the defining lines between "boy" and "man" and "girl" and "woman" according to the same criteria.

Traditionally, adult responsibilities were clearly divided into two separate sex-role categories. Adult males were expected to get jobs, maybe develop "careers", and support families. Women's responsibilities were, well, just about everything else. Not just taking care of babies and housework, but all of the nurturant skills, the social arrangements, the mind-reading and car-pooling and hand-holding and sympathizing and "being nice" and thinking of others and--a lot of those responsibilities start long before a "girl" leaves the house (or even before she stops being a "girl" by anyone's definition), and merely intensify when she has her own kids (including the one she may marry or, um, mate with). Nobody actually lives that way these days, of course (well, about 7% of families fit the "traditional" Reagan-family lifestyle), but all this means is that there really isn't anything that can be defined as specifically male responsibilities anymore. There are, however, still plenty of things which are considered the responsibilities of women. Men haven't really taken them over. They may "help out", even be expected to help occasionally (although I still haven't figured out why it is called "helping" when it's your own home and family), but everyone still looks at the wife in the "ring around the collar" commercial (no one even asks that guy why he doesn't wash his neck). Some boys have paper routes when they're eight years old. Some "girls" have gotten pregnant when they were eight. Now, you tell me, Bill. Should it be the same for both? Can it be?



Mr. Rotsler is also trying to compile a list of the Greatest and Worst Pickup Lines used by men and women, and invites suggestions. Well, let's see... A guy at school once said to me, "Nice tits." I left in a hurry.

But enough about that.

Let's get to something important. Like Lee Hoffman's letter: As I recall there weren't a lot of fanzine review columns in the fmz of the early fifties. There wasn't a lot of need for them. Almost everybody in fanzine fandom read almost all the zines in fanzine fandom anyway. They sent their complaints directly to the editors, who usually printed them with retorts.

I don't recall many articles espousing higher standards for fanzine publishing either. If there had been, I'd probably have given up the idea of publishing a zine of my own. Like, I would never have believed my fanzine would have compared with the Truly Great Fanzines of the 1940's. Zines like Chanticleer and Grotesque and Le Zombie and Vampire. Nor did it seem there were many fans around in the fifties who could write like Laney or Burbee or Tucker or Warner. At least that was how it looked from where I was then. In fact some of the best fan writers of the '50's were carryovers from the 40's like Laney and Burbee and Tucker and Warner.

But the gang I knew wasn't publishing to try to put out Great Fanzines, or to Meet Standards, or to Live Up to anything. We were just entertaining and amusing ourselves and each other, and having a lot of fun.

Fandom today can never be what Sixth Fandom was. It's like that proverbial river that's never the same from one moment to the next. This is not the same world as ours and none of us are the same people who were around then. I am a great believer in History, in enjoying it and learning from it, and trying to develop a continuity with what has been good in the past, but even when the past lives again in our imaginations (and our museums) it is never the Whole Past. It is always a selectively chosen piece of that past. And the Golden Age generally seems to have been the period just before the reminiscer arrived on the scene.

One could look at Sixth Fandom from a Different Point of View. Say, an Ed Wood Point of View. The gang that came to be known as Sixth Fandom ruined fandom, you know. Before they came long with their foolish fanzines--with Pogo and Steam Calliopes and a lot of idiocy like that--fandom was a Serious Matter devoted to Science-Fiction. It had Class and Dignity. And Purpose. It was promoting a Serious kind of Literature that had not received Proper Public Recognition. Then these "juveniles" in their propellor beanies with their zap guns came along and made it look like a lot of kid stuff. Why, Max Keasler even bragged that he didn't read science fiction! They were no better than a bunch of (*shudder*) Media Fans! And certainly not welcome within the Hallowed Halls of Fandom.

You were right that the Sixth Fandom gang had a "sense of family unity". I think that was easier in those days because fandom was so much smaller. But we weren't all of fandom. It was segmented even then. There was the Ed Wood contingent mumbling and muttering and cursing our existence. But we never took them seriously. We just went on in our part of fandom doing our own thing, and leaving them to do theirs.

In any case, the past is in the eye of the beholder. The present is in the hands of those who are here today. They will make of it what they will, no matter what.

Personally, I am going to go on reading the fanzines I like and ignoring the rest. I like blatant. You put out a good fanzine. And Harlot is one of my favorites. I hope there'll be more. I hope you'll keep writing about yourself and your activities and your fields of interest, and not let the Better Fandom Builders bulldoze you.

Fun. Yeah.

Brian Smith just became the third person to ask who Philip Mazzei is. That is, if you don't count me when I originally bought the airmail stamps. No one at the post office knew who Philip Mazzei was, either. A great American Patriot no one's ever heard of, except for one obscure person who decided to put him on the stamp and not tell anyone why.

And Bruce Townley said: *If you really want to know "Ethel The Frog" is a bit by Monty Python ala "60 Minutes" but, uh, different. It's also a zine by some kid who claims me as a big influence though I'm dammed if I see it. Avoid spikes.*

Back on the folk music front, we have a letter from Anne-Laurie Logan herself. *Maybe you should have told Mr. Willis that the "Annie Laurie" t-shirt was a commercially-printed reproduction of an antique orange-crate label. On the other hand, my sister's name is Barbara Ellen, which was my mother's pick for favorite folkeballade, and it wasn't a Scots version she was thinking about. One of my brothers is named Kevin, but the parents missed the chance of achieving tripartate UK filkmusak representation by picking him a middle name other than Barrie.*

I wonder what would happen to Joe Nicholas's blood pressure if he knew that certain members of Chicago have bought, and wear proudly, t-shirts saying "Official Phyllis Eisenstein Groupie", complete with a cartoon of a tiny Phyllis running away from a pack of malefen armed with beercans and autograph books?

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QUOTE OF THE MONTH "My objection to Silverberg is that about the time he got married he decided it wasn't possible for sex to be pleasant."

-- Mark Owings, cut-rate bibliographer

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IN COLOR The other night I fell asleep wondering what the hell I was going to do with this issue. And I had a wonderous dream. I dreamed I wrote a fmz review column, and in it I wrote a scathing review of the latest issue of *Gambit*. It was a brilliant review; witty, insightful...it plunged all of East Coast Fandom into war.

When I got up in the morning, I looked through the fanzine in question, and found nothing particularly worthy of being scathed. I was dejected. It had been such a wonderful dream. I was brilliant, and I had something to write for my issue. But alas, it was not to be. There just wasn't anything that wrong with Ted's fanzine.



I cast about lamely for something else to scathe. My eyes fell (thud) upon the copy of *Tappen* sitting by the typer. But it didn't offer much in the way of possibilities. It's even got "Life With The Loonies, Part 2½." *Epsilon?* No.

Well, screw it. It's Thursday nite. I'm going to watch *Hill Street Blues* and just tube-out for a while. Maybe inspiration will strike. Like in the next dream or something. Or when the next fascinating loc floats thru the door-slot. Or the next case of Tylenol poisoning is reported (boy, am I glad I take aspirin!). Or when the next flight leaves for the 14th Street Bridge.

DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC WOKS? Through the magic of time-lapse fanography, I have gone to the movies in-between pages and now have something to write about. I saw *Night Shift* and thought it was cute, and I saw *Road Warrior* and thought it was cotton candy. And, of course, I have at last seen That Other Movie. I mean, besides *ET*, which I liked a lot and cried and laughed in all the right places, even tho some of my friends insist that this reveals the mind of a six-year-old. I maintain that I was responding like a ten-year-old, at the very least. But that's another story. Now, about That Other Movie:

I didn't like *Blade Runner*. Go ahead, say it: it's because I'm a girl. Well, I didn't like it, anyway. I tried not remembering the book--you know, just think of it as a skiffy-type futuristic detective story or something (howcome in the future it still looks like the 1940s?). Taken in that context, there wasn't really enough detective work to make it interesting. There was never enough tension in terms of finding the androids, and you already knew where they were all the time. *Columbo* re-runs are superior, and you learn more science and stuff. You can even learn about the spots for reel-changes in *Columbo*. In *Blade Runner* you learn that in the future no one remembers the word "android."

We will leave aside the scenes where I actually had to look away from the screen. We will also not bother to discuss the ramifications of all the heavy cheering that went on in the audience when Pris was killed. I mean, really.

As for the sci-fi plot--well, come on, there have been plenty of stories that discuss whether androids are or can be human enough to have emotions. You know, the racism of the future is against androids, right? We even get a slight reprise of that one in the latest Heinlein book (although Friday isn't an android, she's not even an artificial person--she's just a triumph of genetic engineering). I guess if you haven't read much skiffy, that question could be a new one on you--and if you were hoping someone would make an SF movie where something more than the action was important to the story, you get your wish. OK, at long last, for the first time in weeks, there's more than action and hardware and pretty special effects here. There's a Big Question to think about. However, it is not the first time in cinema this has happened. I fail to be thrilled.

People who liked BR keep reminding me that Phil Dick saw the screenplay before he died, and liked it. No one has told me when Phil Dick saw the screenplay and how similar what he saw was to the movie that has been seen in theatres. What I do know is that *Blade Runner* bears only the most superficial relationship to *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* Perhaps what really kept me from enjoying the movie was the fact that I can still remember the book--but I don't think so (after all, I can also remember--having read it at least once a year since 1967--*To Kill a Mockingbird*. And I still like the movie. Yeah, it's different from the book, but I figured out that movies are a different medium than novels, and you just have to expect that. It's my favorite book, I think--but I still like the movie).

Both the book and the movie are about a future in which real animals are fairly rare, and there are androids, and there are guys who have jobs tracking the androids down. You can tell an android because androids don't have empathy, or sympathy, depending on your dictionary. The protagonist is a cop who is pretty first-class at figuring out who is an android and who isn't--and getting rid of the ones that are. And there are these five androids, four of whom are On The Loose while the other is trying to chum up to Our Hero. And there is maybe something special about these androids--maybe the Nexus 6 model android is not distinguishable from Real People--because they can pass the empathy test.

In *Blade Runner* the Big Question is answered pretty quickly--we know almost as soon as we see them that the androids--er, "replicants"--are different only in that they seem to be pretty healthy until their unusually

short life-spans bring them down. They have all the requisite human emotions (and that reminds me--if they do have all of the requisite human emotions, how does the cop figure out that Rachel is an android?), they are as human as you or I--for four years. Except for Rachel, of course, who doesn't have a built-in time limit like the others do, and thus can escape happily ever after with the cop.

Phil Dick didn't make it that easy. He didn't make it that straightforward, either, and *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep* drags you through plenty of those hallmark Dickian moments of unreality and uncertainty before hitting you with the kicker--those androids don't empathize, they aren't human. And how very like Phil Dick, to write a book where it walks like a duck, it talks like a duck, and it swims like a duck--but it ain't a duck.

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REAL TIME I still have the same old address (except for the new zip code), but I have a new phone number ((202) 966-0409) and some new roommates. The roommates have two birds and some other mighty strange habits. One of the things they do is clean desks. If I leave something half-finished on the desk, I might come back and find it has been cleaned up. Aliens.

Living with normal people has had a weird effect on me. I'm not just talking about getting up in the morning--I mean the real morning, like 8:00--and going to bed at midnite. I mean like solid, deep-down in the heart, True Bathroom Fear. Roommates is a concept I have tried for years to avoid dealing with, and now I know why. Roommates always turn out to be The Other People. It keeps me from getting anything done.

So it has not taken my usual three or four days (max) to finish a copy of *Blatant*. It has taken me a month to get to page seven. I find this disquieting. However, more locs have arrived, so let's go thru my mail some more.

It was really rather clever of you, I thought, says Leigh Edmonds, to say all those interesting things about the fannish revival that Uncle Ted has had a major part in and then to go and print a fanzine review column by him as well. Actually both the items were more than mildly interesting; in the first one you pointed up something uncomfortable which has been lurking in the back of my mind for some time, but which I've not really been able to put into words. I wonder if, now that Pong has demised, the focus of fandom will change again, the little contact that I've had with Falls Church fandom and Seattle fandom has given me the impression that the latter is much more concerned with the fannish present than its transcontinental ally.

You must ask Phyllis Eisenstein, for me, if an average of 23 people turn up to a pro panel, how many people turn up to a fan panel? Perhaps it's more, some of the audience looking forward to the opportunity to heckle their friends.

Meanwhile, we are seeing an increase in the number of locs written on word-processors and coming in on computer paper. No points, folks. Even for you, Neil Rest. Fortunately, Harry Warner still has a real typer:

So the rural free delivery mailbox has replaced wild Indians as the most typical image of the United States which people in the United Kingdom acquire. I wonder how this has happened? I don't remember many movies in which mail receptacles with red flags play major roles. Can it be that the Soviets are subtly indoctrinating other English-speaking nations with propaganda to the effect that Americans spend all their money on mailboxes, instead of giving it to the down-trodden proletariat? Or maybe it's those Peanuts made-for-tv cartoons that have caused the illusion, if they are repeated on UK television as often as they are

shown here. I seem to remember such a mail container playing a prominent part in several of them. My own mail container outside the front door is impossibly small and can cope only with letters and the thinnest, thrice-folded fanzines. The mailman who served Summit Avenue for years and years was always scrupulous about putting anything larger inside the storm door. But he got transferred to another route early this year and now I'm getting dirty fanzines because the new one just dumps anything too big for the mailbox onto the doorstep.

I think you should spend some of your filthy capitalist dollars on a new postbox, Harry, that's what I think. Live a little, you know? And thanx, too, for your concern about my health. I'm feeling much better except for mornings, which I didn't used to have to live thru. I don't believe in mornings, actually...

George Flynn (you caught me, George) has an answer (already!) for Leigh Edmonds (Oh, why I'm I so disorganized?): *Sounds about right that "the average number of people in the audience for any pro panel...is just about 23."* Fan panels, on the other hand, are apt to outnumber the audience (at least, the one I was once on did).

Brian Earl Brown wants to know: Blatant 11 is at hand. Has Ted got his copy yet? He was rather put out about not getting it in Gambit. Oh, Damn, I did mean to send Ted a loc about that. Listen, I didn't want to think about B11 at Unicon. My back bothered me for days after I ran the damn thing off, and to add injury to injury, I was depressed about the strange paper and the crummy toner and the fact that you could barely read it and... I mean, if Ted had to wait a little for his copy, so what? How often does a fanzine come out when you want it to? And that stonedout Jeff Schalles--listen, Jeff old boy, you know as well as I do that I have usually collated my own zines with no help (and no requests for help, either). As much as I hate it. You let someone else do it, the pages are upside down, there are a hundred copies with pages missing, all that stuff. I do it myself so I can be mad at myself when things screw up.

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REPEAT AFTER ME "There is nothing wrong with Fancestor Worship, there is nothing wrong with Fancestor Worship, there is nothing..." Several folks wrote to me and congratulated me on putting down "Sixth Fandom Fandom" (as BEB calls it) in the last issue. Most of them missed what I hoped would be a more obvious point. It is not necessary to ignore the greats of the past. It is necessary to give encouragement and egoboo to the people who are doing good things now. Far too

often lately, Fancestor Worship has been done at the expense of fans who are currently practicing the fine art of fanac. The result has been that, rather than coming to appreciate the works of Those Old Pharts, a lot of modern fans are being pretty defensive about them and doing what a lot of people do when they feel they are in an atmosphere where the past has become more important than the present--they resent it and anything connected with it. And that's really too bad, because those

WELL, IF YOU'RE A
FANNISH INSURGENT,
WHERE'S THE FANNISH
ESTABLISHMENT YOU'RE
INSURGING AGAINST?



Old Pharts really are worth reading--but then, so are a lot of these new young jerks. Maybe I should say "us" new young jerks (after all, Ted White thinks the only reason I say these things is because I want more egoboo. Ted is wrong. I say other things when I want more egoboo. Babbling about fandom like this never wins egoboo. It just makes people tired and cranky, and no matter what you say, someone is bound to take offense. If you want egoboo, you talk about--nevermind, I don't want to give away any secrets.). What I mean to say is--well, I have fun reading things like *Warhoon 28* and a lot of other old stuff. I don't have fun reading things that tell me that I have to read *Warhoon 28* and a lot of other stuff. I like Walt Willis. I don't like being compared negatively to Walt Willis. I think that, although it might be flattering, I would probably be uncomfortable being compared positively to Walt Willis. Is that clear enough?

THE LEAVES THAT ARE GREEN TURN TO BROWN No, no, not rich brown. I mean, it's been nearly a month since the last page, the leaves have changed, the trees are shedding, it's almost Xmas and here I am still working on my September issue. Christ.

Well, anyway, it gives me a chance to tell you about Ted White in a dress. I've always wanted to see Ted White in a dress, but now that I have I think it's an idea that was better left to the imagination. Perhaps this is because Ted buys his dresses at Goodwill or someplace. And with a very tacky green dress and no eyebrows, Ted really was quite a sight at Dan & Lynn's fabulous Halloween gala. Steve Brown had a better dress but actually managed to look worse than Ted. Lynn looked just like Hal Linden as Barney Miller. Dan had on a fake nose, a fake bald spot, and a pillow and looked ~~just like he did before he lost weight~~ quite awful, actually. Charles Sheffield wore a strapless gown, but didn't bother to shave. Ted seemed to be doing a drunk housewife routine, alternating shy smiles with four bloody mary's. I sat down in my annual dress to watch the Tylenol capsules and used tampon get red paint all over the chairs while Ted did another demonstration of how tactless he can be, which I decided to chalk up to the bloody mary's although I know perfectly well he doesn't need a drink to do it.

Then I came back and lost the mail. I don't understand this. Ok, I do, they painted the place and moved the furniture around and now I can't find anything. I feel like a ping-pong ball anyway, and between the 14 or 15 places where the mail could be--well, sorry folks, but somewhere between Kensington and Key Bridge there are numerous fanzines, locs, and god knows what else, and I can't find them. So much for the WAHFs. In theory, by the end of the year I'll have had an opportunity to become organized--but I always think that sort of thing, you know, and it never happens. I haven't even managed to get my stencils and my corflu into the same house. And my mailing list--oh, god help us all, rich brown offered to do my mailing list for me but I'm so disorganized that I haven't even got to the point where I can have him do it for me. I mean, it's a mess around here, folks. And there's plants on the stereo and coatracks in front of the TV and boxes and wax fruit (argh!) on the bed and...Look, you don't want to hear my troubles, right? Right, I'll be OK, as soon as the semester's over and we get rid of the roommates and their birds and I figure out how to get my wardrobe into the house I sleep in and--oh, life is so, so complex! Wail....!

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NOT FANZINE REVIEWS *Wing Window* has just arrived from John D. Berry. I like *Wing Window* because it is small, friendly, and comes at regular intervals. It all makes sense to me, somehow. I happen to enjoy a good small, friendly fanzine, which is why I hope Patrick and Teresa mean it when they say they will be getting their latest effort, *Izzard*, out regularly as a successor to Ted and Dan's late lamented *Pong*. Another small friendly fanzine arrived yesterday from

Simon Ounsley, but I can't remember the title and it's in the bedroom, which is eight miles from here so I can't just run over and check. This has been this week's Small Friendly Report.

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IMPORTANT MATERIAL This is where the art credits are, folks: Cover Logo is by the wonderful Mr. Rob Hansen. The illo on page three, in case you don't recognize his style by now, you ignorant fool, is by William Rotsler. That's an ATom on page five, and a Gilliland on page eight.

If you did not see your name misspelled in this issue, remember, *Blatant*, the fanzine that polishes its polish, turns up like a bad penny about three times a year and there's always the exciting spring issue to look forward to. At this rate, of course, it might be out by July, but you know how it is. It's really the winter issue, anyway, but I might be graduating any minute now and you know how that is. No, come to think of it, you might not. Well, take my word for it, you just can't expect much under the circumstances.

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NEWS FLASH Sugar Ray Leonard is a hero, I don't care what anyone says.

* * * * *

DA)

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