



BLATANT 16 is published by Avedon Carol at 144 Plashet Grove, East Ham, London E6 1AB ENGLAND (01-552-4405), home of the Arthur Thomson Appreciation Society and Chuch Harris Fan Club International, in the Summer of 1987, because I feel like it. Copyright (c) by Avedon Carol 1987. All rights revert to the contributors. Silver Dagger Publication #144. That's the COA. I hope this answers all your questions.

CLUES So the physical density of the environment got to be too much, no space left even to put things away. Fanzines came in and I read them before they became lost in the swirl of paper and wool, disappearing from sight, consciousness. I wanted to write that letter, angry, stop treating yourself this way, get well, don't let yourself die, but I was overwhelmed, preferred to think myself imagining it all, never addressed the envelope to Oakland. There were so many phone calls to make, workmen giving estimates, plans to consider, new floorboards. On the tube I stayed inside the books I was reading, watching for a seat from the corners of my eyes, reading only a few pages a day, the only continuity sometimes when jobs come and go.

In February Madison was warmer than London, brighter still for Chip's easy laugh, Patrick's animation, Teresa's quickness. WisCon glowed like the first star-filled night after seasons of overcast, impossible to lose heart in the face of Andy Hooper's antics. Until Patrick turned and warned, "Expect a phone call any day now." But it was 74 degrees in Washington, easy to forget, and it had never occurred to me I'd need to pack T-shirts. I could laugh at Rob, still impressed by plane flight while I had come to fear it. If I was angry then, it was at Walden's & Dalton's blacklisting Chip's books. Still, I meant to send the letter...

The book I'm reading is fat, dense, and recalls too many moments out of greying memory. Myra MacPherson's every paragraph brings up images - Kerry's letters from Chu Lai, one containing a ribbon with "Viet (War) Nam" stitched on it. Kerry returned, withdrawn, unsure. Tic tossing his glass eye in with the collection of medals at the VVAW demo. Dennis with his back always to the wall, jumping at any sharp noise, staring into the floor and blurting, "I killed four hundred people." Always, I stop reading and look up, remembering. I stare at the white words of the title - Long Time Passing - and after awhile I see that the cover isn't solid at all.

Soon I can even make out a few of the names of the dead that pattern the Wall. And I can hear the music, again, before I realise the train has reached my stop. I can shake the cobwebs loose on the scenic walk down narrow, crowded Bow Lane and be in my work mode by the time it opens up into Cheapside. But I need a break from it - I see the announcement Luke sent me for the founding of a January Society in Minneapolis, and I open the Best of the Year to read "Lucky Strike" and "Blued Moon" again. And we can talk at Worldcon, anyway, and I won't have to leave it to a letter. We always talk, at worldcons.

But finally, the phone call comes. Somehow, the sense of urgency overtakes me at last, too late. I think, instead of a letter, I can phone. I can phone and say it, don't waste yourself, get well. Don't be dead. I fill boxes with books, plastic bags with clothing, and still think we can talk at worldcon. "Read Cirque again," Roz says, but I only hold the book in my hands, staring at the inscription. John Harvey pulls the truck up to the house and I'm awed by Gregory's strength as he single-handedly carries pieces of furniture none of us could lift alone. As items tumble out into the bare house in disarray, I realise I will be unable to find things for weeks, months. My nerves fray, plans fall apart lost between synapses, I still don't believe this shell is mine, or can be. Maybe John and Owen are stronger after all - they carry things, praise the beer, and smile when they leave. Gregory, on the other hand, has made it clear - when he took out his kvetching license, he bought a monopoly, and everyone else can give up on the idea of being able to blow off some steam. The weather has tricked us - it's warm, warmer than April ever is, and it will be May before the lack of electricity really starts to hurt. But not as much as not having a phone. And what does that matter? After all, the phone call has already come.

In memory, I stand on the hill alone in the night and look down at the tiny dark shapes filling the slit of light beside the gash in the earth that is the Wall. Some looked for the names of those they loved, I knew, but I had consciously refrained from letting the letters come together and make sense. Some of the friends who went were never heard from again, and I would rather think they just hadn't wanted to phone us upon return. All of the ones I saw were wounded, one way or another. In some it just took longer to see, I think, almost missing my stop again. In the dim light of the Royal George, Gregory says that one thing that makes British fandom better, more civilised, than American fandom, is the constant underlying knowledge here that if you get too far out of line, someone might hit you. He sits across from Owen, Pam, Rob, and me, and says that no good fanzines came out in 1986. And I think that Gregory is stronger than any three of us, and I wonder whose fist he would fear. Without a phone I walk through East Ham looking for the big red booths, hoping that one will be functioning, waiting to hear about work. The post office had two packages of books from Gary, one with the American hardcover of Geldof's book - he knew I'd want that, and I am pleased. He has sent a replacement for the copy of Women & Madness I gave away, thinking I couldn't afford to ship all my books. June's skies throw thunderstorms down one side of Bowring's offices while bright sunlight burns into the view of the Tower of London from the other wall. I see the Ace logo in the black box and begin to think maybe we won't talk at worldcon after all.

Stu had recommended Knight Life, and I shoot through that and a couple of the Avons - Wolf-Dreams is better than I expect; the next one, too, delights, the story of a pig on a quest. I think I admire Ali for what she did, hope I'll have the nerve if the time comes. I once told my doctor that if they accidentally turn off the oxygen during the operation, they should leave it off. I feel the same way about Alzheimer's. Our electrician wanders through the house, switching on lights, and at

last I can borrow Rob's copy of Count Zero, losing myself in its shiny surfaces. I can even read at night. Gibson always gives me visual images that stay past the last page, and I still see Angel slumped in front of the console as I sink into the hot bath water and reach for the shampoo. But I'm not ready to return to the war years, so I read another one of the books Farber sent, a fat one this time, about a water world fighting for its life, and can't put it down, find its vocabulary taking my own over, as if Shora is a place I know. A workman stops me on the street to enthuse because we are now safe in the bosom of Maggie, protected from the queers. From the office I dial my own number, and Rob answers. We have a phone, everything is different.

Solistice is cold and rainy, just as it was two years ago when we were married - but suddenly the clouds break apart, the sun shows through on the weeds that have all grown back since I razed them. I'd cleaned them out to see how big a job it would be, and despaired when I saw the extent of the taproots, too much for ordinary garden combat. All of the obits talk about three novels, but I remember the conversation in Miami over dinner - "I just finished writing my first novel." "Great, what's it about?" "It sounds stupid if I describe it." "Okay, describe it." "It's about how love turns a terrible monster into flowers." "You're right, it sounds pretty stupid." But it wasn't stupid at all, of course - it turns out to be one of my favourite books. I kept hoping he'd write another one, but he never did. I have a kitchen with no kitchen in it, a bedroom with only a partial ceiling, an office with partial walls, a house full of bare floorboards, and no hot water. The sunlight glares up off of the debris in the yard which has been pulled out of the house, reminding me continually of how much work there is to do yet. Instead, I play with my computer, wait for Rob to come back from town with the comics, fool around with the programs Langford has sent (the Chess program cheats), get more and more hooked on Rogue, wish that my printer was set up (but where?). I've forgotten how to program the phone, dammit. Five hours earlier in New York, Eight hours in the Bay Area, it's too early to phone anyway. Maybe I should go out and hack at the weeds, or at least prune back the roses. "Why is there only one woman nominated for an actual Hugo?" "Because it's British fandom," says Owen.

Walking from King's Cross station I can already feel my clothing sticking to me. This is a job where I can wear my "No US Intervention in Nicaragua" button. I like working for NatFed, doing something worthwhile, and thank god I can wear jeans, since all of my suits are now covered with plaster dust. We have ceilings, I discover - now all we need is walls, and we can call it a house. Radiators have appeared in most of the rooms, but of course they don't work yet. Having hot water in my own home is becoming the stuff of fantasy. I'm just beginning to think I can see an end to it, and the weather is warm, and I'm working in a place I like, and then I open the Herald Tribune and feel like I've been kicked in the stomach when I read that Lewis Powell has quit the Supremes. (Why? How could he?) Oh my god. Justice Hatch? Justice Bork? Aw Christ, this could mean no justice at all... And Jonathan King is back at Oral Roberts University on the re-runs, holding up a doll that sings "Onward Christian Soldiers," remarking on the mysterious ways in which De Lawd works. And an up-date, too - Tammy's plastic face, Oral's tower being hit by lightning, and Huey Lewis campaigning for president. Still, the kitchen has walls now, and I can see sunlight on the surrounding rooftops and Lenny Henry on the box. Hey, I wonder if we'll have summer this year. That would be nice. I could really get into summer. It's just - well, they tell me you really aren't going to be at worldcon, ever again, and I just wish I could tell you how much I miss you.

Martin Easterbrook is the unsung hero who produces the most regular and widely-circulated fanzine in British fandom. He does this by eliminating most of the real drudge jobs involved in producing a fanzine - collating, stapling and mailing. SMALL MAMMAL is a two-pager (one sheet) which is passed out at each monthly London meeting (formerly known as "The One Tun" when it was held at the Tun) which now occurs at the Wellington Tavern. The following is reprinted from the SMALL MAMMAL Martin passed out around Christmas/New Year last winter.

THE SUPPERBOWL

(Being "a report of the first great fannish sporting event of 1987 - the meeting of SF and American Football.")

This year's SUPPERBOWL is a thrilling contest between the SERCON STEELERS and the FANNISH FERRETS. The STEELERS come through to the final after beating the JOHN NORMAN NITWITS and the FERRETS after beating the BECCON BEARDIES.

The STEELERS elect to kick off and Alex Stewart immediately goes right over the top. Rog Peyton catches and gains a quick 20 yards, pauses and holds an auction to gain the next 20.

Pickersgill comes on as fannish quarterback and arranges his offensive line. The umpire rules that it is too offensive and asks him to use players from his team instead. Pickersgill takes the ball from the snap, writes the perfect fanzine on it and passes it to Alan Dorey who proofreads it and completely baffles the defence for a touchdune.

The STEELERS receive the kickoff and their quarterback, Brian Aldiss, goes right over the heads of the FANNISH defence and finds receiver Malcolm Edwards. FANNISH coach, Peter Weston, sends out his Hitcherfan defensive forwards and orders them to blitz the quarterback. On the play the Hitcherfans point out that they don't do that kind of thing, they just have a bad reputation, and the STEELERS gain more yards.

Next Aldiss tries a fake to Bob Shaw but is intercepted by the fake Bob Shaw. The STEELERS defensive team comes on and Pickersgill tries to sell them a dummy but Linda comes on and insists that she's not parting with her inflatable Godzilla. Instead the Brum group send on a surprise player who streaks past Rob Holdstock easily outstripping him and finally flashing into the end zone.

Half time and the teams are level (with the exception of D West, who appears to be leaning a bit to one side). A disappointing result for the FANNISH team who had hoped that their powerful forward line of Chris Cooper, Dermot Dobson and Brian Burgess would be decisive but McAlpines were unable to finish constructing their football armor in time. However, in the second half Dermot sets up a surprise play using Gertie the radio controlled goose (the STEELERS are particularly surprised by the success of this because there isn't any water on the pitch).

The STEELERS suffer a further upset when receiving the next FANNISH kickoff. The catcher mysteriously disappeared in a puff of smoke after intercepting the ballistic object sent in their direction by Hugh Mascetti. Play is restarted after the umpires insist on the use of a football.

The STEELERS regain the initiative with a touchdown by Anne McAffrey after a 'flaming' drive up the centre assisted by some of her pets. A similar attempt by Harry Harrison using a stainless steel rat is halted by a defender making an offer for the film rights.

The FANNISH offense seems to have problems getting through the STEELERS in depth defence, which is modelled on the prose style of BATTLEFIELD EARTH. The STEELERS also have their problems. They set up a long and entertaining attacking drive but it is immediately cancelled by Michael Grade. Finally the FERRETS break the deadlock using a deception play, disguising Martin Hoare as the ball.

The STEELERS respond powerfully and are aided by a 10 yard penalty against the FANNISH 'Small Mammal' player for illegally grabbing at clichés. Following this the judo black belt R.L. Fanthorpe crosses the score line but the touchdown is disallowed for the reason that the STEELERS have too many players on the field at once, when counted as authors. Despite protests that John Norman was present on the field at the time, and should have introduced an enormous negative factor into the count, the decision is upheld.

As the end of the game approaches, the STEELERS step up the pace of the game in an attempt to equalize, even going so far as to decide on plays without consulting their literary agents. However, they remain badly handicapped by the agents taking 10% of all yardage gained. As the clock ticks away the STEELERS become more desperate and Fanthorpe has to be restrained from using the Flas Gas heat ray.

As time runs out the crowd becomes absolutely and utterly mildly interested. More penalties are called. Cliver Barker is penalised for unnecessary bloodiness and the COFF award is penalised for being unnecessary. Suddenly a STEELERS player breaks through the FANNISH defensive line, shrugs off a tackle from Pickersgill, brushes aside the wit of Langford, shatters the self-confidence of Holdstock and easily eats his way through a BECCON committee meal. He scores! The game is a tie! The whole crowd rises to its feet to shower applause, money and lifetime membership of the BSFA on.....Woofie Bear!

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MORE NEW CHASTITY Like anyone with an IQ over five, I've been experiencing a certain amount of aggravation whenever listening to a large proportion of the media coverage of the new Great Plague. First, of course, we have those darlings of the New Right who smirk around about how De Lawd is punishing the sinful queers with this little bolt of lightning from on high - every such statement is guaranteed to send any working brain into overdrive with outraged reactions covering the usual obvious points (like, does god like lesbians best? Why hit faggots and not rapists? Whatever happened to Christian charity? etc.). And then there are the more moderate voices off of the same continuum, frequently found in the better newspapers or in TIME - the ones who are boring us to death with the information that we're all going back to monogamy and "a return to the old values" in a sudden realisation that the sexual revolution might have been a mistake (well, their sexual revolution, maybe).

Mostly, I've just been aggravated at the readiness of so many people to use this as one more excuse to pretend that homosexuals, for reasons which have never yet been made clear to me, are especially horrible in the eyes of nature, god, and the DoD. The idea of special quarantine camps or something for AIDS sufferers actually has

some supporters - worse, the whole game is being treated as a perfectly legitimate excuse to discriminate against gays in hiring and housing. I suppose this makes sense if you expect to have sex with all of your neighbors, employees and co-workers, but I guess I lead a sheltered existence since this lifestyle had not occurred to me. Frankly, the only thing that bothers me about working with AIDS sufferers is having to watch people I may have learned to care about die - but since this seems to happen to me even without the miracle of AIDS, I don't know what difference it makes. Having your friends die on you is pretty unpleasant no matter how you look at it. I just don't want to see society make it any worse for us all by stigmatising and ostracising people who are already looking at their last years of life and an early, unpleasant death close on the horizon.

But lately I've discovered that nearly any kind of AIDS coverage seems to make me angry. At first I thought I was just getting overloaded on it - I mean, it's a constant headline, no one seems to be able to shut up about it, you just hear about it all the time. The public education programs are still too damned coy, so it doesn't feel like they accomplish much. I hear that you can now say "the P word" even on US television, so I suppose something has come out of it all. Why, I'm told condoms have even been advertised on a few TV stations in North America - wow. So why am I so aggravated?

And then it hit me, while reading yet another four-page spread in TIME on the subject. It's that continuous tone of surprise, as if the idea that sex carried risks, responsibilities, consequences, was brand-new on the human horizon, or at least since the invention of antibiotics. These newspapers and magazines are telling me that risk-free sex is being taken away from me when I never knew I had it. Sex with no responsibilities? Sex that didn't require care, planning, energy? Who's been having this stuff? Not me, because I've been painfully aware all along that coping with the risks that come with sex is at best a tricky business that can consume enormous amounts of one's energy. And most of my friends have been taking risks and responsibilities, haven't they? They've been taking a pill, for example, which is known to be associated with stroke, heart disease, and cancer - all in order to avoid one of the possible consequences of sex. Or they've been having pieces of plastic or metal placed in their bodies which cause heavy, painful menstruation and can result in pelvic inflammatory disease or a perforated uterus. Or they've been having abortions, miscarriages, or babies. Then there's the asymptomatic VD that can cause untold damage before you start to realise you've got it, unless your partner tells you right away when he turns out to be symptomatic early on. And all those little 'vaginal infections' that men carry between women easily but hardly ever actually get themselves, and for which the cure is often worse than the disease (the specific for trichomonas being a carcinogen, of course - among other things).

This all makes it very convenient for the petty moralists, who never wanted people to actually think about sex in the first place. They liked having people always divided into the two-sides-of-the-same-coin camps in which even if they did do it they weren't supposed to think about it very much, so they could suffer lots of consequences. The invention of birth control and the legalisation of abortion put a real damper on that for a bit, because it seemed to be eliminating one of the most famous consequences - one wrong move and you get punished for at least the next 18 years, right? Well, damn that Margaret Sanger anyway! Thank god AIDS came along to make it all right again, and get some of those queers in the bargain. (No wonder so many people want to believe it was invented by the Pentagon, eh?)

And that whole philosophy works fine as long as Real Men do what Real Men gotta do, which is, principally, refuse to acknowledge the condom as a reasonable response to the problem. One of the best kept secrets of the last 20 years is that condoms are a reliable method of contraception which, when used responsibly, are as effective in preventing pregnancy as The Pill. Of course, since Real Men have such an investment in not using condoms, it might be difficult to convince them that little things like pregnancy, stroke, heart disease, cancer, pelvic inflammatory disease, or death might be worth the hassle of rolling on the latex. And thank god for that, too, because nice absolute statements like "Have fun and die!" or "Sex kills!" are nice and dramatic and make the point simply, but all of this new chastity stuff would be meaningless if people ever got the idea that it really is possible to enjoy sex while taking reasonable precautions.

Now, like I said, I don't believe anyone has to have sex under conditions which don't appeal to them, and if you want to go along with Jerry Falwell's mentality, you have a right to your loneliness and I'll defend to the death my right not to have you foist it off on me. So if the writers and editors of TIME magazine are willing to go without sex for the rest of their lives, hey, I won't complain - that's their privilege. But anyone who tries to tell me that we all have to give it up because sex suddenly got risky - well, where have they been for the last 200 years?

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GOOD PAPER Like everything else in this house, most of the fanzines we've received have gotten buried under the rest of the debris, but I have vague memories left of a few that I think are worth a mention. There was, of course, that wonderful package from Linda Blanchard and Dave Bridges with a new SCATTERSHOT along with the view of Texas through alien eyes. I particularly enjoyed Dave's explanations of learning the American language.

In April WORKINGMAN'S FRED, a group effort from P&T Nielsen Hayden & Stu Shiffman was a nice surprise, and I suppose if you're going to do a fanzine about what a fine fellow one of your friends is, it might as well be Haskell, who snaps good pictures and probably deserves the enthusiasm as much as anyone.

A bright spot on the horizon is NOVOID from Colin Hinz, who is a relatively new fan already demonstrating a far better than neo-ish understanding of fanzine production values, despite living in the wilds of Saskatoon. I get depressed when I don't see new people putting out zines, and I was delighted to get my first issue of NOVOID. And there was even a TWENTY-THIRD around here somewhere from Jimmy Robertson at one point, but damned if I know where it is now.

And of course we can't leave out that famous fanwriter Simon Whiteoak. I'm still trying to figure out if that was Glycer's typo or Moshe's (of course it's so rare that Moshe actually writes something down anymore, it's easy to automatically blame Mike), but Simon Ounsley and Owen Whiteoak have certainly done some worthwhile writing in the last year, and since Whiteoak withdrew from the Hugo nominations I might as well give him some credit. True, Owen hasn't produced anything new since he moved to London, but he's still arranging his furniture, and anyone who thinks no good fanzines came out in 1986 hasn't been paying attention.

Ounsley put out a fourth issue of STILL LIFE a few months ago that made a lot of references to giraffes. This is mostly a response to some of the flak he's taken

over the last year from Martyn Taylor, Michael Ashley, and Steve Higgins - what these people have against him, I don't know, because the criticism they've thrown at him has always lacked seriously for any logic that would explain such antipathy. Okay, so he indulged himself - I thought it was pretty damn good.

And the FILE 770s just keep on coming, too - regularly. Certainly, there are fanzines I like better - funnier fanzines, fanzines which occasionally contain things that have no real place in a newszine - but Glyer is a decent writer who usually manages to keep a sense of humor about fandom and tries to maintain a reasonable journalistic standard. Mike is actually a far better writer than those constraints always allow him to show, and there are times when I wish he'd just go back to SCIENTIFRICTION, but then, I don't think fandom would be any richer without FILE 770. At least it helps us all keep in touch.

I have to admit I don't always feel excited about fandom the way I did not that long ago, though. Malcolm Edwards recently bemoaned the fact that there was hardly anyone under 30 on his mailing list these days, whereas there used to be hardly anyone over 30. That, said Malcolm, makes it hard to think of fandom as something which is vital and lasting, and has a great deal to do with why he isn't publishing a fanzine lately. I have to agree - one Victor Gonzales does not a summer make (and you haven't exactly been tearing through the mailways lately, Victor, you loafer. Keep this up and our love affair is over). Even Tom Weber and Mike Abbot will have to turn 30 eventually, and then where will we be?

Still, there's one thing I can get really enthusiastic about these days. I've waited for more than two decades for this, too - Wonder Woman is finally good. In fact, I'd say it was the best of the mainstream comics currently being published. In contrast to certain other writers who have taken beloved characters and re-vamped them in ways which are less than true to those things we loved them for, George Perez has healed the wounds of our much-abused Amazon. With plenty of attention to detail, tender loving care and artwork that far surpasses the capabilities of Mando paper, he's re-created Diana as the woman of wonder she always should have been but never was. After 20 or 30 years of hopefully picking up a copy of WW at the 7-11 and despairing over yet another mindless misuse of this compelling idea, it is such a blessed relief to be able to really enjoy each issue and look forward to the next. And anyway, it gives me something to read while waiting for the next item from Los Bros, you know? (And it looks like it's still going to be a couple of years before Brian Bolland finishes the artwork on "The Killing Joke," too.)

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WE ALSO HEARD FROM you, but there's no way I can find your letter in this mess - things are mostly still packed and we are surrounded by disarray. So you don't even get to be WAHFed this time. Sorry. You know I appreciate hearing from you (and you also know I really don't appreciate not hearing from you), but things is complicated, see? I knew you'd understand.

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CROSSTOWN TRAFFIC Wait, wait, I see I still haven't rounded up all the various questions people repeatedly ask me. Like:

1. "Doesn't all that rain depress you?" Well, when it rains a lot, yes, it's easier for things to get me down, but my general state of mind seems to be pretty up.

2. "Aren't you glad you don't have to worry about Reagan anymore?" It's not like that. You don't trade Ronnie for Maggie, you have to suffer with both of them, which is worse. I still have at least four hours of hate for Ron and his pals every day; I just add a few more hours for Maggie and British Telecom, now.
3. "So you're really unhappy in England?" No, I just bitch about everything a lot, same as before. Which is a lot better than holding it all in and building up a spiralling depression so I can drive my associates crazy worrying about whether I'm going to either commit suicide or murder someone, don't you think?
4. "Is the house fixed up yet?" Enough to live, more or less, but not enough to show. Things improved dramatically when the work on the bedroom was finally completed. At last, I have my own office. In the finished rooms, Rob & I like to sit on various pieces of furniture together to decide whether each room is sufficiently adorable for our giant six-room (plus kitchen, bath, cellar, conservatory, etc) honeymoon suite. (All right, look, if you're planning to drop by, you're going to have to get used to the idea that we're still disgustingly mushy, even though I mock him unmercifully.)
5. "Do the British really hate Americans?" They have nothing against Canadians, Mexicans, or Central & South Americans. If you tell them you don't like Reagan, they tend to act surprised. If you tell them you do like Reagan, please don't let on you know me.
6. "Well, write if you get work." Oh, yeah, I finally got a job - nothing special, totally straight, not what I'm trained for, not enough money - but it's in a great part of town, I don't have to be there 'til 10:00 in the morning, and I get two desks and don't have to share the system with anyone else, mercifully, even if it is the dreaded evil WANG. What a relief it is to be able to take lunch! And where I work, there are actually places to get lunch, which is pretty refreshing in itself. I also work across the street from the largest post office in Britain - somehow, being a fan, this is very reassuring.
7. "Is there anything you want us to bring from the States when we come over?" Yes, plenty. Reese's peanut butter cups, The Washington Post (Saturday is preferred - I like the Drawing Board and the extra letter section a lot), The Realist, Barnes-Hind wetting solution for gas-permeable lenses, and a million other things I'll think of later. Rob was pretty disgusted when Linda and I first tried to get him to eat peanut butter cups, but now he's addicted.
8. "Is there anything we should know about England before we come over?" Yes. You should know that all Coca-Cola here is the same. New Coke never had the bad taste to show up here, it's all still the real thing, with real sugar and everything. Isn't that a relief? Anyway, I thought I should tell you, because you can't tell from the cans.
9. "What did you think of Paul Skelton's 'modest proposal' in FILE 770?" There have been times in my life when I've considered doing a fanthology - always because I could think of many good articles that had come out in the year which I thought deserved more attention than they got. Even this motivation has not yet been enough to inspire me to actually make the effort to do it. The idea of having to produce a fanthology to someone else's tastes fills me with inertia. Who's going to do it?

10. "I notice this is BLATANT #16 - I don't remember getting #15." Is that a question? Okay, okay, I plead guilty. I never finished mailing #15 out. I think there are still some around, somewhere. If you still want a copy, write and ask for it, maybe I'll find it some time.
11. "Are you getting into the great music scene over there we've all been hearing about?" You must be kidding. I listen to Nazz.
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Credits: Title art: ATom; Physical Plant: Viné Clark; Climate Control: Rob Hansen; Atmosphere: Phil Ochs & Stevie Winwood; Technical Assistants and/or hearing-impaired chorus line: Dave Langford, Pam Wells, Owen Whiteoak, Linda Pickersgill, Chuch Harris & Judith Hanna.

Availability: By editorial whim only, and I'm getting pretty stingy with my whims.

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