

Flash
Point

Volume 1, Number 1, Collector's Item, All-New, No Reprints!
Patrick Nielsen Hayden : Jumping Jesus Bar and Grill : 4712
Fremont N Seattle WA 98103 206-634-1789 : ee#191 : 5-15-81.

UNLIKELY AS IT MAY SEEM, this that you hold in your hand really is the first issue of one of those manifestly unlikely creatures, a weekly fanzine. Its continued existence is made a little more probable by my plans to keep the printrun under 60 and the out-of-town circulation at 25 people or less; this issue, in fact, is being run off in all of 40 copies and sent to a Great Big 11 non-locals, so as you can see I have at least two or three issues to go before making the obligatory hash of my plans to Keep It Simple.

Really, though, for those of you who didn't major in Fan History at dear old U of Ard-Knox: this sort of thing has been done before, sometimes very successfully, by people as wide-ranging as Dave Van Arnam (*First Draft* -- nearly 200 issues), Andy Porter (whose *Degler!*, later *SF Weekly*, later *Degler!* again, ran for some umpteen tens of weekly issues in the mid-to-late 60s), and even Seattle's own John D. Berry (*Hot Shit*, co-edited weekly with Calvin Demmon for a mad summer, and still mourned.). In other words, you may rest assured that **this** sort of thing is indeed a Fully Accredited, Pedigreed and Tested Form of Fan Activity, in case you thought one needed a historical precedent in order to be silly in a particular sort of way.

WE BOUGHT A TYPEWRITER -- and are renting a new and different one. The typer we bought -- god, the first one I've owned since living in Toronto -- is a lovely Royal manual microelite, the kind with pica-proportioned characters reduced in size to fit an Elite spacing and compressed vertical spacing, twin brother to Fred Haskell's machine. (But not Ted White's; his is a true fourteen-pitch, rare as hen's teeth.) Anyway, it's a great Find, particularly for the forty dollars we paid for it at the auction, but while it cuts a good stencil it just doesn't make it in terms of that lovely Selectric reponsiveness to which we are, ahem, accustomed, so as a general-purpose typer it's right out. Nonetheless, look for its tracks in the loccol & editorial sections of the next *Telos* -- which will no doubt invite even more comparisons to *Void* but considering the money it'll save we don't really care.

As for the new rented typewriter, it's a "Silver Reed" ersatz correcting Selectric II, dual pitch and, important to us, compatible with IBM type elements and a hell of a lot cheaper than a Selectric II to rent. We've contracted with Ti-Fa Typewriter Co. for one month's rental; in the meantime we intend to apply to the leasing company that they agent for for their special low, low rates for leasing these things to small businesses, which if we got it would work out to us paying less for this than we were paying before for the single-pitch Selectric I. We'll see. One way or another, we're probably going to keep renting this thing, even if we have to pay the full rental rate. I've been typing on it all day today, and it seems pretty sturdy (stay tuned, of course, for next issue, in which we relate how we discovered that the machine's insides are held together with masking tape and old bubble gum); mostly, I've been luxuriating in the sheer pleasure of the self-correcting capacity, a high-tech gimmick that so improves my writing speed and comfort that I wonder how people ever wrote stuff before its invention, sort of in the same way it seems to me incredible that Dickens wrote out all of his books longhand. In any case, it seems worth the cost of a couple of cheap meals out (which is about what the difference between the per-month cost of his machine and that of the Selectric I we've been renting works out to), so it appears that come the end of May we'll be hauling the trusty old single-pitch Selectric that half of Seattle fandom has borrowed at one time or another back to the nice folks at Ti-Fa, and keeping this one.

They must like us at Ti-Fa, we of little capital. Since the Spring of 1979, when we arrived in Seattle typewriterless and destitute, we've fed them over a thousand dollars in little dribbles of typewriter rental. "Why, you could have bought a couple of machines for that sort of money!" you cry, and, indeed, we could have, except that we didn't have that sort of money all in one dispensable chunk at any point along the line, and didn't want to go without a typewriter for the long period of time that it would have taken to save the money up. Still don't and still don't, for that matter. There's a whole concise little parable about capital, and Da System, and all sorts of insightful stuff like that in there, but, hey, you figure it out, and tell me, once you've figured out what we should all do to Set It Right. (Warning, though: Love Camps in the Ozarks are Right Out.)

LAST NIGHT I HAD THE STRANGEST DREAM dept.: I did, too. I dreamed that I was on Broadway on Capitol Hill, at about 3:00 in the morning, meeting Richard Bergeron so that I could give him the tickets to Australia that some anonymous rich fan had arranged to have me give him. He was there, too, looking just about the way that Ted White once described him to me as having looked in 1962: about my height (5'8") and build, short-haired, conservatively but tastefully dressed, just the tiniest bit vague and mousy but nonetheless poised and self-assured. We chatted briefly and I made a joking reference to one of his "Public Opinion" columns in a 1954 issue of Bob Petrovsky's *Mote*, at which point he winced and looked unhappy. Sensing that I'd committed quite a gaffe, I caused a bus to come (this was a dream, y'know), and we hustled down to the docks, where I bundled Bergeron on board the ferry to Bremerton, pressing into his hands at the last minute a pile of fanzines for John Bangsund... at which point I woke up.

Really. I really did dream that, I swear. Despite what Teresa said about me in the first *Zed*, I hardly ever have real live bonafide fannish dreams -- I mean, I have plenty of dreams that involve, oh, say, being with various Seattle fans, or being at parties at Jerry and Suzle's, or even dreams set at conventions I've attended or involving fans I used to know in cities I used to live in -- but those are just dreams about my life and the people in it, as opposed to the really fannish dreams where you're at a party in the Nunnery or having an acrimonious quarrel with Morojo in the Lasfs clubroom or getting plotzed at the White Horse with Vinç Clarke or similarly unlikely things having little or nothing to do with experiential reality. Teresa has that kind of dream, not me. But there you are; I seem to, as well. What did it mean? Certainly, I won't deny that I'd like to meet Richard Bergeron; hell, I've been corresponding with the man on and off for several years now, and it does occasionally seem to me spooky that I don't even really know what he looks like -- but why was I meeting him at 3 am on Broadway? (Broadway, for non-locals, is Seattle's strip of slick fern bars and expensive shops for upwardly-mobile chic young professionals.) And why Australia? Why would Richard Bergeron want to go to Australia? What fan, for that matter, could afford to give him tickets to there? For that matter, why would Bergeron, who by most accounts has enough money to be able to do things like that on his own, need the generosity of some unknown benefactor for such a trip? Was he perhaps being paid to go down under? But why would my services be required as a go-between? (We will skip, for now, such questions as how Richard Bergeron expected to get to Australia on the Seattle-Bremerton ferry. Presumable his passage was aboard a Navy cruiser docked at the Bremerton yards. After all, it makes about as much sense as any of this other stuff.)

Thinking about all this makes me wonder how many other fans have strange fannish dreams, about situations and fans well outside their normal, everyday in-person fannish existence, and shading over into the realm of Fannish Myth. Because if enough others do, it might turn out to be necessary to figure out the correspondences of fannish dream-myth to the already exhaustively studied correspondences of mundane dreaming, Jungian archetypes, etc. -- since, without such a study available, no mundane dream analyst would ever make sense of it all. ("Depending on the attitudinal context, the appearance of the Degler or 'Holy Fool' figure can indicate a wide variety of fears in the subject, ranging from unresolved traumas in the subject's neohood to fear of being voted #1 Fugghead in the *Pong* poll. Should the Degler appear in other than a contemporary setting -- in particular, should the mis-en-scene be contemporary with the historic Cosmic Claude -- then a radically different interpretation is in order, for which see Chapt. 19, Sec. 33. Deglers in conjunction with Laney or 'Trickster' archetypes, however, are symptomatic of a deeper problem involving subject's father and early duper problems...")

THE GRAPHICS COMPANY, after months of slow and stately acceleration to this particular point, seems finally poised for takeoff, as we say in the Biz. (We do?) We've got our business license. We've got our State tax number. We've got our Federal tax number. We've got our partnership agreement. We've got all sortsa classy graphic-arts supplies & equipment. We've got our (rudimentary, to be sure) portfolio. We've got our card. We got rags, we got bottles, we got bones today. We got, you pretty well damn betcha, just about everything necessary for a successful small business except for a regular clientele, and starting Just About Now we set about looking for exactly that. Stay tuned for more exciting instalments of Patrick & Teresa & Jane & Ole Meet The Business World, playing regularly in a weekly fanzine near you. In the meantime, I thought you might want a look at our spiff new calling card, just back from the printers yesterday. Keen, eh?

-- pjnh

