

# Flash Point

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FANTHOLOGY '81: I'm doing it. I know I mentioned this in Zed, but I just wanted to remind you that I'd really appreciate people bringing quality material from fanzines and apas that I don't see to my attention. Honest, we get lots of fanzines, but nobody gets everything (does anyone in Seattle get *Waste Paper*, for instance?), and there must be piles, well, small piles perhaps, of good stuff out there. Specifically, I'm in exactly zero apas these days -- a fannish first for me! -- which means I'd particularly like to hear about good writing, even good nattering or mailing comments, in the various apas all you actifans frenetically participate in. (C/Rapa, Flap, Apanage, AnZapa, Tapa, Minneapa, Applesauce ---there are members of all these among you Select Few. Ha!) Anyway, there are a lot of fanwriters out there whose output is pretty much limited to mc's and unstructured rambling, and while too much of this is a bad thing for fandom there are a few whose stuff could easily stand up in a Fanthology, particularly if presented right.

I have to admit, though, I still haven't figured out what to do about fanart, so much of which is in the form of small pieces unrelated to the text surrounding them, or customized headings & illustration for pieces which, while I might think the art of fanthology quality, I might not wish to reprint themselves. Yet pages of random spot illustrations & headings seem an unappetizing prospect. Anybody have any thoughts on this?

TELOS 4, now, for the benefit of Those Who Doubt, slowly crawls into existence. Terry Carr, who within the last two weeks sent us a funny letter on Zed and a copy of Vulcan #2 sent us another installment of "The Infinite Beanie," which did good things towards getting us going again. The "outside material", meaning stuff from R.A. MacAvoy, Avedon Carol, Jay Kinney, Loren MacGregor, and Terry Carr, is all on stencil, and all that remains is getting our editorials together, editing the lettercolumn (which includes writing an adequate response to rich brown's 11-page letter of comment), stencilling all this additional stuff on the manual micro-elite, printing 500 copies of it, collating & stapling it, sticking it in envelopes, mailing it, and falling over. While, you understand, starting a small business & publishing two other small fanzines. We may gently toast our forebrains yet. Sure beats hanging around in pool halls and suspiciously un-Modern bowling alleys, though: yow! (Almost wrote "shady miniature-golf courses" but that's another story entirely.)

WANTED: FREE XEROX Really. People around here switch temporary office jobs so often it's effectively impossible to keep track of who in the Wallingford mob has access to what in the underground guerilla office economy. Nonetheless, garlands of dandelions, mucho egoboo, eternal gratitude & perhaps even Much More to the first local who can offer to copy this thing off for free (I can even provide paper if necessary). I'm talking appr. 40 copies, one sheet, one to two sides, once a week. I know I could have gotten away with that with two hands tied behind my back and my head in a paper sack at my old job (well, perhaps the costume would have provoked comment), but I don't have that old job any more, or in fact any office job at all, which makes me, I know, unusual among Seattle fans and prompts this unorthodox plea. (Next issue: "Wanted: Free Money." Flash Point, the fanzine of calm effrontery.)

YOU'LL PARDON, I'M SURE, this truncated FP, batted out between spurts of conversation this Thursday night before leaving for V-Con. It's been a typically chaotic evening around here, with what was planned as a quiet dinner with Clifford Wind turning by the natural dynamic of the Wallingford Mob into a small party featuring Rebecca Lesses, Jerry Kaufman, Joanna Russ, Jane Hawkins, and Ole Kvern in attendance at various points. Which is all right, you know. Anyway, Teresa and I weren't going to go to the con -- you know, the usual reasons, cons are high expense & low return, who needs to pay gobs of money for the privilege of wandering around some suburban hotel full of costumed nuts -- but, well, we'd like to see Singer who's toastmaster, and Bill Gibson, and Vonda is GoH, and Vancouver is always fun to visit, and we're a little stir-crazy, so at the last minute I'm grabbing Clifford's last spare car seat while Teresa takes the bus up with Constance Maytem, and we'll be back late Monday sometime, at which point I'll probably knock out another one of these, hopefully including the few words I wanted to say about the Moral Majority rally Rebecca and I attended (as protestors, I hasten to add). ::: Jay Kinney actually sent us a PoC on the 1st issue, which is some sort of speedy response: "Far better you spend your time and money in creative channels such as this than get embroiled in China White or Persian or other less savory pursuits. More later..." China what? Are those drugs, sex, or rock and roll? I never claimed to be real Hip, like.