

TODAY IS 11 APRIL 1982 and we have a functioning mimeograph. And it's about goddamned time. Yay, &c. It's a Rex 490 (electric, Gestetner-width silk-screen) and it cost \$25 at a charity rummage sale at Seattle Center yesterday; they also threw in ten tubes of ink to sweeten the deal. Sweet deal; sweet machine. The flip side of this sheet was printed this morning to test it out and we are Well Pleased.

This side is being typed on the microelite we bought at a school district surplus sale about this time last year; what with one thing and another we haven't actually printed any stencils typed on it since bringing the typer home. Which, you know, is a mildly nervous-making circumstance since as it happens a large chunk of the stencils for Telos 5 are done up on this machine. If you can read this, that whistling sound you're hearing is our sigh of relief.

What with all this new equipment being tested it might be appropriate to patch in an e-stencil from the Rex 384 electrostencil cutter that Tom Whitmore and Debbie Notkin gave us and which Doug Faunt drove up to the last Norwescon. (They found it for some ridiculously low price at a school surplus sale in Fremont.) Unfortunately, it isn't quite working yet, mostly for want of fresh needles -- the local Rex suppliers won't sell them individually, which leaves us only the option of forking out \$35 for a box of ten. Which we will, we will ("Bet On It!"). But not now.

Given Seattle's rep as a fanpublishing center of the known universe it's odd to reflect how poorly equipped we've been for so long -- both TELOS and MAINSTREAM have largely limped into existence on the yeoman but awful Specific Northwest Press, an unhandcrankable AB Dick closed-drum machine with its motor stuck permanently on the FTL speed notch. The addition of Bob Doyle's Gestetner has helped a bit, but it's got its problems too -- the big choice in motor speeds of Too Slow or Too Fast, the obligatory screwed-up ink-distribution, etc. Still, it does handle black areas of more than one square centimeter, which is an improvement on the AB Dick. Still...

And of course e-stencils have been an ongoing problem. Since Teresa quit her job at the law school we've had to rely on our back files & the spare time of Fine People in Faraway Places like Jon Singer. For which, of course, grovelling gratitude.

Any-way, all things considered we hard-bitten Seattle fanzine fans think we're living testimony to how much can be accomplished by the naked will to Pub One's Ish. So don't tell us about your problems. Why, we can remember when we were youngfan and thought nothing of boiling down our old nail clippings for extra hecto jelly! When we had to get out fifty-page genzines every other week using nothing but beet juice and potato-block stamps! When we would have paid for the privilege of being allowed to think about using expensive luxury duplicating equipment like manual typewriters and malfunctioning ditto machines! You young whippersnappers out there don't know nothing. Creeb, grotch, fall face down in beer. Humph.

WELL, OF COURSE NOW all that is well past us and Great Days are close at hand, here in the modern, sophisticated, industrial New Era. Coming soon from the throbbing high-tech engines of Seattle fanzine fandom: Lots Of Stuff. (Watch for it.) TELOS 5 really is by god no shit you bet Almost Finished and awaits only the delivery of a load of paper to print it on. Additionally, Teresa and I have a fairly elaborate FAPazine in the works, with outside articles, long mailing comments, ink, paper, words, and all that other ambitious first-FAPazine stuff. Doubtless we shall be reduced to desperate annual minac in double-spaced 10-pitch in less time than we care to think about but what the hell, Meyer, use your enthusiasm while it's there. We'll be running a fair number of extra copies for waitlisters & friends and if you got this you'll certainly get it -- part of the appeal, for us, of doing it is the idea of having a zine whose distribution (outside of FAPA) is completely geared to pure ineffable editorial whim. Finally, in a record-breaking marathon of recreational typing last week I appear to have stencilled all 66 pages of my FANTHOLOGY 1981, so look for announcements of that volume's availability any numbered fandom now.

And, of course, there's also MAINSTREAM 7, being printed even as I type, and a new issue of John D. Berry's WING WINDOW, and even a few Other Projects whose nature must, for the moment, remain undisclosed. Wow, fancy hints with big words and everything. Sense Of Wonder. Coming next issue: Revealed Truth.

FLASH POINT number 5 comes to you from Patrick Nielsen Hayden at 4714 36th Ave NE, Seattle WA 98105 206-527-2810 and features as its B-side the last 57 lines of "Canto 81" from Ezra Pound's Pisan Cantos, otherwise known as the mimeo test sheet for our new Rex. Well, guy man, it was easier to type than a bunch of prose for chrissakes. Very literate erratum: Comma missing from last word, last line; original ends "all in the diffidence that faltered,". "Carneval", in line 5, however, is correct. WAHF on our last issue: Golden Brainard, Terry Carr, Bill Gibson, Tilda Palmer, and Harry Warner Jr. This fanzine available, but not very. Next issue: yes. ee#199.



Ed ascoltando al leggier mormorio  
 there came new subtlety of eyes into my tent,  
 whether of spirit or hypostasis  
 but what the blindfold hides  
 or at carneval

nor any pair showed anger  
 Saw but the eyes and stance between the eyes,  
 colour, diastasis,  
 careless or unaware it had not the  
 whole tent's room  
 nor was place for the full image,  
 interpass, penetrate  
 casting but shade beyond the other lights

sky's clear  
 night's sea  
 green of the mountain pool  
 shone from the unmasked eyes in half-mask's space.

What thou lovest well remains,  
 the rest is dross  
 What thou lovest well shall not be reft from thee  
 What thou lovest well is thy true heritage  
 Whose world, or mine or theirs  
 or is it of none?  
 First came the seen, then thus the palpable  
 Elysium, though it were in the halls of hell,  
 What thou lovest well is thy true heritage

The ant's a centaur in his dragon world.  
 Pull down thy vanity, it is not man  
 Made courage, or made order, or made grace  
 Pull down thy vanity, I say pull down.  
 Learn of the green world what can be thy place  
 In scaled invention or true artistry,  
 Pull down thy vanity,  
 Paquin pull down!  
 The green casque has outdone your elegance.

"Master thyself, then others shall thee beare"  
 Pull down thy vanity  
 Thou art a beaten dog beneath the hail,  
 A swollen magpie in a fitful sun,  
 Half black half white  
 Nor knowst'ou wing from tail  
 Pull down thy vanity  
 How mean thy hates  
 Fostered in falsity  
 Pull down thy vanity  
 Rathe to destroy, niggard in charity  
 Pull down thy vanity,  
 I say pull down.

But to have done instead of not doing  
 this is not vanity  
 To have, with decency, knocked  
 That a Blunt should open  
 To have gathered from the air a live tradition  
 or from a fine old eye the unconquered flame  
 This is not vanity.  
 Here error is all in the not done,  
 all in the diffidence that faltered