

Sci-Fi PEOPLE WEEKLY

in this issue

SUBGCON?

ALIENS BUY FARM

Editors Killed!

NEPOTISM IN

FANDOM

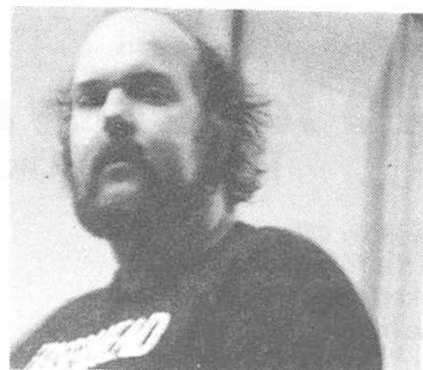
Ayatollah Danielson

CONTROLLED by

ALIENS!!

John Bartelt
MPLS Superfan
Can he save you?
Should he bother!

ALIENS on cover
SELLS magazines



BECKER NAMED
NEW EDITOR



Reed Waller's OMAHA

One Pussy you won't see on TV!

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— and I'm
always
right.**

"Bob"
Campaign Speech, 1951
The SubGenius Foundation
Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214

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Realized by John Bartelt, Garth Danielson, Karen Trego, David Stever, and Joe Wesson, from an original idea by John Bartelt, based on Phoenix Prime by Ted White, as told to Otis Adelbert Kline.

Cover photo by John Bartelt.
Photo drudge-Karen Trego

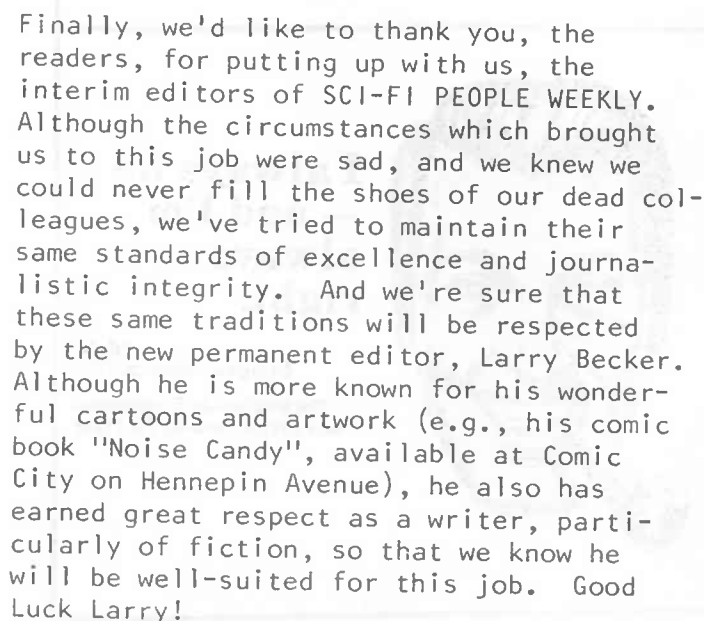


Sci-Fi PEOPLE WEEKLY UNVEILS
NEW RETAIL BOXES
Publisher Volman Sotkey, Garth
Danielson, New Editor Larry Becker,
Joe Wesson, John Bartelt, and
David Stever as the Beaver.

SATIRE SATIRE SATIRE SATIRE SATIRE SATIRE SATIRE SATIRE SATIRE SATIRE
SATIRE SATIRE SATIRE SATIRE JUST IN CASE YOU COULDN'T TELL SATIRE SATIRE SATIRE SATIR

In what is probably a related development, it was reported soon after the news of Arkoff's kidnapping became public that Dino De Laurentis had hired a small army of bodyguards. In what may be another kidnapping, David Stever stated that he has not yet received any ransom demands for the remains of Great Aunt Gertrude. Gertrude's ashes, you may recall, recently disappeared from Stever's house during a burglary. Anyone with information regarding their whereabouts should call the 24-hour Great Aunt Gertrude hotline, 612-292-9470.

And since no one has yet made a single contribution to the "Buy Joe Wesson a Panama Hat Fund", you can use that same number to phone in your pledge.

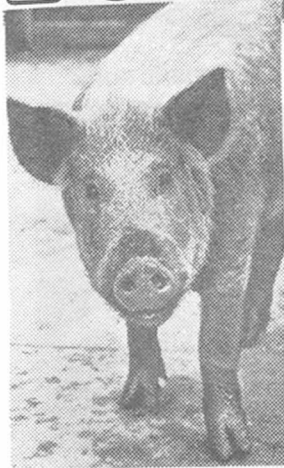
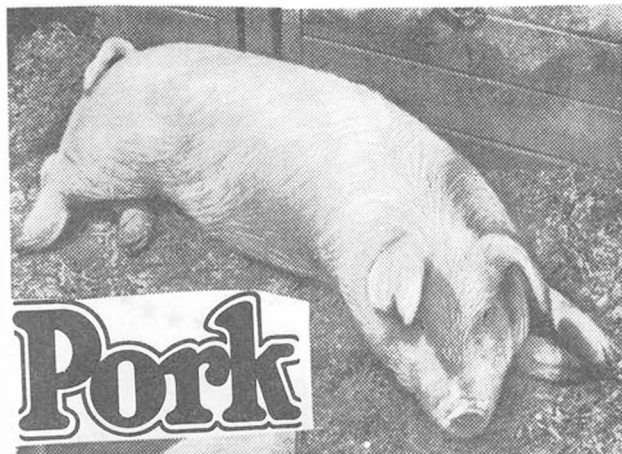


LES NESMAN'S



PORK FACTS

"The biggest man gets the biggest pork chop."
In Leutonia, that's the law.



SPARK PLUGS

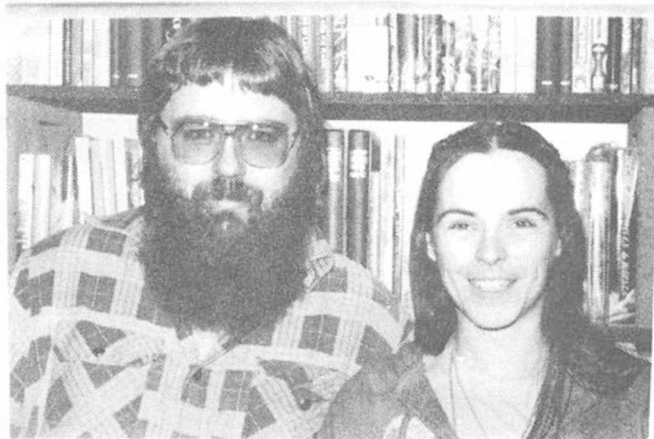
Minnesota Twins.



Steve and Reen Brust (not pictured) have new babies at their house. Pictured here are Aliera Jean and Carolyn Rozsa Brust, being held by Corwin Brust. The Brusts are big Zelazny fans.

New Lafferty Book.

Corroboree Press is pleased to announce their first book, a collection of 16 R.A. Lafferty stories entitled Golden Gate and Other Stories. The \$20 book has 16 stories (six never before published) spanning twenty three years of Lafferty writing, as well as 4 full color plates and 6 b & w plates. Available soon from 2729 Bloomington Ave. S Minneapolis Minnesota 55407.



Mitch and Rhip Thornhill of Corroboree Press

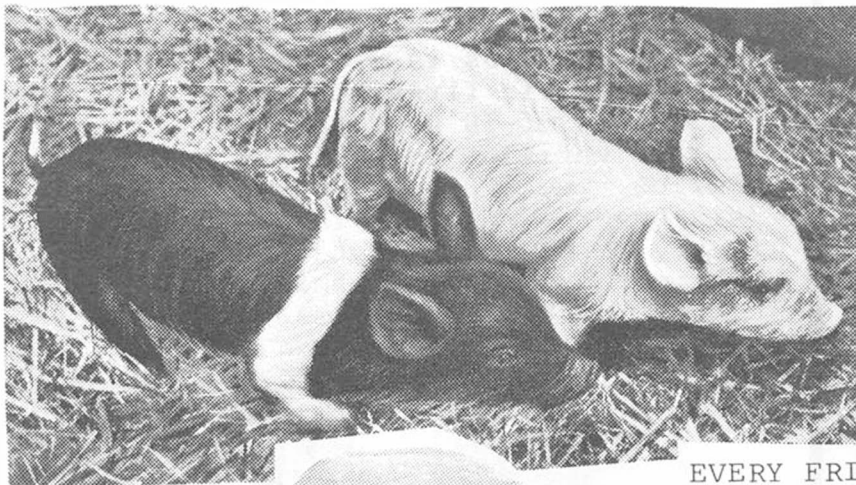


KILL BUNNY KILL finally released in the usa

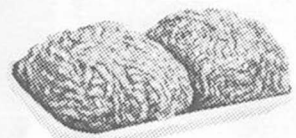
After nearly fifteen years the legendary 1966 film by Canadian imaginary film director Ed Bazooka is being released in the USA. One of the earliest drug movies, KILL BUNNY KILL, Bazooka's third film stars Toronto actors Jack Green and Colin Young. Centering around Toronto's famed Young Street, the film follows the day to day existence of two young drug addicts. Set for spring 1983 release is the sequel TERROR TERROR TERROR.

Pictured here is a still from the famous "Bunny smoking a joint and hallucinating small monsters, with optional bear" scene.

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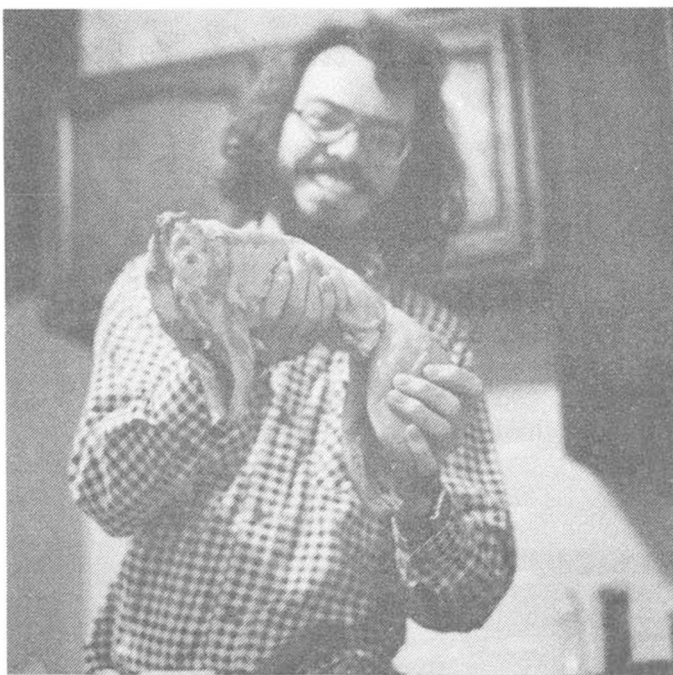
HAM STEAKS

BULK SAUSAGE MEAT

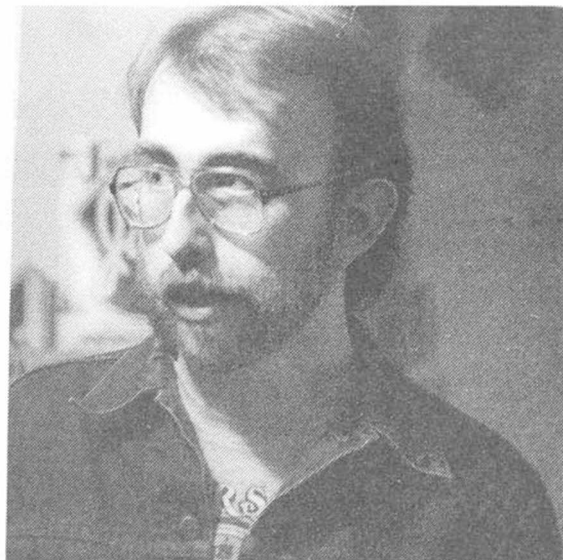




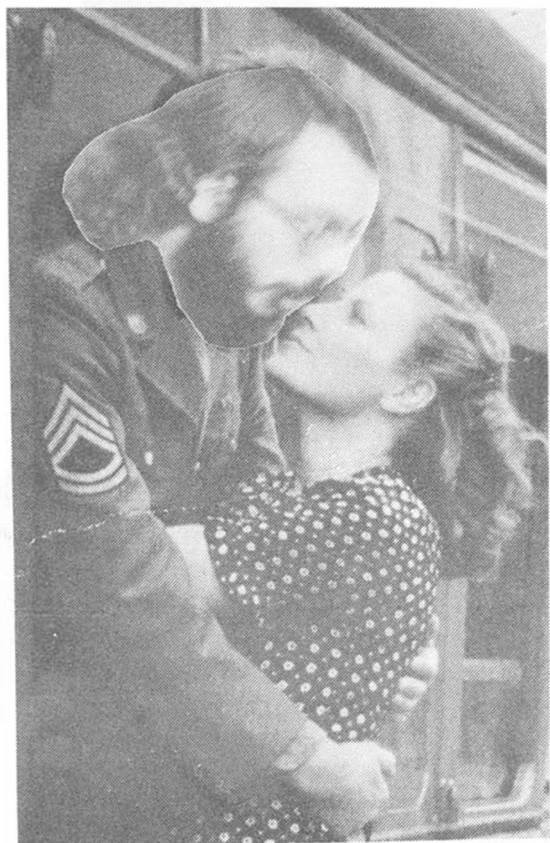
Jeanne Gomoll at Chicon- she's reversed the fan-nish trend by losing 70 pounds in the last year.



Author John Bartelt testing another recipe for his next book, 101 More Cat Recipes.



David Stever: "Who wants to take over Rune...?"



John Bartelt and Lisa Eichhorn - Star crossed lovers on the Range.



Joe Wesson after meeting Ted White- "Why did he say that?"

OMAHA: Not just another trendy Pussy

JOHN BARTELT

There's one best-selling cartoon-cat you won't be seeing on television soon: Omaha, the Cat Dancer. Reed Waller's libidinous creation is probably too risqué even for cable TV. But the X-rated comic book devoted to her, "Bizarre Sex #9", was one of the best-selling underground comics of 1981, and at least two more appearances are planned by Kitchen Sink Enterprises, the publisher.

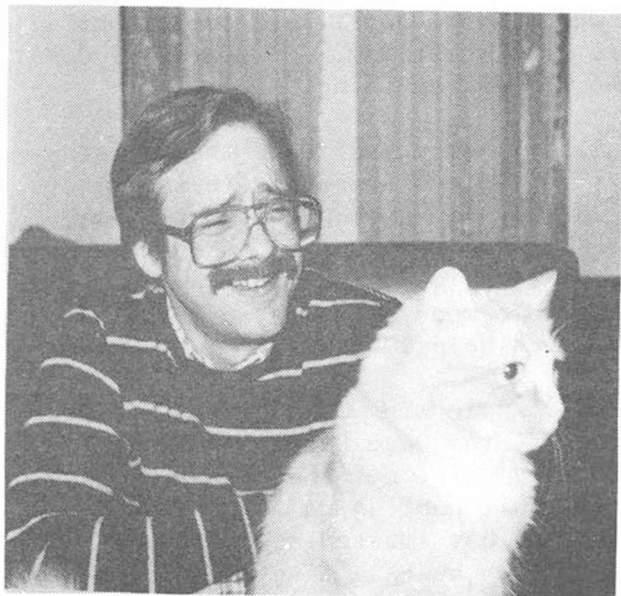


Of course, Waller has been known for years for his funny-animal cartoons (he is co-founder of Vootie, the funny-animal apa); but how did the sexy, raunchy Omaha come about? Waller explained that he had become very upset about Rosalie Butler's decency campaign in St. Paul a few years ago.

Some of his friends were directly affected; so he started a roman-a-clef for Vootie. This local political commentary went on for several installments, until it had developed a life of its own. He decided he wanted to start over, to rework the whole story—and get paid for it, if possible.

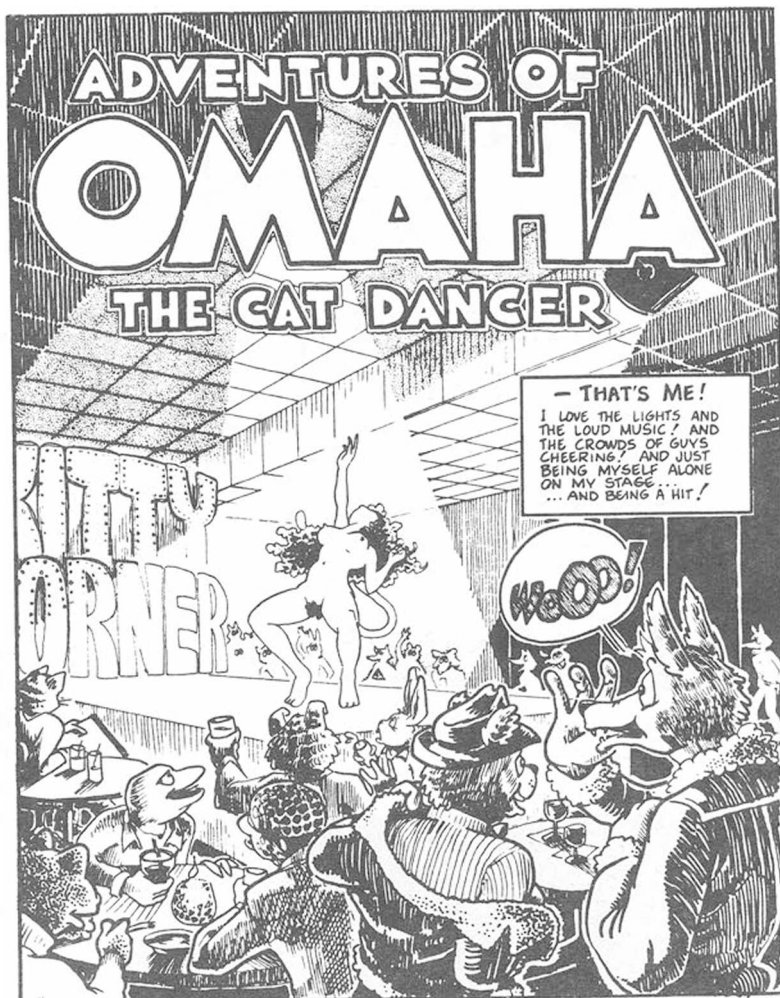
So he wrote to Dennis Kitchen of Kitchen Sink Comix in Princeton, Wisconsin. It turned out that Kitchen had been planning to get in touch with Waller, but hadn't gotten around to it yet. The problem, Kitchen said, was that a solo book by a new artist with a new character was "right out". But, he said, there was no reason a whole issue of "Bizzare Sex" couldn't be devoted to an Omaha story. Graphic Funny-Animal Sex apparently fit under the heading of "Bizarre".

"Susan (Ryan, now his wife) and I spent several days solid, brainstorming," Waller said, working on ideas and revisions for the book. He ended up with a crazy quilt of old pages, which eventually constituted about half of the story as published. The other half was new, and all of it was redrawn. It was finished early in the spring of 1981, and published in September.

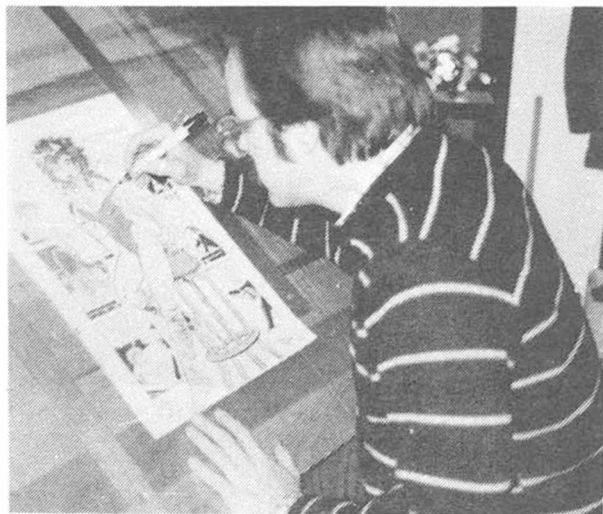


Then on December 24th, Waller and Ryan eloped to Brookings, South Dakota, "In a station wagon with no brakes." She now works temporary, as a word processor; he works for Control Data Corporation as a "Wang Manipulator", as he puts it, also word processing. They live with two cats, Shirley and Charlie, and assorted plants in an apartment in south Minneapolis.

Waller has finished another five page Omaha story several months ago, which will appear in the much-delayed "Bizzare Sex #10". He's currently working on another full book, to be published as



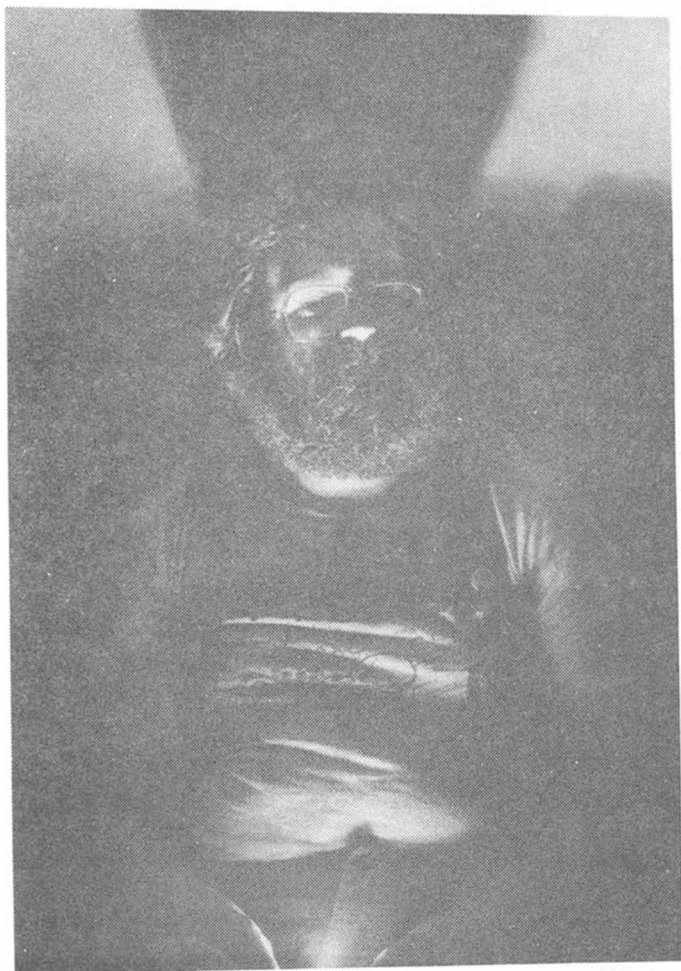
"Omaha #2". Of course, Waller isn't the only local Vootie alumnus to recently have his work published: Larry Becker has had "Noise Candy" published locally, and Ray Allard has put out a book of his own drawings. But Waller is the only one to have national distribution and to have attracted national attention. So who knows? If "Omaha #2" is successful enough, maybe Omaha will follow Fritz into media-stardom.



GARTH DANIELSON

Zen Office Worker or Modern-Day Hugo Gernsback?

John Bartelt



Garth Edmond Danielson

Hugo Gernsback was known for his cheap, flashy pulp magazines. Those magazines were wiped out, first by the World War 2 paper shortages, and then their revival was aborted by television. But Garth Edmond Danielson, the raconteur and boy-genius businessman behind Boowatt Industries (recently reorganized as the AAA-Aardvark Church of Sales), has tried to bring them back. Several issues of Nick Boxtop Mystery Magazine have been published, plus a Nick Boxtop novel. Two other magazines, Mack Meston, Space Detective and Crazy, Weird Sci-Fi Stories have been on the back burner for a long time. Now rumors are flying about a big movie deal involving his semi-autobiographical story "Mouse Death".

"I want stories with a lot of gratuitous sex and violence," the rotund publisher has said. "Hell, most of these writers can't write worth shit, and I have to attract readers with something. Of course, I don't pay the writers anything."

The pulps of yesteryear were the training grounds for some of today's finest writers. Asked whether he was hoping to cultivate similar talents, he replied, "No, I just want to sell as many magazines as possible and make some money. Having a naked woman on the cover helps."

But other people who worry about this sort of thing say the Hugo Gernsback image is wrong. They point out that Danielson has virtually quit publishing to write novels (to date, he has started approximately 27 novels, though he hasn't yet completed any). These "disciples" hold to the old vision of Danielson as the "Zen Warehouse Worker", though updated now to "Zen Office Worker", since he went to work in the Office Services Department of the Donaldson Corporation. "Naturally Zen" is the phrase most often used to describe him. When Danielson was asked what he thought of that, he said, "Some people are nuts." While that might discourage some devotees, Danielson's followers just cite this as further proof of his zenity.

So where does the truth lie? Perhaps the most accurate picture of Danielson is that of a "Zen Raconteur"—who has trouble starting the second chapter.

ALIENS BUY FARM

MAX WEBSTER

Now! Right now an old man and his donkey are living on a farm in southern Minnesota that was paid for with alien gold from outer space. Incredible but true.

Sci fi People Weekly interviewed Clyde Brayton on his 2000 acre farm near New Richland, a small town about 80 miles south of Minneapolis. It was here, on the farm that Mr. Brayton, Clyde to his friend, shares with his donkey Doris, that Mr. Brayton told us of his son, his son's encounter with aliens through his alien detection system, his son's departure from the earth and subsequent, fortuitous wealthy return.



Doris and Clyde Brayton

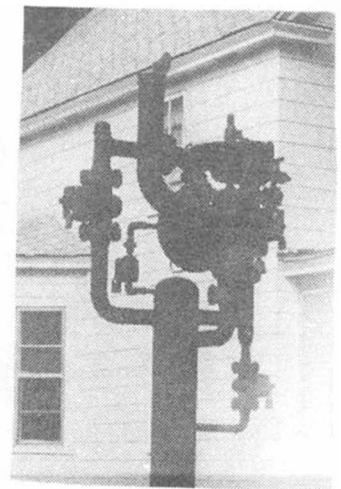
"Pete (Peter John Franks) was always a pretty well liked lad. He was a pretty popular lad with the girls, always getting them into some sort of trouble or another, but they weren't very nice girls so I didn't pay it too much mind."

"He had gone to the University to get his phd but before he was finished he was off to the east coast to work on some early radar project. The military was offering all sorts of work to young seniors at the university. He never told me what he was up to until much later. The knowledge he got working there gave him the idea for the system, as he called it."

Poking out of the ground like gnarled hands are the only remnants of the legacy Peter John Franks has left behind. Scattered through out south Minneapolis are the bulk of the Alien Detection System, or the system, as it was nicknamed. Franks nearly singlehandedly built and with the help of several men, installed the detectors that would give him future contact with aliens.



Peter John Franks



Alien Detector

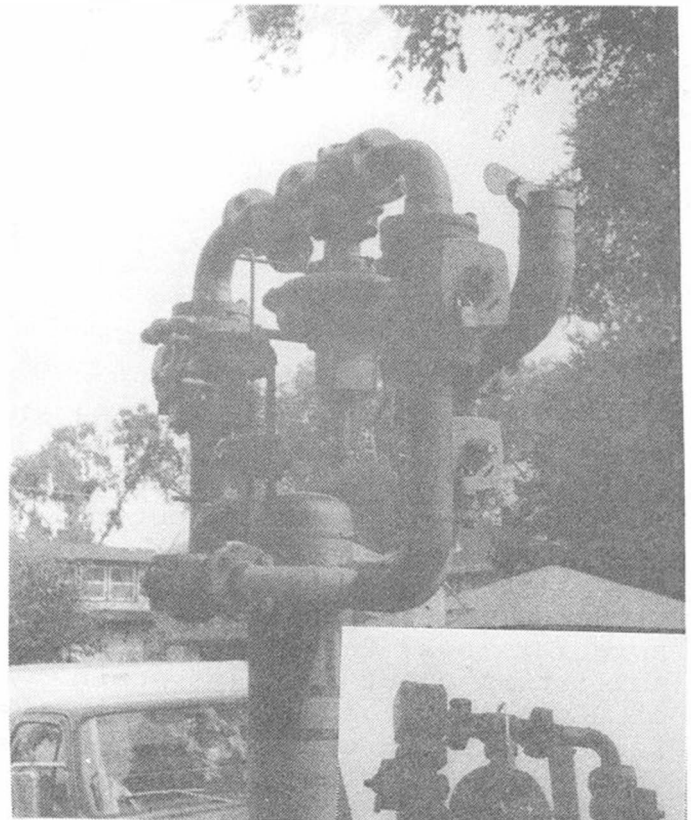
"Just before the war was over Pete, calling himself Ted Squeeze, showed up on the doorstep of the house on Pleasant Street. He hid in the basement of the house for several months, nearly being caught. I never asked what the hubbub was all about and he never told me. I wasn't much into prying into my boy's life and he wasn't much into talking about it either.

"He took a job in a pipe fitting shop and worked there for materials and use of tools. He had a lot of money saved up from the job for the military. He started using the pipe and tools to start building the system in 1947. Filling the pipes with electronic parts until all hours of the night, he used to tell me he was interested in getting in contact with aliens. I thought he was rather crazy but it runs in the family. My brother went crazy in 1939. He drove his car through a laundry and blew up the washer.

"By 1950, most of the money was gone. Pete, calling himself Victor Hedges had moved up the social ladder and in June, 1950 he married a woman named Paula Stupp, who was the wealthy widow of the Stupp Gas works. Stupp Gas Works was the biggest outfit that the cities had at the time. Pete drained the company dry and cast the wife aside. I'll say this for him, he was a determined fellow once he put his mind to something.



Wedding Party: Paula Stupp, Ginger Rodgers, Carol Cleveland, and Vic Hedges.



Alien Detectors



"After convincing his wife that the work he was doing in the basement of my house was experimental gas work, he proceeded to use men and equipment from the company to do all the heavy work in setting up the system. Finally in 1952 the final equipment was installed. There were nearly two dozen of these weird gnarled pipes sticking out of the ground. He told me that the pipes were to disguise the fact that they were electronic. It still hadn't been turned on then the FBI came looking for Pete. They had finally tumbled to the fact that he was using that name. They missed him here but he managed to get away leaving me in charge of all of his gear.

"He hid for about two years, returning in the beginning of October 1954. It took him a couple of weeks to get everything about where he wanted it and turned the system on. He was gone nearly a week later. Just before he left he came to see me and told me that he was about to leave on a long journey and that he'd be back as soon as he could. He claimed he was leaving the earth with the aliens. I was stunned for a while but before he left he gave me a large pile of gold and told me to share it with his wife. The gas works had gone out of business about a year earlier. The gold set up Paula for the rest of her short life. She died in 1963.

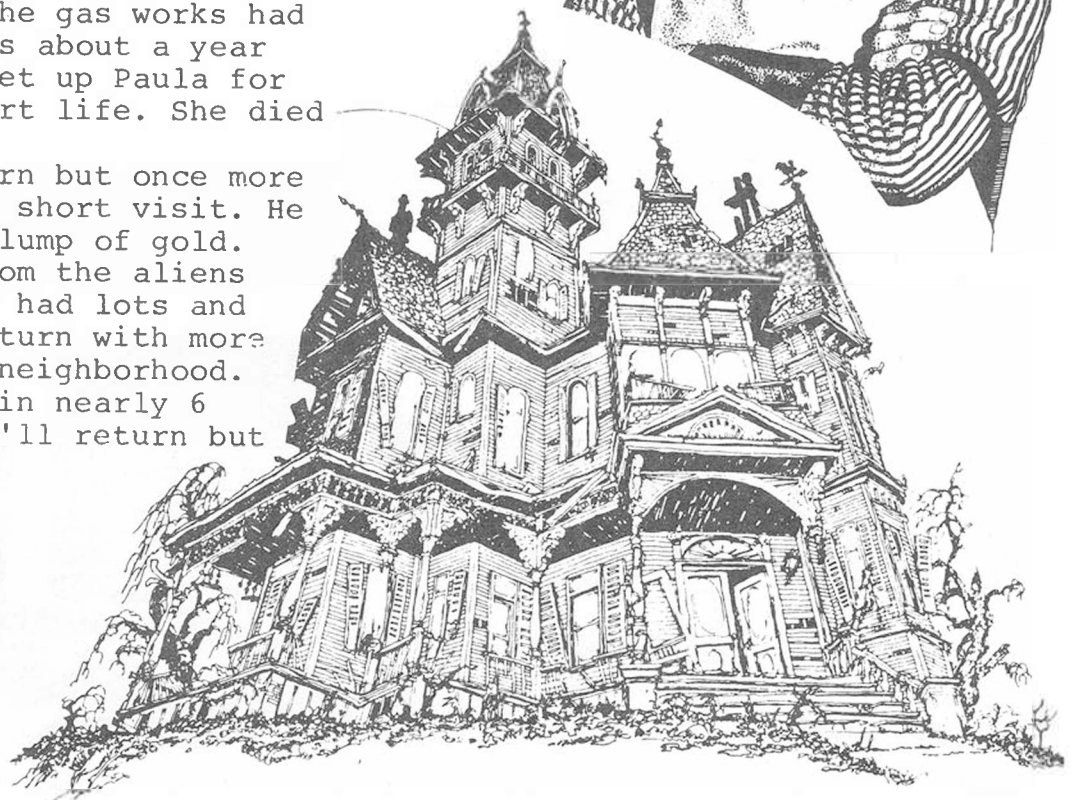
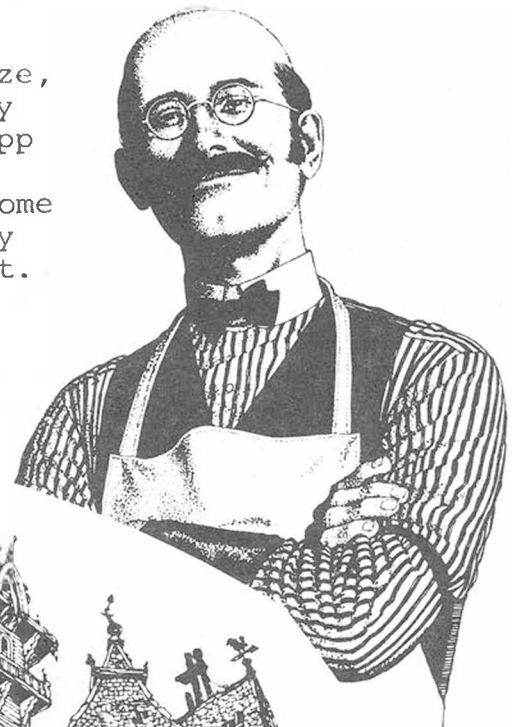
"Pete didn't return but once more and that was only a short visit. He brought me a large lump of gold. Gold he'd gotten from the aliens again. He said they had lots and that he'd try to return with more when he was in the neighborhood. I haven't seen him in nearly 6 years. I believe he'll return but who knows when."



Alien Detector

Ted Squeeze,
drawing by
Paula Stupp

Brayton Home
drawing by
John Scott.

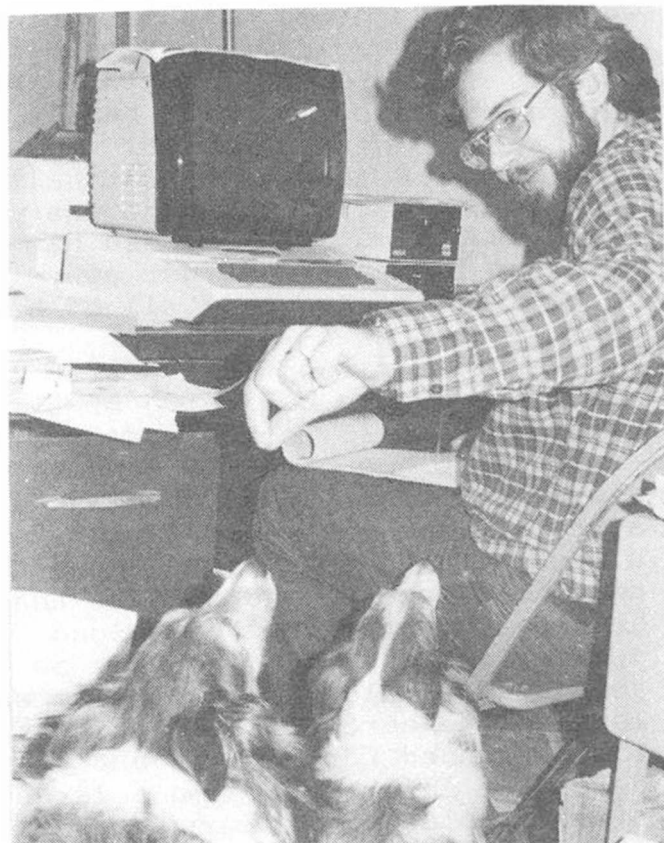


Don Blyly's Burgeoning Bookstore Empire

by JOHN BARTELT

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It all started March 2nd, 1974, with the opening of Uncle Hugo's Science Fiction Bookstore at 2002 4th Ave. S. Since those small beginnings, Don Blyly's bookstores—and family—have been growing. The bookstore that has become the Midwest's most important SF specialty shop moved to its present location across the street at 4th and Franklin in early 1977. In October of that same year, Blyly (now 31) opened his second bookstore, Books Galore. Books Galore is a general bookstore, carrying a full line of popular books. In October of 1980, Uncle Hugo's doubled its size, and just two months later, Blyly opened his third shop right next door. Uncle Edgar's Mystery Bookstore (named after Edgar Allan Poe, just as Uncle Hugo's is named for Hugo Gernsback) has only in the last several months started to break even, but Blyly isn't too worried. He attributes the slower than expected start to the condition of the economy.



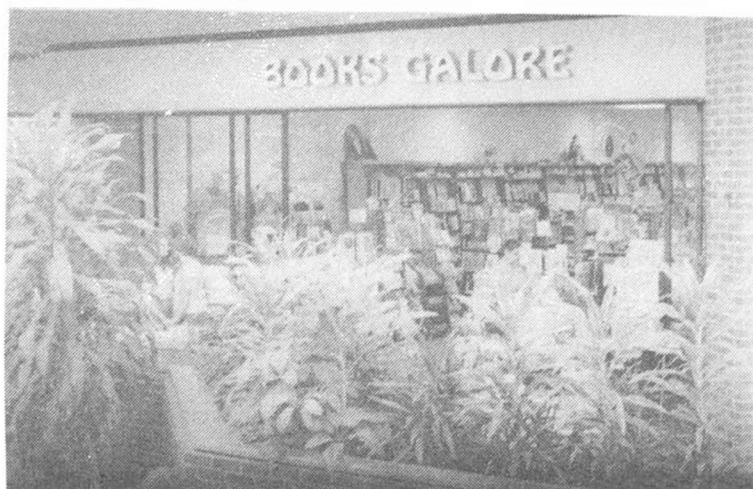
Don Blyly with his computer, and his shelties, Lady and Rusty.



Corner of 4th and Franklin Aves., the home of Uncle Hugo's and Uncle Edgar's Bookstores.

And although Blyly has made bookstores his livelihood, it's by no means the only thing he's capable of. He got a Bachelor's degree in electrical engineering, then went through law school, added an MBA and finally worked several years on a PhD in marketing before turning his back on academia. Nor are bookstores his whole life: on July 18th of this year he married Jane Strauss. Strauss who works part time at Uncle Edgar's, credits her sheltie Lady with bringing them together. "Uncle Hugo's was the only store I could bring her into when I took her for a walk," she explained. In March, they got a second sheltie, Rusty. And although so far Lady and Rusty haven't produced any offspring, Blyly and Strauss are expecting their first child next April. "Three weeks after Minicon, we hope," Blyly added.

It hasn't been all a bed of roses in the bookstore biz—Uncle Hugo's has been the victim of several floods, both major and minor, due to bursting pipes and the like;

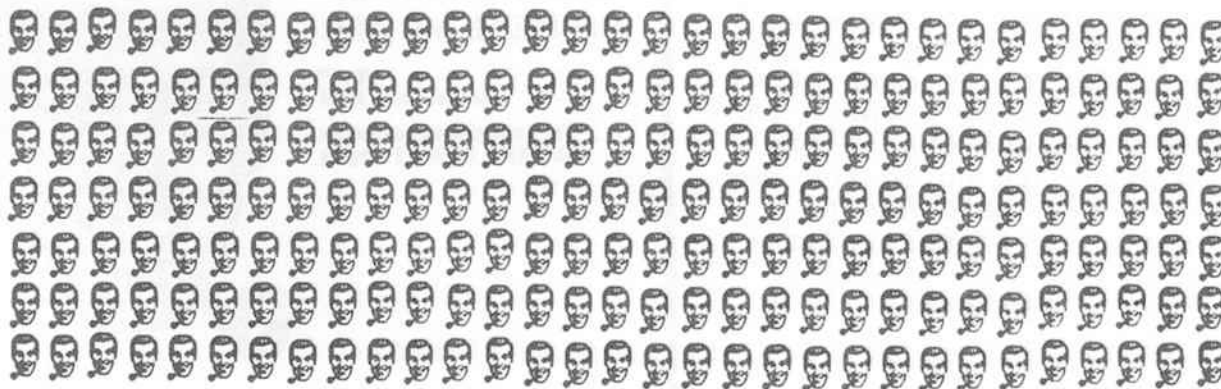


Books Galore, in the Minnehaha Mall, at Minnehaha Avenue and Lake Street.



Clerk Scott Imes rings up a customer's purchases inside Uncle Hugo's.

and Books Galore was forced by the operators of the Minnehaha Mall to move to a different location within the mall, at Blyly's expense. But it has also been more than just a bookselling business. Uncle Hugo's, in particular, has long been a focal point for Twin Cities fandom. Several times a year, Blyly will have authors in for autographing sessions: local authors who are just starting out, the area's established giants, and especially writers from across the country and around the world, who are just passing through. And of course it's a place to catch up on gossip or get an opinion on the latest novel. The friendly clerks—or Blyly himself—can almost always tell you what people (or what they themselves think) about any new book in the store. And that's a service you'll have trouble finding anywhere else.



JOHN BARTELT:Mpls Superfan.

Can even he save what is left of crazy MPLS Fandom?

16

JOE WESSON

Our interview with John took place at his palatial abode in the fashionable, ethnically diverse Nicollet-Lake neighborhood of south Minneapolis. His personal tastes, from the bookstore like diversity of his magnificent library-office to the beauty of the modern style office furniture and art that fill his home, are extraordinary. We want to thank John for sharing his home with us.

Sci-Fi People Weekly (SFPW): Just what brought John Bartelt, promising young physicist, to Minneapolis?

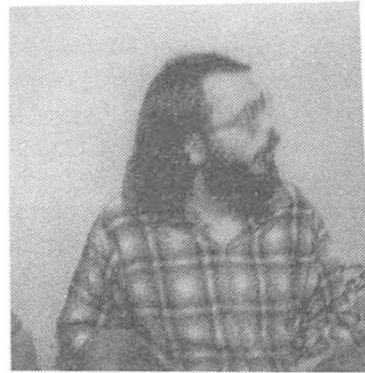
John Bartelt (JB): Well, I'm not really supposed to talk about it but ... I guess the truth has to come out sometime. And I might as well tell it myself, so I'll look good. A sort of committee met with me during my senior year at Madison and convinced me that I should move here.

SFPW: That sounds odd and very interesting. Could you elaborate?

JB: Actually it was three am when I woke up wet from mimeo ink to find an A.B. Dick drum with a hatchet stuck in it lying in bed with me. When I turned on the light by my bed I saw about ten people wearing black hoods standing around my bed. So naturally I asked them what the hell they wanted.

SFPW: Who were they?

JB: I'm not sure. They all wore t-shirts with S.M.O.F. printed across them and they referred to each other by numbers. They told me I was a candidate for SMOFhood and that I had to move to Minneapolis to be the new Jim Young. They told me I had to rescue and resuscitate "Crazy Minneapolis Fandom" from the onslaught of the Malevolent, Mysterious



Machinehead Conspiracy. They said they were placing the fate of Minneapolis fandom in my hands. Of course, I told them where they could stick that.

SFPW: But you are here. What happened?

JB: They explained to me that if I stayed in Madison I would have to live with a succession of 400 pound nymphos, chair a worldcon, and be a Herpes 2 carrier. That didn't sound like fun to me. But I did hold out for a few extras.

SFPW: Come on now, what were they.

JB: Good sex, contacts in the publishing business, and the right to gaffiate at thirty. It's basically the same deal Jim got.

**Don't just eat a
hamburger.... Eat
the HELL out of it**

"Bob"
Economicon 23:78

The SubGenius Foundation
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ADVERTISEMENT



But, I Ran Away.

by Garth Edmond Danielson

The parallels between the rising new order of the SubGenius Foundation and the past history of science fiction fandom doesn't surprise me very much. Like early fandom the Church of the SubGenius exists in the mailboxes of the more than a thousand 'Doctors for "Bob"' and the over ten thousand whizmasters scattered throughout the world.

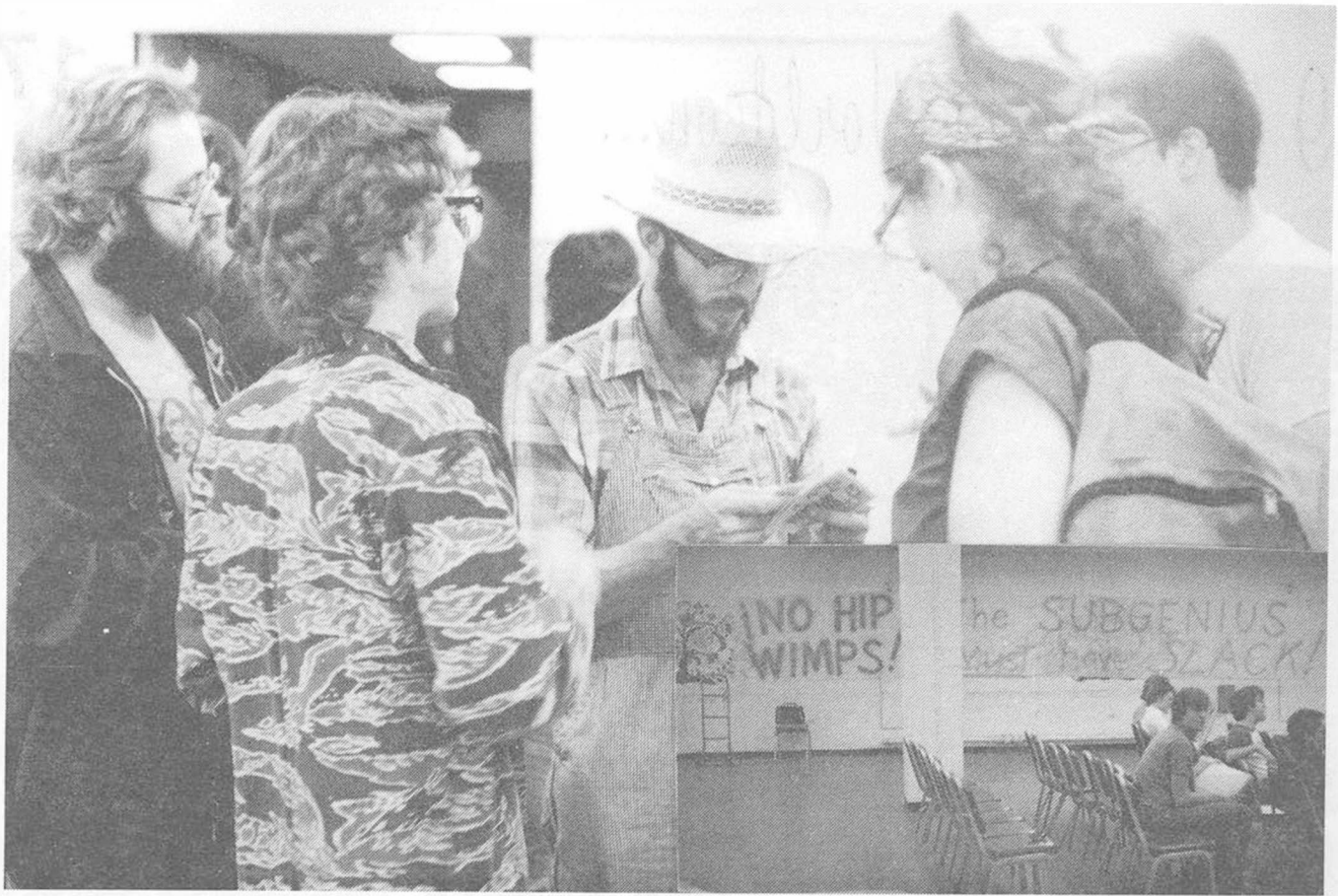
Truly an international organization embracing the kooks, weirdos and intellectuals, the SubGenius Foundation champions free speech, sex, money and the right to leave town with the aliens of your choice.

"More is better than not enough" and "Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke" are just two of the hundreds of mottos of this church for the modern mutant.

While still largely a mail order organization, personal exchanges are becoming more and more common. While still on the small size, conventions and revivals are being held frequently.

LABOR DAY WEEKEND, CHICAGO

Just down the street from the World Science Fiction Convention another worldcon was brewing.



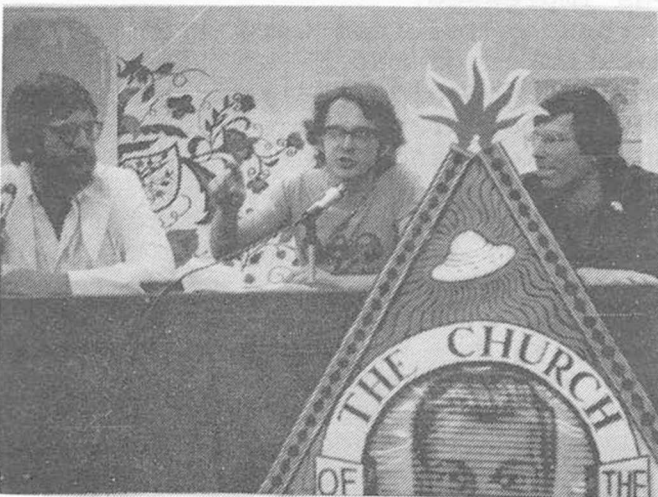
Revs. Garth Danielson, Luke McGuff, Buck Naked, Sarah Prince, and obscure Tom Longo pause at the hectic Radisson gathering.

Smaller, less organized and structured but more enthusiastic than the last half dozen sf cons I've been too, the SubGcon, as it became nicknamed, attracted hundreds of people to the Radisson Chicago Hotel, the site of a past Windycon in the late mid-seventies.

The SubGcon is more like an intense regional relaxacon rather than like the sprawling, boring, egotistical sf media worldcon I quickly abandoned. You won't find any homage to Battlestar Galactica or Star Wars, you won't find carbon copy unicorns or any of the usual media dominated sf trappings, that so disgust, like those scattered through out the Hyatt Regency home of the latest incarnation of fandom's banal tribute to science fiction.

Rev. Controller Ivan Stang and Rev. Buck Naked leading the revival with Jaynor Hypercleats looking on.





Lacking the big budget of the sf worldcon, the SubGcon more than makes up for that with unbridled enthusiasm. Enthusiasm I haven't seen since my early days in fandom. Time spent walking the halls and talking to interesting people. Unlike their media-clone or, tired-old-fan-fart counterparts, the typical SubGenius, (not including the hip wimps we found to be running part of the show), was found to be more interesting and way more exciting. Exciting like theatre of the absurd. There is a place here for the new outcast. Not for the emotional, stay at home, fat fan who just can't get it together, nor for the new race of media clones, wrapped up in the latest Star Wars Media Fashion Designed Clothes and Accessories(TM), the SubGenius has now a place to stretch his creative muscles. Creativity abounded in the small hall, films, video, harrangues animation, clip and mail art and trange "Bob" artifacts.

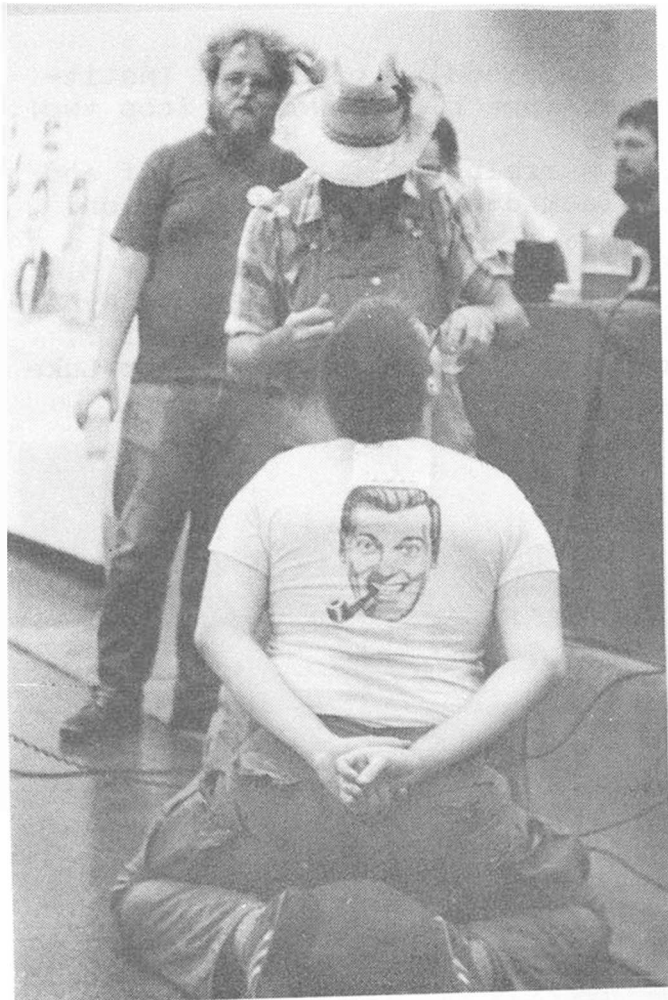
From Top: Wedding of Severn Institute and some blonde woman. (top two).

Revs. Nurrelburger, Luke McGuff and Bob Black during panel discussion.

Left to right Panel Discussion. Revs. Ivan Stang, Sterno, Jaynor Hypercleats, Guy Deuel, Buck Naked, ?, ?, Mike Gunderloy, Semaj the elder, Luke McGuff, Bob Black.

Creativity, not lack of a social order threw these people together. The admiration of a quickly growing pyramid scam and the interest to be in on the ground floor of the creation of this lucrative religious wave of the future.

While I missed some of the highlights of the con, I did see the panel discussion with at one time over a dozen doctor panelists, in an ever changing free for all, that included a lot of audience participation that was encouraged by the moderator and main speaker, Controller Rev. Ivan Stang, speaking through his earthling host body Doug Smith. The panel discussion transformed into a revival and I witnessed my first temporary (seven day) marriage. Wed were Severn Institute of Boston and the blonde woman he'd brought with him. Money was burnt, people yelled, book pills were eaten, glasses found, slacks were made to fit again and lots of noise was made.



There was free beer, films, clever animation by Rev. Stang and Rev. Janor Hypercleats. Leaving too early, I missed the Doktors for "Bob" music session. The next day a video tape was shown and it was incredibly undescrivable. A cacophany of sounds and motion that literally powered the audience and turned them into a seathing mass bent on making the best anti-music I've ever heard. Apparently even "Bob" heard these holy tunes all the way down at his home in Dallas Texas, and during the high point of the evening he made his appearance. Spiritually taking over the soul of a roll of duct tape, "Bob" vibrated and bounced all over the stage, entranced by the ungodly music from the Doktors for "Bob". Rev. Stang later revealed not only "Bob's" secret visit but personally told me that "Bob" had called later and told him personally that he'd been impressed. Even knowing as little about "Bob" as I do I was impressed.

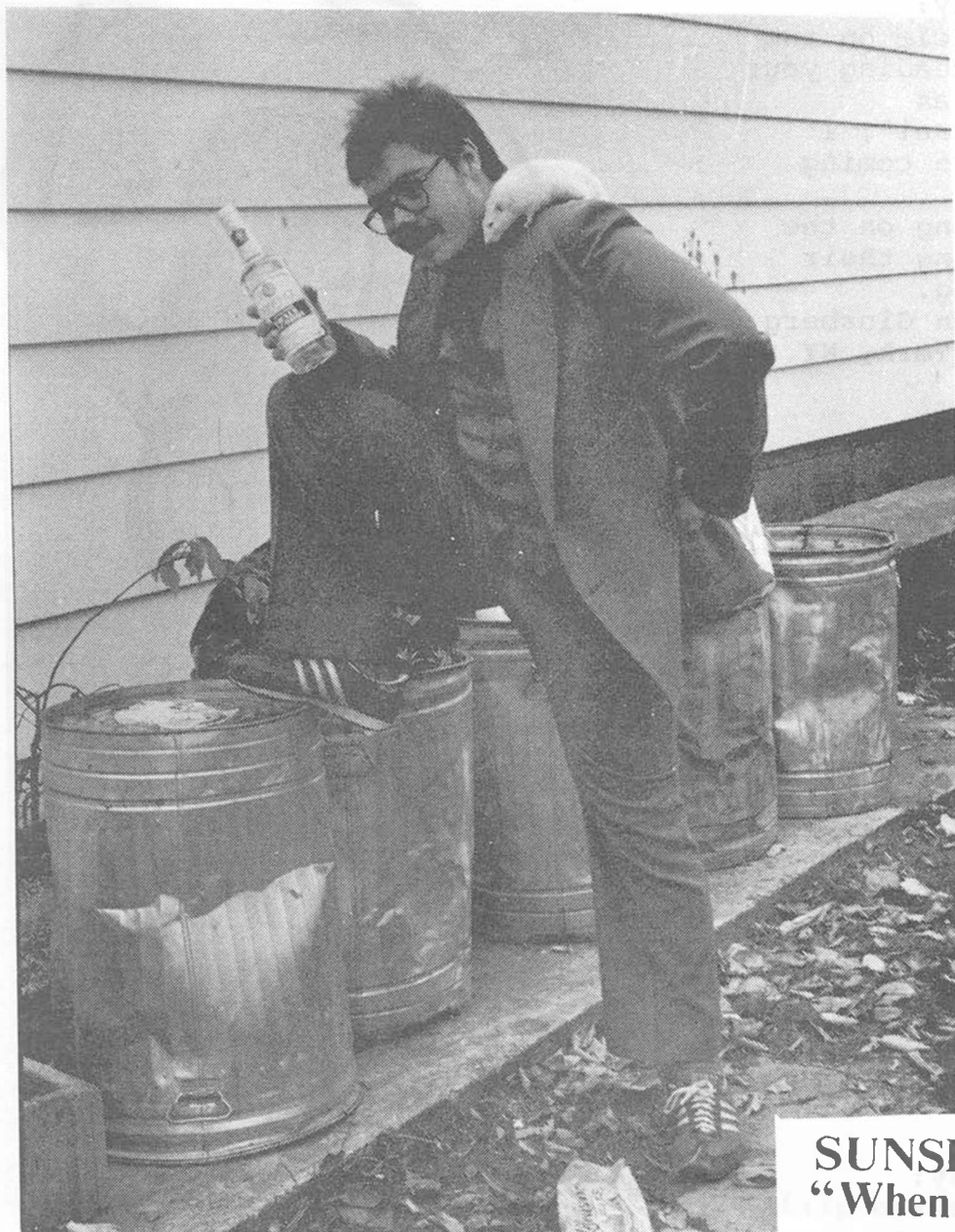
Sunday services were held by Rev. Buck Naked of the First Naked Church of the SubGenius, Dallas Texas, home of the mother church connection. Rev. Naked sang several of his original hymns to get the program underway. He followed with some revival preaching, and carrying on. While I was out to eat, shortly after the carrying on started, there was a revolt by the women, and the proceedings were on another foot. The women captured the bleeding head of Arnold Palmer and launched it. They also launched the false head of the world cup golfer onto the roof of the building next door. Not finished, they married all the men in a mass male marriage and packed it in for the day. A good time was had by all.

For further information send \$1 to the Church of the SubGenius, POBox 140306, Dallas Texas 75214

Rev. Tom Longo recieves a book pill from Rev. Buck Naked.

"How am I going to catch up?"

ADVERTISEMENT



"I got to this convention very late Friday night. My friends have been drinking for hours already and are extremely ripped. How am I going to catch up? By swilling this bottle of SUNSET GRAIN ALCOHOL, that's how. SUNSET is pure ethanol - no funny colors or flavors to confuse me or slow me down. With SUNSET I can get my share of enjoyment out of this con, with out spending a lot of money - and have a convenient excuse the morning after."

Tom Longo
Minneapolis fan.

SUNSET GRAIN ALCOHOL
"When you want to catch up."

KIDDY PORN

Next, for sheer vulgarity, ADWEEK's panel voted as Pains In The Eye the heavily aired spots of two jeans makers—Jordache and Sergio Valente. Says Jack Tom: "The Sergio Valente ads are very sexist." Indeed, these ads show little more than surreal foreplay between exaggeratedly coiffed, jeans-clad young men and women. Perhaps worse is a Jordache as in which children, who appear to be no older than 10 years old, sing the steamy, suggestive Jordache jingle: "You've got the look I want to know better, You've got the look that's all together." Says Tom: "It's terrible that Jordache uses kids in this way."

If you want to be known as an original, creative person, make sure you imitate the right people

"Bob"
SALES SUCCESS & SEX
Millennium Publishing
The SubGenius Foundation
Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214



IN HIS OWN WORDS

Dear Sci-Fi People Weekly:

Thanks for your article on the Guardian Angels. Since reading your article describing them as "Mutant Puerto Rican Dorsai", I understand where they are coming from.

I'll also be appearing on the next Devo album, featuring their tribute to Big Band Swing.

Allen Ginsberg
New York, NY

Dear Sci-Fi People Weekly:

If you don't run a picture of Pia Zadora I'll kill myself. She's got a mouth like a horse and I fell in love with her at Chicon.

I want her to bite my unicorn off.

Dr. Haber-Bellows

Editor's Note: Far be it from us to keep you from your true happiness. See next column.

Dear People:

If you're a "weekly" how come it took more than 6 monthes to do one issue?

Quizzical

Editor's before note:

We were killed. It won't happen again.

Dear Sci-Fi People Weekly:

I've heard that Canadian girls make wonderful wives. Is this true?

An American in
Paris.

I don't know, but I had a great time with a waitress in Saskatoon. Garth.

Dear Sci-Fi People Weekly:

I used to be a sci-fi fan, but then I started reading good books.

Lucas T McGoof.

Dear People:

Your excert from Ted White's hard-hitting autobiography "Fandom is my Life" was great.

I plan on modeling my life after this fascinating panjandrum of fandom.

Sixth Fandom Forever!

Neil E.R.Dodil



Here's Pia discoing at the Chicon Multi-Media Clone Dance.

Dear sirs:

Here is a joke.

"In the Future, when Prostitution is legal, and handguns aren't, only criminals will blow guns, and only for cash money."

Can I have a job?

Dick Cavett
Bored, Long Island

Dear Sci-Fi People Weekly:

I've enjoyed your last few issue as always, but have missed the "Langdon Chart Update" feature.

Every week, I look forward to adding the new information to my ever-expanding chart.

What gives?

Lou Ann Lassivyvs

Editor's note: Due to the huge amount of data from the worldcon, and the turnover in staff, we have fallen behind in processing and cross-checking the information. We will have a "Special Post-Worldcon Gala Langdon Chart" article in the very near future.

Watch for it.

Assholes:

So David Emerson is a "Hippy Civil Servant?" Didn't that go out with the 60's.

Spike Punch.

Editor's Note: For those that care, Spike Punch and his band the Flaming Faggots will appear on a double bill with another local act, Jerry's Kids later this month behind the bus garage near Lake Street.

Dear Sci-Fi People Weekly:

Here is a picture of my dog. He can speak. Find a cassette recording of him reading Heinlein's Farnham's Freehold.

A Looney

Editor's note. Here's the pic. Thanks for the tape, we recorded over it.

Dear Sci-Fi People Weekly:

I have heard that the editor's of your magazine have boughten a new boat with the money for the Joe Wesson Panama Hat Fund. Is this true?

Marge Parmento

Editor's note: No that is not true. So far no money has come in for that fund. We used the money from the Send Brain Earl Brown to Mars Fund. After the ticket was paid for there was quite a large amount of money left over and that went to buy the boat. Here is a photo of the boat plying the waters of Lake Webegone. That's John at the helm, waiting for the Beck to take over when he assumes the helm of the magazine with the next issue.



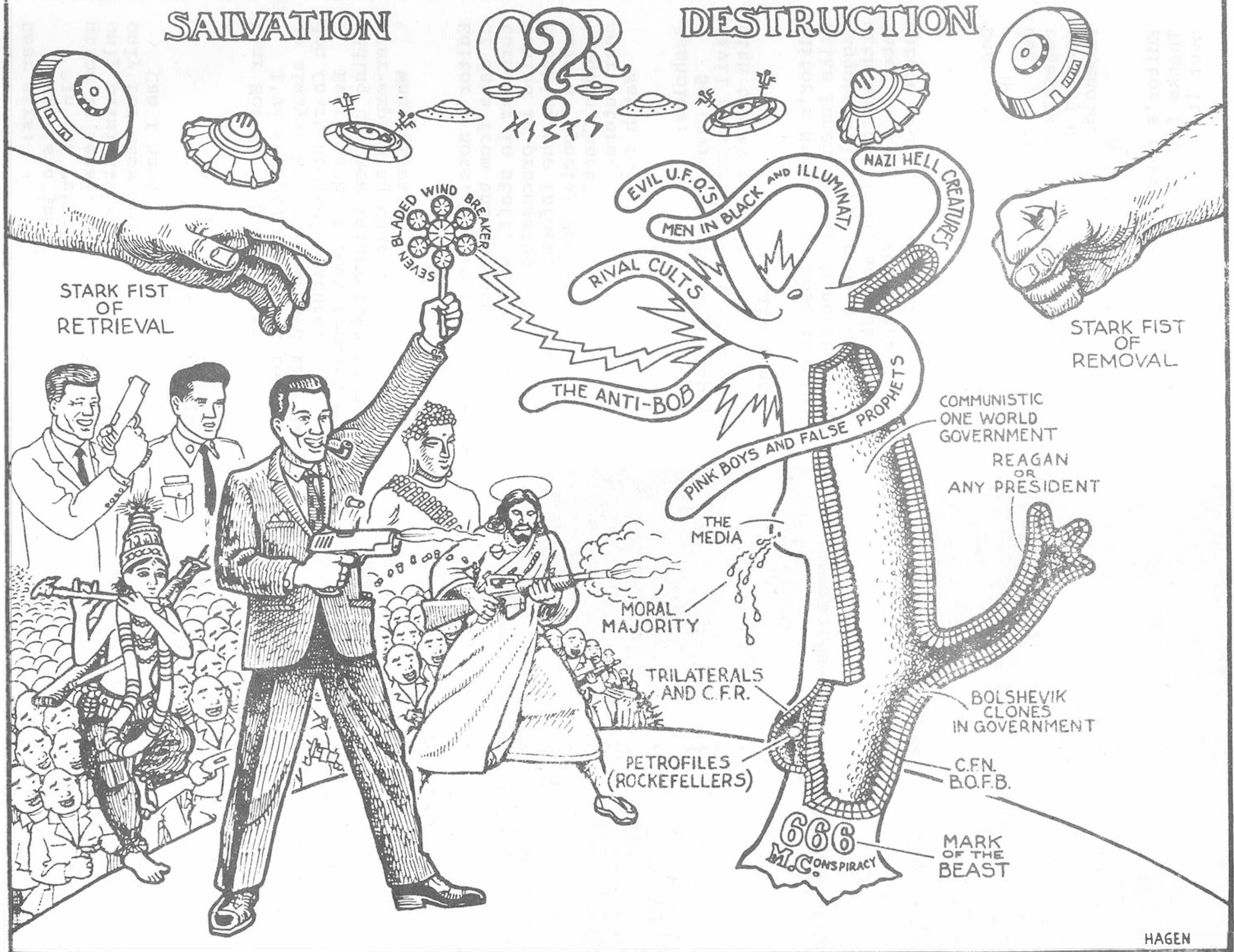
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SALVATION

ORR
XISTS

DESTRUCTION



HAGEN