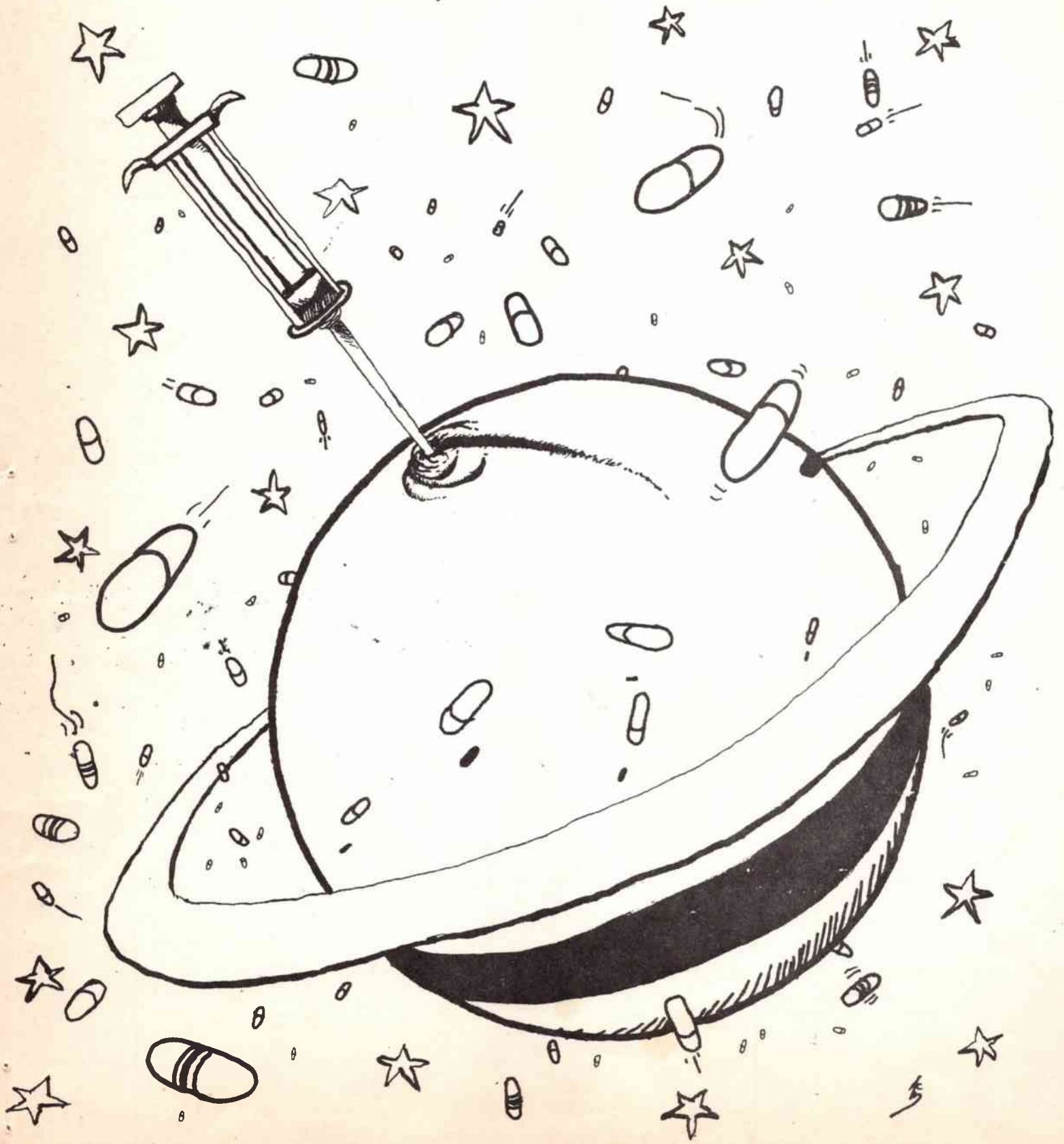


# SPACE JUNK





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The second issue of Space Junk is from Rich Coad, 781 Castro St. S.F. CA. 94114. After Oct. 1st send mail c/o 2422 Mckinley apt.H, Berkeley, CA. 94703. SJ is now available only for the usual or whim, so don't drag your ass. This issue is published and distributed by the Gary Mattingly Publishing and Distribution Empire. A nonplussed production.

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METAL MONSTERS: Bruce Townley is reprinted from apa-50 on page nine

I REMEMBER LEROY: Mike Glicksohn boosts the reputation of a Hugo nominee on page twelve

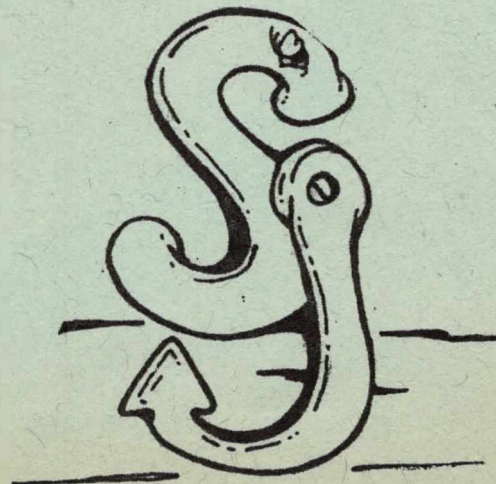
DEVO: A CARRIER'S STORY: Bill Gibson reports the current state of de-evolution on page fourteen.

JUNKMAIL: Letters from the READERS appear on page seventeen.

PLUS: Phil Paine's SHORT BITS here and there.

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## LITERATE AFTER A FASHION

Undoubtedly you have by now heard of Skylab's inauspicious anticlimactic last wheeze in the Australian outback; with that particular piece of space junk taken off the world's collective mind it seems: time to publish another one of my own falling satellites and encourage some more of the same bemused ennui caused by the last one. Maybe, however, this will be the world's second biggest thud in July; at least I hope to startle more than kangaroos.

There was, actually, more reason than Skylab's fall for publishing this issue. ("I know," cries out the Collective Voice of Fandom, "Your mail was getting thin, so you had to pull your finger out.") Wrong Collective Voice of Fandom. Oh, I know that many faneds force out a constipated zine with laxatives of guilt and fear of losing egoboo but that is not my method. I prefer letting my natural verbiage pile up until the zine can slide out easily and comfortably. I think I'd better let that metaphor drop, wipe myself clean, so to speak. What did get this issue out was my dander getting up, stretching a few times, rubbing its eyes, showering, drinking two cups of coffee, then re-reading the anonymous poison-pen letter reproduced at the head of Junk Mail. If this wretch whoever he or she may be, takes to writing such vitriol why couldn't he or she at least have the guts to sign his or her name? Must have no balls. Aha! So it's a woman, eh? Well she must be frigid, sublimating her desires for a good fuck by writing slanderous locs. Probably got penis envy too; or at least mustache envy.



OUTSIDE THEY PLOT;  
THEIR PLAN KNOW I NOT;  
BUT THEIR END I KNOW WELL:  
TO FAFIA ME TO HELL!

"Why," screams the CV of F, "do you let such a sicko bother you?"

The truth is I wouldn't, being the well-adjusted, mature, emotionally-stable type of fellow I am, if this were an isolated instance of irrational attacks on intelligent, well-meaning fans. But it isn't. Take Bill Bridgot. (If you think I'm gonna be that obvious, you're wrong.) Here we had a fan gently and reasonably and correctly, trying to show fandom's obsession for good



education, clear writing, and logical thinking (as well as fandom's fear of specious thought, casuistry, and moronic invective) for the assinine narrow-minded bigotry it is. What did he get for his troubles? Scorn and ridicule. Similarly, John Thiel writes ineffably subtle pastiches of beat poetry while audaciously attacking the spreading cult of nigger-lovers in fandom. What does he get for his troubles? Ridicule and scorn. Then there's me. I burn the midnight electric filaments bust my ass as it were (ask anybody -- it's got a crack) trying to put out the best fanzine that I'm capable of and what do I get for my troubles? Scorn and ridicule; ridicule and scorn. Not only in the above mentioned letter either. No. People like Jessica Amanda Salmonson sneer at me merely because of a preference for reading John Norman and Doc Smith over Monique Wittig and Marilyn Hacker. Hey I read for elucidation not pleasure!

Why should I bother reading painfully obvious metaphors comparing historical cycles and egalitarian male/female relationships to the complete, unbroken vulvic ring when I can read about truly mind-boggling stuff like planets on the opposite side of the sun and interstellat space pirates

After all sci-fi is the literature of extrapolation and speculation. isn't it? I don't have to do this, you know? I could just as easily be off re-conquering Africa for the white man. Instead I choose to brighten up your drab, gray, Beckett-like lives and get abuse for my pains. Take a minute to think. Think "Does this make sense?". Of course not. Godot is never going to show. Space Junk, however, will, if you give it a chance. But if fandom continues its stubborn refusal to look beyond surfaces of inanity and stupidity to find the truly driven artist behind the drivel then I may just pack it in!

How does that grab you? Probably makes your knotted and combined locks to part and each particular hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porpentine (why fretful?) just like the monster in Alien or the thought of the 1981 Worldcon does.

"Wow," acclaims the Collective Voice of Fandom, "What a subtle, well-worked in transition."

(Editor pauses to acknowledge applause and collect his thoughts as he





has suddenly realized he is out of Prepared Text and must go to Off The Cuff Remarks.)

Well, Seacon is now only a matter of weeks away (to some of you Seacon will be in progress when I hand Space Junk to you -- I'll be the one in the bar in day-glow orange painter pants) and the problem of the 1981 worldcon must be solved there. When the Seattle bid came out I was all for it. Seattle is a lovely city with many fine and experienced fans in residence. They hadn't hosted a Worldcon since the fifties and their promotion was ubiquitous. Boosting the con further was the several tons of nuts and berries they'd be able to give away to attendees. Nothing, it seemed at the time, was going to stop this juggernaut of the Northwest.

Except their own incompetence.

Despite the availability of fine convention facilities in downtown Seattle, a downtown full of wonderful things like Pike's Place Market, the Underground city, the Space Needle, the Monorail and Skid Road (I begin to sound as if I'm from the Seattle CoC), the committee chose an hotel near SeaTac airport miles from anywhere, with facilities for maybe fifteen hundred people. What with Seacon this year, and Boston next, 1981 will be the first con for many fans and, most especially, readers to attend a Worldcon in three years. Do you think only 1500 will want to?

In addition to the poor choice of hotel there is the matter of the committee's experience. Sure, Seattle is full of many able experienced fans. But they, almost without exception, have totally dissociated themselves from the bid. We're left with a committee where someone is considered senior and knowledgeable if they ~~cofered~~ at Iggy! But if Seattle did win, the more experienced fans would help out wouldn't they? Care to chance it?

With Seattle looking more and more like a well-meant debacle we're left with two other choices: a moribund LA bid and a quiet Denver one.

I'm beginning to suspect that LA just put up their bid out of reflex habit. If there's been any promotion I haven't seen it. Perhaps its meant as a dry run for the 1984 50th Anniversary of LASF's bid. At any rate, LA seems out to lunch to me.

Which leaves Denver. Denver has the distinction of a good football team (of little use in mid-summer), a close association with those twin horrors of insipid earnestness: John Denver and Coors beer, and being the country's second most forgotten big city (beaten out narrowly by Philly).

Ah, well. It has been said that nobody leaves the hotel at a convention; in Denver at least there will be no compelling reason to. And I'm assured by people who are In The Know that the bidding committee (no names in their ads) are a competent bunch, capable of handling the five to six thousand people who descend on Worldcon's these days.

So it is with extreme reluctance that I must join the drift from Seattle and to Denver. Now, if Seattle were to put together a good bid for '84 why then we'd have an exciting choice.



## THE ALL-SERIOUS, ALL-CONSTRUCTIVE VELIKOVSKY SECTION

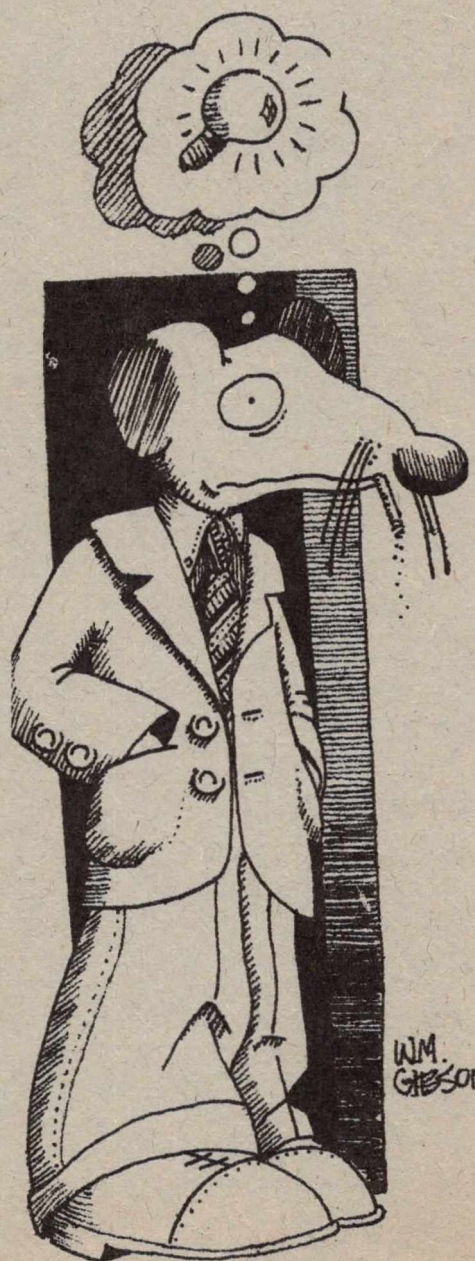
Yes, Virginia, there are Worlds in Collision. In this case it is my own world and that of my roommates. Those of you who know me know that part of my world consists of playing punk rock at high volumes (incidentally, the B-52's have a great album just out). My roommates world, at least as it pertains to music, consists of Jackson Browne, the Eagles and similar mainstream rock. Inevitably it led to a clash. "We'd like you to move." they said. "I'll move to New York." I replied. "You're moving to New York because your roommates don't like your music?" asked Sharon. Of course. Wouldn't you? So, to the surprise of many friends who had thought me as hopelessly attached to my stereo and records and books as Rachel Owlglass was to her MG, I've spent the last few months selling off my possessions and paying off debts in anticipation of a move to the Big Apple. Immediately on returning from Season I'll be putting in a transfer request and I hope to be in New York by the end of October. Mail can be sent care of my mother (address in colophon) and as soon as I have an address in New York I'll let it be known.

Inevitably this is going to cause a cut-back in fanac. IF I can find a room or a furnished apartment there will be a third Space Junk out by the years end. If I have to buy furniture it may take a bit longer.

It's fascinating the reactions of people when you tell them you're moving to New York. A look of disbelief spreads across their face. In a voice exuding total incredulity they say "Why would you want to go to...". In a voice of utter revulsion they say "New York.". People in England said the same thing, in the same tone, about London. Strange innit?

Well, although Jerry Kaufman may think that Seattle is the fannish mecca of the eighties (it already is the fannish mecca of the late seventies). I posit NYC for the spot. Demographics are going to bring about a resurgence of the big city. Ask Phil Paine (whenever I'm confused I always Ask Phil Paine. It's better than bugging Jack Barron.). New York at any rate, is closer to Midwest conventions.

I've used up almost all my space. Can I get into your space? Hey let's relate. And you ask why I'm moving?





# I CONFESS! I CONFESS!

## I KILLED PAPA DOC with my VODOO!

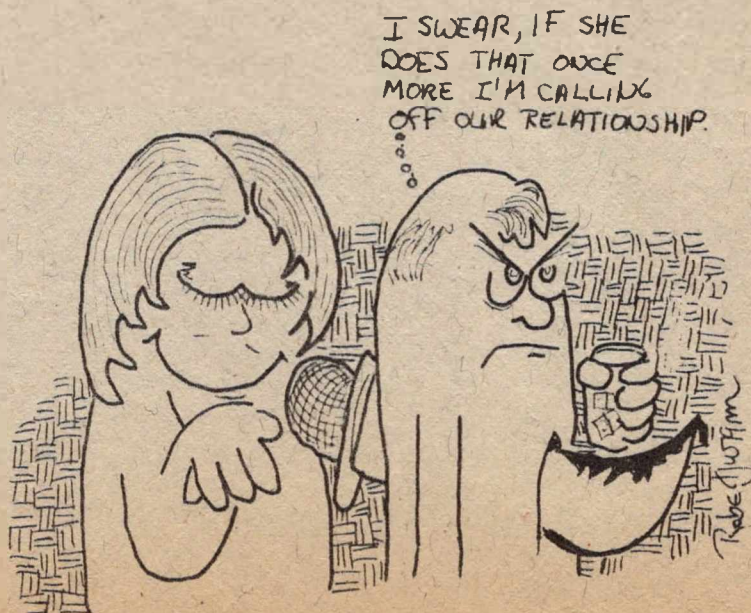
Tim Kyger

Yes, the rumors that you've heard about IguanaCon's finances are true. The guilt that I feel about the whole sordid affair is simply too much for a frail vessel such as I to bear any longer. I cannot live with myself without having told the truth; and so, to preserve my sanity and my soul, I am here to tell the tale, and to tell it all. I am here to admit to my various wrongdoings. I am here to fully confess.

Ah, me. Confession is good for the soul. You've no doubt heard it rumored that the Garret ran off with some money... well, 'tis true. In fact, I will hereby admit to the Garret's absconding with around \$250,000.00 (in small, unmarked bills, of course, carried in many, many small brown paper bags). The Garrett used this money to move to San Francisco. Of course there have been many rumors to this effect, and I'm quite sure that you've heard them all. I stayed behind in Phoenix to make sure that the trail would be clean, and to pay off our many accomplices, all of whom still reside in Phoenix. Some of our accomplices would not stay bought, and thus word leaked into print, after the blackmail attempts for more money were ignored. The Garrett bought a house with the \$260,000.00 that we had left over after the move to San Francisco, as I'm certain you've all heard by now; here Bill Patterson and Patrick Hayden sell their bodies on the street. (Well, I saw it in a fanzine, so it must be true, right?)

Selling their bodies on the streets?  
Shades of Coma! What happened to all of the \$275,000.00 we had stolen from IguanaCon? Why, shit just last month at a Little Men's meeting I heard that there was at least \$60,000.00 of it left over.

To paraphrase a Doonesbury namesake,  
Sometimes Words =  
Lies That People  
Want To Believe.





Don't let the facts get in your way, after all.

The opening paragraphs above were written to prove a point. I'm not the best essayist in the world, and so before some brain-damage case out there gets the wrong idea the above confession is bogus, phony, fake -- NOT TRUE. False. It is true that everything that was stated above, save for the dollar amounts, has seen print. In each case these statements were presented as the Truth.

The Trth came as quite a surprise to Sharon Maples, the Treasurer of IguanaCon; to Bruce Farr, our Convention Accountant; and to me, Tim Kyger, Chair of Iggy. The reasons these statements came as a surprise to us all are 1.) None of us seemed to be entitled to copies of the articles printed. We'd run across them whilst browsing at a friend's house; or someone in L.A. would call to ask, "Hey, have you seen this?" 2.) None of us -- Sharon, Bruce, or myself -- had any contact with the authors of the articles. Period. The stories were constructed out of whole cloth. And, since it was information (I use the term advisedly) that some wanted to believe, they assumed it was the Truth. And it became Truth.

Did any of these people bother to check things out with Sharon, Bruce, or me? I mean, going into print with charges of absconding with four figures of money, charges that the Arizona Corp. Commission would probably love to investigate... Well, why bother to check out the Truth. Truth is true, right? Of course. It's all true, and any trouble that it might cause Tim, Sharon, and Bruce is probably well deserved. You say that Tim and Sharon and Bruce say that what's being said isn't the case? Well, would you believe them, huh???

I bring up the subject of IguanaCon only because it's fresh in my memory and these examples are right in front of me. I bring up these bagatelles only for illustration's sake; I write about what I'm familiar with. This assumption of fact, this tendency to believe rumor and spread it as the gospel truth, is an attribute of fandom that has run throughout all of my six years of active fanning. As a fan, one tends to believe what one wants to believe. It's not as if no-one else outside of fandom doesn't do the same; nevertheless, I think that it's much more prevalent in fandom, and in fandom it becomes much more far-reaching, due to the small size, clannish nature, and the seeming urge to communicate of fandom. Ask anyone from LA about the LA Monolith, they'll get a good laugh out of it. Ask someone from the East Coast about the LA Monolith, you'll get a half-hour printout on the dimensions, specifications, and operating procedures of the monolith. Everybody knows that any NESFA member is...er...living proof that David Rorvik is a great investigative reporter. And I'm sure that you'll be able to get someone to tell you all about Ross Pavlac's Group Mind In Columbus. Ask someone if Ross worked on IguanaCon. Ross was recently fired from a convention committee due to the fact that Ross said that he didn't work on IguanaCon. He didn't work on IguanaCon, but it seems that he was seen at a committee meeting at the convention (he'd asked to attend and I'd said sure; it's only courtesy), and of course this means that if Ross says he didn't work on Iggy he's lying.

\*sigh\* Do fans believe everything they hear? How many other people are going to get crucified in the same manner that I crucified Ross Pavlac and Larry Smith because I believed what I wanted to believe, instead



of checking out the facts? How many more LA Monoliths are there going to be? How are you ever going to be known as your own person if you join NESFA?

If a fan tells you at a convention that gravity has been repealed will you jump out of a window to see? Will you jump into print without even going through the motions of checking the facts?

Stop by next time you're in San Francisco; sure, I'm good for a few dollars.



I hope no-one will foolishly think that the cartoon above is an editorial comment on Tim's article. It isn't. I just had this huge space to fill...



BRUCE

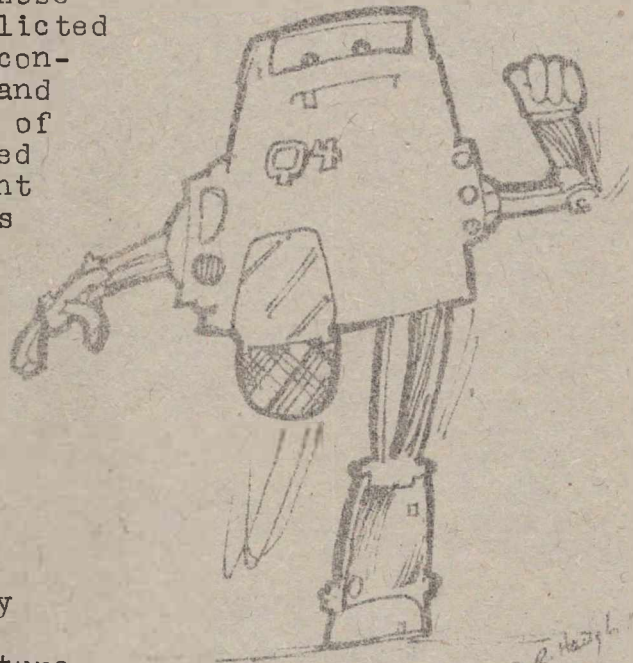
TOWNLEY'S

METAL

MONSTERS

It's always refreshing and enlightening to consider the obstacles that we purposefully place around our necks during our passage through life. Of course there are the millstones we can't help, those that are congenital or actually inflicted upon us by others, consciously or unconsciously (in my case it's flat feet and this two inch long scar on the back of my head where I stopped a dirt coated rock tossed by somebody I didn't want to play games with. Turned out I was right, but I nearly bled to death on the way home.) (How about you?) but in the process of living I know that I have time and again stuck my head in the lion's mouth just to see if I was still in shape to pull it out in time.

If you dwell on it long enough you might come up with an image similar to one presented in Kurt Vonnegut's short story "Harrison Bergeron" (but maybe not, especially if you haven't read the story). In this story Vonnegut postulates a future where everybody is literally equal, smart folks are tormented by ear inserts that drill into their heads an endless variety of distracting noises that don't let them think straight, strong folks are hampered by weights clamped to their bodies, beautiful folks are made to look ludicrous by clownish make-up, you get the idea. Harrison Bergeron is the smartest of the smart, the strongest of the strong, and the most beautiful of the beautiful so they really had to do a job on him: "Scrap metal hung all over him. Ordinarily there was a certain symmetry, a military neatness to the handicaps issued to strong people, but Harrison looked like a walking junkyard. In the race of life, Harrison carried three hundred pounds."



D.E. 12/2/67

But not all these little tests we put ourselves through are that drastic. Some are even fun. Pinball just keeps on getting better and better (wha?). Unlike Backgammon or similar trash it is a sport involving skill and talent, not sheer dumb luck. In other words, it's a real game! But most folks I know aren't rich enough to own a Three Kings for their very own (I know I'm not). So the only places most folks are likely to see one of these wonderful devices is in a penny arcade (but only three plays for a quarter), a Seven-Eleven, or a bar. Picture this, you're sitting there with your buddies, it's happy hour on a Friday afternoon,



you've each had two beers and have totally run out of things to say. What next? Play pinball, of course!

Nowadays when computers and large scale integration have taken over everything they even have digital pinball machines that toot out strange little synthesized fanfares when you score, instead of the honest crunch of tortured gears meshing together. Me? such innovations don't bother me. I'm too busy looking for a place for my ashtray, my cigarettes and my drink. And that's where the millstones come in. O.K., so you've drained your intellectual resources by sitting around discussing what was on wrestling last week, or how it's a shame that Michelle Nichols is getting old (the only real asset to STAR TREK) and sensitive, intellectual non-repellant stuff like that there. So you know you gotta stand semi-upright in front of a machine that is going to do nothing but take your money and maybe, just maybe, if you're real good it will offer you a coupla extra chances to take your money. Add to this the fact that Rene and Leo and yourself will go to that bar everytime you can remember to and get another pitcher and since you're doing such hard work trying to keep your cigarette balanced on your lip and not on the floor you must take a swallow of tepid brewski every time you remember just to sharpen your concentration. Whoops! Don't lean your elbows, or your mug (or the glass with your beer in it) or anything else on the glass surface of the machine while someone is playing. This is a faux-pas tantamount to using a piece of the True Cross to pick your teeth in front of the Pope (in front of Billy Graham it's ok; you probably just bought the thing from him anyway) and will result in an instant loss of munchie privileges. Got the picture? Consider yourself lucky that you can still walk home after the pressures of all this relaxing.

Then there was the pinball machine in the lobby of the dorm that I lived in last year. Actually there were three of them but only one was of any real interest. It could be persuaded to let those in the know have free games, thus making it a true Zen sport (you pay nothing to get nothing except maybe inner peace if you're playing good). Major Skeeper and Corporal Tweezers, two fellow members of the Zit Patrol and dorm residents, were the ones who discovered this delightful aspect of the p'ball machines personality; Skeeper having spent an entire summer in near Nirvana working in a penny arcade near the boardwalk on Virginia Beach, where he learned all kinds of arcane lore about the inner workings of pinball machines. See, what you had to do to get this particular one to come across was lift the front end off the ground and drop it, each time causing a resounding crash and sometimes causing the loose item in the works to joggle, and DINGPINGDING! you've got a free game! There was a student cop stationed just outside the room where these things were kept but he never came in to see what all the crashing was about. One time one of the campus cops (the guys that got to carry guns but weren't competent enough to get on the city force) came ambling through on patrol. We all said Hi, how are ya and then Skeeper asks him if he wants to play. This boy  rubs his palms together, takes the proper stance and proceeds to play one of the worst games I've ever seen. Then Skeeper ostentatiously starts to drop the thing on its front end again when the game is over and challenges the cop to another game. The cop begs off though it was great (he said) and disappeared and was never heard from again. A few weeks later the generous machine disappeared too. It was as well; it had had a rather rough time of it. Its front legs were nearly bent double.



But, of course, there are machines that are neither for us or against us; those that merely serve us. Ever been in a photo booth? Not to go too overboard on anthropomorphism but that's what I mean about perfect mechanical servitude, photo booths. With pay TV or candy machines you consume the product dispensed and, zoot!, that's it! At least with a photo booth you have a fairly concrete record of a moment dispensed to you, something you can hang onto. There are those that see all the accoutrements of present day technology as crassly materialistic millstones. Maybe many of them are. How many people in suburbia think before they drive the car to the corner store for a loaf of bread and thereby let their body loaf? Who can say? But that doesn't stop me from thinking that re-runs on TV are a gas, and that gadgets like photo booths are worthwhile tools for inner contemplation. The first time in recent memory that I was in one was pretty safe, got a coupla strips of four shots each of standard poses. Two of my buddies, Pat Wager and Kenny Cook, were in a photo booth for the first time in a long time recently, and they were totally at sea. The first shot is of Pat looking down at a corner of the bottom of the booth, obviously wondering when things were going to happen. Next shot was of Pat peering rather startledly into the lens, so close he's out of focus, with Kenny Cook leering from the corner. By the third shot Kenny is doing ecstatic somersaults and Pat is still trying to think of an expression to put on his face, thereby creating a terrifically characteristic expression. Last shot is a close up of Pat's mouth, chin and chest as he's getting out of the booth convinced it's all over. These shots are all living moments whereas mine are just planned records. I like Pat and Kenny's better. Where's the tyranny of technology here?

+ + + + +

#### FAN ARTICLE WRITTEN CYLINDRICALLY

I am a respected fannish personality. Simply dozens of anecdotes happen to me every day. I can barely put my hat on my head without tripping over an anecdote. And I always carry other BNFs around with me to witness these anecdotes, even to work and to the bathroom.

You never know when an anecdote will strike! Just the other day I was having lunch with Harry Warner, Ted White, Bruce Gillespie, Ethel Lindsay Poly Unsaturate, H.G. Wells etc, and the funniest thing happened. I found a fly in my soup. I told the waiter about it and he said "I'm very sorry sir! I'll get you another bowl."

Well, we just screamed.

"You'll have to write this up in your 'zine." said Francis (I always call Laney "Francis").

"Yes," I replied, "I will."

And I did.

composed with incredible  
dexterity by a sodden  
Phil Paine at a party  
at Gary Mattingly's Pass  
the Amyl...



# Remember Leroy

MIT CLICKSON

Remember Leroy Kettle? Who could ever forget such a giant of the fannish world? (A rhetorical question, of course: but if you can answer "How" please let me know!)

I met him at SEACON, the 1975 English national convention. Which was probably better than meeting him at MANCON, the 1976 English national disaster. He was either the funny drunk with the red plastic nose who kept pulling down his trousers exposing a copy of his book on James Bond movies to frightened young ladies. Or the funny drunk with the frizzy curly hair who kept cursing maniacally whenever a fan either did or didn't give him a fanzine. Or maybe he was the purple pooftah who kept trying to get the salads in the coffee shop to sneak off to his room with him. But I'll certainly never forget old Leroy, no sirree!



I stand second to no-one in my admiration of Leroy Kettle's creative talents. And that's a good indication of how many people think he's any damn good. But ever since my dear old mother was boiling up some water for a hot rum toddy for me the day I was born and she dropped the old-fashioned cast-iron cauldron on my head I've had this odd affinity for people named Leroy.

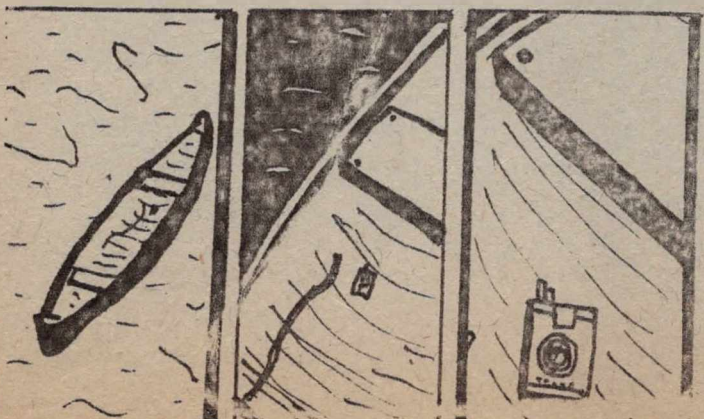
It's well known that the very best of Leroy Kettle is put on paper. And then flushed away immediately thereafter. But The Master more than lived up to my expectations when we finally met in person. I forget which of the eminently interchangeable mice actually introduced me to the King Rat -- he was neither regal nor Segal, but what the hell -- but after picking up my glasses (one filled with draft Guinness and the other containing the ludicrously inadequate amount of scotch that passes for a drink in England (it is related to a gill, indicative of the fact that it suffices to get a fish tipsy but little else)) and peering at this legend of our London times, I recall remarking to this Max Bygraves of fandom that he bore a definite resemblance to the late John Lennon, a man notorious for ignoring timepieces.

With typical Kettle insight, wit, and spontaneous hilarity, Leroy convulsed the breathless masses surrounding our confrontation with yet another brilliant example of inventive humor. "Oh, I don't think so," was what he said, as fans literally helpless with laughter attempted vainly to regain sufficient control of their trembling bodies to write down this devastating bon-mot for future con-reports.



It isn't surprising that after such acataclysmic introduction the remainder of our association was somewhat anti-climactic. I recall stepping on Leroy's hand late one night as he crawled along a hallway telling his fannish memoirs to a totally disinterested Hoover, and I think we bought each other a few drinks, or at least I bought him some and he kept saying he'd return the favour as soon as he sold a novel to someone named Holdstick or something like that. But after that phenomal first impression (and several days of drinking Guinness in my shorts) it isn't hard to understand why the rest of my impressions of Leroy Kettle are somewhat vague. Not unlike Leroy himself, come to think of it.

## REINCARNATE BLUES



But I certainly remember him well! (Was he the fat guy selling off World War One hand grenades as meat pies?) And in the months that have elapsed since that memorable First Contact, I've had nothing but nice things to say about his humour, his writing skill, and his amazing similarity to John Lennon. In the meantime he has penned hundreds of insulting remarks about me, my esthetic standards, my literary skill, my ancestry, and my physical stature. This rather unequal balance I put down to simple jealousy over the fact that my fanzines are better than his own; MADCAP and MALFUNCTION I believe they are called.

And I forgive him. Because when all is said and done, it is a privilege and a pleasure to know...oh...umm...oh shit!...listen, bale me out, Rich, and fill in the proper name: I've got better things to do than try to distinguish between the poncy pseuds you're trying to ingatiate yourself with. Thanks. And when do I get my check?

\*\*\*\*\*

The preceding piece of ancient literature was dredged up by the Committee to Give Kettle an Award Sometime.



## DEVO: A CARRIER'S STORY

by William Gibson

(When Rich phoned me the other day I could tell that he'd been hanging around with Allyn Cadogan. He did not ask me to write about meeting Jerry Cassale, he asked me to write it up. This was so obviously a crossover Cadoganism that I decided to determine just how much of her style had rubbed off on him. I asked him what he thought about Culture's Two Sevens Clash. Would he say that he'd fallen madly in love with the album? "Shit," said Rich, "thats a fucking great album.")

What passes for FM rock in Vancouver is presided over by dj's who only sound really at home doing waterbed commercials. For a week, in January, one of these wimps -- a walking advertisement for the proposition that most white people shouldn't be allowed to smoke marijuana -- could be heard hourly on a cassette-loop, exhorting the public to go and see "Dee-vo!"

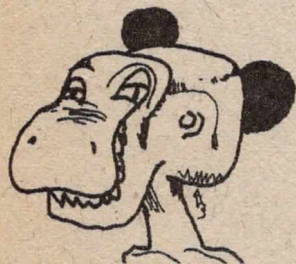
"Like nothing you've ever seen before!" Not that he sounded particularly convinced. Guys like that think Warren Zevon is avant-garde, and weren't likely to be showing up at the Commodore on 12 January. Not that it bothered me; I could always drop the arm on my well-worn Boogie Boy 45 of "Mongoloid" and just dance the poot. I'd been a partisan since the summer of '77.

I'd had my first taste of True Devotion under the indirect auspices of Barry Hansen, aka Dr. Demento, who circulated a tape compilation of underground American singles among the people I like to refer to as My Media Connections. He'd sandwiched "Jocko Homo" between the Gizmo's provocative classic "Muff-divin' In Wilkie South" and something really bland by Venus and the Razorblades. By January '79 it was all I could do to keep from jumping up and playing "Praying Hands" whenever the Jonestown flyover footage was on the screen. ROLL OVER! ASSUME THE POSITION! (I imagined Bill Burroughs in his bunker in New York: "With the right input, gentlemen, maybe we can get the Scientologists to do the same thing...")





The concert itself proved to be a prolonged meditation on the expression "to bugger description". Devo jerked and wriggled and squirmed and did things that no other group has ever done on stage. I felt for once as if the 21st century was an operative proposition. As we were leaving the hall one of My Media Connections, with a yellow security pass stuck on her fur coat, asked us if we'd like to meet the band and stay for their second show. Since it was going to cost me big money to keep our baby-sitter until two in the morning if we both stayed, and since the bar and



backstage area were at opposite ends of the building, I decided to go home leaving Deb to learn the Truth about De-evolution. On my way home I stopped in one of Vancouver's inexplicably chic Greek restaurants for coffee and overheard a professor of fine arts from New Zealand explaining the group's mastery of semiology. He seemed to feel, however, that they didn't live up to Kent State. I wasn't sure if he meant the academy or the incident. Deb came home around three in a liberal wrapping of yellow safety tape -- it took two days to pick the last of it off her tightest pair of Fiorucci's -- and gave me a pair of yellow rubberized-paper Devo

trousers (which were full of cold Devo sweat, as I found out when I jumped out of bed and put them on). She said that they were "very nice boys".

In the morning I suspended the pants artfully from a ceiling beam and waited for somebody to impress, which didn't work out, since the first visitor who knew what they were turned out to be Jerry Cassale, co-founder of Devo, Inc., who had seen them before. He had missed his plane and My Media Connection of the night before had brought him over to "meet a writer who's really into Thomas Pynchon". The supposed link there, I guess, was an interest in entropy, or as Devo likes to put it, "The Important Sound Of Things Falling Apart".

Now, I had always entertained a certain interest as to what Devo wore in the street; what would Devo civvies be like?

Cassale was no disappointment. A friend who had interviewed him at a press conference the day before had described him as wearing "an amazing kitsch shirt with an atomic energy motif and really weird stripped down shoes." He was wearing the shoes, which were a kind of Chelsea Cobbler pastiche of steel-toed construction oxfords, but the shirt had been replaced with a buttoned-up gray silk number with very slight fascist overtones. He had a narrow, very neatly knotted black tie embossed with the familiar Devo logo (in

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R.G. Calif.  
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die-cut white felt baseball letters) and secured with a Green Beret's beret pin. Over this he wore a thin quilted jacket, very short, tight, and narrow, in matte black nylon, that managed simultaneously to suggest a bellhop, loungewear from the wardrobe room of Battlestar Galactica, and an organ-grinder's monkey.

He was wearing the strangest pair of pants I've ever seen -- and this from someone who has entertained a life-long interest in the most marginal of fashions. Alien pants. They were made of a kind of fabric-finished plastic in olive drab, which seemed to be either very dull or very shiny depending on how the light fell on them. The strangeness, however, lay primarily in their cut; baggy in the bum (baggy enough to conceal a good-sized vestigial tail) narrow in the leg, and very short at the ankle. They were Forbidden Planet fatigues filtered through 1984 Saigon disco nostalgia.

The overall effect was Three Stooges Go To Mars, but somehow it managed to mean business. It was right.

He sat on the couch, and, testing Devo mythology I offered him hard liquor. Which he refused. I offered him soft drugs. Which he refused. He accepted a cup of black Ceylon tea, and "we spoke", as they put it in diplomatic circles. While we spoke he played with my son, putting empty cigarette packets in his hands. We talked about Jonestown, behavioral modification the next Devo album, Brian Eno, German disco, London rubber bondage outfitters, Devo's upcoming tour of Japan, Stiff Records, and Elvis Costello.

He described Costello as a "very simple man". Stiff as "an English Hippy label", and the Japanese tour as a source of worry, since Devo "may be too much like them". He explained an extreme form of rubber bondage involving an inflatable suit of layered latex and total sensory deprivation. "The air goes in through a valve at the top of the head." When it was time for him to leave for the airport I gave him a copy of a 1964 NICAP collection of UFO-contactee reports -- many of them from Akron, Ohio. "This is very nice," he said, "This sort of thing is all we ever read."

As he stood up, the wrinkles in his pants made a strange slithering sound, we shook hands, and he left.

\* \* \* \* \*

WE NEED MORE AQUEDUCTS! an editorial by Rich Coad

Yesterday, Mike Glicksohn and I were comparing thighs. "My thigh is more British than your thigh," I said. And he laughed. That little laugh he has when I say something he will repeat in public.

In D.H. Lawrence's "Fennimore and Gerda" the Grand Inquisitor looks at the Wild Duck and says "My ankle is more Norwegian than your ankle". But in Lawrence's dispeptic drama there is no response no answer. Yet I am reminded of that passage whenever I think of Glicksohn and I standing in the lobby of the Harriot Hotel, tangled in tape-measures, illuminated by torches, trying desperately to out-thigh, or at least out-British, each other.

As the years pass, I begin to suspect that I should have been an ass.



# JUNK MAIL

Anonymous  
address unknown  
postmarked  
Martinez, CA.

I know you sent SPACE JUNK to me so I would write a long loc full of fawning compliments and egoboo, which you might, if you were feeling generous, spread around your so-called "brilliant stable of writers." Well, forget it. As far as I am concerned egoboo is a myth, and I am not about to perpetuate it by giving you any, you grovelling flyspeck.

Thought you were pretty clever, putting that obscene mouse jerking off on the back cover, didn't you? I'll bet you were hoping someone would forget and read it on the subway without first slipping it into an old copy of Algol. Give the commuters a little thrill, eh? I am sick and tired of fandoms bourgeois juvenile attitude toward sex. It isn't like the good old days when only two fans were women and the rest wore their sweaters knotted around their waists. Now everyone is fucking their brains out. Men and women play such heavy mind games on each other today, but fans are really perverts. Of course they talk more than they do. I guess I'm no better, I can't stop talking about it either. My sex life is as bad as yours, or worse.

You can tell your "writers" to take a flying frig in the direction of a vat of mimeo ink. If I read one more so-called "experimental" artsy-fartsy con report where someone stumbles around stoned, I'll crap. Moose? Moose? This guy really has problems. And, Rich, really, do children's books belong in an adult fanzine?

Your editorial was the worst thing in the zine. Showing off your so-called "knowledge" by quoting from great literature. Stop trying to pretend you're Samuel Delany, for Chrissakes. You couldn't write Dahlgren if you tried. Just because that organ of yours is bigger than most people's (don't get filthy, you know which one I'm talking about) don't presume to think you're smarter than everybody else. I don't know what you were trying to pull, but I was not amused by your reactionary pagination. Fascist insect!

Don't you just love the things I write? God, for the first time in years I feel like a fan. You disgusting pile of pig shit, how dare you presume to call yourself a fan! or a man! Can you look in the mirror? Can you face yourself, knowing that I'm out here, somewhere, ready to expose any pretensions, to destroy any illusions of self-respect you might try to pawn off on people? Do you see that I'm trying to tell you what it is about you that disgusts me? I'm not doing this because I hate you. I'm doing this because I love you. I love everybody. Try to prove me wrong, you jerk. I want people to love me.

*\*I feel,, pipsqueak, that I have destroyed your sick self well enough in the editorial. I know pygmies like yourself shall always try to sow dissension, to stop the cause of peace.*





*in our area, in our time. Midgets like you shall never, never, scare off such a bold and courageous leader as myself, no matter what you do. We are quite prepared to face this great calling alone, no matter what you dwarves try. Furthermore, shrimp, Mr. Begin can see the pyramids whenever he wishes. \**

MIke Glicksohn  
141 High Park Ave  
Toronto, Ontario

Has it really been two years since you last sent me a fanzine/ It sure doesn't seem that long. I guess time passes quickly when I'm having fun. It's too bad that after two years you couldn't come up with something really provocative and loaded down with spicy comment hooks instead of the readable but unremarkable (in the sense of my not having any remarks to make about it) issue of SPACE JUNK I currently have beside me. Oh well, I'm sure others will disagree with me completely and find this issue just jam-packed with great stuff to talk about. And in a couple of years I'll get to see what they found to say about it...

Oddly enough, although I've a passing familiarity with the phenomenon known as a hangover I've never attempted to dispel one by declaring an intention to publish a fanzine. I suspect that this is because when I get a hangover I don't mess around with anything mediocre or low level. In keeping with the degree of total commitment put into obtaining the hangover, when I suffer, I suffer completely. None of your intermediate stages of near-coherence or partial-awareness of self or surroundings and hence no chance to be conscious enough or functioning enough to even remember what a fanzine is, let alone decide to produce one. I save myself and fandom a lot of tedium that way.

Cheryl captures the nature of a too-large Worldcon very nicely in her IGGY report but since I've never been much of a music fan I find little to say about the underlying theme of her version of the con. (I've never been all that much of a rock fanatic and consequently I never got into punk rock at all. Wasn't that to do with all those boxed stones they sold as Christmas novelties a couple of years ago? I didn't realize fans were gullible to fall for that sort of thing...)

I haven't hosted a formal party at a con in some years so I don't have to bother with emptying my room of undesirables but on occasions I've used a variant of the Wood Method. It entails going around the party itself and confidentially telling people that the party broke up a couple of hours ago and most everybody left. By 6a.m. most partygoers are willing to buy that and leave. Many will think they have already left and wander off to find themselves. If there is anyone left over too drunk, too stoned or too unconscious to be fooled by such subtlety just whisper "Bill Bridget was looking for you so I told him you were here and he's on his way up," and you'll have an empty room for sleeping in immediately.

*\*Subsequent issues, Mike, will contain special arrows on the margins just to point out comment hooks to you. No, don't thank me. Any reader who wishes to suggest suitable books, records or movies Mike should see to raise up the consciousness of a late seventies cynic is welcome to send them along. Now, in continuation of their famous feud of SRT4, here is S. Agree.\**

Simon Agree  
105 Isabella #710  
Toronto, Ontario

Mama, we're all all all Devo now! Yeah, and Kansas, too, for that matter. Two days behind schedule and we start seeing Stucky's roadside sleez-a-toriums in Kansas. So we stopped and investigated the little ceramic black kids eating water-melons and toilet seats with cute slogans written on them. Also, tacky postcards. Now we have an accurate, unbiased picture of Kansas. We liked Nevada better because a looney jumped in our truck and raved about being chased by demons from Lord Of The Rings in pickup campers.



Jerry Kaufman  
Somewhere in  
Seattle, Wash.

Writing letters of comment is a hot and thankless play. Good thing I rather enjoy it. (Of course, if I hated it I wouldn't be doing it.) So if you see spots on this letter it isn't tears. It'll be either apple cider or sweat.

Meanwhile Cheryl Cline just astounds me by remembering all that stuff about Iggy, and that fateful night... it had to be fated to be as uneventful as it was. I wonder who the naked man was? The roomful of books I do remember; it was the Ace books room, I think. Now I know I should have started a party there. Shouldn't we have done that, Cheryl? But at the time it was like an episode in a dream.

I only recall one other piece that both reports an event and parodies a story, "I've Had No Sleep and I Must Giggle." It probably worked for people better than "The Heat Death of Iguanacom" will, because the model was better known at the time.

*\*I have to disagree with you there Jerry. Cheryl's piece worked better for me, not only because I knew the people involved and the con discussed, but because the parody was more complete and succesful than Gingers. So i felt anyway.*

Bruce Townley  
2323 Sibley St.  
Alexandria, VA. 22311

Got SPACE JUNK, hmm, seems like years ago, but anyway I did get SPACE JUNK, that's the important part, right? Listen, that's nothing. Last summer one of my best friends got a dose of the clap and he can't even figure out which of his "girl-friends" gave it to him. Now that's real pathos, huh? What am I talking about?

Well, as you have no doubt already noticed space junk is on practically everybody's lips these days. Was even on John Chancellor's lips the other night on the news. They're all talking about the eventual destruction of Skylab in this weary planets atmosphere. They wasn't talking about the Devo song. Seems that when Skylab falls it's gonna make quite a splash, cutting a swath some 3,000 miles long and 800 wide. Seems that this continent wide swath of destruction was caused by nothing other than a solar flare, a stream of energetic but still pretty tiny (or "itty-bitty" as we say in the trade) sub-atomic particles streaming out from the surface of the sun. Apparently Skylab was slowed down in its orbit by just such a flare, a very large one to be sure. They expected the thing to stay up there another five years and then come crashing down in a continent wide swath of destruction. What if Skylab had been hit by something really substantial? Would the RCA building then be overrun by giant mutant lobsters the size of helicopters?

Karen Trego  
1338 Birchwood  
Chicago, IL. 60626

I'm impressed by your reference to Kindertotenlieder in the ToC. A subject which I've always felt is worthy of song. I work for the USDA's Child Nutrition Programs- school lunches etc. - and we worry a lot about "one child - one meal": we're not supposed to be paying for seconds. I hoped to win an award by suggesting we solve the problem by the simple expedient of shooting the kids as soon as they took their first meal. The bullets could be funded through the Non-Food Assistance Program. No award, though. Civil servants aren't supposed to show initiative.

*Oh fuck! A blank, fucking space! What should I do? Send suggestions to Fill The Blank P.O. Box 888888 N.Y., N.Y. 10089 The first 1,000,000 respondents will get free herpies.*



Cheryl Cline  
724 Mellus St.  
Martinez, CA. 94114



Alan Bostick  
2 Hernandez St.  
San Francisco, CA. 94127

questions that SRT raised (Just what the hell is ratfandom, anyway? Did John Piggott really become an earl when Wilson resign as Prime Minister? And what is "British Da?") seem to have been forgotten, being replaced by such matter as whether mooses are related to the number 23. Frankly,

O

Ones I koulde wel of scoleye,  
Ones I ne wolde pleyne;  
Yet stille I am the same,  
Badde badde brayn.

I oft was goon to festes,  
I oft wolde drynken ale,  
Now I gyn to feel ful pale,  
Badde badde brayn.

Aforne I was an mynstral,  
Aforne I hadde Fortune and Fame;  
Aforne I hadde an name,  
Badde Badde brayn.

Now my plit is povrely,  
Now I ne can remembrath my name,  
Badde badde Bayn.

Badde badde brayn.  
Badde badde brayn,  
Badde badde brayn.

Badde badde brayn  
Badde badde brayn,  
Badde badde brayn.

Rich - this is how I've been  
putting my college education  
to use...

((Is there no stopping the spread of cleverness in fanzines? Why, the next thing you know, I shall be conversing sententiously, in long, yet grammatically correct, sentences, complicated by commas and the occasional dash - just to see if the reader is still alert - whilst declaiming on truth and beauty, using Latin in all of its declensions, as if I, myself, were a nineteenth century novelist. "Sblood Cheryl, 'tis a merry lass ye are, yet where doth it all end? Wilt have verse become blank?))

Although I liked SPACE JUNK in a low-key sort of way, I think that it's rather a shame that it doesn't have the same flavour as Your old SPICY RAT TAILS. The pressing



I liked the old zine better. But, as I said, I did like SPACE JUNK. It is indeed refreshing, in this time when so many ~~xxx~~ illiterate crudzines are being published, to be given a copy of a crudzine that is literate (after a fashinn).

Your editorial amused me. In addition, the first two paragraphs delighted me with the way you used your words therein. You know, if you tried, you possibly could be a hot-shit writer. Perhaps you could get a job as Roger Zelazny, or something.

Literate After A Fashion you title your editorial. Well, Rich, I guess this means that I can let the secret out. Okay folks, hang onto your hats, 'cause this is going to be a shocker: Rich Coad is not "Literate after a fashion." Rich, famed degenerate, punk and obnoxious lout that he is, is literate, purely and simply. One has only to look at his bookshelf to tell: Thomas Pynchon, James Joyce and many others of that ilk. And you thought that his favorite book was Runts of 61 Cygni C. Of course, he hides it, it is his secret shame. But when one gets him drunk enough his inhibitions fall away, and he will admit to anyone who is willing to listen and is also willing to give credence to such an incongruous notion as his possibly being literate. Of course, when he does display his erudition, he does it in his typical lowbrow manner: Occasionally whipping out his Benny Profane yo-yo for a few tosses, casually speculating about the possibility of throwing a banana breakfast, or chortling lecherously over Fionulla Flanagan's performance in "James Joyce's Women" in the most obscene terms possible. I didn't say that he was a highbrow, just that he is literate. Rich is the most literate lowbrow that I have ever come across.

Why, I bet that somewhere in his book collection he's got a copy of the Famous Classics' comic-book version of Finnerans Wake.

I thought that the "Heat Death of Iguanacon" was a rather nifty piece of writing. Technically speaking, I don't think that the nonlinear, episodic style of writing comes off quite as well as it should, but that same style did make the piece more interesting than I suspect it would have been if it had been written in a straightforward, linear manner. It suddenly occurs to me that fandom, for all its reputation for being a breeding ground for new writers, places very little emphasis on any but the most conventional modes of writing. This makes Cheryl Cline's piece a rare thing indeed, and all the more praiseworthy for the attempt.

On the matter of there being a number of fans that are into punk rock: did you know (well, you do, since I told you last night, but your readers probably don't) that Connie Clit, late of the Dancing Assholes is Jon Singer's roommate? And then there's John Shirley's punk band, the Monitors that played at the "Friday Night Disco" at this years Norwescon. I was not there but I heard conflicting reports about how well the group is which I tend to attribute to the fact that some people who were there have no taste for punk rock.

((You're quite right about the conservatism of fannish writing. This is atleast partially attributable to the tendency of some fans, when given a chance to write something "experimental" to write the most awful pretentious crap ever dreamed up. But there also seems to be a marked resistance to reading anything "experimental" in many fans. This is especially true of sercon fans who are forever crying out for more realism and characterization in sci-fi books, as if the mere importation of nineteenth



century literary values will resurect a genre that is basically self-limiting and moribund. Why anyone would read linear novels by choice is beyond me, but if they must why must they insist on sticking sci-fi with Tolstoy's values?

Thanks for the plug on my literateness. Right now I've got to go read about Molly Bloom jerking off.)))

Robert Whitaker  
P.O. Box 10205  
Wilmington, Del. 19850

I dreamed. I twitched and moved a bit. It kept coming on, sweeping me off in a wave of lunacy. The images of a moose and a squirrel and a man dressed in a mounty outfit and a man in a wheelchair. The moose was Bullwinkle. Why was he singing "Sweet Transvestite"?

My nightmare was titled THE ROCKY SQUIRREL PICTURE SHOW... using Jay Ward's creations. The cast came out to this:

Dr. Frank N. Furter-----	Bullwinkle the moose
Rocky-----	Rocket J. Squirrel
Brad-----	Dudley Do-Right
Janet-----	Nell Fenwick
Riff-Raff-----	Boris Badenov
Magenta-----	Natasha
Narrator-----	Inspector Fenwick
Eddie-----	Captain Peter Peachfuzz
Doctor Scott-----	Mr. Peabody
Little Nell-----	Mrs. Slick (Tom's mother)

I never had so much fun.

Also Rans: SHERYL BIRKHEAD, RON SALOMON, CATHY BALL, JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON who either disliked the zine or is trying to be funny. I'm at a loss... JOHN THIEL whose loc isn't quite as cretinous as the one he sent Gary Mattingly but nevertheless is puerile enough for BPI... JIM MEADOWS LLL who writes about Ayatollahs with long floppy ears... SARAH PRINCE who actually locced S&P but I'm desperate... LINDA KARRH who may have an article in this issue if I locate the vanished artist who was supposed to be illustrating it... LEE PELTON, GIL GAIER, TONY DUMMER, ARTHUR D. HLAVATY and DAVE LANGFORD the only British man to write, which proves the peril of doing a pretentious American fanzine. Thanks to all who wrote. The rest of you are unfeeling sods who have hurt my sensitive, sensitive soul so badly I may never recover. Broken hearts are nothing compared to the feelings we aesthetes get when we feel neglected. All of our feyness disappears and, instead of draping the bod with colorful clothing, affected monocles, hats, canes and loose ties, we revert to drab blue jeans and tee shirts. A sad fate - even the ivory cigarette holder gets chucked out the window as we burn our Collected Works of Oscar Wilde. Right now I'm so depressed over the lack of mail I'm selling all my books and moving to New York City where I'll only read Moby Dick and Revelations.

Am I at the end of the page yet? Getting there. Lets see. Chapter 1. Loomings. Call me Ishmael....







