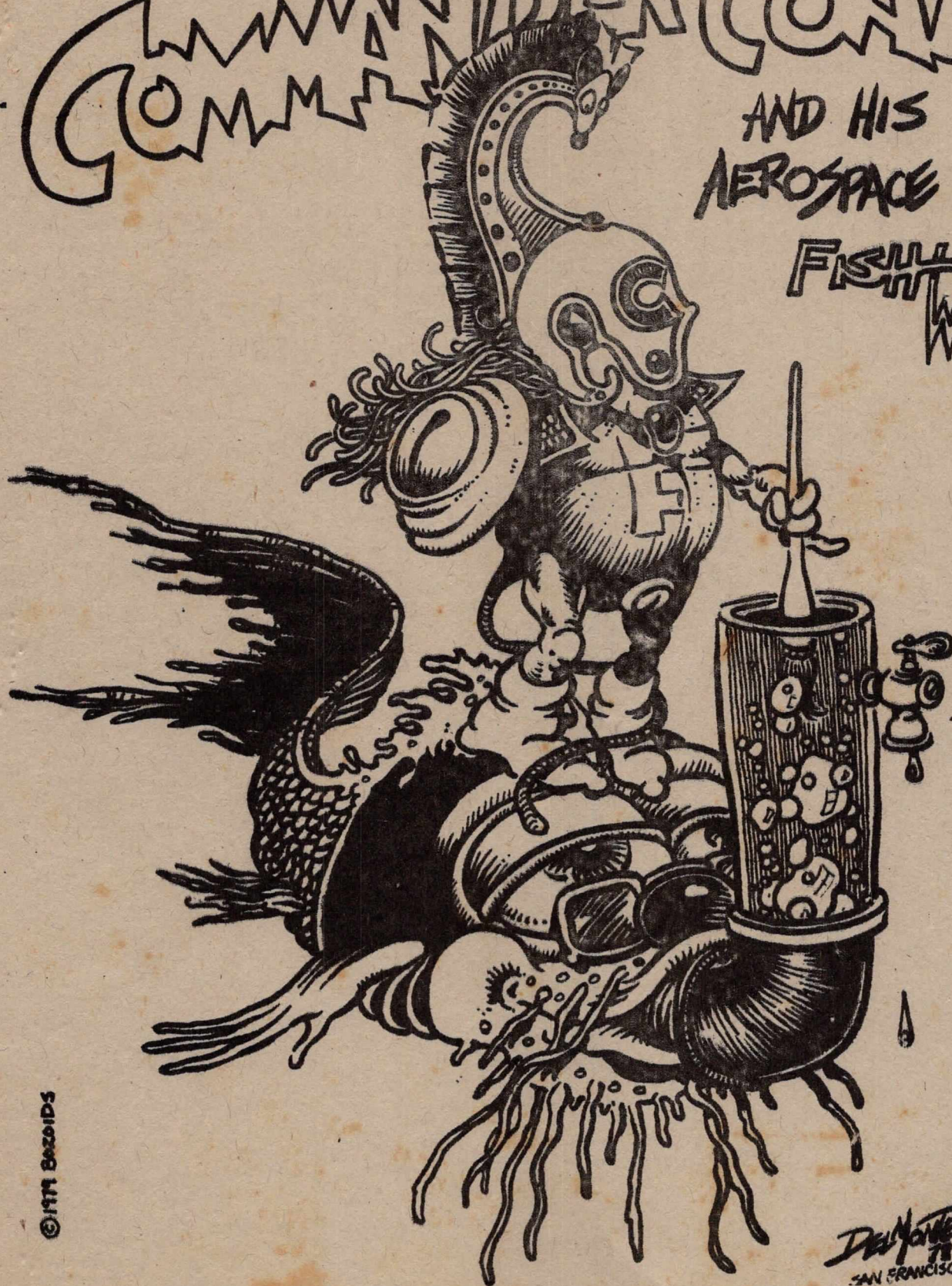


SPACE JUNK UNLEASHES...

COMMANDER COAD

AND HIS
AEROSPACE AGE
FISH WRAP.



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DeMone
SAN FRANCISCO

SPACE JUNK

This, the fourth issue of Space Junk, is from Rich Coad of 251 Ash-bury St. #4, San Francisco, CA. 94117 where it appears the editor will continue to live for some time due to the reasons outlined in the editorial. Space Junk is available for the usual or a buck. If an x appears here _____ then this will be your last copy unless you do something. This is an irregularly published fanzine hoping to become more frequent. A Warped Fish Publication.

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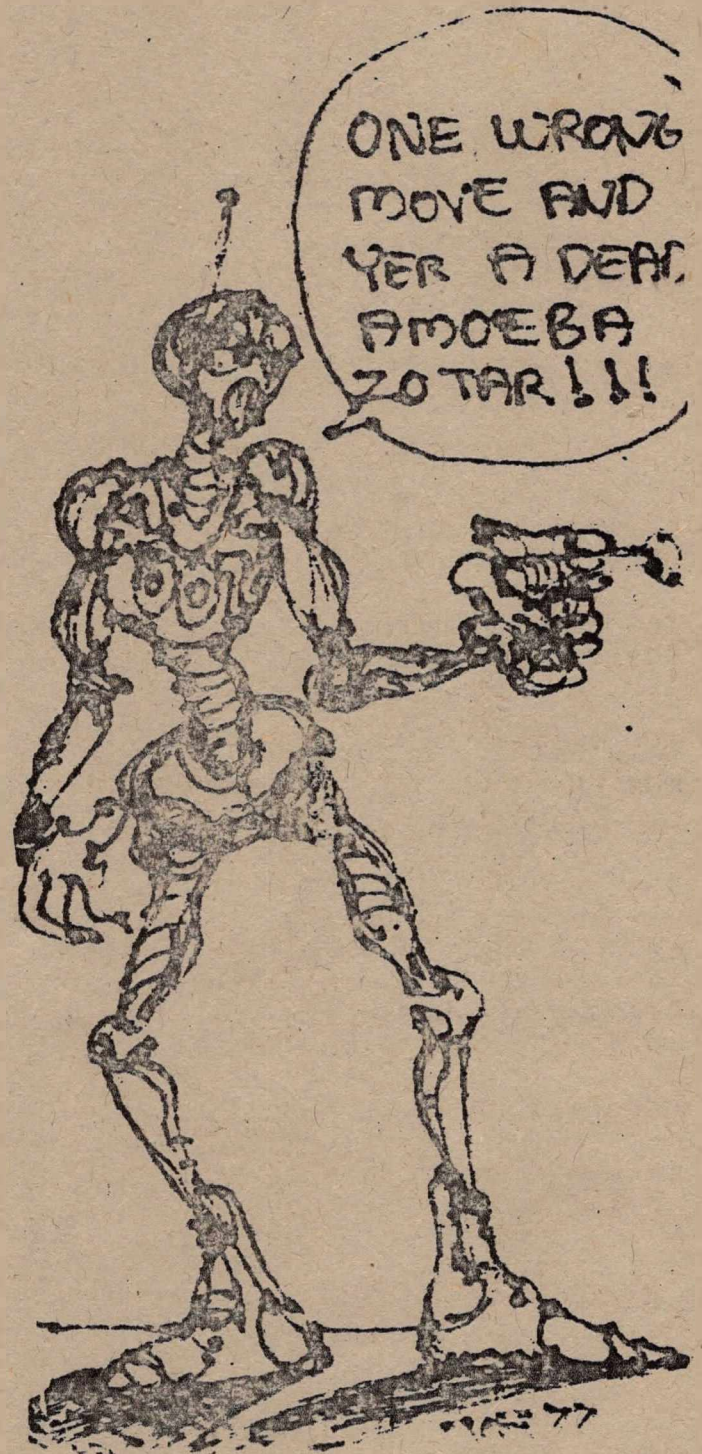
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literate after a fashion

Back in the days of my youth, when I was still reading a great deal of the so-called "Golden Age" sci-fi, the stuff that was chock full of planet-busting, intergalactic intrigue and one exceptionally endowed fellow saving humanity, I had what must be a common fantasy of lonely, adolescent sci-fi readers: I was sure that I, too, was the greatest asset of mankind. It was unfortunate, I thought, that the great tumultuous mass of humanity seething purple about me was incapable of seeing beyond the appearance of a dreadfully shy boy who spent most of his time scratching his acne and reading space opera in his room. But I was confident that one day I would be recognized. Perhaps the Russians would send a telegram demanding me "or else we'll flatten Buffalo!" "Let 'em have Buffalo," the Joint Chiefs would reply. "Coad is worth any dozen cities."

I even took a few tentative steps to setting up Coad Experimental Nuclear Laboratories and Planet Busting Inc. with the help of my friend Virgil. He, needless to say, was to be my Trusted Assistant which mainly meant fetching cans of Coke and saying "What a brilliant theory, Rich! Why this could mean..." To which I would reply something along the lines of "It's really quite simple. All we need do is lace the tachyons with muons while shooting the





protons with photons and you just can't help going faster than light. Any first year physics student can see that." Virgil's chief advantage was that his apartment building had what looked like a stables but must in fact have been something entirely different in the back. This pile of rotting wood, broken windows and leaky roof was to be our headquarters, where the mysteries of science would be solved (reasonable rates, easy installment plan). We bought a few test-tubes, a bunsen burner and some magnesium we could set afire. Somehow we never got beyond watching the brilliant flame of burning magnesium. I had a falling out with Virgil and his father decided I was a drug addict since I always wore long-sleeved

shirts. That is why man is not among the stars and the Russians are still around to bother us.

These days, when I'm reading a great deal of despair laden existential stuff, my goals have shortened. All I want now is for somebody to come up after we've finished a half-hour set at Mabuhay and say "You guys were good."

Yes indeed folks. Tired of the mounting tide of drivel put out under the banner of "new-wave" music San Francisco fandom has decided to form its very own punk band to be called, of all things, The Fans.

This all began harmlessly enough. Larry Rehse, Lynn Kuehl and I were musing about this and that over a few beers. Larry mentioned that he had a guitar, was going to learn how to play, and would then form a punk band. "I've been wanting to be in a band for some time now." said Lynn. "I've been wanting to be in a band for some time now." I said with originality. Lynn said he would play bass; I picked rhythm guitar; Larry was to be lead. "How about getting Bill and Gary into the act too?" I suggested. We soon had it settled: Bill would play drums, Gary would sing. We promptly forgot about it; or at least I did.

Two days later Lynn called to tell me he had a bass and an amp. "Wow!" I said. "I'll buy a guitar with my tax refund."

About a month later Gary, Bill and Patty Peters and I were over in Concord to visit Lynn and Cheryl. "I can't be in the band." I told them. "What with school and work I'll have no time."

"What a shame." said Lynn. "Let's take a look in Mau's Music anyway."

We went in and drifted over to the used guitar section. Hanging on the



CONSTABLE PAINTING
A NUDE SUBJECT

wall was a lovely hollow-bodied electric - a Guild T-100 - just the type of guitar I'd wanted as hollow bodies were always favored by rockabilly artists and I wanted to play rockabilly. A salesman ran over. "Nice guitar. Only \$199" "I know." I said, although I didn't. "Do you take lay-away?" They didn't. "Tell you what," said the shyster. "If you can get the cash I'll let you have it for a hundred and fifty." I shot a glance at Lynn. "Sure." he said. "I'll pay you back as soon as I get my tax refund." So I drove home with a guitar for the group I was not to be a member of.

Later, Lynn told me it was all a plot. I must admit, however, that I was easily swayed in my shoes.

A month passed. I'd dropped two classes and was considering dropping out of school altogether; I'd found a guitar teacher; I'd nearly learned "Louie, Louie". Rock and roll was indeed destroying my moral fiber.

Gary, as it turned out, had once won a talent contest singing the "Purple People Eater". His voice was still good. We found a drumset for \$50 at a flea market. We were in business. We started going over to Concord to a bacon bits factory to practice. Amid the pungent smell of bacon bits and the chill of the coolers we played "Wild Thing" over and over. We almost got it right. We agreed that weekly practices, at least, would be necessary once we knew how to play. Practices once a week? That's not too many.



Joseph Nicholas

ON YOUR FEET OR ON YOUR KNEES

American fanzines: magnificent of layout, bland and boring of content. Or so modern British fannish folklore has it -- which, paradoxically, is why I leaped at the chance to review some recent (to these shores, anyway, courtesy Rich Coad and an airmail postal bill of ludicrous proportions) American fanzines. Here, I told myself, is the opportunity to present a decidedly British view of the whole scene; not just some squibby capsule "reviews" of the type purveyed by Brian Earl Brown and Taral Wayne MacDonald -- so many pages of this and so many pages of that together with some guff about the repro and a rating number assigned on a purely arbitrary scale of values that tells you almost nothing about the worth of the fanzines under "review" and absolutely nothing about the critical standards the "reviewer" is using, the whole resembling nothing so much as a buyers' guide to used cars -- but a structured, critical essay providing both an in-depth appraisal of the particular fanzines to hand, an indication of the overall objective standards by which they may all be judged, and some general comments about the field as a whole.

"Pretentious crap," I can hear you saying, and you could even be right. Not that I care, because I'm damned if I'll alter my approach just because I happen to be reviewing American fanzines instead of British ones. There may be fewer four-letter words than usual, but otherwise you'll get pretty much the same as I've been handing out in the past four issues of Nabu, and anyone with an aversion to that sort of thing might as well stop reading right now.

To return to this question of layout vs. content, however... does "modern British fannish folklore" hold up in the light of experience? Well, yes, I think it does; the layout of most of the fanzines I've been sent is indeed quite striking while the contents are anything but, and in most cases don't even begin to justify the amount of time, effort and money that must have been put into the production side of things. Yes, coloured inks and letraset headings and electroed illustrations and card covers and litho art inserts and such are all very well, but -- as I've said many times before, and as I shall continue to say in future -- only as an adjunct to the written content; they cannot ever cover for a lack of provocation and stimulation in it. Fanzines are, after all, for reading not for bloody looking at; and any fanzine deficient in worthwhile and well-written reading material has signally failed to achieve its primary goal: to communicate. In point of fact, I'd go so far as to say that any editors who fail to provide their readers with said material are damn well cheating them blind.

To get down to cases, however, with a prime example of a fanzine that's very pleasant to look at but an absolute struggle to read all the way through: Jeanne Gomoll's and Janice Bogstad's Janus 15. The paper is of the best conceivable quality, the line artwork effective (if occasionally naive and perspectiveless), and the printing so crisp and clear that it makes even the best-lithoed British fanzies look as though they were run off with the aid of a sooty potato and a sheet of second-hand blotting paper. But excellence of presentation cannot disguise paucity of content, and the contents of Janus 15 strikes me as tedious beyond redemption. Article after article on the importance of SF, women in fandom, the feminist small press, this month's movies, last month's books... more than you can shake a stick at. Even so, I don't think the subject matter is wholly to blame for this numbing of the credibility centres - by and large, it does actually possess some sort of intrinsic interest, even if it is only the kind of interest that provokes comments of the "Oh, yeah?" variety -- more the way in which it's been written up. Or rather, overwritten, the main cause of its failure to inspire; Gomoll and Bogstad, and their contributors, never seem to use two words where they think they can get away with fifteen, and in consequence reading Janus is akin to wading through a lake of treacle: page after page of circumlocutious waffle that does nothing to illuminate the points its writers are trying to make and everything to smother them altogether. And if it isn't waffle it's extraneous minor detail instead, the degree of attention everyone devotes to the trivia and minutiae of their subjects being so pedantic -- and so unnecessary -- as to sometimes obscure the main thrusts of their arguments. Which is pretty bloody aggravating even at the best of times. Then, too, it's all so blasted humorless, the unrelenting single-mindedness of Janus's purpose having crushed out of existence that vital spark of wit and individuality without which no fanzine can achieve even a semblance of life. More aggravation. But did I say "individuality" back there? I can't help but wonder whether Janus' editors and contributors possess anything remotely resembling it, since the persistent use of the word "we" in almost all the contributions suggests the existence of some sort of rigid Feminist Party Line the transgression of which will bring instant castration and exile for the unfortunate deviant who has dared to resist submission to the will of the All. Even more aggravation. Oh God, it's so dull. How did it ever manage to get itself nominated for a Hugo? Its huge circulation, probably, since it certainly doesn't impress me as one of the "best" fanzines of the year.

Hank Duttrell's Starling 37 doesn't impress me much, either. It's another Madison, Wisconsin fanzine, from the same organizational stable as Janus which, incredible though this may sound, is even duller, even more single-minded and even more overwritten. Page upon page of stuff about community access radio stations, stand-up comedians, poetry workshops, encounter groups, one-parent families, naturopathy, organic gardening, non-violent protest, Zen Buddhism...((79 items omitted in the interests of brevity -- Ed.)).... and starting your own textile-weaving co-operative. Well, actually, I don't know if it does contain articles on all those things, because after about half-a-dozen pages my eyes glazed over and I fell into the sort of stupor one normally associates with listening to Jerry Pournelle or Sam Moskowitz droning on about how war and killing people are quite noble and uplifting pastimes really, or how Hugo Gernsback was beyond all doubt the most visionary and progressive magazine editor ever to walk this earth; but the fact that I was unable to finish it makes little difference since its overall tone can be divined from its first few pages. Said tone is one of seriousness: deadeningly earnest proselytisation of the wonders and benefits of "alternative"

life-styles and such, and didn't we have all that back in the sixties anyway? So why in God's name is Luttrell continuing to flog this horse which, far from being merely dead, is actually decayed and stinking beyond all recognition? More to the point, what is all this material doing in a fanzine? Starling is not, whatever Luttrell may choose to believe, a subversive revolutionary underground pamphlet dedicated to the overnight transformation of society and by its very nature is completely incapable of affecting anyone beyond the limited social microcosm of SF fanzine fandom; and his espousal of these cherished "alternative" is thus a total waste of time. So why does he bother? Delusions of grandeur, I suppose. Or fake professionalism. Or perhaps he's just got nothing better to do. Does it matter? Hardly. Can I stop yawning at his antics? Only if I turn away and review something else entirely.



Like, for instance, like Glycer's Scientifriction 11 -- but before I do so it might be advisable to reel off a precis of my previous dealings with Glycer so that you have some idea of where I'm coming from. So... back in File:770 10 he made with a few half-hearted squibs about my fanzine reviewing style as displayed in Nabu, claiming that, having read said reviews, he now understood why Dave Langford went in for gentle knocking of me in Twll-Ddu. Not that I got my own copy of File:770 10, mind you: just read someone else's a few months later, then sent him a long tedious letter pointing out that it was the Done Thing in British fandom to insult people in print regardless of how we really felt about them and that it might be a good idea if, whenever he made comments about someone not on his mailing list, he sent them a copy of his fanzine. Back came his short tedious letter claiming that insults were insults no matter in what spirit they were intended, and should never be printed in the first place (thus raising, but avoiding answering, the question of why he printed those squibs about me); so off went my shorter reply pointing out that while I had no objections to being insulted in print, I did object to learning about it at second or third

hand -- i.e., his not sending me a copy of File:770 10 couldn't be interpreted as an attack of guilt or remorse on his part but as a straightforward lack of common courtesy. Result: silence from Glycer and a distinct lack of bonhomie towards him on my part. So you can probably imagine my immediate reaction when, on opening Scientifriktion 11, I found that the sonofabitch had done it again, this time with a cryptic remark about my supposed attitude towards Americans that's so damned cryptic it won't make the slightest sense to anyone who hasn't read what I've written elsewhere. (It doesn't make much sense to me either.) A letter of pious reproof is even now on its way to him and, as you might expect, the review that follows may not be entirely objective...

Scientifriktion is a genzine, and while in theory there's nothing wrong with such a concept, in practice such a fanzine can often tend to the formless and haphazard, completely lacking in any distinctive tone or direction: a flaw traceable mainly to its contents, which are usually of so wide-ranging a mixture -- all the way from amusing fannish trivia to brain-plumbing serconism and God knows what else besides -- that the reader just can't be certain of the attitude he's supposed to take towards it all. Either that or he's forced to adopt a different attitude towards each and every article, oscillating back and forth from one extreme to the other within the space of a few pages, which is most unsettling...all of which leads me to wonder whether Glycer has an established editorial policy for Scientifriktion. He could well claim that, yes, he has, inasmuch as the all-inclusiveness of its approach enables it to appeal to as many people as possible -- on the perfectly plausible grounds that, amongst all that material, any one individual is almost bound to find something to please him -- but such "policies" always strike me as having been arrived at more by default than by conscious intent. I really don't think he's got a policy at all: Scientifriktion's all-inclusiveness seems to me to be symptomatic of him having not even attempted to define the audience he's trying to reach, and that he's simply throwing the stuff together in the manner of the typical crudzine compiler desperate for response but having no idea of how to generate it. His material just doesn't gel; instead of a coherent well-rounded whole we're given a shapeless great indigestible lump of conflicting bits and pieces. Yes, Glycer might be printing it because it all interests him in some way, but so what? For all that fanzines are just an egotrip for their editors, any editor who habitually puts himself first and his readers second can eventually end up with no readers at all, finding that his time and effort and money is being expended on something people are casting aside virtually unopened. Yes, you have to play to the gallery for at least part of the time, bwana, and no mistake.

"Playing the gallery" is -- in Britain at least -- the traditional curse borne by all clubzines, their editors knowing they can't reject anything produced by members of the club lest tempers fray and arguments disfigure the monthly meetings, or something: fanzines are not so much edited as compiled, and hence the saying "clubzines are often crudzines". Lee Pelton's and Carol Kennedy's Rune 57, however, isn't quite as bad as all that... not that it's altogether much damn good, either. For one thing, it's a genzine and hence, like Scientifriktion, prone to much the same all-inclusiveness of "editorial policy" and lack of distinctive tone and direction; and for another, Pelton and Kennedy seem utterly deficient in editorial fire and vigour, with no opinions of their own to express and no idea of how to inspire their contributors to the heights of genius. The result is a fanzine that, far from being merely pleasant

and relaxing, is instead soporifically bland (blandness being, now I think about it, the only thing that unites its very disparate contents) -- so much so that five minutes after I'd put it down I couldn't remember a damn thing about it. Which is either a bloody shame or a bloody nuisance; I can't quite make up my mind. But look, dammit, while fanzines are only a hobby, they cannot possibly hope to sustain the interest of their readers, much less provoke them into responding, unless their editors go deliberately looking for that response; and at present Pelton and Kennedy seem content to simply sit and wait for the contributions to fall through their mailbox rather than get out there and hunt the buggers down. (And "provoke" doesn't necessarily mean "insult", either; if you think it does then you're a fucking illiterate cretin.) Which is no way to run a bloody ballroom.

Blandness rears its head again in Cliff and Susan Biggers's Future Retrospective 17: page after page of capsulised book reviews pruned for no apparent purpose other than to acknowledge the free copies sent out by the publishers. Well...there's nothing intrinsically wrong with such a "service" publication -- I edit one myself, after all (the BSFA's Paperback Parlour) -- but I can't help feeling that the Biggers' are servicing entirely the wrong people: the publishers instead of the readers. In today's SF boom, the need is not for vapid puffs of Future Retrospective's sort but for (to quote from D. West's major critical article in Wrinkled Shrew 7) "people who are prepared to be thoroughly and immoderately nasty not just to individual books but to whole schools of writers, people who will go to work in no halfhearted way to clear out all the rubbish that has accumulated ever since the Gernsback Disaster brought SF down to the level of a genre pulp". The publishers are unlikely to take offence at this sort of critical approach (most are perfectly content just to receive a mention in any case); if anything, they might respect fan reviewers more if said reviewers were to demonstrate their integrity by establishing some valid, objective standards and then sticking to them. At present, the Biggers's reviewers seem so intent on synopsising the plots and themes of the book under review that their sole concession to criticism is halfwitted comments of the "liked it/didn't like it" variety, which is so akin to the "subjective prejudice" stuff churned out by such reactionary hacks as Lester Del Rey and Spider Robinson that it's completely useless. (I mean, who gives a wet fart about fucking assholes like them anyway?) Remember Sturgeon's Law, for Christ's sake, and act on it.

All of which raises another interesting question about American fanzines: why are they so goddamn bland? It can't be solely that the editors are putting all their energy into the layout and none into the content (the layout of Rune 57 and Future Retrospective 17 isn't that wonderful, after all), because the latter would still be likely to provoke in some manner; there has to be some other factor at work. And so there is: large print runs. In his Photron 16, for example, Allan Beatty says he's mailing out no less than 400 copies of it; and for Janus to be nominated for a Hugo Gomoll and Bogstad must be printing a similar number of each issue. With such print-runs the fanzines can't help but be as bland as they are for the simple reason that their editors are not (as in Britain) publishing mainly for their friends and acquaintances but for a crowd of comparative unknowns, and are hence forced to adopt a considerably more circumspect approach for fear of inadvertently offending someone. There are thus probably more unacknowledged tabus present in American fanzine fandom than even the most honest editors would be prepared to admit -- how is it, for example, that the avowedly pro-

feminist Janus isn't campaigning for abortion on demand? (It wouldn't have any effect on society at large, of course -- see my earlier comments vis-a-vis Starling 37 -- but I ask the question regardless.) "Elaborate caution" is a phrase that seems apt; and it's a caution that, if unchecked, can all too easily shade over into impersonality -- which, itself unchecked, can then shade over into fake professionalism (and later result in such "fanzines" as Locus and Science Fiction Review). Perhaps there's some sort of "competition ethic" at work here, with everyone falling prey to the bigger and better syndrome as they strive to capture the largest possible audience for their products: a notion so ridiculous that I don't know whether to laugh or cry. (Although I must admit that I was immensely gratified to read Gary Farber's "Kill-The-Fuckers" attack on the fake professionalism of Mike Bracken's Knights 20 in Brian Earl Brown's Whole Fanzine Catalogue 11/12 because it does at least demonstrate that there's sense left in some of you. I only wish more of you had the courage to speak out in such a fashion. Right on, Gary! Stomp the bastards!)



Thankfully, however, the field as a whole has yet to become completely pervaded with this ethic, and there are thus some editors still perfectly content to publish the best possible fanzines they can regardless of any plaudits they might or might not receive. Which is in theory all very laudable, but it must be remembered that an editor doing the best he can may still be producing a shitty fanzine for the simple reason that his best is equivalent to everyone else's worst; and a case in point is Allan Beatty's Photron 16. You'd think that the two-year gap between issues would have brought about some change in his (for want of a better term) "editorial policy", if only because of his (according to him) altered perspective on life; but no: comparison of this latest issue with various previous issues that have fallen into my hands by one unnatural method or another reveals that Photron is the same insipid and undistinguished assemblage of random and unrelated bits and pieces as before, a fanzine apparently forever destined to stumble blindly upon its way like some sort of remote-controlled headless chicken, never quite achieving a firm grasp on life and yet never quite falling over dead either. It is, in other words, an out-and-out crudzine, devoid of wit, personality, sense, tone or direction, and I'm frankly amazed that Beatty can have published so many issues of it without having yet formed any clear idea of exactly what he wants to do with it. And the more I look at it the more my amazement turns to anger: what in God's name does he think he's playing at? And, more to the point, what keeps him going: idiocy or sheer indifference? If it's the former then he is obviously beyond any conceivable possibility of salvation and should be consigned to the outer darkness forthwith; and if the latter then he is deserving of nothing less than searing condemnation and contempt, the better to inject some message of disquiet and dissatisfaction into the dimmer and less-frequented recesses of his partially-fossilised brain.

Not that all "published for the hell of it" fanzines are quite as bad as Photron, of course, but the same problems of overwriting as per

Janus and blandness as per Rune seem to prevail. Take Frank Denton's The Rogue Raven 28, for instance: although he tries to give the impression that it's all been written straight off the top of his head, his material strikes me as so clogged with petty detail that it can only have been rehearsed and re-rehearsed to the point where it became so ingrained that he could have written it in his sleep (and probably did). It's not that his material is completely without potential, it's just that his personal chat about conventions, spectator sports, music, holidays and even books is utterly lacking in any depth of feeling or insight, and is hence nothing more than a parade of facts devoid of the overlay of opinion required to give them meaning. Dammitall, the voicing of opinions is supposed to be the raison d'etre of such personal writing -- but Denton has sanitized his opinions right out of existence. and the Rogue Raven 28 is in consequence dreary, superficial and uninspiring.

On the whole, though, this strangely impersonal form of personal writing may be preferable to the rather mawkish, often painful, and sometimes repellant form wherein the writer not only bares his inmost soul but beats his chest in lamentation over its less-than-pristine condition. Unfortunately, I don't have any examples of this latter form to hand at the moment, and the closest I can come to it is Brian Earl Brown's Mad Scientist's Digest 6, wherein sweetness and harmony appears to be the main order of the day; and even that is probably atypical, since most of it has been contributed by two British fans especially imported for the occasion -- Jan Williams, describing various British fans in tones of gushing purity and reverence that it's a wonder we weren't all canonised as saints long ago; and Mary Long, reminiscing about her experiences in British fandom of the late sixties with her usual irritatingly cloying sentimentality -- while Brown himself, having rushed the issue out to meet a long-passed deadline, has been reduced to filling in the gaps with comments on everyone else's letters. As a possibly illuminating aside, however, I could point out that it was Mary Long who first coined the phrase "everything in the garden is lovely" and spread its gospel of peace and love throughout late sixties British fandom until the arrival of Pickersgill and the Rats in the early Seventies caused (in large measure) its eventual fall from grace; and it is not incoceivable that the contacts between British and American fandom that were beginning to open up around then could have contributed to the doctrine's spread across the Atlantic. This is not to suggest that we British are wholly responsible for the blandness that now infests American fanzines -- Mary Long was but one fan in a crowd of several, after all -- but it is to suggest the existence of a causal link that could bear further investigation. (particularly as Rune 57 coeditor Carol Kennedy appears to subscribe to much the same doctrine: "I like most fanzines. There is seldom one which does not tell me something which I didn't know, tell me something I did know in a new way, make me think about something from a different angle, make me laugh, or cause me to wish that I had been able to say or depict something just the way a writer or artist did." What, even crudzine plot summaries of A.E. Van Vogt novels?)

The best form of personal writing, of course, is that which steers a middle course between the two extremes of superficiality and intensity; and I'm told, by Those Who Know, that such writing is at present mainly confined to the apas, presumably on the grounds that there the writers are among friends and so can say whatever the hell they like with little fear of recrimination. Which is all well and good for those who belong

to said apas, but not so good for those who don't and so have to put up with the stuff laid down in the more general circulation fanzines -- and especially not so good for those newcomer's who can, in lieu of any other model, end up imitating it. Unfortunately -- fate being its usual perverse and uncooperative self -- the only newcomer's fanzine I have on hand is Cathy Ball's Under The Influence 1, an atypical example in that it is another of that small but distinctive group which includes such fanzines as Mota, Raffles and Space Junk (!): American fanzines possessed, in one way or another, of a decidedly British bias. Hardly surprising, really, considering that she's spent some time in and around British fandom, and has hence assimilated rather more of its ambience than that of American fandom; and Under The Influence 1 is a fair reflection of this. It is perhaps a little too self-consciously unsure of itself (but then what first issue isn't?) and a little too laid back, but -- as if the fact that I know the editor hadn't already biased this review beyond recovery -- by God its pithiness makes a refreshing change from the pedantry and verbosity of almost everyone else. The pity of that, however, is that it -- like Mota, Raffles and Space Junk -- will set no lasting trends in this direction because it is but one among many other fanzines, and will hence have little or no impact upon the field.



As to whether Cheryl Cline's The Wretch Takes To Writing would have more impact if it was published more frequently is a moot point; as it is, this second issue comes (she says) ten months after the first, and as a result everyone will probably have forgotten what that was all about. Punk rock and feminism, judging by the few letters printed in 2, which strikes me as a strange combination of subjects: Kick-em-in-the-balls irreverence on the one hand and pedantic proselytisation on the other; and, as you'd expect, the mixture doesn't quite come off: the fanzine veers from the sublime to the ridiculous and back again within the space of a few pages, and is really only held together by the strength of the editor's personality -- one expressed so forcefully that it has all but smothered the personalities of her contributors, reducing them to the status of shadowy ciphers or puppets jerking at the end of her controlling strings. Which, considering that fanzines are supposed to be tangible manifestations of their editors' personalities, is perhaps acceptable; but my personal contention is that personality alone just isn't enough, and that the material should have some natural unity of its own if the fanzine is ever to become one of any lasting quality. The articles printed in The Wretch Takes to Writing 2, however, have no unity

of any kind, and only Cline's obvious intelligence and aggression suffice to keep it one rung above the crudzine level.

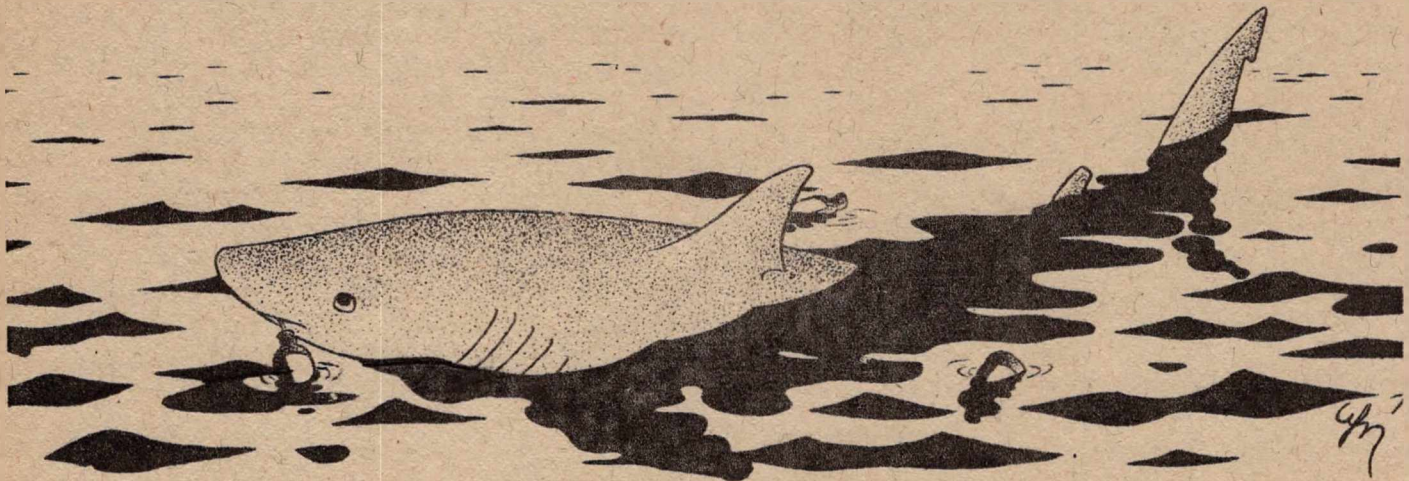
Also one rung above the crudzine level, and threatening to drop right through into the swamp of eternal damnation at any moment, is Arthur Hlavaty's The Diagonal Relationship 10, which embodies all the major faults upon which I've previously dwelt: blandness, verbosity, and the urge to transform society, in this instance by lecturing everyone on the supposed benefits of libertarianism in so colossally tedious a manner that even those most sympathetic to the cause are unlikely to raise high the banners and chant loud the slogans, but will instead wish to slink away furtively, ashamed and embarrassed to be associated with so repetetive and unimaginative a fanzine. For all that Hlavaty is one of the few American editors to have realized that content is more important than layout (or so Mike Glycer quotes him as saying in Scientifric-tion 11, and in tones of such wonder that it's obvious he himself doesn't believe it, which could well explain Scientifric-tion's paucity of worthwhile reading material), the content of The Diagonal Relationship 10 is as soporific and time-wasting as that of Janus and Starling. And while layout isn't as overwhelmingly important as some editors clearly believe, there remain certain basic principles which must be adhered to if illegibility is not to result; principles to which Hlavaty seems so indifferent that to call his fanzine confused or messy is probably to understate the position by several orders of magnitude. This is the tenth issue, is it? Only morbid fascination moves me to wonder what the previous nine were like. Probably just as bad. Bloody hell, I think it's already lost its grip on that rung I mentioned earlier, and Allan Reatty can start congratulating himself on having someone with whom he can commiserate in his dungeon of ineptitude..

So where does all this get us (apart from the concluding paragraphs of this article)? More pertinently, are these eleven fanzines at all representative of the entire field? On the face of it -- considering that the field in question consists of a hundred or more individual titles -- the answer is "no"; but reconsideration of the point suggests otherwise since they are, after all, a randomly-selected cross-section of recent fanzine activity and are hence statistically highly likely to reflect many of its current concerns, overall flavour, and what have you. In whcih respect they do indeed bear out part of the "modern British folklore" quoted at the start of this review: the blandness of the modern American scene.

And not just blandness, either, but a distinct lack of life and vitality -- a lack that may well stem from such apparently minor concepts as self-imposed deadlines and preset publishing schedules. In looking back through these fanzines, I'm struck by the number of editors either complaining bitterly about or apologising profusely for missing said deadlines and upsetting said schedules, as though such "failings" were of any real consequence. For Christ's sake! Do these people think fanzine publishing is some sort of vocation, less-than-dedicated pursuance of which will lead to instant loss of reader-confidence, letters of angry protest and thousands of unsold copies? Is it hell; it's a hobby, and like all hobbies to be indulged in solely when the whim dictates. Yet the current feeling seems otherwise; it's almost as though these editors have completely forgotten why they ever decided to start publishing in the first place and now continue to do so because, God help us all, they somehow feel that it's expected of them -- and how can

such mechanical treadmill-like behaviour possibly generate anything remotely resembling life and vitality? Because a schedule, as if it wasn't blindingly bloody obvious, enforces unnecessary routine on the whole business, and routine does nothing but kill creativity stone dead -- which is itself blindingly bloody obvious. To anyone but these editors, or so it would seem. And probably the rest of you as well. Why? Don't you fucking care any more, or have you all abandoned thinking as a waste of time and effort?

Well, I don't profess to know the reasons for your current malaise (although next time -- if there is a next time -- I could do worse than investigate them), but at present even the worst conceivable British crudzines -- like Malfunction and Tiofart, Fanzine Fanatique and Waif, Close To The Edge and Ycz: inept, inane, illiterate, juvenile, damnable, vile, beyond redemption, the products of mentalities so patently subnormal that it probably would have been kinder to club, drown, hang, shoot, smother or strangle them at birth -- seem possessed of a character and an interest, albeit spastic, gormless and perverse, that such soporific, turgid, bland, overwritten, superficial, uninspiring and thoroughly forgettable fanzines as Janus, Starling, Rune, The Rogue Raven and The Diagonal Relationship will probably never own. And if any of our outright crap is in some way better than your best then by God you're in real trouble.



DEPARTMENT OF MASS PHILOSOPHY:

"Your manner of speaking is important when you're flirting. An over-loud voice can ruin a feeling of intimacy. So can a poor choice of words. There's an attractive way to say just about anything; it's just as easy as any of the unattractive ways. For example, you've been talking about sleeping habits (window open vs. window closed) but suddenly Neil drops a comment about the sleeping habits of a pop singer you can't stand. Don't say, "Larchmont LaCroon? He's a fag. I can't stand him." (Uh-uh! You can't possibly blink your eyes after saying something that blunt!) "Him? Isn't he sort of mixed up about whether he's a boy or not?" is a much smoother way of putting it." Ellen Peck

MY LIFE UNDER FASCISM or franco shot my dog

william gibson

Graham Greene once smoked opium in Saigon and met the devil, "wearing a tweed motoring coat and a deerstalker cap." I once smoked nothing more salutary than a fat joint of very ordinary kif, on the Mediterranean island of Ibiza, went out looking for a pinball machine, and ran straight into fascism incarnate.

Fascism incarnate happened to take the form of the business end of a 9mm Astra automatic, a clumsy military pistol that resembles a six-year-old's attempt to fake a firearm with Erector Set parts.

At thirty-one, I've looked down the barrels of loaded guns on three occasions. I hope I can still say that at eighty. The first time I was allowed to contemplate the real meaning of one of these uniquely unfunny devices, I happened to be sunken comfortably in the worn red leather seat of a friend's Mercedes SL. I remember looking at the officer's .38 and thinking he was likely to get shards of safety glass in his eyes if he shot through the window at that distance. You do think things like that at these times; I know it seems like a cliché from the thrillers, but it's true. We were pulled over on the Key Bridge, just thirty feet from the Virginia state line, by two very nervous D.C. policemen. Eventually, by way of apology, they explained that every cop in the District was looking for two black men in a black Porsche. Since we were both white, and driving a white Mercedes, we later decided that really chronic cases of Cop Brain were capable of reducing "two black men in a black Porsche" to "Two (2) live bodies in a German sportscar".

That time, I saw the rifling spiral down the muzzle, thousands of miles of it, to a point of absolute nothingness. Nothing I had ever seen, under circumstances chemical or otherwise, could touch that narrow yet infinite view. William Burroughs once said of looking down the barrel of a snubnose .38, that the fact that you could actually see the bullet gave you "a very funny feeling". I'm he's right, but I maintain that the view down the barrel of a standard service revolver is more cosmic, somehow. Because you can't see the bullet. It rests there shadowed, the still center of the most interesting mandala you've ever seen.

The second time guns were pointed at me I was very drunk.

Torremolinos is a town on the Costa del Sol. If you aren't British, or haven't been to Spain, you may still know Torremolinos as the subject of that old Monty Python skit about "drinking bloody Watney's Red Barrel in Torre-bloody-molinos". As tourist towns go, Torremolinos is

one of the world's prime candidates for the anus mundi award. As it happened, I found myself, on Christmas Eve, 1971, in a bar in Torremolinos, drinking to excess with a Guyanese-Canadian friend of mine named Lenny Stoute. Stoute, who looks vaguely like Bob Marley with a Mick Jagger lip-job, had somehow convinced me to start sampling the dreaded miniaturas.

I must explain miniaturas. The Spaniards, in spite of manufacturing some really lovely wines and (though few know it) at least two world-class bottled ales, also produce a variety of utterly grotesque parodies of other countries' national liquors. There is Spanish vodka, Spanish gin, and Spanish bourbon. There is a very good reason for your never having encountered these as export items. The bourbon, for example, tastes like Romilar cough syrup, while the gin tastes like Listerine. These nauseating little goodies are most often put up in "miniatures", those little one-ounce bottles usually reserved for airline trays. The bar in front of us looked as though a dozen midget boozers had slugged their way through tiny fifths of their respective favorites, including a vile artichoke brandy and an imitation of Southern Comfort.

Under the influence of the season, the miniaturas, the local vibes, and a certain innate criminality, Stoute decided that we must obtain a Christmas tree. After a good deal of useless disuasion on my part, we took a bus to the outskirts of town and murdered a small, vaguely coniferous-looking thing that probably deserved a better fate. Taking this back to our motel, we propped it up in the single large saucepan the management had provided with Stoute's kitchenette. It fell over.

The tenth time it fell over, I decided to go down to the beach and fill the saucepan with wet sand. Which is how I came to be tripping merrily through the typical Spanish sea-wrack of suntan lotion bottles and decapitated Barbie dolls, along a dark beach, with Africa not very far away, on Christmas Eve.

I had just managed to fill my saucepan, in spite of having to stop frequently to remove foreign objects like old toothbrushes, condoms, and even a few seashells, when I was addressed rudely in Spanish. Looking up, I found myself peering into the identical muzzles of two very old Mauser rifles.

Instant sobriety. Of sorts.

Behind the two young Guardias, in their green wool uniforms and patent leather matador hats, rose a concrete pillbox like some lost fragment of the Maginot Line. These boys, on Christmas eve, were serving Spain by crouching in this damp guardhouse, keeping an eye out for any Moroccan contrabandistas who might try swimming over on that holy night to fox the Christians.

And why, they wanted to know, was I digging? Was I digging something up? Was I burying something?

Well, it shouldn't have been that difficult to explain. It was. There is no phrase for "Christmas tree" in Spanish. "Arbole de Navidad" carries all the semantic weight of "Easter dog".

But they did let me go, eventually. I convinced them that I was very

drunk, and that consequently my actions were not expected to make sense, particularly in a context of smuggling.

My ultimate experience with guns and la Guardia Civil took place on the lovely island of Ibiza, about a month later. The Guardia Civil, for those of you who haven't had the pleasure, is a kind of cross between the FBI, the Forest Rangers, the State Police, and the Waffen-SS. Originally, I suppose, they had been brownshirts under Francisco Franco -- El Caudillo (The Chief). Now they were a sort of multi-purpose elite group, and virtually everyone was afraid of them. Other tourists kept asking me if it was true that Guardia who killed people were immune from prosecution. In 1975, in the confusion that followed the Caudillo's death, more than one of these gentlemen was discovered at the bottom of the village well, and with very few questions asked about it.

Deb and I had come over from Barcelona to stay with our friend Gerald, a Toronto painter who had rented an authentic Neolithic hovel outside a tiny village called Santa Eulalia. Gerald's finca dated from the days when people built without windows or chimneys, and was heated by a lavishly chromed petroleo burner that had been designed to look, pathetically, as much as possible like a 1952 television set. There was no electricity, the walls were three feet thick, and the mattresses were stuffed with straw.

Charming as scenes like this may be, there is usually nothing at all to do after breakfast. On the morning of my encounter with the naked face of fascism, we had all decided to walk into town to check the post office and play pinball, provided we could find the one machine, which seemed to move from town to town depending on some cryptic system of Saints' Days.

Since the women could get rides from rotten Frenchmen in BMWs, and we couldn't, Gerald and I set out early, followed by a multilingual mongrel dog who came with the finca, a tan animal we called Perro. Gerald, being a doper in the grand Spadina Avenue tradition, rolled one of those pretentious five-paper stogies that so many North Americans come to insist on in Europe. Uncharacteristically, I smoked part of it; the landscape was a cross between Turner and Disney, and a toké seemed like a good idea. About a kilo down the road, an old man in a beret and goggles, riding an enormous pre-war motorcycle, pulled out of a side road and pattered along ahead of us, Perro snapping halfheartedly at his ankles. Amiably enough, the old man told Perro to go fuck himself.

They came over the hill in a battered little Citroen coupe, skinny Dinky Toy wheels bouncing over the ruts. The motor of the old man's cycle coughed explosively and died.

They got out, two of them, and drew their pistols: big, awkward-looking automatics.

O shit.

Was it our dog? In Spanish.

Chromed sunglasses, garlic breath, trim mustache, smooth brown skin.

No, never saw it. In very shaky high school Mexican.

Your passports?

At home, sorry. Pointing back down the road. Maybe I'll just run back and get it for you, okay? And keep right on going.

Chambering 9mm cartridge with a sharp click. Barrel of the Astra casually centered on my left eye.

Not your dog?

No.

And seeing white fear in the old man's goggled face.

The first bullet sprayed the earth a foot from the dog's face. The dog ran into a field and stood on a little rise.

"Fuck off, Perro!" Gerald's mouth snapped shut as the other pistol prodded his solar plexus. "Bad dog," he said to the pistol.

It took the entire magazine. The last shot blew a cloud of pale dust out of Perro's coat, and he flipped sideways over the rise.

They held us for ten minutes while they searched the roadway for their ejected shells.

Now, for those of you on the verge of tears, I'm going to blow the emotional impact of this episode by telling you that Perro was not in fact, dead. They creased him. Just like old cowboy movies. The high-speed, copper-jacketed Parabellum slug had drilled a neat hole through the roll of loose skin above his shoulders. But we didn't know that until after midnight, when he came scratching at the door.

So the next time you hear someone say that Heinlen or Bianca Jagger or Anita Bryant is fascist, I've given you one little yardstick of the genuine, the historical, article. They shot my dog. I say my dog because this experience taught me something about fascists: if you don't admit to owning the world's stray dogs, they'll shoot them. And one day they'll be back. For you. With the boxcars.



JUNK MAIL

Candi Davenport &
~~Tommy Feltz~~
1621 Detroit Ave. #23
Concord, CA. 94520

We were just sitting here and we thought
We were just sitting here and we thought

we'd write to you about Space Junk. We
we'd write to you about Space Junk. We

sat up half the night discussing it. (We were drunk.) We subjected it
sat up half the night ridiculing it. (We were drunk.) We subjected it

to Marxist, Freudian, and existentialist criteria. Our conclusion is
to Marxist, Freudian, and existentialist bullshit. Our conclusion is

that while all comedians are not Marxists, all Marxists are comedians.
that while all comedians are not Marxists, all Marxists are comedians.

~~Wanna buy a duck? Jacqueline Lichtenberg is a true comedian; and the~~
Wanna buy a duck? Jaculine Licktenberg is a true comedian; and the

J.L.A.S. are a bunch of Marxists if we ever saw one, as they depend
J.L.A.S. are a bunch of bananas if we ever saw one, as they depend

heavily on slapstick and slogans rather than on innuendo. Love goes
heavily on slapstick and slogans rather than on innuendo. Love goes

out the door when money comes innuendo, as The Benevolent Leader once
out the door when money comes innuendo, as some smartass clown once

said. As for Freudian analysis... Can a person who is 6'10" tall be
said. As for Freudian analysis... Can a person who is 6'10" tall be

considered a phallic symbol? Nevertheless, all fanzines are by defin-
anything but arrogant? Nevertheless, all fanzines are by defin-

ition feminine since they open rather than thrust upward. And coming
ition feminine since they open rather than thrust upward. And (grat- 3

finally to Existentialism: Who cares? Nothing means, not means or
uitous pun)Existentialism: Who cares? Nothing means, not means or

unmeans anything anyway.
unmeans anything anyway.

With revolution in our heart and fire in our eye,
All for one and one for all and every man for himself

J. Lichtenberg
0000 Lower Hack Rd.
Grubstake, Ohio

Ha.

Ha.

Ha.

Gary Deindorfer
447 Bellevue Ave., #9B
Trenton, N.J. 08618

I have a problem regarding Coad/ Deindorfer diplomatic relations which I must start out by explaining. You had a letter in Glycer's FILE 770 a while

ago. For some reason, it annoyed me. Here you were reeling off a barrage of nasty sounding epithets about someone at Seacon, and then you said you weren't sure who it was. It bugged me that you should be so capable of reeling off a string of complicated insults on such slight provocation. I shot off a letter to Glycer firing a salvo of epithets in your direction. Later, when it didn't appear in FILE 770 I wrote like to say that in order not to be a two-faced bastard, I was henceforth breaking off communications with you, even if the letter of Coad put-downs never made it to print.

Last month I answered a letter from Herr Doktor Townley in which he said I ought to write and ask for a copy of Space Junk. I happened to have a lot of things to write to Frere Townley and sent back one of the longest letters I've ever written. I explained about the letter I'd written to FILE 770 sparked by your letter in FILE and how to be true to my principles I was breaking off communications with you. I even said I would not loc Ms. Cline's RETCH #3 because it contained an article by you. I was trying to be consistent and a pply an across-the-board Coad boycott.

So today I get SJ #3. I find I like it, as much or more than #2. I say to myself, "Self he's actually a pretty good person." Furthermore, and more to the point, I duly note your contacts with such highly placed fan figures as Mr. Glicksohn, Mr. Kevin Smith and Mr. Roberts. "This guy has even better connections in fandom than I do, something I would have thought impossible, that anyone could have higher placed and more contacts in fandom than I do, Big Deal in a Small Pond that I think of myself as.") (I know, I know, never end'a sentence with a Winston Churchill, up with which I will not put, as he said, etc.) Furthermore, Philadelphia Mafia don Angelo Bruno was shot dead a couple of days ago in that city. "Hey," I think, "maybe Mr. Coad had this done. He's influentially connected. If he could have that done to Bruno, he could hit me too. I better try to curry favor from this guy."

So I decided to write a letter to SJ #3, but not without explaining the above, or preceding, or receding.

((Ignoring the awful grammar in your penultimate sentence I will merely tell you, Gary, in case it makes you feel better, that the subject of my invective appeared at a party here recently. Although his name still eluded me I showed him what I had written (or that which I had etc.), showered him with verbal abuse and offered to darken his eye. I do not care for assholes and will not kowtow to them by ignoring their assinity if it affects myself. If this grates against your principles, I suggest you write and ask to be removed from the Official Space Junk Mailing List.

Furthermore, my only contacts with the city of Philadelphia have been watching American Bandstand on television and listening to the records of Bill Hale and the Comets. That was written just in case any dirty coppers are reading this. I'm clean. Okay? Okay.))

Dan Steffan
823 N. Wakefield St.
Arlington, VA. 20003

screamed at the cats for being on the mantle and nearly breaking my art deco Donald Duck cigarette holders. I began koffing and acting in a tubercular fashion; tears rolling down my cheeks I lit the first cigarette of the day. I opened the front door to check the mail and something fell at my feet.

I pulled on my T-shirt and stumbled down the stairs. I live a symmetrical life -- I also stumbled up the stairs last night. I put on the Specials &

At first I wasn't sure just what it was. It was kinda yellow, with multiple folds and bends in it.

"At last," I said to my cat Sid as he eyed the mantle. "My home study, paper accordion has arrived at last!"

I inspected it further, and to my astonishment, it was a fanzine. I was aghast. I wondered if it had been six months already -- you see, I only get a fanzine every six months these days. It seems that that great fan directory in the sky (or is it Poughkeepsie?) had neglected to circulate my address for years now; I have been waiting like some kind of fool for fanzines and locs that never come. I even published a new issue of BOONFARK, thinking that would help, but no, nothing ever comes.

So you can imagine my astonishment at recieving two fanzines in my allotted six month period. I was exstastic -- well, maybe not exstastic, perhaps a better word for it is: awake. Having said that, I will attempt to Comment on the newest issue of SPACE JUNK.

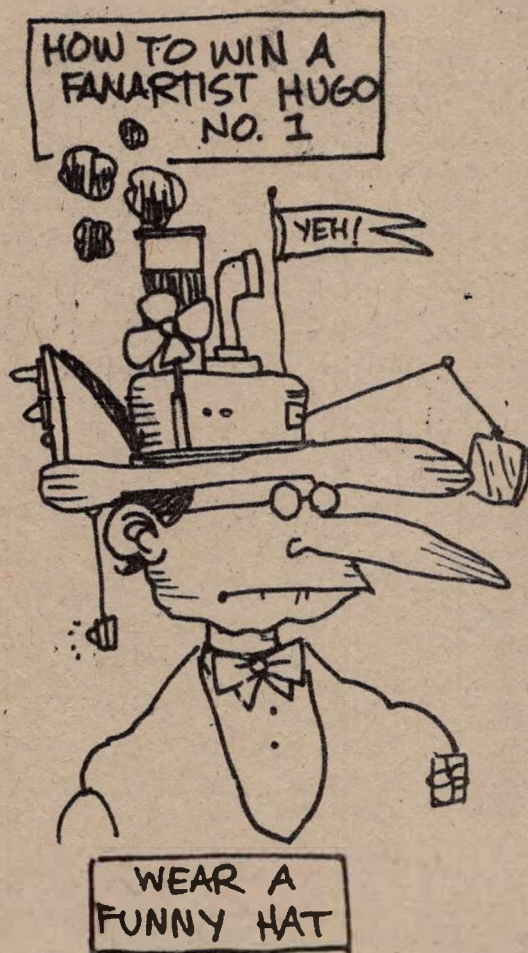
((Nice try, Dan.))

Phil Paine
No Fixed Address
Midwestern, U.S.

I'm starting a rebellion. A revolt. A volte-face. A revolution. Consciousness 33.

From now on you fart-fucking punks are out. Step aside. Move over. Make Room.

I just got back from watching Rich Coad pay \$8 for a pink tie with black stripes. The salesman was an unctuos foobahr. The othe customers were



twerps. It was a Punk Boutique. Any movement that has boutiques is dead. Dead and donkey-rotten. Glueey eyed rotten like dead Dalidonkey rotten! Fucking foobahrs!

So I'm declaring unilaterally one-sidedly right now that the only people who know what's happening wear brown cords and cheap purple tee-shirts, or blue-jeans and black shirts. You're also allowed to wear four-color sweaters, jeans and sneakers. All others are foobahrs and four-poster poots.

Now, you may think I'm a megalomaniac, and you may think I'm a pushy-bazoo, but I won't let old farss like Rich Coad push their humiliating, vapid, decayed middlepunklass values on healthy yoot like meeuns.

((But...but...but...I do wear blue-jeans & black shirts. I merely added a pink and black tie.))

Terry Hughes
606 N. Jefferson St.
Arlington, VA. 22205

I've never seen a Megamoth,
I ever hope to see one.
But I can tell you anyway
I'd rather see Megamoth appear
in Space Junk than Mota

Gary Farber
602 12th Ave. E.
Seattle, WA 98102

Igor lik... Space Junk. Space Junk make
Igor swaa. Igor thinks space and a
halfing loc s Dumb, but Igor knows
Rich Coad will think Horse Puckey to

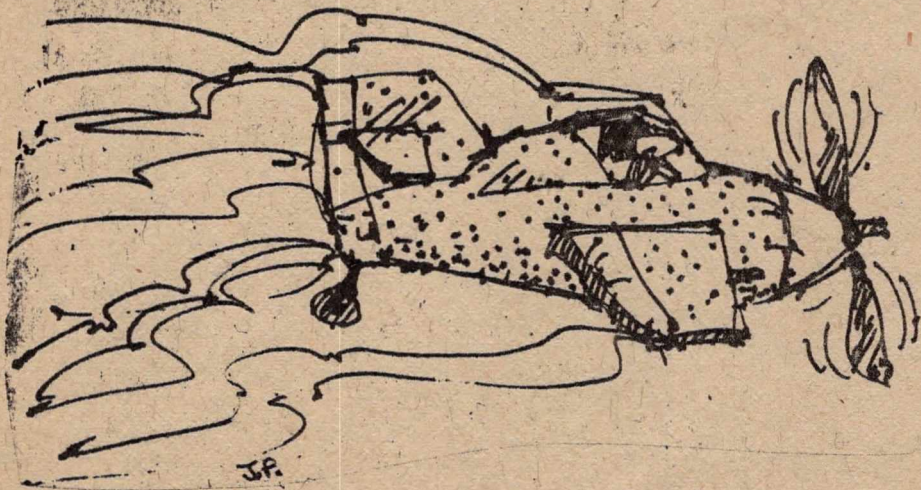
this complaint. Igor doesn't care either. Igor like Horse Puckey, too. Igor very upset that Jackiline Lickinburg gets no respect. Jackilinnie Locktenberg bes Igor's favorite sci-fi writer. She much better than confusing Tom Disks. You no pick on Jackie.

Igor wants to know why
you no get Ted White
to give story and com-
ment on loving encoun-
ter between His Hero
Dr. Dr. J.E. Pour-
nelle and Other Hero
Charlie Platt (author
of Trash Planet, Igor's
favorite) at Seacon?

Igor think Dr. Fred
Wertham should pro-
tect us from ugly
Bill Gibson types. Me
see Gibson before, he
tall like mutant
basketball player.

Andrew Brown nother
mutant.

((Are there no depths
to which a faned will
not sink in order to
pad out a letter col-
umn?))



Harry Warner Jr.
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, MD. 21740

Your panel adventure reminded me of an embarrassing moment. When I finally began to attend an occasional con, about twenty years ago, I made the

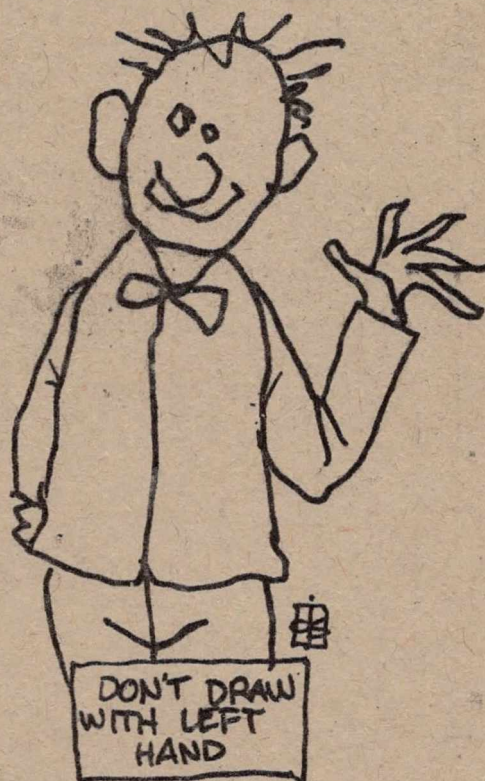
Phillycon two or three years in succession. I think it was the second time when I was abruptly asked if I would be a panellist in a sort of joint interview of Jim Blish. At that time, I was only a few years beyond middle age, not yet mature enough to recognize peril ahead.

So I agreed without much hesitation, even though I seemed to half-sense that I'd overlooked something which might have caused me to refuse. While waiting for the panel to assemble, I kept trying to think what that submerged mental nagging might signify. Just as Jim showed up and we prepared to take our places, I realized what my subconscious had been frantically shouting about. I hadn't read anything Jim had published in the past ten or twelve years and I couldn't remember much about the fiction he'd written while I was still reading a lot of prozines and books. So there I was, without the faintest notion of what sort of questions to ask him and even less concept of what I might say if asked to express an opinion on any of his last dozen or so novels. Somehow I got through that hour without making a fool of myself and I can't remember anything I may have said except one query about what his reaction would be if someone reprinted all the poetry he published during the years he was contributing to fanzines and publishing his own.

The detailed account of the JLAS conspiracy is the first real encouragement I've found in recent months that the old spirit of fandom isn't completely vanished. JLAS was exactly in the tradition of fandom as it was in the 1950's and even the 1960's. Twenty years in the future, I'm sure that fanzines will be reprinting material about this episode to show how much more inventive and imaginative fandom was back in the good old days. And copies of the original JLAS flyers and the badges and other artifacts from this phase of Seacon will be selling for tremendous sums at worldcon auctions to people who have decided to invest their money in fannish memorabilia as a hedge against inflation.

For that matter, the Christopher Reeve as Clark Kent trading card you tipped into my copy of this issue might buy me a tankful of fuel oil for the winter of 2002 or thereabouts. But I'll save it as long as I

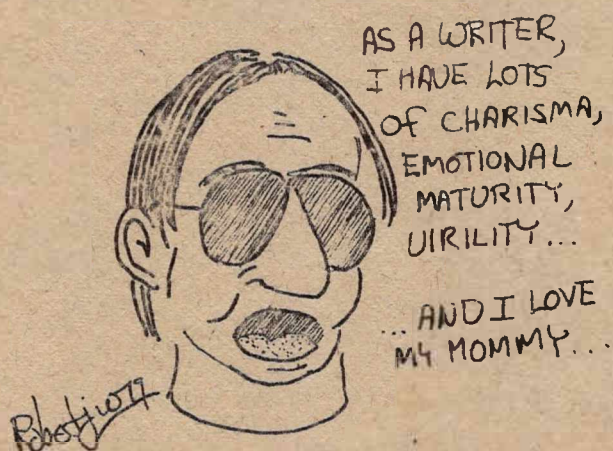
HOW TO WIN A
FANARTIST HUGO
NO. 2



don't become desperate for cash. Incidentally, I have been a journalist most of my life, retirement is now only two or three years away in all probability, and I'd thought at one time that I could cause a mild local sensation if after my last day on the job, I walked from the office for the final time, went into a phone booth in downtown Hagerstown, removed coat and conventional trousers, and emerged in full Superman costume (carefully altered by a resourceful tailor to coincide with my shrivelled body). But it will hardly be possible due to unforeseen circumstances. The telephone company has been removing the kind of booths Superman used to make the change and replacing them with little unenclosed structures.

In case you're keeping track of social security numbers, mine is 86, even though some people in fandom claim that I'm not as old as I make myself out to be.

We Also Heard From:: ERIC MAYER "What do you think of the idea that fandom may be the last, working, surviving, nationwide remnant of the hippie movement?" Blech, is what I think. J. OWEN HANNER; DENISE REHSE; BRIAN EARL BROWN "I'm too mundane to be a fan."; KAREN TREGO "The Dairy Queen has re-opened."; BILL GIBSON "Syria - A nation of bumfuckers" and also "'Megamoth' is a work of considerable power, sticking to the mind's eye like saltwater taffy to an inflamed wisdom tooth."; JERRY BAKER; JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON who sends an ad for a women's bar, a copy of the Declaration of Independence, a subscription form for MS. and another for Windhaven. All this is too subtle for my tiny mind to grasp without explanation.; JOHN THIEL continues to prove himself: SHERYL BIRKHEAD; MIKE GLICKSOHN "After the way you emasculated my last two pages of trenchant fannish commentary I'll be damned if I'll waste much time on you!"; GARY MATTINGLY "You still haven't got the clap?"; EDDIE ANDERSON and LEE CARSON.





**BORING
SHIT...**