

# hen flanders

## School of erotic kissing & fan club

This is to certify that

is a member in good standing of the

### hen flanders SCHOOL OF EROTIC KISSING & FAN CLUB

status

Beginner ☐ ☐ Tongue numb-er

☐ OOOH!

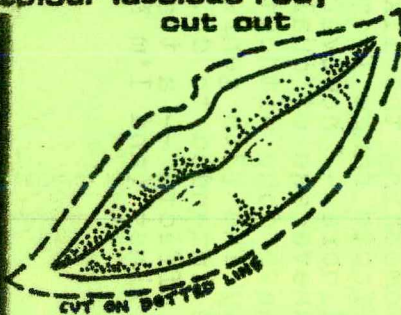
Dec. 1, 1979

date

*J. McBride*

officer

OFFICIAL  
PRACTICE LIPS  
colour luscious red,  
cut out



& kiss  
away!

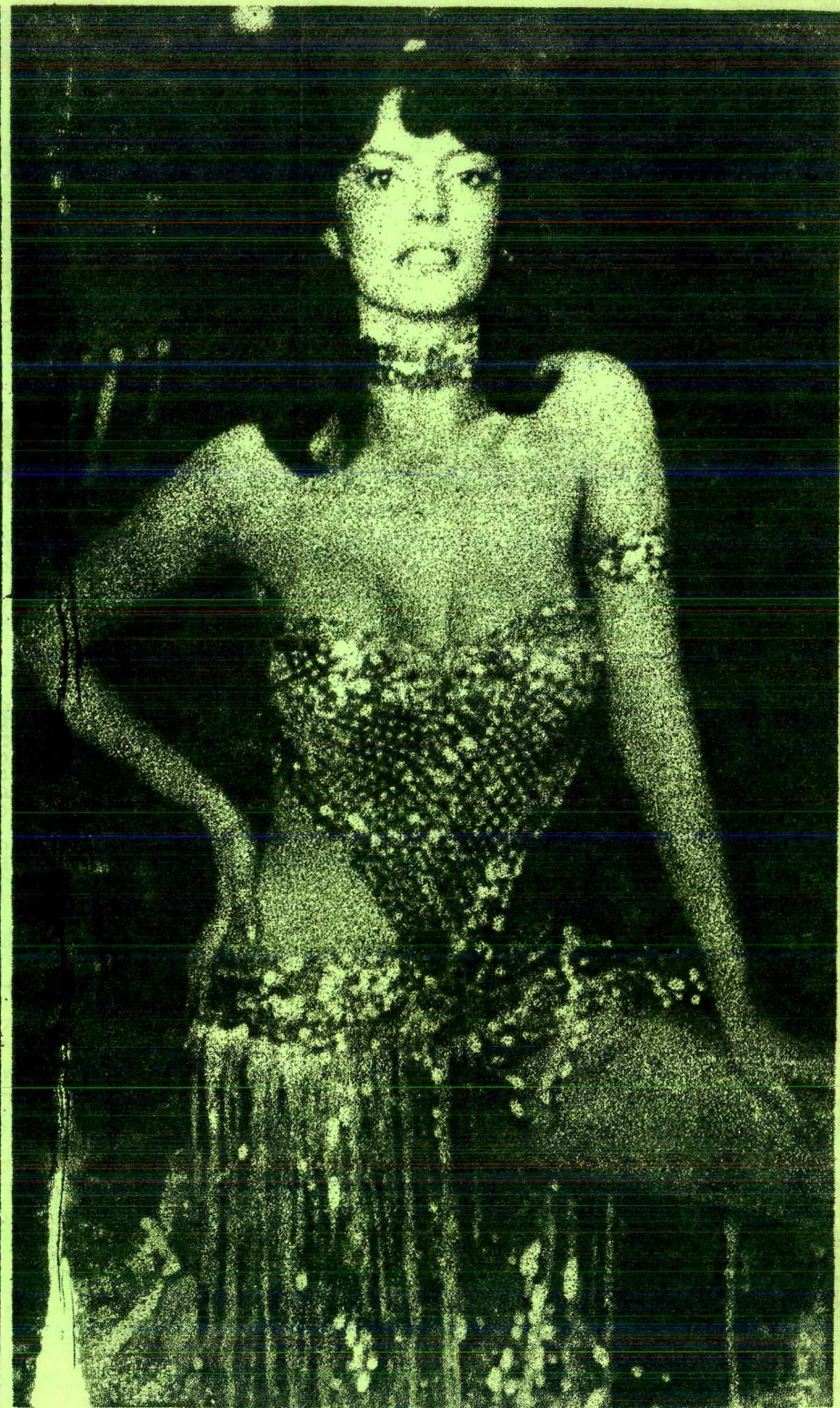
OFFICIAL  
BADGE



Members wishing to  
attain OOOH! status  
must submit application  
plus IQ test; Loma exam;  
medical report and  
kiss-meter results.

Survivors of hen's final  
test will receive a  
gold medal.

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# SPEED OF DARK 28

THE SPEED OF DARK 28, hatched by Mike Glyer who has been magically transported to 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401, while vast quantities of his money have been magically transferred to his landlord.

INSTRUCTIVE NOTE: While all letters should come to my new address, I recommend that large fanzines (particularly MYRIAD mailings) keep on going to my parents' address in Sylmar. Such zines do not fit in the apartment mailbox, and get left on my front step -- a most horrifying idea. (I mean, the very idea that some poor stranger should accidentally steal a MYRIAD mailing and be forced to read Whatley -- it gives one pause...)

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## 1. Media Notes

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### RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK

Lucasfilm

Raiders, now in general release, was previewed for a mostly fannish audience on June 11 in LA. After their STAR WARS experience, and in keeping with usual Hollywood practice, word-of-mouth is hyped on a film by previewing it any number of times to the friends and family and selected ringers known to people working for the film company.

Raiders' action starts out in the Peruvian jungle as Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford) schemes his latest archeological ~~ripoff~~ find -- the solid gold idol of some obscure stone age tribe. The intense action, and suspense, are usually seen at the end, not the beginning, of a film. The first remarkable thing about Raiders, then, is its ability to sustain the hectic pace set in the opening scene. Each subsequent encounter with Army Intelligence, Nazis, Jones' old flame, and a rival archeologist, requires a dramatic change of scene and climate -- steaming jungle to tranquil American campus to icy Nepal to mummifyingly hot Cairo.

The Nazi's interest in the Ark of the Covenant -- that repository of the broken tablets of the Ten Commandments, divinely empowered to lead armies to victory -- motivates US Army Intelligence to finance Jones' effort to beat the Nazis to its discovery. In the process there's a lot of good supporting acting, including John Rhys-Davies, my favorite character actor. Although Jones is a skeptic, evidence accumulates that the Ark possesses supernatural powers as advertised, right up to a demonstration in the climactic scene.

Effects -- both stuntwork and technical illusions -- are highly important to the film's success. The moving-car stunts are hair-raising, and something the like of which I've seen only in silent film. The special effects range from spectacular, to gratuitous, to shockingly mediocre -- however, I didn't feel the film suffered at all from the unevenness of quality. Five or six scenes of incredible gore I could have done without, and seemed more appropriate to the drive-in/Friday The 13th genre. Still, they were well-made given what they were intended to do. Oddly disappointing was the manipulation of storm effects -- a trademark of Close Encounters -- including visible matte lines (and I'm hardly the most critical filmgoer).

Such an action/adventure film seldom carries a heavy message -- any message in Raiders is on the level of "Army Intelligence is a contradiction in terms." Still there is some debate over the meaning of the last scene in the film. Here I advise anyone who cares about revealing endings to skip ahead.

Having snatched the Ark from the Nazis, Jones finds it has been hooked by Army Intelligence. Jones has witnessed the incredible power of the Ark, and rightly suspects that "they" don't know what their tampering with. But Jones is blandly advised that "Top people are working on it." Jones departs, hardly reassured. Yet in the closing scene we see the Ark, crated up, deposited in a warehouse with a hundred thousand identical crates.

Bill Rotsler, in KTEIC, viewed this as a comment on government competence. I think there's more to it than simple cynicism. Having seen the fate of the Nazis, together with warnings seeded throughout the movie, for any human to monkey with the Ark seems an invitation to disaster. Therefore, to stash the Ark away, rather than turning it over to an occult Manhattan Project, appears wiser. Does Jehovah agree? Recalling that the Wehrmacht stencil on an earlier packing crate was scorched off, and observing the Army stencil on its packing crate is still unharmed, the context of the film suggests right action has been taken -- whether by wisdom, or bureaucratic dumb luck.

#### LICENSE RENEWED

John Gardner

To suffer comparison is a risk anyone would run who revives literature's most famous spy. Before pursuing a possibly unfair comparison between Ian Fleming and John Gardner, Bond's new animator, I should ask how LICENSE RENEWED stands on its own as a novel of espionage.

In a word, poorly. LICENSE RENEWED lacks suspense, lacks a villain with a sense of menace, and a heroine involved in the hero's fate. Gardner's plot seems liberally borrowed from old AVENGERS episodes, including the one that used a Scottish castle as a submarine base. It's as if Gardner forgot that he wasn't writing a parody.

After such a judgment, the job of comparing Gardner to Fleming doesn't seem worthwhile -- although it's apparent that Gardner has worked hard to mimic Fleming's affection for gimmicks, and for brand-name creature comforts. The simple fact is I never did give a damn what Bond ate for breakfast, and was only willing to put up with it from Fleming out of an interest in what Bond did after scarfing down tea and toast.

However, one bit of trivia does make the hardcover edition of this book worth fannish interest. The "James Bond typography" is copy-righted by Lynn Hollyn associates. She of the title, and Norm Hollyn, were formerly married (collaborating in the invention of their married surname).



## 2. Cover Story

Vancouver fanartist Tim Hammell, under the orchestration of JoAnn McBride, created the certificate used as this issue's cover. I obtained an electrostencil of the piece through Fran Skene, with the plan to run it in F770. In practice, I did not have the patience to peel 500 copies of this art off the drum of my mimeo -- which is exactly what I had to do to get the ink heavy enough so that it filled the large black area. But I have long agreed with the sentiment expressed in the artwork -- almost anyone who has been within visual range of Hen Flanders shares that not-quite-reverent pang of interest...

## 3. New York in '86

The mere title of this passage has probably already put me in contention with John What-me-worry VI for a free ride out of town on a rail. Indeed, I have speculated that the number of friends I have in MYRIAD has less to do with my being gregarious, than with my being too far off to become embroiled in local politics in ASFIC. I am in no rush to pass judgment on local events so far away (in space, if not in emotion) even now.

Rather, let us start with a history lesson.

The 1978 Worldcon committee in its final form was a far cry from the crew that won the bid in many respects. It was not an accident that there was so much dissension, bungling, and turnover. The instability, and poisonous feuds, seem almost predictable when you consider the material they had to start with. The chairman was given that office because he, alone of the people on the committee, had actually attended a worldcon. No one on that bidding committee had ever helped run a con bigger than 200 people.

1979, the year right after Iguanacon had hammered into the consciousness of fandom the high price to be paid for turning over the Worldcon to a bunch of inexperienced kids, was when fans had to select between Denver, Seattle, and a rump LA bid. Fortunately Seattle did not win, given its Westercon-sized hotel, and a chairman who changed jobs and moved to another city within weeks of the vote. Denver may or may not prove to be a capable group, but they at least don't start out in the hole. One thing that really turned me off was the Seattle chairman -- he's a fine individual, make no mistake -- yet I could not stomach someone of such shallow experience, all of three or four years in fandom, carrying on as if he had been born to be worldcon chairman. He was an example of something broadly visible in today's fandom, a person addicted to power as expressed through convention operations. Something just strikes me as sick about such distorted values.

Because of these experiences, I will never support any worldcon bid whose committee lacks depth of big-convention experience, and in whose leadership I observe this absurd power-tripping ambition (big fish in small pond). An inexperienced committee will ultimately have to be rescued. And an egoizing chairman will alienate those whose help the committee requires. While I would probably offer to work for any worldcon, when I make my choice between committees, I will vote for the one which seems most capable of putting the show on.

# MAULING COMMENTS

JOHN WHATLEY: In a recent mailing you smirked that during the Vietnam War you directed your tax payment to the budget of the Defense Department by the device of making your tax checks payable to that agency. In the last mailing you neglected to answer my question of how your checks were cancelled. I have, meanwhile, learned that IRS' Fresno Service Center (so presumably IRS generally) cashes every check it receives and deposits it in the general fund, whether it's made out to the IRS, the California Franchise Tax Board, the Department of Water and Power, or Muhammad Ali Sports Incorporated. So, while you were smelling napalm in the morning, welfare mothers were buying food stamps and blessing your name...

Each mailing you lecture the membership lengthily on various topics. You show a compulsion to impress your readers that you are a man, with substantial income, unsurpassed education, and skill in many complex fields. At the same time in individual mailing comments, with ruthless snottiness, you pick fights with members using whatever seems to provoke the most emotional response -- SCA membership, religious background, means of making a living, etc. You seem unhealthy and bizarre in your exhibitions before an audience whose individuals you treat contemptuously. Your voluminous lectures prove that you crave our recognition, while your abusive mailing comments, formed by equal measures of narcissism and factual error, show how you hate yourself for needing that approval. The very errors and exaggerations you publish, given that you could easily set them right, show how desperate you are for any kind of reaction.

Frankly, I don't participate in MYRIAD to play your weird games. I object to the effect you have on the apa by fucking with other people's minds. I decline to rise to your bait, when you one-dimensionalize me as "the auditor". In fact, as you continue to treat the members as less than human, you are dehumanizing yourself.

OO: Ho Ho! Young Guy Coburn is a new member. Most interesting to have the DSC Hearts Champion, acknowledged the world's finest hearts player by trial of ordeal at the table with Guy Lillian III, join our ranks. At the same time, regrets to see Andy Whitehead formally drop.

GUY COBURN: What! You would dare miss Bhamacon and <sup>not</sup> let the losers have a second shot at your title? // I'll be interested to learn how your group's Symposium came out.

RICH HOWELL: Gee, Rich, after commenting on Whatley's zine I seem to have used up my quota of interest in kah-kee for this month. Sorry. // Although I've seen Pac Man about, MISSILE COMMAND and its imitators rule the video game roost in this town. B&W ASTEROIDS even gets shoved off to a corner. Fortunately ATARI has just marketed MISSILE COMMAND as a cartridge, so I won't have to trash my budget while mastering the new game, provided I can come up with the cost of the unit. Near my new location in the Hollywood office is a Shakey's pizza joint with half a dozen video games stashed in a mini-room.



The place attracts its share of young jerks with nothing to do, who in general have the one virtue of not pestering anybody but the management. (For example, one of them buys the lunch special, and when he reloads his plate, slips pizza and what-not to everyone with him.) Apparently one group had just been caught at this pasttime and expelled from Shakey's as several of us arrived. We ordered, sat down, began to eat. The fellow across the table from me gestured to get the attention of the auditor next to him, "Firecracker." He had seen two boys open the side door and toss in the lighted object. I turned my sight, saw something as big as a penny roll burnt halfway through, and still flaring. While the others at the table were "Huh? What"-ing, I covered my ears. I turned away, said to the woman next to me, "Cover your ears." After the M-80 went off she was "Huh? Wha?"-ing in earnest. The fellow who saw the M-80 thrown got up and ran out the door after the kids with half of Shakey's customers in pursuit. Two teenaged employees ran down one of the two, and marched him back towards the restaurant locked onto each arm. Opportunely a squad car rolled by -- inspiring the captive to shout and carry on to the effect that he was being abducted. "I want to see the officer!" he cried with bravado. "We want you to see the officer too!" was the reply. Quite interesting -- posse comitatus and all that... // No objections to your proposal to keep individual accounts, rather than a general treasury.

WARD BATTY: "But I've long heard about this apa and its tradition of friendly, intimate zines and warm people." That phrase sounds awfully familiar. Awfully familiar. I can't remember whether it was Guy Lillian or Lee Felton who wrote it in LASFAPA. Not that you would know; I'm just reminding myself not to get too smug when reading such compliments about MYRIAD... // I wasn't aware that the term "comix" had taken on a tone of condescension. I'm not sure I mind... Seriously, I'm just trying to keep up my pretense of being hip and trendy by using modern 1969 slang. // A classic zine, for the description of Deb kicking the Lynch's house. Ook ook!

RON ZUKOWSKI: Hail, Orange House! // There has been open discussion about selling commercial time on cable tv. Although cable is sometimes considered a 'wonderful' alternative, sparing advertising-riddled travesties in prime time -- there's nothing to prevent the cable systems from going the way of the networks. At least, I'm not aware of any regulations that ban it, though even if such regulations exist, times change. // Your comment on club officers makes passing reference to soaking one's head in gasoline and playing with matches. Today I met someone who used the expression, "They'd rather run through hell wearing gasoline drawers." Must be a sign that the fuel surplus is upon us. // Thank you for your letter, and thousands like it, pro-space mail was responsible for the second highest amount of issue-oriented mail received by the White House this spring. According to Fournelle, the hype has been effective enough to convince the administration that space has a constituency, and has permitted Congress to shield NASA from severe budget cuts.

JANET AND VINCE LYONS: I never used to be particularly sensitive to having reached the advanced age of 28, however, when I read you talk about being able to remember what it was like when you were young, a creepy feeling overtakes me.

JOHN WHATLEY SIX: Anybody who wants to know how the IRS works, and how audits are actually conducted, and what a TCMP audit actually is and what initiates such an audit, may enjoy reading Strassels' book EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT THE IRS (if I recall the title correctly). You, John, seem particularly in need of some factual information in this area. "...suffice it to say that TCMP identifies areas where too much deduction has been made and automatically flags that return for audit." Totally wrong. Taxpayer Compliance Measurement Program audits are generated at random within each income stratum, and within each kind of return (eg, a short form, a long form with income averaging, a long form with rentals; and all possible combinations. Some types may only have three examples to select among, others having hundreds of thousands.) TCMP selection is done at random so that the audit results, when completed, can be analyzed. From the information derived, a formula is evolved to computer-program measurements for audit potential. Computer analysis scores each return, and is the way most audits are selected. This system, nicknamed DIF, is the one that flags returns which have deductions apparently out of proportion to income, a judgment weighted by the amount of deductions claimed in areas TCMP has shown are most prone to error. I have done about 20 TCMP audits in the past seven months; none of the nonbusiness audits took longer than two hours; none of the business audits took longer than four. Because the TCMP returns are randomly selected, even a thorough audit is not complicated. In proportion to the taxpaying public, the number of people subject to TCMP audits is tiny, and the number of those requiring extraordinary effort even smaller. The LA district, largest in the country, is conducting 3200 TCMP audits all totalled in the program's present phase. // Why do you work so hard at being wrong? To borrow your phrase, did you know that, no, you do NOT have to be an officer of a qualified organization to deduct expenses paid out of pocket on its behalf. Do you know how many times in your exposition you said "/Right, Mike?" after making an erroneous statement, several of which would deprive readers of allowable deductions?

EVE ACKERMAN: Is all that righteous indignation about Janet Cooke worthwhile? The Pulitzer Prize took it on the head, but as for the rest -- believe me, this is not the first fraudulent news story ever printed. (Ever read about turn-of-the century journalism? And if you have, what made you think people had radically reformed since then?) On second thought, go right ahead and be upset. I simply wonder at your "Is Nothing Sacred?" motif, since I personally never considered journalism particularly divine. (Gasp!!) // Good catch on the elusive Lucas. // Since you raise the question, about ALTERED STATES (I didn't see it) -- I wish I could see an example of 'subliminal flash frames' to test out my suspicion that they aren't unnoticed by the conscious eye. The feature film moves at 24 frames per second. I've seen any number of movies with nothing but simple scratch marks on the film -- I surely notice those. Why am I supposed to not notice a complete interruption of the image flow, however brief? // I'm not an avid magazine reader. I subscribe only to IASFM, Writer's Digest, Collector's Magazine, American Heritage Magazine, and buy Playboy off the stands most months. I used to subscribe to Mother Jones, but became very annoyed at the flood of junk mail I received due to the extensive prostitution of their mailing list. (Simple test: when I dropped my sub, the flood of solicitations for contributions vanished.) // My heart bleeds. I'm single, don't have enough



deductions to itemize, and (violins please) at least in 1979, the biggest expense I had to offset my writing income was 45% in postage.

NICKI LYNCH: LA radio trends are similar to what you have in your town. There is only one true Top 40 AM station I can receive, which in fact broadcasts from a tower in Tijuana Mexico at 100K watts of power. Everything else which hasn't specialized is a combination of the Top 5, oldies, soft rock and crossover cowboy music.

DEE HAMMER JOHNSON: Unless you can think of something better? Mild inquiry -- does this mean you're looking for volunteer, or that your next avatar will go by the name of Skylark Aquarian Chandragupta? // I tried to call Marsden today (6-26) but it appears that the State of Ohio was closed. Not only was the phone at PopCult unanswered, but I couldn't even raise the University's own information operator. I wanted to get some guidance from the Good Doctor about the value of 16 mm feature film prints, given that it is illegal to deal in them. One of my, shall we say, customers, donated 30 prints to a small midwestern university. The question is what that donation is worth (a) in dollars, and (b) as a 'gift', if the university has no legal right to the prints either.

ALMOST A HUNDRED AND A HALF: Aargh! Creeping Bowers-sm! The first symptoms of senility are indexing your own zines! (Yes, I displayed the first symptoms about 1974, but if I don't tell, who'll ever know?)

DICK LYNCH: Thanks for the reprint of your worldcon report.//Or perhaps he won't. It seems so easy to get into these sophistic, endless, mindless wrangles, and so quickly forget what is really happening. Unless they've changed their story, neither Kennedy nor Felton was ever in a feud. Where could you possibly have gotten that impression? I can show you quotes, in context, where they said so. // Am I restricted to doing one or the other? // But to get back to my favorite festering sore, the "issues" were not what was happening between me and Carol. It is inherent in her personality to need much approval from the people she's around. This includes having those around her support her moralizing and harsh criticism of others. In Lasfapa she believed she was getting that approval -- especially during the high old days of the Bridget-Andruschak feud, which she lustily condemned. Most Lasfapans were right behind her. Lasfapa was also, apparently, a place where she experienced a lot of change in her life. (Post-divorce, change in residence, all that.) All this is prologue to my joining the apa. I excerpted some news about Jenny Montaire and ran it in F770. Jenny disapproved. I never did understand why Carol got so much more upset than Jenny, who never referred to the matter again. I viewed Carol's response in the nature of a mother protecting her young, or maybe a gang leader defending his turf. Carol behaved as though she were rallying public opinion to condemn me. She did not anticipate that members of Lasfapa at that time were as much my friend as hers, nor did they consider the issue as important as she did. Meantime I, a newcomer, didn't like getting pounced on, and gave her back in kind. // Ironically, I may be reacting to Whatley as Carol did to me, if not in the same context. While I'm here in LA teeing off on Whatley, it may be that you in the South see John regularly and consider him a warm and wonderful person. // Anyway, Carol became very frustrated



as the months went by and she did not receive approval and agreement from very many others over this emotional wrestling match camouflaged as a tournament in condescension. Pelton just naturally got dragged in because he was living with Carol. At the same time, they were busy teeing off on Guy Lillian, which is a lot like starting a war in Vietnam. Carol left the apa, not because of the exchange of unpleasantries, I think, only because of other changes in her life, and the fact that Lasfapa was no longer satisfying enough to remain necessary. Shortly afterwards Pelton dropped. Then I dropped because I was minaccing, and shortchanging Myriad too. It never did make any sense to be putting more energy into something painful than something pleasant. In retrospect the whole thing seems an expression of arrogance on my part more than anything else. Even as I write this zine I look at my comments to Whatley and wonder what purpose they serve. This lot serves notice of my feelings. I will probably not respond to Whatley's reply. Carol had the ability to threaten me, and Whatley does not, so I probably won't have any compulsion for self-defense overriding the simple fact that I don't want to write nor does anyone want to read an endless exchange of invective between myself and #6. // Congratulations on not being a destructive force in southern fandom.

CHARLIE WILLIAMS: Congratulations to you too. Now let's catch the guilty party and hang 'em high!

JIM GILPATRICK: In raw numbers, LA has more media fen than the south. In per capita terms, maybe not. In the South there are so few "trufen" trying to turn themselves into the cream at the top of the bottle that the existence of media fans isn't an issue there. Everybody is just a fan. I like it that way. My objection has simply been to the weapons-wearers. In that I am not even willing to concede toy guns, whether that puts me in the minority of opinion. // Southern representation on the FAAn awards committee -- why would anyone want it? The committee doesn't do anything. Each year Moshe Feder and two or three other people have to rescue the award from oblivion with superhuman effort. Everyone else is just names on paper. Being on the FAAn committee is about as important as joining a search party for Judge Crater.

CLIFF BIGGERS: A three hundred page mailing is less awesome considering how much of it is boiler plate -- overruns from other sources. Still, nowhere near to the extent FAFA suffers that problem. // Is it really a virtue for somebody of high school age to have a fully articulated value system? Even if that person has assorted biases or beliefs that he/she cannot rationalize, that in itself has the advantage of making them less difficult to overcome at an age of maturity. (And wasn't that the purpose of public education in this country -- to make sure the masses got taught the status quo?) (You don't have to answer that; I'm being tongue-in-cheek.) // Bill Greene, the author of one tax book, was recently slung in jail for tax evasion. More a curiosity than an omen.

STEVEN CARLBERG: Interesting report on your experience in LA. Too bad we didn't meet while you were out here...

IRIS BROWN: Hm, would you volunteer to pull the switch or administer the injection to get Lennon's killer off the public dole? In fact, that situation could be solved merely by leaving his cell unlocked.



(Iris continues): // Nope, they can't do anything to you for watching. (Talk about out of context remarks!!!) // I was twirling the TV dial one Sunday night and encountered The Ryte Rev Falwell launching into the second of a four-part series rebutting the theory of evolution. His presentation had the remarkable quality of sounding persuasive even though he provided examples of every logical fallacy I was lectured about in college Logic.

mike weber: With regrets I only acknowledge your zine. I'd like to see a regular sized zine. (Not to mention I'd like to contribute a regular sized zine for a change.)

DAN TAYLOR: Talking about wheels, I might mention that I retired my '73 Vega for a nonsmoking '77 Granada. Was this a Phi Beta Kappa move? Hardly, except that 'economy' cars cost about 30% more than what I could go into debt to buy. So instead I have this ridiculously luxurious green car with half a white vinyl roof (landau?), which gets two gallons to the mile. It's awesome to think of how many more maintenance points I'll have to keep track of now. On the Vega, I just added 2 quarts of oil every day, and two quarts of transmission fluid per week, and the thing ran like a charm. //Right, if you don't get MCs you really don't exist.

SUE PHILLIPS: Sorry, my feud card is filled. Catch me next Saturday night. // I thought a Reinhardt was taking 25 points in Hearts, afterwards claiming that you were trying to shoot the moon.

JANICE GELB: If you are reading this, it means that the mailman arrived at Rich's house before he terminated the deadline. // Yes, I subtly noticed that you were unenthusiastic about viewing Breaker Morant. Next time you invite me out for my birthday (which after this MC will be my 95th) we'll go someplace better known for its riveting excitement -- like cliff-diving from Acapulco... // It's not so much that the LASFS minutes are better than the meeting. It's that the minutes take about a tenth of the time that the meeting does. Real life LASFS is played at 33, rather than the correct speed of 78. //You fer sure for Fr. Mulcahy, and the first two out of three guesses why don't count// You were the ally of Glycer in a Diplomacy game. Please conjugate those verbs correctly.// The Hugo, unfortunately, is not voted on by critiques. It is a popularity contest. The readers of Locus and SFR who vote in the Hugos obviously think they know what the best fanzine is. As far as that goes, SFR and STARSHIP are the best fanzines.

DAVE MINCH: Why, yes, just the other day I was reading about the successful flight of the anarchists' space shuttle... Like hell. If this was the 19th century you'd be espousing Social Darwinism. The flip side of your "Everybody should leave everybody the hell alone" record is "everybody can go to hell alone", and those who do 'deserve' to