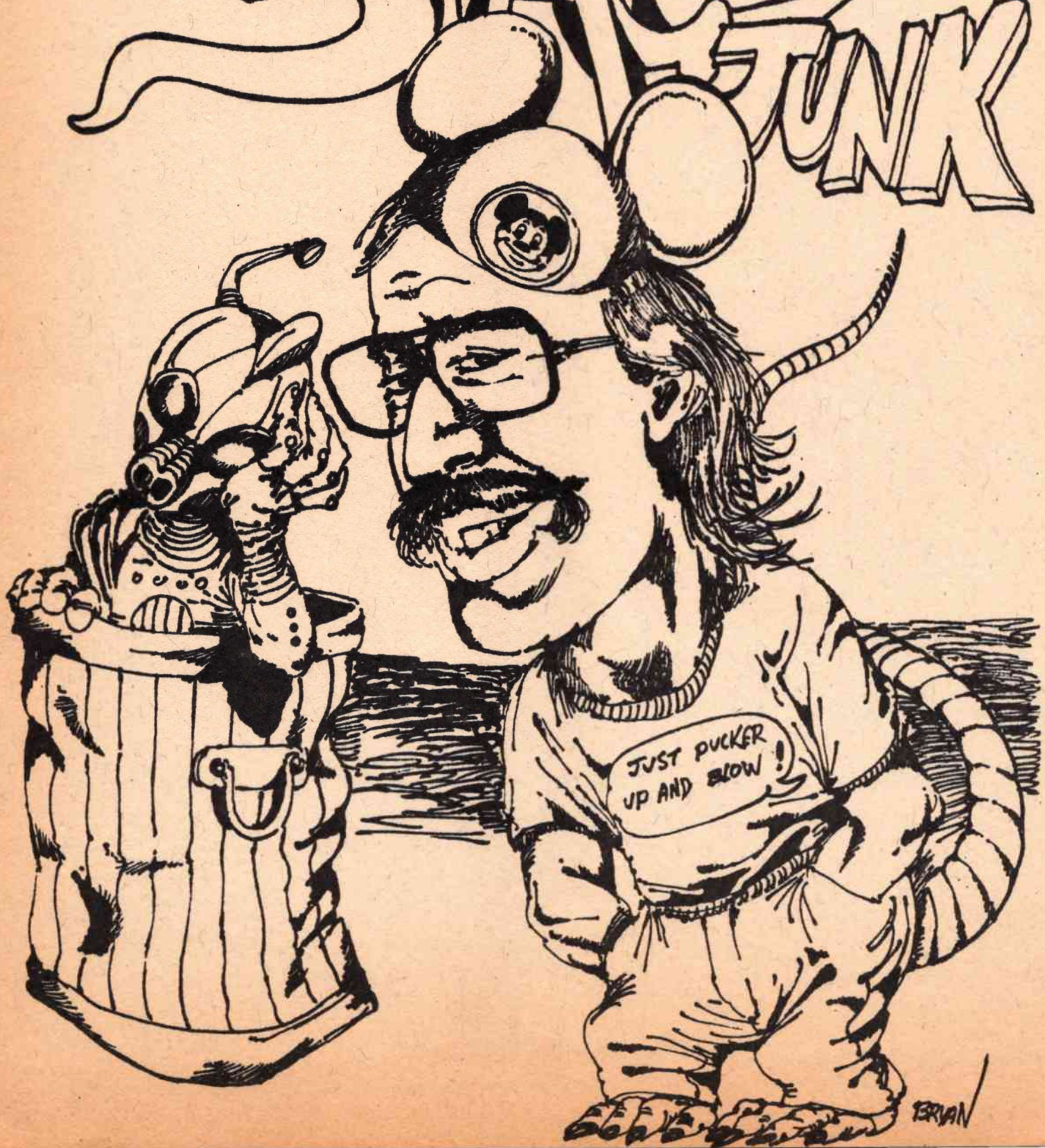


SPACE JUNK



This is Space Junk#3, produced by Rich Coad, still in California for a while (due to a Tigh Money Supply). I'm at 251 Ashbury ST. #4, San Francisco 94117. Where are you at? Space Junk can be had but not fooled. Suggestions for getting it are: money (however much) trades, letters, gorgeous women, plying the editor with booze and drugs. This is a Worthless Publication. My Social Security Number is 556-06-1549. Since no-one called. Up Afgahnistan!

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- Artwork: Front Cover: Bill Bryan
Back Cover: Joe Pearson
Logo: Del Monte
Page 2 & 4: Jay Kinney
Page 16: Del Monte
Page 22 : William Rotsler

Next ish: Joseph Nicholas, Robert Whitaker and Bill Gibson write!

literatè after ä fashiön

It takes time -- time spent stealing jokes, time spent sucking up to BNFs, time spent lying to contributors about how brilliant you thought their articles were, time spent pretending to slipsheet when you're actually too drunk to see how black the pages look -- yes, it takes time, but you can make it. I know. I did it. Finally. Long overdue. About time, too. But, at last, after struggling five years in the morass of fannish preterite I have left them behind and joined the Elect, raised myself Above the Common Mass, become a Mover and a Shaker. Yes, I have been a panellist at a Worldcon! And it came about as follows:

I was standing at the fanroom bar, pretty much minding my own business and watching Greg Pickersgill attempt to pick up on the barmaid. Greg had already assured me I could learn a thing or two from him, so I observed casually, hoping to glean an ace or two of knowledge from the master.

He stood easily, swaying from the waist, occasionally repositioning a leg to steady himself. A leer enveloped his entire face as, eyes agleam, he held out his sandwich (a ham and cheese) and rakishly enquired of the red-haired green-eyed barmaid her desire to expectorate on same. She giggled and blushed and told him to fornicate elsewhere. He mentioned that there were certain things -- such as a Slavic giant some ten feet tall -- with which he, Greg, would not sully her fair skin with a touch. He further expressed a fervent desire to involve his glottal muscle with a certain part of her physique. Just then Peter Roberts strolled up.

"Hello, boss," said he. "How would you like to be on a panel about American fandom tomorrow?"

Um...er...was great honor to be asked.
..not really worthy of such consideration...truly have great respect for Peter's acumen in asking but pressing engagement with distilled grains and other responsibilities grave and imperative must needs force my humble declination.

"You needn't do much," pressed Peter.
"Just show up, sit like a tailor's dummy on the dais, and let the others carry on."

"No," I said.

"Right, I'll put you down for eleven," said Peter, and vanished.



1984 can be disregarded, however attractive the idea of 1984 at Wigan Pier -- with an emblem, no doubt, of a flying aspidochelone -- might seem. (What does worry me is how we're going to get enough fans out into Space in time for 1999.)

On Tuesday, 21 August I set off for Reading. Most of my cons begin with setting off for Reading. Several years ago I used to set off for Reading by train, thence to be driven to the con by Dave Langford. Latterly, since I bought a car, I set off for Reading in the car, thence to drive Dave and Hazel Langford to the con. What I have never figured out is why when he had the car I used to go over to Reading, and now that I have the car (not the same car) I go over to Reading.

I'd packed all the essential stuff -- fanzines to distribute, spare bottle of scotch, camera for taking incriminating photographs, toothbrush, socks and JLAS badge -- and the non-essential stuff like 500 collated but unstapled copies of MOOD 70, the anthology of British fanwriting that I'd rashly volunteered to edit when Eve Harvey fluttered her eyelashes at me. The car boot was full, and I still had Dave, Hazel, Langford luggage, more fanzines, a couple of Hugos, yet more fanzines and Dave's spare bottle of scotch to fit in.

That evening in Reading Dave and I practised drinking for the convention, whilst Hazel practised knitting, also for the convention. This was our first Worldcon, and we didn't want to go unprepared. I tried hard, but I couldn't get Dave to confess to the Hugo winners. He knew all right, he'd arranged the silver plaques attached to the bases, but he wouldn't let on. The best I could glean from him was that he himself hadn't won Best Fanwriter and his fanzine Twll-Ddu hadn't won Best Fanzine, and that much only because of the doleful way in which he spoke of those two particular awards. So doleful was he, in fact, that I was quite convinced that Geis had won them both, again. For the rest, he was the soul of obfuscation.

Next morning I decided that a quarter bottle of scotch would be a good idea, not so much for the scotch, but for the bottle itself, which was a convenient size to slip into a jacket pocket. Dave thought this a good idea, too, not so much for the scotch or the bottle, but for the symmetry. He already had a bottle and a half bottle. "If only there were an eighth bottle," he said, "then could I buy it and a miniature and approach very closely to two bottles without actually getting there. Hazel has forbidden me two bottles, you see."

Hazel didn't actually think much of 13/4 bottles, as it was.

We packed and somehow it all went in and we were off.

In Brighton, after registering at our hotel, Le Flemings, we drove round to the side of the Metropole, not an easy task in Brighton's traffic-thronged one-way streets, despite its being only half a mile by the most direct route (which in a car was, of course, impossible). We parked in a 'no parking' area, and left Hazel in the car, on guard against traffic wardens, while Dave and I went into the Metropole complex by a side door that looked as if the builders hadn't quite finished with it. Wandering blind, as it were, down dim corridors we came across Sue Williams sticking signs on walls. Operations manager Kevin Williams had lost no time in putting his staff to work. At least,

'staff' is how Chairman Peter Weston always thought of Sue. She and Kev were quite under the impression that they had taken on the Ops. job jointly, but you won't find any mention of Sue in the progress reports or the programme book, except as a member of the con. Probably Uncle Peter didn't want her to be worrying her pretty little head about such things, which was immensely considerate of him.

Sue had a problem, though. "I want to put this sign up there," she said. 'Up there' was over the door, about ten feet up, and there was no ladder. Well, I could reach the bottom of the sign (which was less than ten feet up) and duly fixed the blu-tack there. There remained the out-of-reach upper part. "Aie! Tcha!" I cried, leaping up and smiting the sign over the blu tack with my fist. "Ouch! Ah! Ee! Ooh! Sod it!" I cried as I landed, clutching the knuckles I'd skinned on the ceiling. But the sacrifice was worth it; that sign stayed up.

Then Dave spotted another sign on the wall. "Why does it spell programme P.R.O.G.R.A.M.?" he asked accusingly.

"It was an American who did the signs for us," Sue confessed. "We've had a lot of problems with the signs. There's one to direct people to the fanroom on the first floor, but you can't put 'First floor' because all the Americans think they're already on the first floor..."

"They can't be stoned already," I said. "Not all of them...oh, I see. They don't understand about ground floors, do they?"

Continuing on our way, we found the fanroom. It was a vast expanse containing organisers Eve and John Harvey and several thousand pieces of paper, all of which had to be assembled into a massive fanroom display before the next day. Numerous other fans stood around in various attitudes of helpfulness; some of them were even doing things.

"Hi," said Eve. "Got the anthology pages?"

"No." I said. "Yes," I said hurriedly, as she seemed about to explode.

"Get some gophers and bring them up here."

"Why do you want gophers?" I asked, and only just dodged the flying stapler.

Gophers were obtained from the ops. room and the six boxes of anthology pages and two boxes of fanzines were speedily transferred to a rare free corner of the fanroom. Useful things, gophers. Except, of course, that they vanished when we began the hard work of stitching the collated books together. For some reason the printing industry adheres to the archaic term 'stitching' to mean binding, whether it be with thread, glue, staples, or expensive, modernistic plastic devices at 45 pence per copy. (I actually considered using these things, since they look really good; I considered it right up to the time I found out the price.) We were stitching with staples, which could also be termed stapling, and then sliding a cheap plastic slide-binder (only 5p) on each copy to make it look good. This was fortunate, as even the huge stapler obtained then and there by Greg Pickersgill (albeit at the second attempt -- he forgot his cheque book the first time) was unable to drive staples cleanly through 34 sheets of paper.

every time. In fact, Mike Glicksohn and I were the only people present able to achieve even a fifty per cent record of unmangled staples. The technique required a firm and slow push until resistance was encountered, then a sudden, sharp, powerful thrust. Banging away was no good at all, to coin a phrase. But even Mike and I couldn't keep it up for long (the double entendres of this paragraph are slowly becoming more than mortal man can reasonably be expected to bear) and soon our right hands were red and bruised around the ball of the thumb. This with only half the copies done. Still and all, they were finished before dinner; my thanks to the numerous people who helped get me out of a tight spot.

At some point in the afternoon I went from the fanroom and the conference complex generally, into the hotel part of the Metropole. A hotel security guard stood at the interface of the two. (God damn this computer terminology! I don't mean 'interface of'; I mean 'door between'.) He was there, anyway, wherever it was. I found an open bar, which was the object of my excursion, and bought a pint. Then I tried to get back.

"Sorry, sir. Exhibitors only in this part."

"Ah, but, well, I am. I mean, I'm working at setting things up, up there. I've just come from it."

The guard seemed impressed with my fluency and command of logic and let me through. "Only get an exhibitor's pass, sir, for next time."

Right, I thought, Ops Room here I come. The only committee member there was Rob Jackson. I persuaded him that I wasn't wanting to enter the masquerade (which is a much more dignified term than 'fancy dress' and one of those rare beasts, an American usage which is preferable to the British one) and that I wanted an exhibitor's pass. He didn't know what an exhibitor's pass was, and in that was not alone; no-one else did either. So he gave me a gopher badge. This proved to be a very useful device throughout the con. Not only did security men seem irrationally impressed by it, but it also enabled me to push officiously through crowds whenever I was in a hurry -- which was about twice. And I could -- and did -- detach it whenever someone shouted for a gopher. I thought of myself as a 'fanroom only' gopher, and carefully neglected to let Eve Harvey know it. Dave Langford also had security man problems, a recurrent event with Dave. The same security man wouldn't let him back in at all after he'd left the conference complex for a pint. So Dave asked committee man Roy Kettle for advice. Roy produced a virgin Seacon '79 name badge and said, "Write 'Security Pass' on that." Dave did, and it worked. The guard let him through without a murmur. So much for total security.

At five o'clock I nipped out again to register with the con and collect my programme book, badge and other paraphernalia. The registrations desk had just that minut closed and people were being turned away.

"Hello, Pat and Graham," I said to Graham and Pat Charnock, respectively, though they didn't notice that. "Got a badge and things for me?"

"It's him," said Pat, with that peculiar look of sudden alarm that I am convinced she reserves for me alone.

"Old whatsisname," said Graham.

"Ho ho, give me the badge," I said.

"Oh, all right," they said.

It helps to have friends in high places. When the registrations desk opened again next morning the queue was miles long.

By this time it was already obvious that Seacon was going to be different -- bigger, mostly. For one thing, the fanroom was as big as a normal British con-hall. For another, there was a feeling of hugeness that was all-pervading -- and this is not a reference to individual fans. Oh, I don't know though; there were some pretty huge fans about by this time, as well.

The evening degenerated. I know this to be true, because I have absolutely no memory of it -- who I was with, where I was, all is blank. And that is very strange, because next morning I felt great, so I couldn't have got very drunk. It was only Wednesday night, after all, and I was pacing myself. The feeling I have is that the evening was very much like the first night of a British Eastercon; in other words, about 500 people present somewhere or other, and before anyone had had time to get zonked on the combination of too much alcohol and too little sleep. This on the night before the official opening.

And that, friends, is when we knew, at gut level, that it was going to be Big.

On Thursday after a traditional cooked English breakfast a la mode de cheap hotel -- lots of grease -- I strolled over to the Metropole and wandered about a bit. There were strange people everywhere, so I went up to the fanroom. There were strange people there, too, but at least I knew them. The chaos of the day before had given way to the chaos of today, which was a different chaos. The scattered pieces of paper had undergone severe entropic reversal and were now stuck on walls, display stands and each other. However, entropy is not so easily thwarted. On a table in the middle of one wall fanzines were beginning to accumulate. I added all my back issues of DOT to them, with stickers saying '25p' stuck on. In the next alcove a table and several hard-backed chairs had been set up for the fanroom programme. In front of them, hotel staff were throwing easy chairs about with gay abandon, managing to break the arm of one of them with little difficulty and less thought. This was a novel idea, I thought. Give the panellists hard chairs so that they get things over with quickly, and the audience easy chairs so that they can doze without dropping off. I was actually on one panel -- about editing fanzines, I think -- and I took a photograph of the audience two seconds before the panel began. One person was actually looking at the panel, and the rest were engaged in conversation, already asleep, or invisible, judging by the number of apparently empty seats.

At the bar beyond the programme area the barmaid was putting up a list of bar prices. Oh yes, this was a fanroom with a bar, and the prices were the cheapest in the hotel. No, they weren't the same prices throughout; these were definitely lower. Already the fanroom was looking a good place to be.

The table with fanzines on it gradually transformed itself into a market stall. All the fanzines had price stickers on; most of them said '50p'. T-shirts in four sizes were stuck to the wall behind, to show they were for sale, and huge boxes of them cluttered up the floor. The sizes were colour-coded. "You want a red one kid? You'll have to grow a bit." Red was extra-large, and a helium filled balloon - another sales gimmick -- shoved up it demonstrated how large a stomach it could encompass (which is a very apt word, really). I must admit responsibility for this act, but not, unfortunately for the idea; I was merely following the example of the bright spark who had placed two small balloons further up the yellow, medium, T-shirt. The red shirt was the first to sell out. Assorted key-rings, pens and other objets d'art, all bearing the legend 'Seacon '79', were also available for the avid collector to buy.

Manning the stall proved to be no problem, though I must confess to slight surprise at the people who actually did most of the work -- Greg Pickersgill, Simone Walsh and Geoff Rippington. One or, usually, more than one of these three always seemed to be there, though there were many other assistants too. Geoff had been known in fandom previously for his sercon fanzine, which began as the execrable Titan and then improved a lot and changed its name to Arena SF. It seemed odd, then, to see Geoff spending most of his time at the con in the heart of things fannish, the fanroom. The man enjoyed it too, though it didn't entirely stop him talking sf. My next article is a review of Tom Reamy's Blind Voices for Arena.

The bar opened, and proved to be selling sandwiches and pies as well as booze. With a good breakfast behind one, there was no need to leave the fanroom from morning to night. People did, of course, for a piss, or for the events that even the most diehard fannish fans wanted to see. The Grand Opening, for example.

From the fanroom it was about thirty yards to the gallery overlooking the main hall, which was another good thing about the fanroom. We were all up there, the fannish fans, looking down on the assembled multitude. With not long to go before the official off, there were few vacant seats below. We were playing 'Spot the Fan'.

"Do you recognise anyone down there?"

"No -- hang on, isn't that, er, you know -- thing..?"

"The one in a green shirt?"

"No, not him, two rows behind him."

"The pink shirt and glasses?"

"That's the one."

"Never seen him before in my life."

"Neither have I, come to think of it."

But then we spotted Rob Holdstock, and everything seemed so much easier after that.

Opening time drew closer. The buzz of Speculation approached its Zenith. Bang on cue, the lights went out. There were gasps of anticipation, a few giggles, and the wits in the audience made Dirty-Old-Man sounds. But that was all. Then the lights came on over the stage. Was that it? No, Uncle Peter walked on and apologised for the delay; someone had nicked the light bulb from the projector, or something like that, and would we all bear with him for a few minutes. Well of course we would; anything for Uncle Peter. The stage lights went out again; big anti-climax -- we'd seen this before. Stirring martial music (later identified by Brian Aldiss as the Albanian National Anthem; if there were any Albanians in the audience they didn't stand up) and the names of all the Worldcons from 1970 on flashed up on the screen one after the other. '77 gave way to '78. '78 vanished, leaving a bright white screen. A huge banner raised itself (aided by gophers, if you must know) slightly belatedly into the light. SEACON '79.

Huge cheers! Into the tumultuous limelight strode Uncle Peter, the man who had found the light bulb. Even huger cheers! Did this audience consist entirely of cretins? Uncle Peter said a few words -- welcome, this is Seacon '79, that kind of thing; he had his audience figured out, all right. He introduced the Guests of Honour -- Brian Aldiss, Fritz Leiber and Harry Bell -- and the toastmaster -- Bob Shaw. So much for factual reporting.

On danced half a dozen brave lasses in daring, exotic swim suits, circa 1879. They included one braver than the rest, who had answered a call for a female gopher in the confident expectation of being required only to help the dancers into their costumes. Anne Page sneaked up behind Uncle Peter, produced a yellow cardboard crown from somewhere in her costume and ceremonially crowned him. That crown was many sizes too big for Anne -- I'd seen her make it and try it on the day before -- but it perched on Uncle Peter's ~~head~~ like a pimple on a haystack. It wasn't a proper coronation, though; he wasn't anointed. When the Scottish regimental pipers made their noisy entrance I left.

But despite the fifteen tons of corn in the ceremony, I felt a distinct surge of pride when that banner hung there, the only illuminated object in the hall. This is ours, you bastards, I thought, which was quite irrational. I'd had nothing to do with the actual organisation, and I had no clear idea who the 'bastards' might be -- everyone in the world who hadn't had Seacon '79 as an important part of (fannish) life for the last few years, probably.

Back in the fanroom JLAS badges were appearing on T-shirts and jackets. I already had mine, proudly displayed with my other society badges. There was SPOAH(WG) and the Surrey Limpwrists. The Society of Persons Of Average Height (With Glasses) consisted, before the con, of Jim White, Dermot Dobson, John Steward, Dave Langford and myself -- at 6 feet 3 inches I was the shortest person. SPOAH(WG) is very concerned that the vast majority of persons at a con are of below average height, and has plans to Do Something about it. Unfortunately, what it did at Seacon was to allow in Kath Mitchell and Pat Charnock, who at 5 feet 6 or thereabouts are definitely of below average height. This is all John Steward's fault.

The Surrey Limpwrists are now the greatest force in British fandom,

with most of the major British fanzines, and a couple of American ones, including this, being produced by its members. If the Surrey Limpwrist could ever get organised enough to do something other than drink and produce fanzines you'd really see what a fannish force could do. The limpwrist won the sf quiz at Novacon 9, just as a taster. This proves it.

I'd actually begun talking of the JLAS. This is the Jacqueline Lichtenberg Appreciation Society, and its members are dedicated to the promotion of all Jackie's books (not just her Star Trek books) and Jackie herself. "I'm Backing Jackie" says our badge. Several weeks before the con an anonymous flyer from Chris Priest made its appearance, announcing the formation of the JLAS. British fans flocked to join. At the con the badges appeared, and a second flyer containing the names of the Committee (sic). These included Marion Zimmer Bradley, Anne McCaffrey, Chris Priest, Alan Dead Foster (an inspired misprint, if ever there was), and Rob Holdstock (who had the dubious title of Chief Grip); I was Chairperson -- gosh! wow! These flyers were dumped, anonymously, all round the con. No-one, you see, was supposed to know where they came from; they just 'appeared'.

And then the rumour mills began to grind. Slowly at first: on Thursday people in the fanroom just wanted to know what it was, so we told them, and they all thought it was a great joke, from British neos like Micky Poland to established American fans like Linda Bushyager. On Friday more of the convention had heard about it, including Jackie herself, apparently. She was all upset, and demanding that those responsible be ejected from the con. Or maybe her husband was all upset, and demanding that the American consul obtain an apology from H.M. Government and call in the Marines. Or maybe they were both all upset, and it was Marion Zimmer Bradley who urged calm. "Ignore it and it will go away. It's just the British sense of humour." -- which, if true, was pretty damn perceptive of her. Or possibly... But it was all rumours, you see.

Some things were known for sure. Jackie's fans who weren't in the JLAS (they referred to themselves as her 'real fans' for some reason; we were her real fans) removed all the flyers from the convention. Linda Bushyager sensed controversy and allied herself with Jackie against the nasty British. If this wasn't a complete reversal of her opinions of the day before, it didn't say a lot for her then. Or perhaps it does.

On disco night I was confronted. A young lassie had been eyeing me for some time while I was talking to Pieria stalwarts Garry and Annette Kilworth, Chris and Pauline Morgan and Diana Reed. Aha, I thought, was this one of those forward American women I'd heard so much about? No; when she came over to me she demanded to know what was meant by the JLAS, since she was one of Jackie's 'real' fans, and they were all upset about it. I bluffed; I couldn't tell her the real reasons behind the JLAS, or the real people. It was a secret, after all, and nobody knew.

"The SFWA are up in arms about this," she said. "The authors are very unhappy -- especially the ones on the committee list."

"What? All of them?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know about Anne McCaffrey, Alan Dean Foster and Chris Priest, but Marion is all upset."

I had to restrain a mighty chuckle; I knew about Chris Priest. The girl seemed not to have heard of world-famous author Robert P. Holdstock.

"Jackie is very hurt," she continued. "If even one person is hurt by it, this kind of thing is wrong. We demand a public apology."

"I'll see what I can do," I said, peering at her badge. Her name was Catherine Philipowicz.

Convinced that I had been thoroughly ticked off, she left. So did I, for the fanroom to find someone to tell. "It worked!" I shouted to myself. "Total success!" Almost the first person I found was Chris Priest.

"They want an apology, we'll give them one," said Chris. "I need a typewriter, stencils and duplicator. Also paper." These proved to be no problem for the resourceful JLAS. The daily con newsletter Tsar had to be printed somewhere, after all.

The next day another anonymous flyer announced to the world that there had been a revolution, the Committee (sic) had been done away with, and real Jackie fans were now In Charge. Henceforth, it said, the JLAS badge would be deemed to read: "I'm NOT backing Jackie". I stuck the word NOT on my badge, just to make sure.

More rumours. Anne McCaffrey was indeed upset at being on the committee. "The arrogance of the woman! How dare she put me on her committee without asking me?" Then someone told Anne it was a joke. John Sladek demanded fifty badges to give to his friends. The SFWA were going to get the JLAS members, all of them, banned from all future conventions. Rumours expand to fill the space available to them -- mostly between people's ears.

But what had prompted so many British fans (perhaps as many as forty of them) to join the JLAS at the drop of a hat? What had poor Jackie done? She had written to the Seacon '79 committee asking for a room to be given -- given, mind, not hired out -- to her so that she could have a place in which to meet all her fans, of whom she was sure she had lots over here, and who would be shy of coming up to her in the open convention. Then she could take them on tours of the bookroom and show them what books to buy. For sheer brass-neck that takes a lot of beating. "Who the hell is she?" we wanted to know. "Is this for real?"

In retrospect it seems that the JLAS vendetta was not personal but symbolic. Jackie was unfortunate enough to set herself up as a target, and British random shot at it. She personified the arrogance of the SFWA. I understand that the requests of the SFWA were quite reasonable -- just a room for themselves, in which they could gather, and have food and drink which they themselves would pay for. Fair enough, this is what they got. But some of them, I am thinking of Jerry Pernoelle especially, thought that this was not enough. The committee should have provided the food and drink, even though they

weren't asked to do so. The committee should have been pathetically grateful to the SFWA for deigning to come so far to their otherwise poxy convention. Having got their own room, most of the SFWA at the con spent most of their time there.

Virtually the only time I saw them in any numbers was at the Hugo ceremony. This was a mindbogglingly pompous affair for the most part. It was made bearable by the utterly gigantic ovation given to 'Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy' as a nominee for Best Dramatic Presentation. It was, in fact, beaten into second place by 'Superman' and an embarrassed Christopher Reeve had to collect the award, but that cheer given to 'Hitchhiker's' exceeded in volume and duration that given to the novel category winner -- Vonda McIntyre's Dreamsake. Richard Geis won a Hugo for Best Fanzine -- again -- but toastmaster Bob Shaw was unable, in Geis's absence, to give the award to anyone on his behalf. He tried; he gave it to Fred Pohl (who had "always admired Geis, but not very much") but it came right back again. The home team's favourite Hugo winner was Bob Shaw himself, for Best Fanwriter. To see Bob leap about in delight was a delight in itself.

After that the con exploded into tiny pieces as fans went in search of last night room-parties. Little groups of two or three, sometimes larger, wandered about the Metropole. Someone had a room number for the Hugo-losers party, and was very disappointed not to find it there. He had the right number, only the party was at the Grand. In a basement of the Metropole, cunningly hidden from the ordinary fan, there was a con-helpers party. I tried it, having been shown the way by Harry Bell, and arrived just after the booze had run out. Just my luck, I thought, but then Dave Langford appeared and I knew I'd be all right for scotch for a while.

Through out the night the con ran down. The nervous energy that had sustained everyone for four or five sleepless days was finally dissipated; people were moving and talking and thinking very slowly. At eight in the morning the sun was long up, and I found myself with Rich Coad, Dai Price and Mike Dickinson walking carefully back to Le Flemings for breakfast. After that I went to bed for an hour.

It was the beginning of the end when I checked out of the hotel and packed my suitcases into the car. From then on there seemed little to do but wait to go home. I collected nearly ten quid for the DOTs I'd sold in the fanroom, which was a surprisingly pleasant note to end on.

Except that it wasn't quite the end; there were still the closing ceremonies, which one couldn't really miss. Uncle Peter had quite a good joke about doing the whole con again, but on the cheap. On came one dancing girl and Filthy Pierre playing bagpipe music on his musical (if that's quite the word) thing. It was quite a good joke, as I said, but because we didn't rock the rafters with laughter Uncle Peter must have assumed we didn't get it, as he repeated it several times, with footnotes. With some forethought the con could have ended on a slick and professional note. In fact it was bumbling and amateurish.

Then we were into the car. We didn't say much. I was concentrating hard on not falling asleep at the wheel, though that didn't stop images of the con spinning through my mind. Seacon was full and varied, much more varied than I've shown here. Rich would be the word for it.

J.L.A.S.

We of the JACQUELINE LICHTENBERG APPRECIATION SOCIETY have a number of questions that need answering badly. We are a group of fans who think Jackie is very nice and a very good writer too, and unlike a lot of so-called science fiction fans we have actually read her books, and we think they are good, as well as being underrated by people who don't buy them. Here are our questions:

- 1). Why is Jackie not on the convention programme?
- 2). Why have Jackie book-room tours not been organised?
- 3). Why is there no special room where we can meet Jackie?

WE DEMAND ANSWERS FROM THOSE IN CONTROL! !

All members of the J.L.A.S. have signed the following statement -

"I, the undersigned, swear that I will read every word that is being written by my favourite Writer Jacqueline Lichtenberg, because she is the best, and ought to be read by everyone in Britain. Also I will see that the publishers in Britain who at the moment are n't interested in her books are told how good they are."

J.L.A.S. Promotion Committee

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Chief Grip	ROBERT HOLDSTOCK
PUBLICITY Manager	PAT CHARNOCK
Stills Photographer	JOHN FOYSTER
Ms Lichtenberg's Gowns by	RANDAL FLYNN/ANNE PAGE
Hair styles by	NIGEL (of 'Frizzers')
Additional Dialog	ALAN DEAN FOSTER

NOTE:- A.G.M. OF THE Jacqueline Lichtenberg Appreciation Society will be held during Worldcon. Come to

Room: SURREY 3.

Time: 10.00 am

Day: FRIDAY

The Committee

AN URGENT MESSAGE FROM THE J.L.A.S.

We Are Still In Controll. To all loyall members of J.L.A.S., we send the message that the Comittee of the J.L.A.S. are running things as we did from the beginning and will go on doing so while we have a chance. During the scifi convention in Brighton, ugly scenes took place all over the place as a power struggle developed. We of the J.L.A.S. took No Notice of this, because we were busy running things, like the book-room. A group of selfstyled subvursives, all of who are thought to be communists, but not fascists see below, tried a palace coupe and overthrew us all but failed. We know the names of these people and are remembering them for future use, because J.L.A.S. is free and fair and democratic and holds free elections, unlike the other people who don't really like Jackie's books, and go around dressing up in Star Trek costumes and like Marion Zimmer Bradley's books, ha ha, and arent very good at running things.

We are very sorry indeed that we didn't meet Jackie at the convention, because we were looking for her everywhere. However, J.L.A.S. Chief Grip did overhere the Power Struggle taking place. (The other power struggle, not the one withe the communists see above,) J.L.A.S. Administrative Secretary (and Organizer of the masquerade) Charles Platt was locked deep in philosophical discussion with J.L.A.S. Resident Professional Jerry Pournelle (who writes books, though not very good ones, anyway not as good as Jackie's because she is the best and always will be). As we all know, Mister Platt and Mister Pournelle were moving forces in the early days of J.L.A.S., and Platt helped design the I'M BACKING JACKIE badges, which were jolly good and just what were needed to help run things, and Pournelle wasn't consulted in there design, and if you remember Jerry Pournelle was very angry. Anyway, Chief Grip heard Platt call Pournelle a fascist (which is really untrue of course) and Jerry Pournelles offered to break Platt's jaw, but Platt ran away, and a good thing too. Both members of J.L.A.S. have been RUSTICATED! We no longer desire these violent elements in what is after all a club for simple fans who just like Jackie's books and nothing else, except perhaps Blakes Seven (which is approved by Jackie) and Star Trek (which set Jackie on the road to fame.

NEWS FROM BRIGHTON!!!: Did you know that the American branch of J.L.A.S. (greetings) was formed BEFORE Jackie had her first book published? True. Fact. Formed by Jackie herself in person, on Marion's advice, and before SFWA admitted her. This is a record.

Anyway, we are still running everything, and are in charge. Do not worry about that.

The Comittee

After all the things I've done with Rich Coad fanzines, not confined to reading them, I hardly imagined that someday I'd be writing for him. It is a testimony to Rich's insight on my secret nature that he walked up to me at Westercon and asked for this article. Not by title, actually, but let's face it, when Rich's latest issue drops into the mail box, you hardly expect it once unstapled to fall open to a page of an article on book reviewing, or an interview with Keith Laumer. When Rich asks for an article, he's looking for the goods. And I must humbly oblige.

For I led a secret career, in women's underwear, from May 1977 through August 1978, and until now no breath of the story has reached the fan-nish press.

Especially in these post-liberation times, a fan's closest encounter with a brassiere is likely to come while admiring the rivet work on an old cover of AMAZING STORIES. Yet I hasten to assure you that these items continue to sell in the millions, and for over a year I worked for a company hell-bent on meeting the demand.

Called the Olga Company, my employ was unusual in two ways. The first it was probably the only underwear company in America with a foreign policy. Each time the owner and president had an anticommunist letter in



MY LIFE IN
WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR

Mike Glycer

the Los Angeles Times, xerox copies were circulated to every department in the company with a fawning cover letter by the vice president of sales. The second: none other than Jacqueline Kennedy was a devoted Olga customer.

Most of the growth which propelled Olga from a family shop to a \$40,000, 000 per year gross business took place over the past ten years. Today it hires college degree holders in marketing and business administration, runs national advertising campaigns, and ships \$300,000 of orders daily during specials. Twenty years ago, at the beginning, marketing was a family vendetta, and the obstacles overcome, the slights repaid, have been handed down as part of the company lore.

In the late '50s Bonwit Teller dropped the Olga line. But Jacqueline Kennedy was instrumental in getting the line back into the stores. Olga was the brand of lingerie she insisted on. "If you won't carry it," she is quoted by company storytellers, "I will close my account, and get my friends to do the same." The president of Bonwit Teller thought the issue could be dealt with simply by special ordering whatever she wanted direct from the factory. But the head of Olga was in no mood for doing Bonwit Teller any favors. "Either you take the whole line back into the store, or no deal." Olga suddenly regained an account.

During her years in the White House, the first lady's Olga orders would be picked up by government agents and delivered to Washington. Later, when she moved to Greece to marry Onassis, she took delivery on several thousand dollars' worth of stuff.

Whatever the public imagines, this is like any other job. The nature of the product is only to be erotic when in use, and then only if it conceals something actually desirable.

On the other hand, the story is told that a devout Mormon had worked in the warehouse three months, until the day he accidentally knocked a box of bras off the shelf. It spilled open, and his face turned pinker than the lids. "Is that what's in all of these boxes?" he asked. "What did you think it was?" the shipping manager replied. The fellow left and never came back.

One day a year, for the space of an hour, employees vary the routine of filling boxes with other boxes. This is the annual fashion show. Company models show off the line. Women employees admire the styling, the design, the fabric. Male employees gawk and slaver. It is Olga's reason for existing to provide an alternative to Puritan fashions - which translates out to sheer fabrics and revealing styles. If Frederick's is X-rated, then Olga is R-rated.

At least, Olga's usual merchandise is R-rated. Quality control strives to keep the absolutely bizarre from getting shipped. Sometimes only by the skin of their teeth. One day a packer discovered a strange garment. It was either a hand-carrier for watermelons, or a bra with three cups. To escape quality control is bad enough. But consider: a bra has left and right cups, to fit inversely shaped parts of the body. A three cup bra should have been thrown off the assembly line, leading to dozens of deformed bras.

For those deformities that escaped quality checkers, Olga had a Returns Department. It handled both returns of excess orders and customer complaints. Management had a quite liberal policy. Or else they were crazy: A customer in Atlanta shipped back a bra that was stretched completely out of shape, threadbare, sweat-stained. Attached was a note complaining about its poor endurance. But the shipping manager could still read the date of manufacture stamped on the inseam - the thing had been made seven years ago.

"Did she expect it to last forever?" he asked. Never mind, said management, replace it. I could see that if this trend kept up brass bras were the next logical step. And to think they laughed at those old pulp covers...

* * * * *

ADVANTAGES OF AN EXPANDING UNIVERSE 1:

Weight Loss: Expansion of universe causes gravitational constant to shift downwards resulting in loss of weight without diet or exercise!

Realty Profits: Expansion of universe increases acreage of property holdings allowing extensions and new buildings!

Dissipation of Enemies: Expansion causes enemies bodies to fly apart!

THE READERS WRITE:

junk mail

S. Klein
1621 Detroit Ave.#23
Concord,CA. 94520

I was so excited to get Space Junk in the mail!!! It was such a boring day, anyway. Debby and me were just sitting around listening to Ramones records and painting our nails. (Joey is so CUTE!!! That smacky girl in Rock and Roll High School didn't deserve him at all!!!) Debby found this bitchin' new color called Hot Disco Mama Metallic Fuscia Pink. It takes thirty minutes to dry, My nails weren't dry when Space Junk came, so I put my hands in the refridgerator, that's how eager I was!!!

Well, anyway. The front cover of this issue isn't as cute as the last one, but the back cover is real neat. I love the Rocky Horror Picture Show. I've seen it 584 times. I made a little Frankenfurter costume for my brother. He looks so darling in it. He is only six.

I'll bet I know who wrote you that creepy letter from Martinez. Her initials are C.C. and the reason she didn't sign her name is because she can't spell it. I wouldn't pay any attention to her if I were you. She's just jealous because she can't quote from James Joyce and Samuel Beckett and John Norman like you do and make witty comments like "I read for elucidation not pleasure!" and go off to England and meet BNF's like Mike Glicksohn and Peter Roberts and drink Guinness constantly for a whole month without puking your guts out like you do (oops! oh well, you know what I mean!).

Those things she said weren't very nice. But we all Know what a real nice guy you are; how you wouldn't hurt nobody and are always ready to help people. I know how you will lend your last dollar to fans and let them stay at your house as long as they want to and how you are always ready to buy everybody drinks at bars and let anyone who wants to borrow your records. Just so long as they are female and look like Deborah Harry!!

Just kidding! Ha Ha! But seriously, "C.C." don't know what she's talking about. All us girls out here think you're real SEXY!!! And you write good too.

Love, Sheryl K.000
XXX

P.S. Can I have your picture?

((Gee, Sheryl, it was so much fun reading your keen letter and smelling the Chanel #5 it had been soaked in! I nearly wet my pants over the pink pen and the little hearts over the i's. Oh, wow! You can get my picture from Gil Gaier's zine, but I don't look like that anymore.))

Bill Gibson
3180 W. 3rd Ave.
Vancouver, B.C. V6K 1N3
CANADA

Space Junk arrived yesterday and I was immediately struck by the symbolism of Townley's cover, depicting a giant veterinary fit plunging into a continent-wide abcess at Saturn's north pole,

while dozens of reds and Tijuana Christmas Trees zoom through space. Bruce, I know exactly where you're at. If it gets worse call me; I'll talk you down.

Bostick's and your remarks on the conservatism of fan-writing reminded me of a strange bit of arcana I unearthed in the stacks at UBC several years ago, a study of the fanzine field by Dr. Frederick Wertham M.D. They've got some earnestly peculiar material there in the sf shelves: bound sets of Riverside Quarterly, Stan Lem in the original Polish, and a book of Happy Faces that Clark Ashton Smith is supposed to have carved into rocks on his parents' chicken farm. Anyway, some of your readers may know Wertham as the one-man moral ant-army who hounded all the good stuff out of American comic books during the Mc Carthy era. And fanzines, see, present a potential threat to the moral hygiene of the nation's youth, because kids might be getting them through the mail without parental permission. So naturally Dr. Fred had better get in there and take a look. (The nicest thing about this book is Wertham's tacit assumption that most fanzines are published by children for other children, but that's another matter.) The alarming thing is that, having subjected the fan publishing scene to careful scrutiny, the repressive old fart gives fanzines a clean bill of health. No need for a Fanzine Code Authority, folks, because fanzines are self-policing. Lovely.

The other day I ran into a Canadian I know who lives in Rome and works

for Italian film directors as an art consultant or something. (If you think fans can drop names, you ought to try talking to one of these guys) The only thing of worth that emerged from the conversation was my learning that the Italian title of The Man Who Fell To Earth literally means The Man Who Fell Down On The Ground.

Harry Warner Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Md. 21740

The second issue of Space Junk uproots the established order of things in the fannish universe. Don't you realize that you are doing things backwards? Fans

move out from New York City in constant streams, fanning out all over the United States and even into foreign lands. But what fan was ever known to move into New York City? You aren't a neofan so ignorance can't serve as an excuse. I don't remember that you've ever been one of those fans who are just plain contrary and do things the opposite way just to be different. No, there must be some significant and tremendous new force at work here, perhaps a beginning of a total revolution in fandom's mores and cultural patterns.

Has it occurred to anyone that fandom might be responsible for the decline and fall of Skylab? Can anyone prove that some fan somewhere didn't build that beer can tower to the moon and get it partway finished? Maybe Skylab grazed the upper part of it, and the impact slowed the satellite sufficiently to cause its eventual re-entry. I have been finding beer cans on my lawn every weekend this summer, another circumstance which lends strength to my theory.

I'm not sure if Tim Kyger is right about fans committing more gossip-mongering than mundane groups. But it's quite obvious that badmouthing worldcon committees has been growing to monstrous proportions in recent years: not just one worldcon committee but practically all of them, even the ones that fail to win. I think this may somehow have a relationship with the national pastime of muckraking around political leaders. Authority is in disgrace nowadays simply because it's authority, and a worldcon committee is the closest thing in fandom to an authority. It's inevitable that this sniping at worldcon committee members will create eventually a libel or slander case in some future year that will cost someone a lot of money. There's a fannish tradition of not taking fan disputes to court but it is occasionally broken and eventually someone

who has been working himself to exhaustion for a worldcon will lose patience with what's being written or said about him.

The anonymous letter sounds like a parody of the sort of thing the more extreme feminists write when in a beastly mood. Could this be an opening shot in the counter-revolution of the masculinists, the start of a drive to make the more extreme element in the feminists seem completely ridiculous?

As for the little editorial about you and Mike Glicksohn at the end of the Devo article, all I can do is echo Charlie Brown: *thigh!*

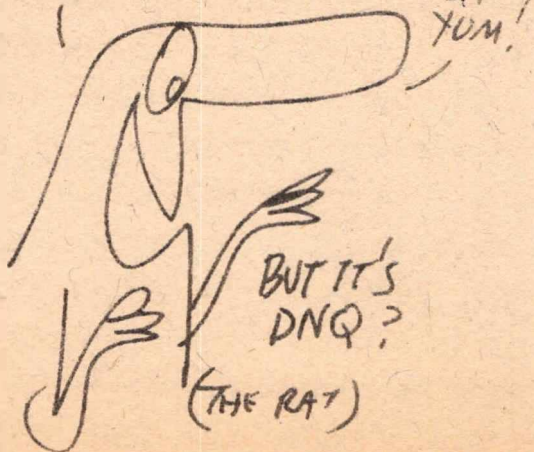
Mike Glicksohn
141 High Park Ave.
Toronto, Ont.
CANADA

I'm not at all sure I want to write you a loc you lucky scumbag. Right this very minute you're probably pissed out of your misshapen little head and hanging all over some floozie who

really believes that balling Americans will clear up acne. Still, I suppose it really isn't your fault that I chose to earn a living instead of wallowing in fannish poverty so I shouldn't take it out in you. Put it down to the effects of having read over fifty fanzines since getting back from England, not quite two weeks ago. So if you do get

the clap, don't blame my curse; I'm sure it'll just be a coincidence.

MIKE THE BIG G
HAS WRITTEN US
A LETTER?



((Strangely enough, as I typed that passage Nick Lowe's "I caught A Dose of You Tonight" came on the stereo. Mere coincidence? Or is this synchronistic case fraught with Significance Beyond That Which Meets The Eye? Is it Fortéan?))

Your editorial was a splendid example of writing with one's tongue jammed firmly in one's cheek. (If I'd read your opening page in South Ealing more carefully I would have picked up on who wrote the first

loc in the lettercolumn; the clues are all there, of course.) A few feminists will, no doubt, fail to find any humor in your pseudo-sexist remarks ((they didn't fail - even Jessica liked it)) but I found the whole thing extremely droll and commend you on it. After all those hours spent observing you in pubs and at Seacon I never would have guessed you had such a subtle comic touch. Hmm... that is a thought to conjure with. Perhaps this "editorial" is just another clever Kev Smith parody and all those wrinkles in the stencils were deliberately inserted to hide the telltale signs of the Pickersgill duplicator! I've only got your word that you brought it over to England with you; in fact, I've only got your word that you're even Rich Coad! Neither Greg nor I really remembered you as kooking like the fellow we found sleeping upstairs at 7A Lawrence Road. ((And I don't even look like that, anymore.)) Perhaps you're really Ian Garbutt and it's all a very clever ploy to get the inside track on some good sex...

Wow, that anonymous letter is pretty potent stuff; luckily you answered it pretty well so I needn't waste time analysing each of the sick points made. But I'm willing to bet it was written by someone drunk on Canadian Club. I can recognize the influence of CC anywhere.

I can almost sympathise with this pathetic desire of yours to be a pseudo-British fan but why don't you face reality? I'm more British in my little toe (let alone thighs - and you should because look at all the trouble they're getting you into) ((I know...I know)) than you'll ever be in your whole body. I admit that trying those full-body transfusions of Guinness was a valiant attempt on your part but it really isn't going to work. Just face the facts: you've been a total failure as an American fan but you're damn well stuck with it just the same. You can go around saying "boss" and "cretin" and "mine's a pint" for ever in New York and you'll still be the same old dull boring Rich Coad. I admit it's a lousy job but someone's got to do it !

((Mike also made some mention of my taste in music and how, at 40 watts, he would have to hear it again in Toronto when I moved to NYC. Well, Mike, I just wanted to inform you that when I had a stereo that mutha-fucka had 125 watts per channel (I like my music loud) and could be heard in Salt Lake City on a good day.// How dare you attack someone who is a Pickersgill certified Brit, can help Harry Bell to bed, and never, ever wears a kaftan?))

Gary Deindorfer
447 Bellevue Ave. #9-B
Trenton, NJ 08618

The anonymous letter puzzles me a little. I'm not entirely convinced it's not a hoax. It is a strange viewpoint if the letter is not a joke, and an amusing job of satire if it is. Either way I love the line "the rest wore their sweaters knotted around their waists." I wore a sweater knotted around my waist in my early years as a fan, though I have long since given up that pernicious practice.

Re Bill Bridget, I was recently guilty of hopping aboard a bandwagon I know nothing about. Noticing that Bill Bridget is a fashionable target for fannish gibes these days, I permitted myself to make one in a loc to Mike Glycer's SCIENTIFRICTION, and, sure enough, that part of the letter appears. I feel kind of bad about this; I don't know Bill Bridget and know little about him, but was making a joke just to go along with the crowd. As for John Thiel - he's been in fandom a long time and does not seem to have progressed much, if any.

About gossip in fandom, I am bemused how something insignificant will be blown up into something gigantic and widespread. Say that Fan A visits some friends and, on his way home, puts a staple into his pocket to insert into his stapler when he gets home. This is noticed, which Fan A doesn't realize.

Soon, in fanzines across the continent and in the U.K. and Australia (maybe even Japan), appear comments about Fan A, the Staple Stealer. Satirical articles about the klepto maniac Fan A abound, as well as cartoon strips, spot illoes, etc. Filk songs are written about it, catch phrases are born, and so on. Ten years later Fan A shows up at a con, having gafiated (under pressure) some years before. He walks up and introduces himself to some latter day fans. "Hello, I'm Fan A." "Oh yeah," says the latter day fan, "you're the Staple Stealer."

In other words, the law seems to be the more insignificant the fan peccadillo or foible, the more likely it is that it will be spread around fanzine and con fandom in a highly elaborated form.

After all, look at the **FEAR OF LIBEL FORCES CENSORSHIP** supposedly

did was masturbate a 3 year old girl with the eraser end of a pencil while her parents looked on. Gee! From the way fandom reacted you'd have thought he'd raped his grandmother or something. My.

Andrew Brown
23 Miller Cres.
Mt. Waverly, Vic.4149
AUSTRALIA

'six approaches to writing a loc on
Space Junks 1 and 2.

"...boredom in the arts can,
be, under the right circum-
stances, dull..." Gore Vidal

1. The "Make as Many References to Thomas Pynchon as Possible" Approach:

Dear Rich, having received a surface mailed SJ1 a few weeks after an air mailed SJ2, I'm happy to tell you that I now have a much better idea of Tyrone Slothrop's predicament - it really does something for you to be able to read the letters about a previous issue(response) before seeing the issue concerned (stimulus). I wonder if it was Skylab's unfortunate descent into Western Australia that moved me into the ultraparadoxical stage?

Moving to New York, huh? Well, say hello to Veronica for me. And Rich, please watch out for those alligators...

2. The "Let's Write a Nasty Anonymous Letter, Conveniently Forgetting that Rich has Less People in Australia to be Suspicious of than he had in Martinez" Approach:

Dear American Scum, it just shows how we all get fucked over by the cosmic prick of fate, doesn't it? Some jerk in W.A. finds a piece of Skylab (NASA somehow having managed to avoid wiping out Perth, the brainless shits. Call that a space programme?) and gets paid \$10,000 for it by the San Francisco Examiner. And what do I get? Space Junk, that's what. Well, the Examiner probably needs some toilet paper, having just shat out 10,000 clams from its tight-arsed Yankee wallet, but I wouldn't even make my airfare, turdface.

And there's no need to make smartarse literary references either (Why not call your editorial "Coadpiece" - that would really show how much

substance there was, just like all those Elizabethan fags who showed off their balls in a bag of cheese cloth.). Why not just reprint everything you learned from Cliff's Notes, and stop pretending that you use Gravity's Rainbow for anything except a doorstop!

3. The "If It's Good Enough for a Short Person, It's Good Enough for the President of the Tall, Vicious, and Arrogant Fan Collective" Approach.

THE HEAT-DEATH OF THE LETTER WRITER

(1) LOC-WRITING.

That branch of fannish activity which concerns itself with the problems of the writer's inability to say anything new and constructive about crudzine X.

(2) Imagine a Mt. Waverly sky, as dull as usual. The trains roll, the brains erode, and koal bears shit hypothetically in the distant, imagined bush.

(3) Andrew Brown thinks of himself as too tall, though certain tall women relish standing next to him and feeling short. His legs are lengthy and each is a well calculated geometric straight line, at the top of which is a hip, and at the bottom, a foot: they have much the same architectural tension and sense of mathematical calculation as the Washington Monument; his middle name is Humphrey; in primary school he was very bad at cricket and Australian Rules football; he quite likes music, and of music (currently) Siouxsie and the Banshees; he lives in Australia, although born in England.

(4) Insert One: ON ENTROPY

Entropy is a process Andrew Brown vaguely imagines has something to do with making confetti from several copies of The Crying of Lot 49. See THE HEAT-DEATH OF THE UNIVERSE.

4. The "Funny Word Patterns Between the Chapters of Barefoot in the Head" Approach:

Y
 O
 SPACEJUNK: Y
 Y U O
 ZOLINE E DADADADADADADADA
 C H Y
 H CL INE
 DEVO H E
 I
 COAD
 L V
 I K E
 B MATTINGLY G R
 CARCASS O Z GLICKSOHN
 N N E B N
 SIMONAGREE R S I
 H O O C
 E L MONDAUGEN A
 E O
 SIOUXSIE
 D:

5. The Logogenetic* Approach (Using the letters of Agree & Kaufman)

Mama writing, we're all comment all hot all thankless Devo. Good now ! Thing Kansas, rather for that of matter, I start doing Stucky's spots sleez-a-torium on Kansas. This stopped it and it investigated tears eating apple watermelons and or toilet sweat. Seats Cheryl with Clin e, cute remembering slogans that also stuff tacky Iggy postcards and now fateful we had an uneventful accurate unbiased naked wonder picture of Kansas...

(*Logogenetics: a method of random writing invented by Damon Knight. One takes two books or, in this case locs and takes the first word from one, and the looks for a word to follow in the second, and then looks for a word to follow from the first etc. ad nauseum, which is as much as it deserves.)

6. The William Burroughs - Brian Gysin Approach.

Ommitted for fear that Rich wouldn't send me replacement copies if I started doing cutups with Space Junk.

((And, with that rather entropic letter, as well as this pages impending demise (Can someone tell me why demises are always impending?), I think (beg pardon - deem) it time to go on to those who nearly made it))

ALLYN CADOGAN: Dear Editer: I licked your fmz. Expecily the articles and the pichers. Send me more. ((Written in green crayon on pink paper))

ROGER SWEEN (who wants decadance with substance): What I don't or can't appreciate about SJ despite all its vibrancy is the attention, care, and ability that is spent on punkery. What's the point? I'm at a loss amidst all this substanceless decadence.

WAHFED by space are: BRUCE TOWNLEY, TONY RENNER, ALAN BOSCO, who declares fannish potential is Space Junk's if I'd only drop the humorous bits & insert a sercon bit or two, RON SALOMON, JIM KENNEDY, BRIAN EARL BROWN, FRANK DENTON, MIKE DICKINSON who asks where I, "the guy with eyes stuck out and vibrating with paranoia like a mad tuning fork, am, LUKE MCGUFF, ROBERT WHITAKER (twice), EDDIE ANDERSON, JIM MEADOWS III, JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON, J. OWEN HANNER, RALPH SILVERTON, LEE CARSON, SHERYL BIRKHEAD, KAREN TREGO who sends a revolting portrait of the Queen, TARAL, and, finally, JERRY BAKER who, with touching innocence, submits the following:

MEGAMOTH

Arise, o mighty Megamoth--
Thy time has come!
Rise up from the slimy depths
Which is thy home--
Arise, o mighty Megamth!
Awake to thy destiny:
Slumber for no longer
Neath the murky sea!
Stride again upon the Earth,
Destroy this human sum--
Arise, o mighty Megamoth!
Thy time has finally come!!

((And to think that just last week (this being Oct. 23) a group of so-called arbiters of literary taste from Yale declared that American poetry was dead! Thanks to all who wrote - everybody else is scum.))



YOU
KNOW YOU'RE
IN TROUBLE WHEN
YOU HEAR A 'MUZAK'
VERSION OF "RADIO,
RADIO" AT A
LOCAL HOWARD
JOHNSON'S
...!

JOB 79