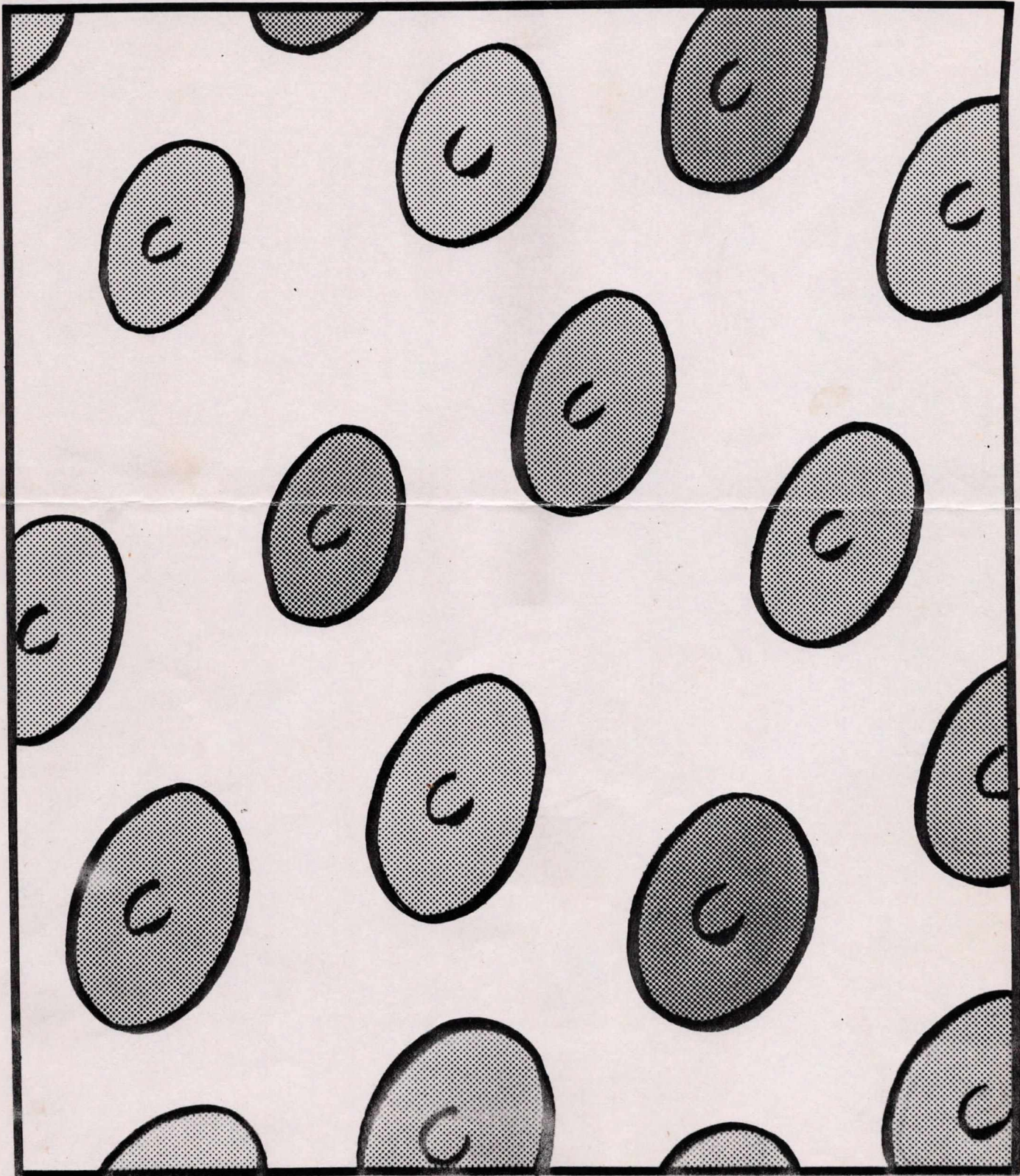
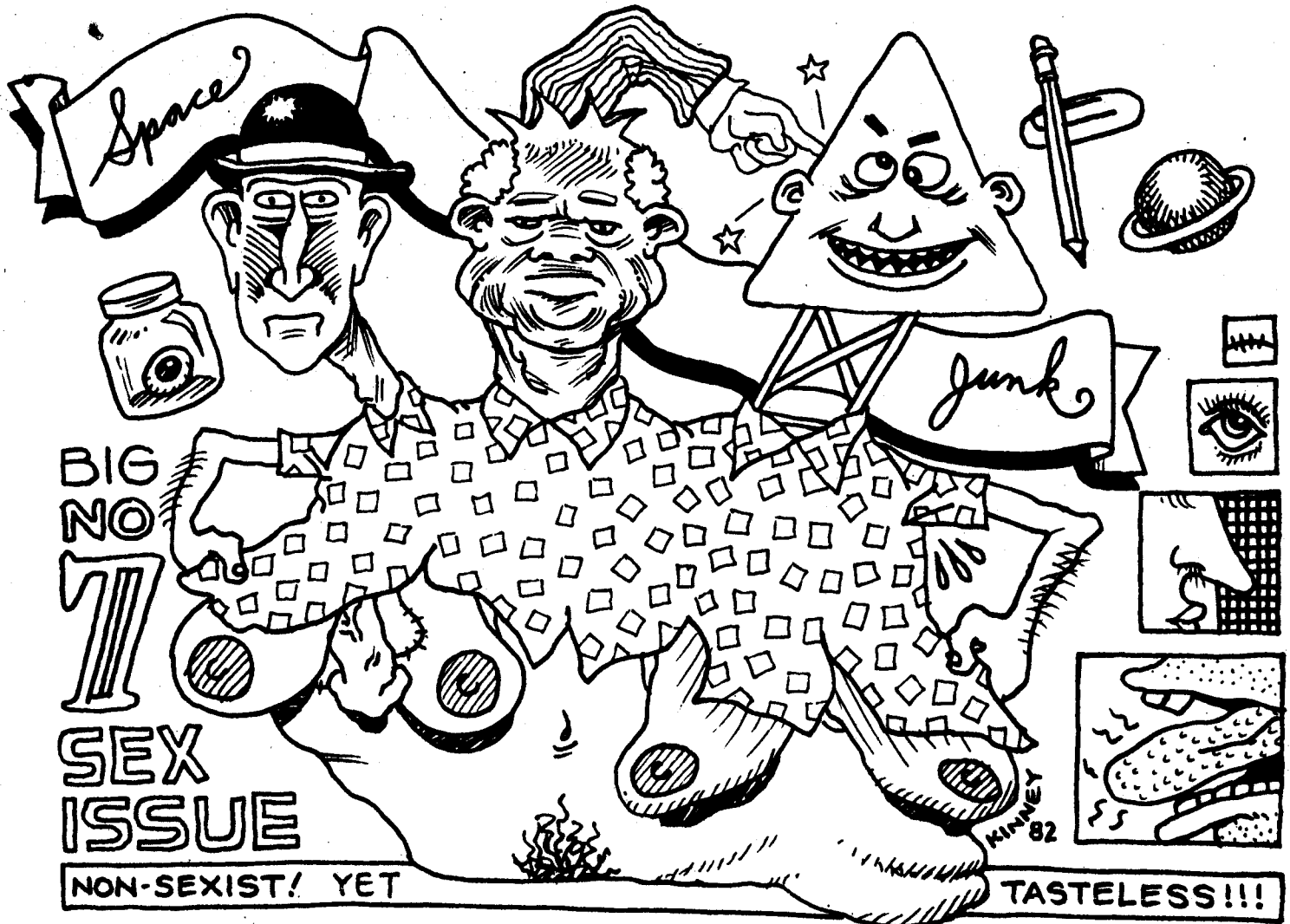


Space Junk

Special 'Sex' Issue



© Kinney



SPACE JUNK 7 comes after many years from Rich Coad, still of 251 Ashbury Street apartment 4 in San Francisco, CA. 94117. Although now married and quasi-respectable Coad still allows Space Junk only for the usual, although the unusual might get it too. This issue is the June issue.

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LITERATE AFTER A FASHION: The editorial, in which much is said but little explained. First Article

HOME COOKING: In which JEANNE BOWMAN explains the delights of child-birth. This from the woman who sez "I waited over two years for him to get potty-trained; I ain't gonna wait for no slow fanzine editor." Second Article

BUG MUSIC: In which BRUCE TOWNLEY gives several good reasons for moving from Northern Virginia, which he did a short while later. Third Article

ARTISTS: JAY KINNEY did the front cover and the contents page.

LUCY HUNTZINGER drew Bruce looking at a dead bird.

CANDI STRECKER illustrated the rest of Bruce's article.

Literate After A Fashion



HELLO, HELLO, IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK, GOOD TO BE BACK

I suppose it not at all unusual for any gafiante to be rudely awakened to the fact that they are a has-been, and infact to many people a never-was. This happened to me when Rude Bitch White Girl Lucy Huntzinger gloatingly told me about the letter she had received from Joy Hibbert. "So who the hell is Rich Coad, she asked!" said

Lucy with totally undisguised glee. Well, my immediate reaction was one of utter disdain. If she didn't know me then she couldn't be worth knowing, QED. But later I began to worry. What if I was a has-been? People would lump me in the same crowd as Richard Bergeron; I could be starting to be thought of as a Tedious Aging Flatulance without any effort on my part. Obviously it was time to Check Things Out in fandom again. I talked to Market-Researcher Linda Pickersgill and she promised to conduct a poll at Mexicon: "Do you know who Rich Coad is?" Uneager to hear the results of this I decided to rush produce an issue of Space Junk so that I could get a huge level of recognition, surpassed only by Richard Bergeron himself.

Ever tried to rush produce something on the first vacation you and your wife have had together in three years? Don't. There are so many more important things to do. Things like laying about on the beach on a beautifully sunny Memorial Day weekend; things like going to see more movies in one week (three) than you've been to see in the last six months; you can even do individual things like read a couple of the several years back log of books you've recently purchased. Anything, seemingly, but get down to the tedious task of actually typing up a fanzine. (I'll be real glad when everybody in fandom has mutually compatible computers and article writers can merely send a pre-illustrated floppy disk which one then prints and copies. Actually, I'll just be happy when I have a computer of my own and can easily store letters, articles and editorials until production time rears its ugly head.) But, as Ed Anger's hero Marion Morrison once said, a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. And so Space Junk 7 is being produced. A bit smaller, perhaps, than I'd originally envisioned, but nonetheless out in the near record production time of five days. Perhaps Jeanne Bowman will quit trying to rip off my arm whilst snarling "where's my goddamn article, Coad?" at parties now.

Some of you may have heard that Bruce Townley was going to produce this and subsequent issues of this fanzine. Such indeed was the plan. I, having grown tired of the amount of work involved in fanzine production (not to mention Engineering Studies and earning a living) while Bruce was full of zip, energy, get up and go, and enthiasm (restrained style). So what happened, you may wonder. Well, Bruce's zip etc. was sapped away by Lynn Kuehl who gave him a job in a bacon bits factory and a daily commute of four hours. And, as for me, my enthusiasm was rekindled by, of all things, a convention. Yes, Corflu was held and I, at least, thought it a big success. More about the convention later, maybe. Meanwhile I was mentioning rekindled enthusiasm. Yes, indeed. Art Widner (the world's coolest first fan) and his fanzine room did wonders for me. The mere possibility of looking through a nearly complete file of HYPHEN, of glancing through selections of QUANDRY, GRUE, CRY, SPACEWAYS, SHAGGY

my re number on corfl
CORFLU - Spice Josh -
P.N.H. - letter
mayer - letter

of actually perusing a copy of the FANCYCLOPEDIA, all this and more brought home with all the subtlety of a flying mallet, just how fandom and fanzines in particular do display a lasting charm, that the best of it is still worth learning about years later. Enough has been written on the fan-history subject over the past couple of years to bore everyone to death, so I don't want to continue it. I just wanna say that looking through these old fanzines, actually reading a copy of AH!, SWEET IDIOCY, brought back to me just what the fun in fanzines was: the constant interplay of personalities. And here was I standing now on just about the furthest periphery of all this. Time to do something. So here it is.

CORFLU ANYONE? Corflu, the fanzine fans convention, was held back in January at the Claremont Hotel in Berkeley. Despite the absolutely fabulously enormous expense of staying at the Claremont for two nights Corflu was a great success. With minimal publicity the convention attracted about one hundred members few of whom were geeks. Most surprising (to me anyway) were the number of people who had travelled vast distances in order to attend. Ted White and Rich Brown were in from the DC area, Stu Shiffman from New York, Sarah Prince from Minneapolis by way of Phoenix, a large crowd from Seattle and a fair number from Los Angeles. This, I think, bodes well. Pascal Thomas, a French fan studyin math at UCLA was chosen as Guest of Honor (from a hat) and, considering the impromptu nature of the affair, Pascal gave a superb speech. Beginning in French, with Lynn "Stretch" Kuehl as translator, Pascal had the entire audience rolling helplessly about with laughter for the first five minutes of his delivery with jokes so integral to the speech that I can't even begin to remember them. It was unfortunate, though, that his speech lasted twenty minutes. Much grumbling was heard from dissatisfied listeners -- but just think a moment, with just one days notice could you have your audience in stitches for even an eighth of your speech let alone a quarter? Huh? Well done, Pascal. That's what I say.

The majority of the convention was more like a relaxing party than a hectic multi-programmed wing-ding, much more to my taste. The only grumbling I heard was from my room-mate Bruce Townley who hates all anyway, and, surprisingly, from Terry Carr, who hated the invasion of movies that Stacy and I engineered. This move began at our New Years eve party (which was rivalling Terry's own NYEP which may be why he's pissed, tho' probably not) when, in a sudden rush of coke frenzy, we learned that movies at Corflu were considered right out. "No money for films." we were told. So we decided, with coke-laden minds, to have a film program. A small one. Two films to fill in the dead periods between say six and eight on Friday and Saturday night. So that those who had nothing else to do could watch a film. A bad film. A film like "The Undertaker And His Pals". Or "The Trip". Unfortunately, the committee couldn't afford the hall rental for both nights and our one film per night became a four film program. Elmer Purdue enjoyed all four but I was burned out after one and a half. Rich and Linda McAllister provided citrus fruits at just the right point of the Trip, a pleasant time was had by a couple of dozen. So yah, boo, Terry.

A good fun time was provided by the EST seminar being held simultaneously in the hotel. Just down from the con hall was the Earhart Training Seminar (or, rather, Erhardt Seminar Training) hall with a huge sign up sayin EST Programming Here! How could we resist? It wasn't long before our own hall boasted an 'EST DeProgramming Here!' sign. They complained. We were nice. We removed the sign. EST, in case you don't

know, is a self-help seminar where you are shouted at by lots of martinets in order to improve your self-image. We even were able to see the martinets in action. It was during one of the occasional breaks in training. EST, you see, is a very long seminar, like twelve hours or so. You are not allowed to leave while training is in progress. This causes widespread discomfort and occasional embarrassment. But, every now and again, one is allowed out to answer the call of nature. Only for a little while though. Once the powers that be have determined that enough time has elapsed for individual relief they order one back in no uncertain tones: "You have sixty seconds!" they shout at the top of their voices, "Get your name badges on and resume your seats!" They call this out until about ten seconds has been reached. Presumably then you're too late. "Gee," I wondered loudly, "what do they do if you're not back? Do they just shoot you? Or must you forever suffer the indignity of failing EST for having bodily functions that are too slow?" "Well," replied the martinet nearest me in his best Ted white sneer, "we really couldn't do that, could we?"

I should, in fairness I suppose, point out that ace good guy Paul Williams claims to have gotten some good from his EST training. Of course this is the Paul Williams that virtually single-handedly invented rock-journalism and thus has a shit load of guilt to deal with.

All in all, though, Corflu was the second best convention I've ever attended (after Tynecon which is fast becoming a legend in Britain) and look forward to next years. At this gala festivity you may expect the Lounge Lizards (formerly Bay Area Punk Fandom but we got old and our hair grew (There was a show on TV recently that purported to talk to Bay Area Skinheads, what they actually did was find the world's most concerned young punks, the ones who say things like "Yeah, we look odd and scary but nuclear annihilation hangs over us daily and look at the rape of the environment.". Ever met a sensitive skinhead?)) to maybe put on "Plan 9 From Outer Space" as a Kabuki play. Can your heart stand to miss it? Of course not. Join Corflu 2 now and come to Napa in January. Check out California wines out of season! Some fun, huh?

A COUPLE OF REVIEWS Remember "Return of the Jedi"? The silly film that is almost certain to win the Hugo? Well, there's a much better sci-fi movie that was released last year. I'm talking, of course, about "Liquid Sky", the best film about tiny teensy aliens, stupid cops, killer cunts, and heroin addiction to be released this year. It's real cool. Check it out.

Next real cool thing is the best novel to be published in 1983 that wasn't nominated for a Hugo. This is Winter's Tale by Mark Helprin, a superbly cool book about a flying horse, a criminal and, most importantly, New York City. Strangely enough this is going to be made into a film set in, of all places, London, which, while a great city in its own right, is not New York and never will be. These movie moguls is strange, ya know.

Finally, I want to recommend a fanzine. NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS from Bruce Kalnins of Vancouver B.C. (Sorry, I don't have the address, but I'm typ- this as Cheryl Cline copies the other pages and I forgot to bring my copy with me) This is fanzine writing at its best. BK, like Mikey of Life cereal fame, hates everything. He sounds like just the sort of person you'd want to avoid at parties, I mean, even Lou Reed is happy these days. But not Bruce Kalnins. And in the course of quite a few pages he'll show you just how revolting the entire world really is. This guy, despite being an obvious social misfit, can write rings around most fanwriters. And he's even got something to say, even if I disagree with a lot of it,

HOME COOKING or parturition brings such sweet sorrel

BY JEANNE BOWMAN (sensational new quasi mega-star)

My first experience eating placenta was with my god-daughter's mother. We had it, garnished with sprigs of parsley, thoroughly chilled, raw. She and I sat together with chopsticks and a communal porcelain bowl. Delicious. But very difficult to eat. If you attempted more than a morsel or two it would slide off the utensils (and other things were sliding in my stomach).

Sauteed is the way. That was how I prepared Denise and Sorrel's. It was a delectable breakfast entree, served to the proud parents while the babe was still drying behind the ears.

But, you wonder, did she prepare it hot?

You are right to wonder if I prepared it hot.

Denise and I were very close during her labor. Nobody has ever asked as much of me, before or since. Denises needed my total attention and she got it. By dawn I was ready to do anything she asked. But it was the midwife who suggested the breakfast menu and, considering the time she had had, we were also ready to please her. (But that's another story, ask me sometime.)

Gail's birthing of Ethan was my next source of the ultimate in family home cooking. This was Gail's second child and the continuing contractions after delivery were very painful. Folk wisdom has it that eating the placenta will help diminish these post-partum cramps. So, seeing as we were at home and in a scientific frame of mind -- and Gail was ready to try anything (but hold the onions!!!) -- I fried up some fresh afterbirth. We all had a bite. Gail had several. It tasted pretty much like liver, which ain't so great without the onions.

We buried the uncooked portion beside a nut tree.

By now, of course, I'm sure you're all wondering about the preparation involved in this unique gourmet treat. Well, skipping the obvious dumb jokes (this ain't HTT ya know), it's like this.

To get to the meat you must first drain off the excess blood. It's easier to do this immediately upon delivery, as clotting will not have occurred. I do, however, advise waiting, as handling fresh hot human meat is a test few will pass.

Well, then, here we are with a bowl of slightly warm, fresh, organ. Rinse well with cold water and the various parts will become apparent (as did the donor). Most obviously, you will have some length of umbilical cord. This is too slippery to use to hang the piece so don't try. Where the cord joins the meat are several layers of membrane. This stuff is something like heavy duty translucent plastic; or, to be more precise,

exactly like the membrane of a "natural" sheep-gut condom and equally slick. This is the very bag that held the baby. You may want to lift up the edges of it and reconstruct the volume that the membrane defined. Go on, it's fun! Now, grasp the cord and membranes in one hand, turn over the mass and -- voila! -- the edible portion. In appearance the meat is very much like liver, yet its texture is reminiscent of kidney. And, as with kidney, we are not interested in cooking the obvious large blood vessels, which makes it difficult to cut the meat. In fact, the whole thing is impossible to cut as it will not set still, but insists on sliding around. Therefore, whilst holding the inedibles with one hand, grasp a large node with the other, reach the fingers through (it is very like a sponge (remember, its function was to pump and filter) malleable and porous) the membrane and rip out gobbets. After acquiring enough for your needs (several hands full will usually suffice) you may wish to rinse it again before cooking. Here I recommend a hot frying pan, a few finely sliced onions, and some good olive oil. Look elsewhere for more complex recipes. I prefer simplicity. JB Glen Ellen, CA.

* * * * *

After that I feel as though I should be the E.C. Crypt Keeper. "Well, kiddies, heh, heh, wasn't that a tasty little story? Food for thought, eh?" Actually, the entire preceding article can be taken as a warning on the dangers of drunkenness. Ya see, it all came about because of one of the regular Cadogan, Kennedy, Barsabe, Mosgofian partties. One of the delightful things to do at these shindigs is gross out Jeanne Bowman. This is generally, or atleast used to be, relatively easy to do, requiring only an everyday sort of conversation about Texas Chainsaw Massacres or 'Should Punk Parents Use Thalidomide'. You know, the sort of chit chat the great American middle-class is famous for. It only took, before she apparently toughened up, about five minutes of this type of talk before we could all be vastly amused by watching Jeanne dissolve into hysteria (and I do not use the word lightly -- ask me sometime about her initial reaction to her Corflu program book biography), clap a hand over her mouth, and run from the room. Well, thinks I in a particular drunken stupor at a particular party, I know something that will really gross her out. "Hey Jeanne," I said. "Did you know lots of women think the healthiest way to have children is to eat the afterbirth?". "Oh, yeah," she replied with languid insouciance. "Hell, I've done that". Guess who dissolved into hysteria, clapped hand over mouth and ran from room. Well, history but not my memory records that I asked Jeanne to write up her experience for SJ. And a week later I received the manuscript along with a two month deadline. So, not only is Jeanne responsible for disgusting half my mailing list (not to mention Mcm), but she is in fact in large measure responsible for your holding this fanzine before 1987. Soon the new, improved tough model Jeanne Bowman will undoubtedly be holding us all in thrall at parties with tales of pig evisceration, cesspool dunkings and other charming facets of country life.

Before all that I guess I'd better let you get onto our next contributor. (The "our" by the way, is not an editorial we but a lab report we. My brain sometimes gets stuck.) Bruce Townley contributed the following several eons ago and will undoubtedly be amazed that it's actually seeing print. You all go ahead and read it whilst I try to figure out where to place Candi Strecker's excellent illustrations.

(Go on... next page... I'll be okay, really...)

BUG MUSIC

(sorry Patty)

By Big Bruce Townley

(As seen by Lucy Hunt-
zinger to your right)

Illustrated by Candi Strecker

"Got 96 tears
and 96 eyes!" -- 'Human Fly'
The Cramps

MUSIC TO MY EARS It was dark and
I had just finished
saying something very important
(something like, um, "Bugs fly in
the dark.") something that required
immediate response, boss, and so
she did. "Huh?" she said. She found
it hard to hear in the dark.

"You need to clean out yr ears!", I snapped off, thinking of Roto-
Rooter ("AWAY GO TROUBLES DOWN THE DRAIN!" the commercials cheerfully
jingle but the accompanying graphic depicts razor sharp, multi-bladed
cutting heads, mowing down all sewer ridden opposition).

She turned to me and told me she already had, just in the way I had
described to her a few weeks ago when she had been complaining of
hearing trouble rather than my chronic habit of mumbling. In the
course of recounting her adventure with auricle (look it up) hygiene
she said something like: 'Well, I got the rubber Squeeze Bulb Syringe,
just like you said. And then I squirted the warm water in my ear with
it, also just like you said. But I got kinda worried.' What she said
next was the kind of obiter dicta, pearl embedded in the goopy oyster
of day to day conversation, that makes life worth living. Seems she
was worried and wondering if she shoulda let the water drain out of
the opposite earhole and should she also try to wash out the channel
connecting the two ears, the one that goes through everybody's head,
just like some cranial Northwest passage. It was wonderful! Just like
an image from a million (no, zillion) Max Fleischer Studio short sub-
jects, cartoons where Bluto throws an anvil or reactor core at Popeye's
head only to have it go in one ear and out through the other, harmlessly
one supposes. She was serious!

I laughed and laughed and laughed. Between snorts and chortles I
managed to choke out to the poor girl, "Don't worry, I'm not laughing
with you--I'm laughing at you!" Later, when they released me from the
oxygen tent, I had a scary thought. What if she wasn't wrong? What if
it was all a fucking hoax!?

DEAD BIRD? DEAD BIRD?
WHY, THIS IS NOTHING
COMPARED TO DEAD BIRDS
IN VIRGINIA! WHY, IN
VIRGINIA THEY'RE SO DEAD...



Ho ho. LTMH



BEFORE
FEDERAL
INTERSTATE
HIGHWAY
ACT OF 1958

They found me some time later with a still dripping rubber Squeeze Bulb Syringe clutched in my hand. I was distractedly muttering: "No really--it really does go all the way through!" I'm better now and can even recognize the outlines of simple objects like staples or Ronald Reagan or a mobius tesseract or a Bullwinkle glass. But I still leave the ear cleaning to my barber. My hearing's never been clearer, eh? What?

PUMP CITY Next we see two kids traipsing down a quaintly cobbled sidewalk in the picturesque Fan district of Richmond, VA. The Fan is so named because it is the same exact shape as a fan, in this case Ted Steffan. We'll call 'em, the two kids, Fan A and Fan B. The year is 2034.

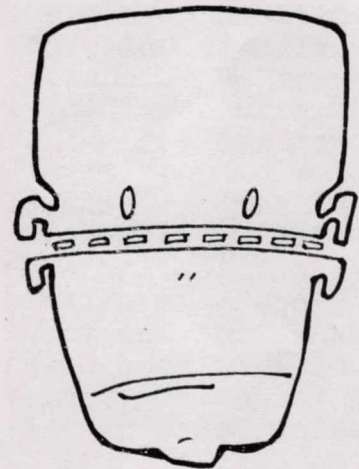
As they wander down the street A says to B: "Who's next on the list?"

"Some Boring Old Fart named Townley. Must be over 80 years old and he's still using the same brain he was born with!" (In the future all sentences shall by prepositions be ended with.) B's surgically implanted propellor beanie involuntarily twirled in ill-disguised disgust. "Says here that he's got one of Tucker's prop implements though, so mebbe he's worth a look-see at

least." At this junctue they both revved up their propellors and took off for the obscure address in nearby Goochland.

They force entry into the old creep's conapt in their usual frienly way, with the promise of a metric ounce or two of actual Pabst Blue Ribbon Lite Beer and none of that there fake stuff neither. The old fellah hasn't seen any of the real stuff since Detroit (along with the Stroh's Brewery of course) slid into the Pacific Ocean, the hard way, way back in '03 (2003 thatis). He (the boring old geek) was fairly slavering with the anticipation of quaffing this legendary brew, once available in super-markets and cheap dives all over this terrific 98 states. The two tots, A and B, got down to cases (but not of beer) quickly, long before the old fruit could get it together enough to stand up just so he could topple over on them, to snatch the golden treasure away.

"Mr., ah, Townley, it sez here right in this vid-cube that back in 1974 you purchased (what a metachronistic old phrase!) from Donn (must be a misprint) Brazier of what was formerly St. Louis, MO., one of Wilson "Bob" Tucker's Tubal Podular Artificial integuments.", says Fan B in a sufficiently official tone through his vox-box.



AFTER
FEDERAL
INTERSTATE
HIGHWAY
ACT OF 1958

"Yeah, I bought one of his socks.", I manage to creak through what is still my own throat. "Yeah, I paid 'round eight bucks for it too. That's in real money too! You know, federal reserve backed paper!", I say, just to see em flinch. They do.

Yazz, yazz, the mists of memory roll back. It must have been back in '74 for it had to have been before the '75 Worldcon, Aussiecon in Melbourne, Australia. One fine morning that year I was opening the mail (this was before it appeared only on vid-screens, sonny). There happened to be a copy of Donn Brazier's great, late fnz, TITLE. In it, along with bits and pieces of about three million fascinating thoughts sent in from all around the country and all codified by Donn (for that was the way TITLE did things), was the startling announcement that one of Tucker's sox was up for auction, supposedly to help provide money for the Tucker Transfer Fund so's he could get to Australia for the Worldcon but also I guess to buy old Bob a much needed can of Desenex Foot Powder.

I was stunned by this intelligence, shocked by the enormity of it. Already, Donn reported, some bids had trickled in, one for 12¢ and one for 17¢, more than it cost to mail letters back then. Donn himself was not all that sure how Bob's sock had been procured, all he knew was that it had arrived in a plain rich brown envelope with a smudged postmark, along with an indifferently scrawled note explaining just what the object was but not how it came to be where it was. Maybe Tucker was coyly sending his entire wardrobe out through the mails, one piece at a time, just so he could get deported, if only for indecent exposure, speculated Donn.

Galvanized by this unparalleled opportunity to latch onto a primo piece of valuable fannish junk, I snapped into action. I reasoned that Donn would soon be flooded with ever mounting bids for the lonesome hose. I wrote out a check for most of the amount in my checking account, stuck it in an envelope with a note explaining just what the funds were for, stuck Donn's address on the outside of the envelope along with a stamp I'd stolen from my mom and zipped the thing off.

Naturally, due to this lightning quick action and a curious lack of bids (it got all the way up to 23¢ I think, with only 406 bids tallied), I was then in a quandry about what to actually do with the sock when I suddenly got it from Donn. How could I be sure it was Tucker's sock? Might have subjected it to a rigorous battery of lab tests but since the bathroom sink was the extent of my lab equipment and anyway I was out of batteries this move seemed to be off the list. All I know is that whenever it's a night with a full moon one can hear in various spots in the West End of Alexandria a ghostly voice moaning "SM-O-O-O-O-TH!" Never happened there before I got the damned thing.

The twin fannish pixies, A and B, said they wanted to see the sock, mebbe they could determine for sure that it once graced the pods of Bob Tucker. I led them to the plexiglass vessel containing an argon atmosphere, to deter rot. The room was lit solely by a dim lambency emanating from the sock. I was too cheap to turn on the lights. The thing (the sock) was still a hideous purple, the color of the cheapest wine available. Clocks were stitched up and down the sides in a nerve-shattering white and fluorescent green thread. It was unchanged from the day I'd gotten it in the mail. How could anybody with broad mental horizons and cosmic thoughts crammed in his head stand to put this double-knit monstrosity on his foot?

B nodded to me, signifying that he was about to begin the process that would determine the sock's authenticity. He squatted down next to the

vessel, fumbling with the case he'd brought with him. He stood up quickly revealing, clutched in his paw, a nearly full fifth of Beam's Choice that he had just uncapped! "Fuck that beer," I thought, "Gimme th' booze! But my attention was diverted by what happened next.

There was a sudden movement in the argon filled cylinder containing the sock. The sock itself was waving back and forth, following every movement of B's hand that held the precious bottle, just like a cobra (remember them?) would. The sock then began to yap, just like a frustrated puppy (if you can still remember puppies) so loudly that we could hear it outside the shatterproof hermetically sealed confines of the cylinder. I was agog.

"Yep, it's the real thing. Well, of course we have to take a sample just to be sure. Can we use your bathroom sink for the tests? If it tests out all the way then we'll want to take a micro-slice with us,, if we can. See, Tucker himself wants us to rebuild his somewhat worn out organ of generation (after all, it's all of 300 yrs old!) and as there isn't a speck of original skin in his body to take a clone from, well, this is the only way." I nodded and mutely pointed the way to the bathroom.

They did their business and left. As they walked down the tubeway I could hear them use their real names on each other. "Say Darth, next we gotta see an old gink named Terry Hughes, lives on the edge of the Northern Virginia Crater." Vader pauses to snap on his clever plastic disguise, consisting mainly of an immense proboscis, to counter any radioactive or bacteriological agents lingering in DC Metro's kinky atmosphere. Summertime is hell in Washington, and now summertime is all the time.

Darth then queries his companion, "So, what's this guy got Rich?"

"Seems that he has one of Harry Warner's original letters!! Sure hope it's a Q!!"

They zoom off into the thickening sky. I go inside and reseat myself in front of the three-v, picking up on the re-re-rerun of MY FATHER, THE CORE MELTDOWN (they don't make shows like that no more) where I'd left off. I sighed and placed the auto-ampule against my arm and thumbed the beer into my bloodstream. It tasted flat. Then the prez, John Thiel the twenty-third came on the screen and intoned "Mah friends, a fan in need is a fan indeed!"

I couldn't agree more.

SON OF WHO? I had this idea this morning to retell the Passion of Jesus this being a Sunday morn, as I listened to gospel music inadvertently on the radio (the only way to do it actually). To retell it in a new way, my own way. When I was telling Terry Hughes the pie-in-the-sky that I was going to put into this article I promised to tell all about my life of crime (no matter how dull it gets), excluding my adventure with the sunglasses in Sears-Roebuck and the potted meat food product affair in Drug Fair for that's another fnz another story, another few letters with which to string out this particular paragraph without actually saying anything. And here it is, I'm thinking of the Holy Writ on a Sunday morning, of all times.

There is a story by the wonderful NEW YORKER (caption for a cartoon which never got drawn featuring a clerkish editor describing over the phone the contents of his most recent publication: "...and some fnz reviews by Dorothy Parker with filloes by Jimmy Thurber.") writer, Donald Barthelme called "Hiding Man". In it he compares the viewing of cheap horro and romance flicks (not all that different, really) with the ritual involved in the celebration of a Catholic Mass. In both one gives up one's spirit to something greater, surely. Both also involve the consumption of food and drink provided by authority in the company of strangers. "It is dangerous to ignore a vision" intones Barthelme's protagonist, wherever it is to be found, one assumes.



My vision this morning involved a new way of viewing Jesus. In the best and worst of horror stories the menace is always inexorable, unavoidable. Stephen King has written a short story which succinctly outlines this concept in its title: "Sometimes They Come Back". In my vision Jesus himself becomes one of these figures lifted directly from some late-nite fare like NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. Just imagine if you told the story of the life of Jesus to some Martian, someone entirely outside of our cultural context. Wouldn't he, this stranger to our customs, be shocked by the grotesque brutality with which we treated Our Lord? (Never mind for the moment the twisty convolutions involved in the Trinity) Jesus then becomes a creature from beyond the grave, bent not on redemption but revenge. Even the events of his earlier days are colored by this system of viewing, this story of a character directly

out of EC Comics, a shambling saviour. What was his purpose in driving the money-changers out of the temple? Was he merely misunderstood, ahead of his time? The miracle of the loaves and fishes assumes an aspect of supernatural witchery, or perhaps somewhat quackish cloning around, instead of simple sociability. Raising Lazarus becomes the work of Baron Frankenstein. Satan is replaced by a stern scientist in a white smock with a plan for defeating the sinister saviour.

This then is my crime. A private one. But now maybe somebody will pick up on my secret source of Sunday morning laughter and next season we will see on the silver screen--AMAZING COLOSSAL CHRIST! It could happen. Watch the skies. For a sign.

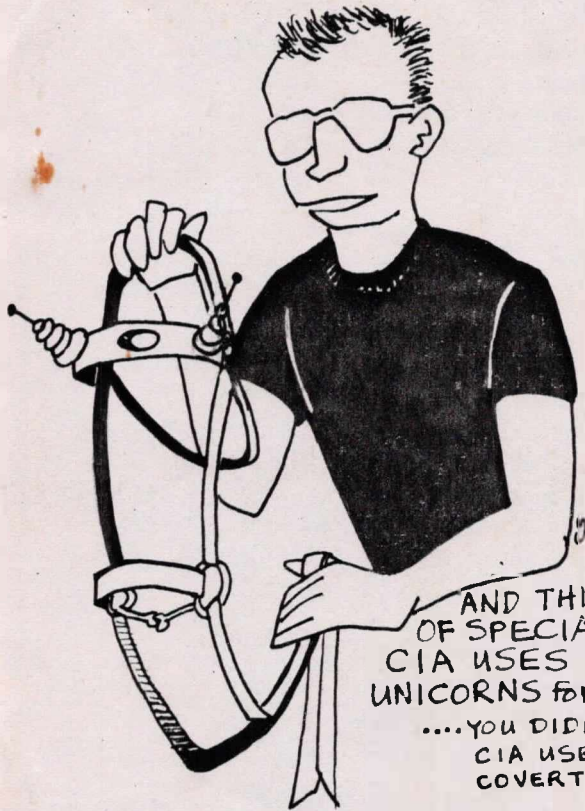
AVOID SPIKES! Sometimes I get the feeling that I'm surrounded by people who are only mere shadows of those who appear in the mass media, movies mostly. My boss at work (as opposed to the one at home) is a dead-ringer for Baby Huey, the giant cartoon duck, no kidding. Sure, he dresses differently but he does nothing at all to disguise his walk and talk which are the most heartfelt give-aways, anyway.

This other guy, my supervisor, who I have to deal with a lot more than my Harveytoon boss, who I even have to eat lunch with, gdmn it, has the same eyes that Robert DeNiro used to portray Travis Bickle, the cracked Viet Nam vet in Martin Scorsese's TAXI DRIVER. My supervisor, Psycho Spike I call him (though not to his face), has pupils in his eyes the color of semi-coagulated blood. Hints, glints of red, mainly dark brown. These eyes stick to you long after he's made his point, refusing to scab over or turn until you've agreed with his ever present "Am I right or am I right?". Yeah Spike, sure Spike.

The guy is necessary at work -- even more so than my boss, Baby Huey. See, Psycho Spike knows where everything is, he really does. As my place of employ is a warehouse somebody who can almost instantly locate the position of any one of the hundreds of thousands of boxes of books, files and gifts that we store and ship in that vast zeppelin hangar expanse is vital. The few things he can't find aren't worth finding, sez Psycho Spike. Who's to disagree with him? Not me, because he carries a buck knife that's about half a foot long and sharp as his glance. One can't safely dispute his worth for even more cogent reasons. Found out the other day Baby Huey would have to fire himself before he axed old Snake-Eyes. Not that it's company policy or anything that they have to keep a psychotic on the staff but Spike's devotion to his job is feeeeenomenal. Not only does he commute each day from his horse farm in Fredericksburg, a good fifty miles from beautiful downtown South Arlington where the warehouse is located, but he nearly gave up his life once just to carry a stray box to the top of the stack. As it was he ruint his bowling game. What happened was that Spike was carrying a box that weighed about 30 pounds up a flimsy 30 ft. aluminum ladder just because somebody forgot to stick it up on one of the pallets back on the stacks. Baby Huey walked by just in time to ask Spike about some trivial matter. BH watched in fascinated horror as Spike tried to do two things at once and fail at both of them. He tried to answer BH's jackass question, turning his head to face Huey, and also replace the box on the rack. Huey didn't get his answer because Spike slipped off the top of the ladder, still holding the damned box. Spike tried to grab something to keep from falling onto the concrete floor but all he managed to do was catch his wrist on a projecting metal bit of the rack. The reason Spike bowls so poorly nowadays is that most of his right wrist and forearm are metal and plastic. "It's not the fall that hurts -- it's the sudden stop hyuk hyuk hyuk." All on company time.

Spike's brother was in Viet Nam when things were hot. Apparently he was in Special Forces or the Rangers or something like that because he knew about 46 different ways to kill somebody silently (some of which didn't hurt so much), just like in APOCALYPSE NOW. Spike's brudder came back for a short period before re-enlisting, mainly to re-build hot rods equippped with special hydraulic systems just so's he could make beer money by betting gullible locals that he couldn't hop a row of Coke bottles in this machine in some shopping center parking lot. He could. When taking a break from this mindless fun he performed a public service. Namely, teaching one of Spike's six sisters some rudiments of hand-to-hand combat so if some young buck got fresh at the cotillion she could disable him, painfully and permanently.

Just before his final tour of duty was up Spike's bro lost an argument with a land mine, whether one of ours or one of theirs we'll never know. I do know that Spike sez it's just as well that his brother got blown away over there -- just imagine what would happen if this human killing machine got a little pissed off when he was stuck in a gas line or something. He'd Hulk out worse than Bill Bixby ever could. Spike sez that he's sorry that he personally didn't get to go Over There to Viet Nam to check out the action. I'm kinda sorry every lunch time when he describes great stuff like how he trains horses.



AND THIS IS THE KIND OF SPECIAL BRIDLE THE CIA USES FOR TRAINING UNICORNS FOR COVERT OPERATIONS...
 ...YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE CIA USES UNICORNS IN COVERT OPERATIONS?

They make special bridles, see, and in the part that passes over the temples there's a pair of electrodes that dribble out a sub-lethal charge, imbedded in the leather of the bridle. As the horse becomes more by the training routine it sweats more and

more. The more sweat that slides under the electrodes in the bridle, presto, the better the charge is conducted to the horses quivering flesh. It becomes more efficient.

Since the above was written old Spike has left my company's employ and I've gotten to more or less occupy his position. But we can't forget him, try as we might. The police call up about him every so often. My boss, Baby Huey, is trying to make me over in Spike's image, though. A pick shelf, a big stamped steel rack some 7 ft high and 30 ft long fell over not 20 seconds after I'd been standing in front of it pulling books to fill orders offa it. Since the thing had been loaded with books (we pick the individual items off the shelf display to fill small orders for shipping, hence the name "pick" shelf) and now they were all over the floor I thought I'd better let Baby Huey know, just for form's sake. Went into his office and said something like: 'Hey Huey, the Ace pick shelf just almost fell on me and the stock is all over the floor. Uh, I coulda been killed.'

Huey looks me straight in the eye and sez: "Well, we needed to re-arrange that shelf anyway!"

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- THE SPACE JUNK POLL: A scientific poll of me by me.
- BEST NEW GROUP AVEDON CAROL WILL LIKE IN 1990: The Violent Femmes
- BEST NEW MUSIC TED WHITE WILL SNEER AT: Scratch (try it with your zipper)
- BEST NEW FANZINE IN QUITE A WHILE: Nocturnal Emissions
- BEST DUMB TEENAGER MOVIE: The Evil Dead
- BEST MOVIE NOT ON HUGO BALLOT: Liquid Sky
- MOST DESERVING HUGO NOMINATION: Izzard
- BEST PLACE TO HAVE A WORLDCON IN '86: NYC (natch)

THE FAMOUS JUNK MAIL LETTER COLUMN doesn't really exist this time as such an incredibly tremendous length of time has passed since the last issue was published that virtually everyone who wrote is now a gaffiate. Actually quite a few good letters came in, mostly saying how while they (the letter writer) had unexpectedly liked the issue of Lovecraft pastiches others probably wouldn't and I shouldn't expect much response. Cosmic minds, I guess, think alike. Anyway, although this is the new low-budget Space Junk, and although it is done in imitation of John Berry's Wing Window more than anything else, I will have a real lettercol with letters chock full of wit and pith. I hope.

So what you're getting here is just a pitiful attempt to fill up some space whilst I get down to a reasonable level for doing a fold over cover with postal delivery instructions.

Let's see. Summer school ends July 12 and the Fall semester begins on August 14 which means Space Junk 8 should be produced in that period. And you should have it before the Worldcon. This gala ish will feature a Norwescon report by Jerry Kaufman and Lynn Kuehl writing on Mysteries of the Midwest. Lynn, ya see, just got to spend some time in Ronnie Reagan's home town of Dixon, Illinois. While there he discovered the middle part of the country is, well, different. Oh, and he categorically denies that it was he who made the obscene phone calls. I believe him.

Anyone reading this who has a Movit toy robot kit (either the sound skipper or the high wire monkey) and can explain to me the mechanics of getting the damned things to work (electronically they're fine mechanically they're klutzes) I'd greatly appreciate knowing.

I think that's almost enough space. If there's a blank bit before the return address you can doodle in it. Ciao.

Rich Coad
251 Ashbury #4
San Francisco, CA. 94117



SEND TO:

Richard Bergeron
Box 5989, Old San Juan
San Juan, Puerto Rico 00905

First Class