

Hi there! This is Spicy 2, which comes from that famed degenerate Rich Coad of 295 Jayne ave. Oakland, Ca. 94610. It's available for all the usual reasons or at my whim, never for money as long as I stay employed.

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Writing is much easier with the stimuli of two bottles of Michelob inside you (two bottles of Guinness would make it as easy as pickin your nose). For those European readers who don't know about Michelob make a note of the name before coming to America. It's, quite liter the only yankee beer worth drinking. Of course it still won't make good comparison with any imported beers but if you don't have the money for a six-pack of the lovely Mexican Dos Equis then Michelob is what you settle for.

So much for beer. What I want to write about is Rick Sneary. Or, more specifically, a letter from him. Among the many criticisms of SRT he makes is the following gem: "Well, I'd rather read about British de than tiddledywinks - as in Le Viol, that came today - but with limited time & energy for fanac, I'm mainly interested in fanzine material dealing only with fandom or fans." Now, if truth be told here, so a I. As I mentioned Westercon had been my first con in over a year and other contact with fandom had been nearly as scarce since returning from London. Oh, I'd attended a couple of Little Men meetings but I quickly tired of people discussing boring sf books as if they had some real worth as literature. Fannishness was so small a part of this group that I even had to explain what a slan shack was to one fellow.

After Westercon things were a bit better, though. I went to Pensfa meetings for a while: their sercon meetings usually managed to evolve into parties. The problem with that was the distance from Oakland there were and my peculiar work schedule made it all but impossible to go regularly.

Then there's the Magic Cellar, an ostensibly fannish place that seems to have very few fans there ever. Good magic shows and drinks, though.

Of course there have been a few bright spots too. The Labor day group of fannish happenings, the Pensfa - Little Men Halloween party where I even began again that time honored fannish tradition of chasing another man's wife, albeit I didn't know Joan was married at the time. Also, there is a new group meeting in San Francisco that sounds intriguing; I'm just waiting to get an early ending shift on the right day and I'll see what it's like.

My main contact with fandom, these days, comes from fanzines which are rather hard to rework into a fannish article. So, for the present and with the exception of con reports, there will be little about fandom and a lot about music, fanzines and my own circle of friends in Spicy. If, one of these days, I get the intelligence (and money) to return to London or people start sending fannish articles then a truly fannish zine shall emerge. Right now it must seethe just below the surface.

Although I never set a definite date on when this issue would come out I had hoped it would've been closer to the New Year. By way of excuse I would like to note that I have finally, after 4 years, re-entered school and find a lot more time taken up than before. It probably not worth it.



## BIZARRE FETISHISTS FROM OUTER SPACE

In days not long passed, when still quite young and NOT VERY WISE AT ALL, I developed a method of determining whether a person was either a true devourer of escapist scientific extrapolations like myself, or merely dilettante who'd read Dune and Stranger in a Strange Land but very little else. If, I reasoned, a body bought only the occasional paperback and didn't even understand the term "ace double" he was a petty dabbler, to be looked upon with scorn if at all. A step up were those who read F&S, Analog and, on occasions, joined the sf book club; they were still to be regarded with condescension, but only a trace of it. The state of science fiction fanatascism (long for fan) was reached only if one could summon up enough courage to delve behind the piles of Huge Tits magazine, extract a copy of Amazing and (here comes the test) buy it without dropping one's eyes from the dealers or mumbling apologetically. Like I said, I wasn't very wise then, after all Isaac Asimov and others had convinced me that normal behaviour for the sf reader was to hide the fact from the world for fear of being labeled a looney.

The point is, though, that no matter how much I gravitate toward becoming the archetypal sf reader-on-occasion there remains a part of me that craves the masochism found in flipping through the pages of Fantastic in public while fretfully glancing about for ridiculers. It was just such an impulse that led me to buy Roger Elwood's new scientific magazine Odyssey (though fear of derision was minimal as I bought it in a comics store). And Hugo Gernsback's delightfully silly term is not a misnomer here. Indeed, Elwood would have been hard put to better capture the spirit of the late Science Wonder Stories. The comparison begins with the advertisements, which seem to operate on the premise that all sf readers are either UFO or quasi-religious cultists. That the magazine is published by the same company that benevolently gave the world such masterpieces of editorial barf as Saga and UFO Report does not help matters much. Yet there is an undeniable fascination in reading these ads. In an era where gun control is being pushed by everyone but the NRA, what else can one be advised to "Build a gun for the Bicentennial!". And can anyone truly admit to never, no matter how fleeting, having wished to know whether it's "...true the amazing secret of TELECULT POWER AUTOMATICALLY BRINGS YOU ANYTHING YOU DESIRE..."? I, for one, would like to know but my curiosity doesn't extend 3 bucks worth. It's rather reminiscent of Moneysworth (a magazine devoted to teaching you how to make a fortune where one discovers that people are placing classified ads for fraudulent get rich quick schemes (Real estate speculation in Florida; invest \$100 get back \$1000) in the back of Moneysworth).

Next there are the "4 Exclusive New Features!" of which Silverbob's Book Review Corner is the least irritating. Bob (as we who don't know him all call him) compliments Bester's rewrite of I Will Fear No Evil (The Computer Connection in case you were wondering) in a rather backhanded manner, I'm not sure I would have gone that far myself, and talks about Barry Malzberg and "fourth generation science fiction" which sounds quite dull and pretentious. Theodore Sturgeon reiterates what others have said better and more succinctly about the energy crisis. Then there's an interview with Zenna Henderson (Zenna Henderson?) reprinted from Fanzine Fatigue (I think). Most importantly there is "Charlie Brown's Fan Scene" (I hope it wasn't Charlie who came up with that title, he always seemed a rather intelligent fellow in Locus) which is inksome for a number of reasons, many of which have nothing to do with what is written. He starts with an altogether too brief explanation of what fanzines are and how to get them: "...most editors give away copies to those who write interes







And now I think I'll do the letter column.

Peter Roberts  
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Thanks for the Spicy Rat Tails, even if that doesn't sound too vegetarian to me. Somebody once suggested that I could eat lizard tails (spicy or plain) on the basis that they're regrown if removed. This dispensation would also permit the conscience-free consuming of starfish legs, crabs' claws, finger nails and hair. I must say that's an intriguing idea, but not one I care to try for myself. Anyway, I sold the recipe to the Kentucky Fried Thing people...

Well, the West Coast of the US sounds like a bubbling barrel of fannish fun - lots of laffs, eh? Jolly happenings every minute? Hoho. Serves you right for being rich.

Actually, if you think about it, it isn't that surprising that the Californian fan scene lacks sparkle or, indeed, fannishness. I hear that some 1500 people turned up at the Westercon. Put that figure next to the total number of well-known fannish fans in the area and you come up with a very diluted mixture. Your chances of finding someone you'd even heard of must have been pretty slim. Don't give in, though. If you give Spicy Rat Tails some local distribution (sending copies to faneds and names from the lettercolumns), you'll push up the number of people you'll have contacted by the time the next Californian con comes around - and they'll have heard of you to (though whether they'll risk talking to an expatriate Ratfan is another problem altogether).

I bought some hominy grits the other day. Honest. 'Quaker Enriched White Hominy QUICK GRITS' it says on the box. Anyway, so far I've stared at it every once in a while and chuckled to myself. Hominy grits is something I've always faunched after in my pursuit of the Great American something-or-other, and I'm dead chuffed at finally possessing a boxful of the stuff. But what do I do now? What the hell are they? There's a picture of an unappetizing mess on the front that I've tentatively identified as lumpy gorilla puke. (( Gee, Pete, those lizard tails sound better all the time. Of course if you'd wanted a real sample of American food you would have shipped over half a dozen McDonalds (100% beef-substitute) hamburgers.)) Is that what's in the box? On the back there's a fancy French recipe for 'Grits au Gratin' (I kid you not!) plus another picture of the result (gorilla puke au gratin); there's also a brief line of instructions for serving the stuff in a straightforward manner, namely with 'red-eye gravy'. No picture of that, thank god...

Ah well. If you don't hear from me again, you'll know I've opened the box. Or gone toadstool-picking with Brian Parker. Yes. Really. I discovered at the last Novacon that we shared a mutual interest in fungi. I'm just a neo, but Brian's sure enough of his powers of identification to actually cook and eat the things. (( I'll bet he claims to "just like the taste" too.)) It's a bit late in the year now, but come the spring a new season of edible fungi starts and Brian is already slavering in anticipation. Don't expect Parker's Patch to reach double figures, therefore, though we're doing our best for him. Everyone's chipped in and we should soon be able to give him a Christmas present a second-hand stomach pump. If we don't make it in time, we'll spend the money on flowers...



Keep pubbing your ish. Everyone has been saying nice things about it over here ("Christ, who'd've thought that cretin could..." and similar encouraging remarks).

(( So, silly animal fandom has died and Edible Fungus Fandom begun. Is it true Egg will be changing it's name to Amanita phalloides?

I did give the zine as much California distribution as possible but I only got one response. After such a dearth, and that wretched con. I'm beginning to wonder if Pickersgill wasn't right about American fandom. I hope not.

And now onto a much more enthusiastic letter.))

Pete E. Presford  
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South Reddish UK

Ta for your (cough) fhanzine.  
Though why you called it SPICY RAT TAILS I don't know ! with a name like Rich Coad the titles for your fhanzine must be endless.

I don't often reply to first issue crap zines, but I have just come back from a football team meeting.. and therefore feel slightly pissed. So the booze is dulling the pain with which I associate such zines.

I see you require articles .. sorry ! crap, to fill your zine out. I have an idea knocking around (down you bastard) somewhere on how to prevent wet-dreams. Or should I say .. on how they used to be prevented. Just let me and I'll send it to someone else. ((Please do.))

I like your front cover and er! I like your front cover and what kind of cover will you have on the second (if ever) issue.

You see, Rich, although you drag down such zines as P.P. & Mal. etc. you fail to realise that we British have the gift for producing good crap. ((Wha?)) Crap which has a meaning. Crap which the world can enjoy, then look back on and show their children what to miss. In fact we are part of the lesson of life .. even life. Have you any right to become even a small part of such a claim????

No ! You have no such claim. ((Brunner has spoken!!))

But, with the Ghods help you will have taken back home with you a lot of the class of Rhatfandom. And if the will of the 'Great Beanie' in the sky so wishes, it may rub off a little on some more of our dear Yankie ((sic)) cousin's. We can but hope.

You may be wondering why my letter is in such a "I'll tie you to the back of my car, and sweep the streets with you" mood? It is because not even Rhatfandom ever sent me a zine with... 14 pence to FUCKING PAY EXTRA ON IT...

(( I suppose I owe you some explanation on the postage due. Your's was the last copy to be stamped and I'd run out of 21¢ stamps, so I put a 26¢ stamp on it. The post office, in all their wisdom, must've decided to send it airmail instead of returning it marked insufficient postage as they're supposed to. Sorry.

The couple of copies of Malfunxion and one of Madcap I've seen were exceptionally bad; Graham Charnock reports that such is not the case any more. Why don't you send me a copy so I can be proved wrong?

As for Parker's Patch, if you'd read on you would've realized that



liked it. (Come to think of it I hope Brian realized it too. I have got PP2 yet and I know it's been out awhile. Please send it Brian. ) an ace good guy and PP is great)

By the way, Pete, when were you appointed spokesman for all British fandom?))

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hmm. not quite tasty enough, perhaps a little extra wine in the recipe, or even beer if you must sink so low. (( Beer low? You cad! Have you no respect for the fannish gods? )) mmm. perhaps. yes, that's a little

better. maybe.

well, what did you expect? what did i expect? another of these things out of nowhere, & no check mark on the appropriate form. does that mean i'm not supposed to think it's a pile of crap? but what if...

i eventually read the part that told me why you sounded so british reviewed so many brit zines. but my you're awfully young to give up normal society forever.

anyway, for a first effort it's readable, if definitely non sequitur when, oh when, are we going to have the no sequitur ish? ((soon, so & i should speak never having done a fanzine (little mags dont count i know, so ive done lots of those).

thanks anyway. you could always drive a bit farther & look at the redwoods & the sea. if oakland is really that boring. if anywhere else isnt as well.

Dave Rowe  
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Well for a fanzine that didn't say all that it was quite enjoyable, but 10 pages double spaced!! You could be reported to the weights and measures board for that.

I know what you mean about dull towns. Wickford has one station, two mini-roundabouts & a bridge over nothing. Honest! There was going to be a relief road but after building a bridge under the railway they found they couldn't afford it.

If you really want a night out there's three pubs to choose from, or chess at the community hall and there's some swimming pool tucked away around there, but it closes early or disappears whenever you go looking for it. Then again, if you really want to freak out, we've got evening classes, and there are regular blood donating sessions as well!!!

About the liveliest place in Wickford is the psychiatric hospital where I work. If there isn't a false fire alarm, then one of our patients is missing. A couple of years ago they actually allowed male nurses visit female nurses on their floors in the nurses home, (can you imagine that?) as long as they were back on their own floors by 10:30 pm. (of course if they were really progressive they'd allow the patients to mingle. But I suppose that would be unthinkable.))

However some stayed later than 10:30 and the Chinese nurses practised kung-fu on the toilet seats, (((Hmmm. Is that in the Kama Sutra?))) and door handles kept falling off, 'cause someone was pinching the soles so the hospital secretary gave them all a good telling off and banned visiting other floors.



Tempers quickly mounted, and three months later a nurse rang the loo rag, and then the national press got wind of it, and it and it appeared in a couple of the Sunday scandal sheets. Unfortunately they all quote the secretary who had told the nurses their home either needed "a bolt put under it, or a red light put outside it".

Even Wickford has its shame.

(( I've often wondered what would happen if News of the World got hold of some of the events at cons. I can just see the headline "ALIENS HAVE ILLICIT SEX IN BIRMINGHAM!" I must confess that I am one of the many cretins who like the scandal sheets; they were always much fun than Private Eye..))

Harry Warner  
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A lot of fanzines much larger than Spicy Rat Tails have been awaiting my locs far longer than yours has. But tonight I don't think I have the strength to write the 1 loc that a 60-page fanzine demands, and your first issue was slim enough to be readable in a few minutes. So about half the fanzine publishers in the universe will each wait on more day than otherwise destined for a loc from me, and it's all your fault. (( Oh, Christ, no! Not THEMENWITHBIGSTICKS. I didn't intend really))

I enjoyed reading it, even though it's hard to write specific comments on much of the wordage. I didn't get to the Westercon, for instance so I can't commend you for telling the whole truth about it or condemn you for misrepresenting it. Just guessing, then, I would suspect that many of the things that you didn't like about the con had the same basic cause that has created so much grumbling about many cons: too many people on hand with backgrounds in fandom that are too disparate to mesh into one giant, happy whole. (( Well, that was only part of the problem. Mainly, I think, it was that I was not used to knowing nobody at a con. In Britain I knew a good percentage of the well-known fans, here I didn't, which was depressing enough in itself. Coupled with the virtual impossibility of finding anyone I'd heard of the con got unbearably bad.)) I don't see how anyone can do anything about that problem until about six or eight years from now the drop in the rate created by the Pill starts to have its effect on the quantities of neofans.

You tantalized me with the comments on the Monty Python movie. It hasn't shown in Hagerstown yet and I'm beginning to suspect it never will, even though it played in a town slightly smaller than Hagerstown in a nearby sector of West Virginia some weeks back. Nobody has ever succeeded yet in persuading the state's public television people to start running the Monty Python tube series. ((That's rather surprising as they appear to be getting some of the highest ratings on PBS. Did Maryland get to see the emasculated ABC specials?)) I can get half a decent reception on them through a UHF station in Virginia about 60 miles from here, thanks to a rotatable antenna, but not many people in Hagerstown wallow in reception luxuries like mine. The whole misadventure of the theaters in Hagerstown seems to involve setting a record for the number of times Walking Tall is brought back for a new showing to one community. ((-gack-))

I've tried to renew friendships with films I saw when very young, like you. But in my case, it's a bit more difficult, for chronological reasons. Just about a year ago I finally saw for the second time the



first musical I remember attending, Sunny Side Up; the only thing in it that I could remember distinctly was when the framed portrait started moving and singing. I'd love to see again my first color film, which was called The Vikings and postulated their explorations in North America before Columbus, but I doubt if a print exists. Only the New York Times index of movies reinforced my memory of the title and the title. Then there are the movies whose titles I can't remember and would like to find again. Just a few years back, I tracked down the Chaplin short from which I remembered just one fragment, the toy dog which Charlie thinks has made a mess in his hat. It's The Cure and I must have seen it on a revival, because I am positively not old enough to have attended first showings of Chaplin two-reelers. I still haven't identified the feature film from which I can remember only an execution scene with tiny soldiers pacing on enormous battlements and a series of blank frames tinted in various hues that flashed by as the firing squad pulled the triggers. ((Can any of you film experts out there help Harry out? I haven't got the slightest idea of what it could be. Christ, I only recently saw Citizen Kane..))

You should have satisfied your readers' curiosity about the cover. I suspect that it's an authentic reprint from some old mundane magazine or newspaper published around the turn of the century. If I had studied geography more attentively, I might even remember where there's a Goat Island and thereby do a better guessing job on the source. ((I have no idea where the original came from. I found it in a local classified ad paper months before thinking of doing a zine. I liked it so much I clipped it out and still had it about when I started the zine.))

I envy your familiarity with the British fans and marvel at your decision to return to the United States after such a long stay over there.

((That decision was made for me but I'd rather not go into any details on it, suffice it to say that I make three times as much money here in London, which seems a fair incentive for staying.

You've probably gotten quite tired of young fans saying things like this so I promise to be brief. I want to thank you for writing All Our Yesterdays. It gave me more of a feeling for fandom than any amount of fanzine reading could have accomplished in the same time. I fully intend to buy another copy soon (my first was passed on to Bruce Parker when I left England. There, I won't bore you again.))

WAHF: RICK SNEARY / ANDREW STEPHENSON who, despite the current trend isn't getting married./ DARROLL PARDOE who fears his mail is being watched./ GEORGE FLYNN/ BRETT COX/ SHAYNE MCCORMACK who notes that bad taste is universal/ ROB HOLDSTOCK who first warns me away from my lovely wife, SHEILA, then invites me to come back to London and visit them. He also says "Don't take drugs, they lead to premature pleasure" and ROY KETTLE who scrawls on a Christmas card "An excellent fanzine. No, really." Sarcastic sod ain't he?

To all of you who wrote thanks very much, I really appreciated each and every one. To those of you who sent trades to which I haven't responded I apologize. My intentions are the best, I had planned on locating each zine I got but my laziness got in the way. After I'm through with this I'll write you all, well I'll try to at least.

Bloody hell, a five page lettercolumn from a 10 page zine, tain't be at all. Thanx.



## DIRE

That's the word for it. I mean, Christ, when you've just finished reading Star Smashers of the Galaxy Rangers, even enjoyed it, and you keep glancing wistfully at the copy of Runts of 61 Cygni C you bought for 45¢ at a local used bookstore, then obviously something's wrong. Right?

So there it is. The awful truth. Roberts will probably damn me in his Kettle, through razor-edged satire in True Rat, will make me an object of ridicule; but I can't get around it, I've once again started to read science fiction. Of course it's mainly Philip K. Dick so it might not be incurable. What all this has been leading up to is the Boring Section part of this zine where I get out of hard, useful work by writing a few lines about trivial books by second-rate authors: the Book Review Section.

Chris Preist is really quite a nice guy, he bought me at least one drink at Tynecon, so I honestly don't want to rip The Inverted World to shreds. Luckily, I don't have to as this is quite a good book. The only cavil I have is with the ending, which utterly destroys the remarkable parabolic world and replaces it with mundane Portugal. I rather suspect Chris was forced to do this by an editor or publisher since it's done in such an off-hand manner.

Something more recent is Samuel Delany's Triton. The back cover says it's about "Interplanetary war. Capture and escape. Diplomatic intrigue that topple worlds..." but, having read only the first 30 pages, I wouldn't know about that. Delany long ago went on record saying that style is much more important than content. Now he seems to be practicing that, which would be fine if he were a Borges, Barthelme or Pynchon. Unfortunately Delany isn't so why waste two bucks?

Illuminatus! is another very stylish book I didn't finish. The first volume was excellent: viewpoints shifting constantly without warning, characters being introduced every other page practically and jumps all over time and space. It was all adding up to one of the best books I'd read since Gravity's Rainbow. Then I began the second volume and quickly became disenchanted. Things had settled down, you see, the characters were less erratic and there were lots of long, dull lectures illustrating the right-wing philosophies of Hagbard Celine. In short it became altogether too much like a Heinlein novel.

The real goody of my recent reading has to be Star Smashers of the Galaxy Rangers! Recognizing parody for the low art it is Harry Harrison has hit the Heinlein juveniles with as many low blows as possible. What plot there is revolves around two college students who bombard a piece of cheddar cheese with neutrons and, in doing so, create the faster-than-light drive (hmmm, I wonder if it's ever been tried). Fitting the cheddite drive to the college 747 they are soon flitting about the galaxy and getting involved in a galactic war to "preserve a rigid class system, free enterprise and rule by the elite. Of course there are dozens of sub-plots and hundreds of good lines. My personal favorite came when John (former Russian spy who defected as soon as it was pointed out he was as good an American as anyone, even if he is black) about to perform an esoteric operation to revive frozen Sally, asks if anyone knows any surgery. "I have a graduate degree in brain surgery." is the reply. "Good, you can hand me the instruments." Good stuff all through.



## GUILT

To paraphrase the remarkable Edward Gorey : Richard has just been reading his fanzine reviews which have lain untouched on his books for several weeks. How could he have written about the best new fanzine in a year so inconsequentially? Why does he do such things? Why do he get someone else to? How does one go about it? Why is he doing again himself?

In case you haven't received your copy "the best new fanzine in a year" is Stop Breaking Down which comes from ace ratfan master Greg Pickersgill, who has produced two superb issues in the amazing time of three weeks. In his exceptional manner Greg manages to fuse his chief loves, rock and fandom, into a whole that gives a good idea of his likes and dislikes in both fields. And yet there isn't even an entire page on rock. It's all accomplished by brilliant choices of titles.

In the past Greg's abrasive personality and, shall we say, less than diplomatic frankness have caused some trouble which accounts for the insecurities found in his fanzines in the presence of sheer excellence. Since Greg has now been accepted by the mainstream of British fandom (excepting the cretins) and even reached such establishment heights as serving on the Nova award committees, and he got a large response to the first issue, I hope these will fade away, though whether the brashness of Fowler will return is doubtful. For this is a mellowed Pickersgill than he was even 2 years ago in Ritblat. He only writes fuck once in the first issue, and that is in reference to things past. This is not to say he'll tolerate mediocrity or idiocy any more than before, just that he lays down the shit in a bit less opinionated and outraged manner than before. It's almost kind the way he tells a neofan that his fanzine is an abysmal piece of illiterate garbage. It's certainly kinder than the usual apathy such efforts are met with. Fanzine reviews are Greg's forte. His knowledge of trends in fandom and which are the best around (doubtless it helps to work with Peter Roberts) is vast and shown (though not shown off) in virtually every paragraph.

Then there is the uniform excellence of the contributions, particularly those of Rob Holdstock and Simone Walsh (apologies to Peter and Greg which are noteworthy for different reasons. Rob's because, although rapidly working at replacing Chris Preist as Britain's up and coming young scientific fiction writer, he keeps his fannish contributions down to an almost non-existent level. But on occasion, when he feels wrong on The Mounds of Venus or whatever has gone satisfactorily, Rob will dash off, master writer that he is, an excellent anecdote about his buddies or (as is the case here) his blighted past without using the word "parturite" once. Simone, meanwhile, is writing her first fan articles and they're damn good. Having been about fandom for more than she might want revealed Simone can and does speak with knowledge and authority. And, at least after Greg's exhortations of "rewrite rewrite, rewrite", the quality of her writing is excellent.

All this (and more!) is available from 4 Lothair Rd., South Ealing London W.5 for the usual or 20p in stamps. So visit your local philatelist for British stamps today.

Astute readers of this fanzine (and not those who read it back to front) will no doubt have realized there has been no mention of me raconteur Leroy Kettle's True Rat 7. Turn the page and read all about it in "Humorous or risible? One man's search for anecdotes."







MY BACK PAGES

Back page, actually, but that hardly has the ring to it does it? I had this ish finished quite some time ago, when I made the mistake of re-reading it. Obviously it had to be rewritten which was a slow process as I was working 6 days a week at the time. It's better for the extra work, though, but I'm not satisfied still. The main problem is my lack of contact with fans but that should change shortly; ten new operators are transferring into our office, all below me in seniority, so as soon as this semester is over I'll be able to end these horrible split shift and get back to a more or less normal work schedule. It'll be lovely to have my evenings free again.

Westercon is fast approaching. I'll be the one with the glazed over eye in the evenings and hangovers in the morning, shouting "A hair of the dog!" whatever that means. See you there. Mine's a Guinness, thank you.

If any reader has a copy of Detroit featuring Mitch Ryder, an album released in either 72 or 73, that they don't want I'll be more than happy to give them a reasonable sum for it.

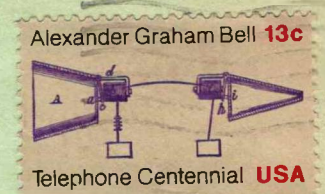
Plug: the extraordinary Dr. Feelgood, led by guitar hero Wilko Johnson finally have their second album, Malpractice, available in the U.S. All easily found is Down By The Jetty, a mono recording available from any good import section.

Well, thats about it then. Next ish will be soon after Westercon. No, really, I mean it.

Britain in '79

Please note hastily conflued in COA. Ta.

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