

INKGUN BLUES #3

"We could have been Singers, but we chose to become sewing machines."

--- Gerald Rosen,
Dr. Ebenezer's Book & Liquor Store

As the time for CORFLU draws nearer, I gradually realize that this time I am not going to be able to atone for my negligence and distraction in time. Sitting on a six-month old fanzine column from Ted White, I haven't published in over a year, and my nighttime hours are filled less frequently, it seems, than ever with pulps and whimsey's (though I haven't been cut off yet from either mailing list).

How do I deal with the fact that I've become a traitor to fanzine fandom? Sometimes I think of the others, but sometimes I can see the smoke-filled ambiance of Ted White's room in my mind's eye. Lightning flickers of red hair and corduroy coats scurrying around the periphery as Taral shuffles paper in his lap and Moshe Feder reclines on a bed. Ted's eyes focus intently as he clutches his Pepsi-can. Stu Shiffman sketches a Rastifarian Mohican and Pat Mueller laughs nervously in the background.

Then comes the moment of dread.

"Well," Ted says, his glance flickering briefly over everyone in the room, "read any good fanzines lately?"

That's it. Guilt overflows my veins. I contemplate staying away from CORFLU and producing the next issue of Whistlestar in a manic burst of energy, but know I would probably only dial up bulletin boards instead and tell computer-neos how to write DOS batch files.

Moshe Feder starts reading the inscriptions on Coke cans. Teresa Nielsen Hayden tells a British Fandom story. Everyone has their individual coping methods. Taral passes around his 100-page Professor Challenger Brandonization as I slowly raise my eyes.

"BSFAn," I say, "was --"

"Owen Whiteoak, Michael Ashley," mumbles a voice from the shadows, and the moment dissolves into a heated discourse. Off the hook, but with nothing to add to this ensuing conversation, I reach for some inky twilltone to relieve the existential alienation. As always, I can count on finding --

Desktop Publishing gossip

Reviews of Clive Barker novels

Retold Garrison Keillor jokes...

....no, something doesn't sound quite right about this. Tinged with surreal melodrama, I read on --

"THE DYING MIRTH"

by Jagged Fancy

As the bloated orange sun rose in the sky, crept a series of gnarled shapes over silicon-pocked land to their annual Council. Down they travelled, through the Cloud of the Violent Clown to the grotto where the ancient mimeograph stood. At the cave mouth two butterflies skimmed briskly over a rusted silver crank and alighted on a square plastic disk.

"Mark ye the latest File 770," wheezed a voice from under a dank, lustrous rock. "Today as the Earth dies, a score of fanzines remain known to Man's knowledge. Think ye, Turgid of Meyer, that Glyer will accept the Hugo again?"

"Who can fathom the mind of a LArea creature?" Turgid replied, searching the ruins for even one spell of Old Telos..."

And so goes my slightly eclectic brain through its mish-mash of concepts. Whistlestar will be out eventually and in the meantime here's to CORFLU!

Space Crab's Lament

(for the Bay Area Music Awards)

Old Bob Dylan ain't got much to say.
The Allman Band & Gracie Slick have gone away.

New champions of equality
ain't got that Acid Mystery,

Bono Hewson, Holly Near, wish
I could stand to hear you play.

Lawrence Welk & Ben Fong-Torres holding hands
in museums of Insta-Teller oldies bands

You white suits & spandex hoots,
I've seen a better day.

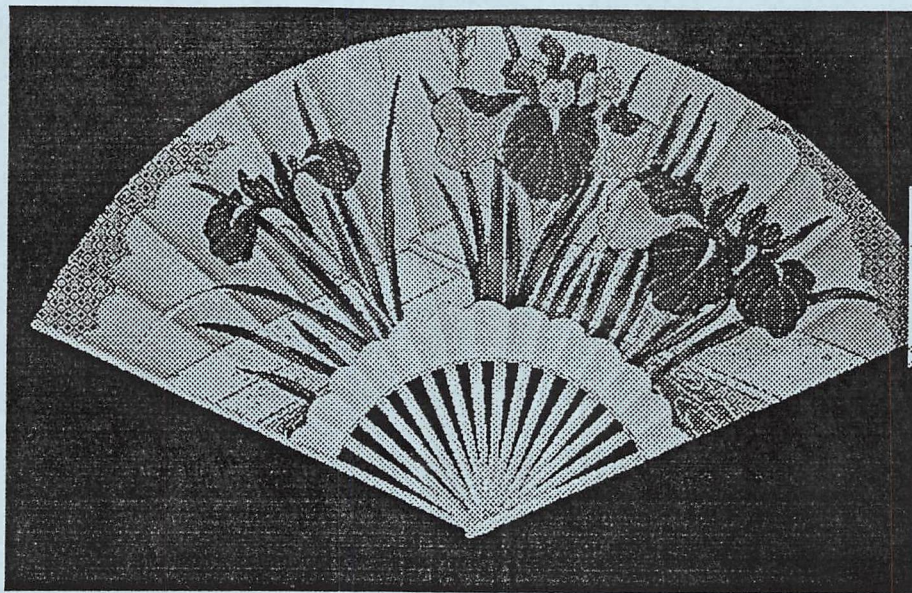
What can an outlaw do
when his heros join the zoo?

Match my plastic up with yours
and buy tee-shirts of the tours?

Dunlap & Herco come and carry me away.
Mr. Fender, I have seen a better day.

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"The tynes, they are a changeling."



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