

FEAR & LOATHING IN THE CITY

Even the cretin in front of me telling his buddies "Yeah, man, it's a science fiction convention!" despite the complete absence of that necessity to cons: the bar, even this didn't daunt me. Even the fact that this "Science Fiction Fair" was sponsored by The Children's Brain Diseases Foundation Auxiliary didn't dent my certainty that it would be a better way to spend a Saturday off than watching channel two's "Chiller Diller Mattinee". I had little in the way of fear and loathing as I optimistically strode into the Design Center Galleria. I should have known better.

*

* *

Conversations on the fourth gallery 1:

Jerry Jacks: A little later they'll be giving the awards.

Rich Coad: What awards?

Jerry: They had an essay contest...

Rich: "Why Children's Brain Diseases Are Bad" in 100 words or less?

Jerry: No, dolt...

+ + +

The design Center is either an architectural nightmare or heaven, dependent on if you're a classicist or a modernist. The ground floor is a courtyard, split into two levels by a shrubbery (shades of Monty Python). The next three floors are the "galleria": balconies overlooking the court with dim side-passages leading to sundry shops and stuffy meeting rooms. There is also a (non-working) glass elevator. The total succeeds in giving one an impression of spaciousness.

*

* *

Conversations on the fourth gallery 2:

Jerry: When I first saw this place I said "Great, we can have Bradbury speak there (motions toward a mezzaine by the elevator) and we can put the hucksters along the galleries.". They stared at me and asked "What's a huckster?".

Rich (amazed): They didn't know what a huckster was?

Jerry: I didn't really expect them to, but I did think they'd know who Bradbury was.

+ + +

As the more perceptive of you will have undoubtedly already realized Ray Bradbury was Star Attraction. For a writer who has written nothing worth mentioning for over a decade, and even before that relied a lot on a maudlin sentimentality for sales, he still attracts a good crowd of less-than-critical readers. Naturally Bradbury was expected to do more than smile for his audience so he gave a couple of tedious and near-incomprehensible speeches. It wasn't really his fault they were incomprehensible: when a hall is open and 75% of

the people aren't bothering to listen, well, things tend to get drowned out. The same thing happened with the authors panel later, and only those of us in the front got to hear Michael Kurland's snappy answers to stupid questions.

*
* *

Conversations on the fourth gallery 3:

Ctein: Gee, Jerry, this is great. Why don't we have one evry year?

Jerry: Aaaargh...

+ + +

Actually, I went for the hucksters and a few films. It turned out, though, that the hucksters weren't particularly interesting, although I did get a copy of The Immortal Storm, which has since proved to be unreadable. One mistake was setting the Yes on 15 people across the gallery from the No on 15ers. They should have been neighbours, and the sparks flying could've provided weeks of entertainment. Ah, well.

After it became apparent that I wasn't going to get in for the 2nd showing of Things to Come either, I went over to the room where Jeff Pimper was showing Flash Gordon serials. Highly risible stuff, that. And he had a series not yet shown on channel 2. The bastard also slipped in some piece of excrement known as the Star Trek Bloopers. Hopefully, someday, someone will show some sense and let this disappear for a while, after all we've all seen it God knows how many times.

Anyway, it seems that, popular as these mini-cons are, something good could come of them. With panels that weren't either held out in the open or in overcrowded, hot, stuffy rooms; with hucksters that were a bit more than street artists moved indoors; with the addition of a bar: well, with a bit more work and knowledge (and I don't blame Jerry, he was drafted late) a "science fiction fair" could actually be a pleasant way to spend a day. But I'm not going to try it, folks. I'd never dream of doing anything so silly.

FANNISH CATS

My recent acquisition of two kittens prompted Jerry Jacks to remark that animals are unfannish. I disagree, although I will admit that the cats don't think to much of fanzines as they distract me from fussing over them, which they feel I should be doing full time when they aren't fighting. At any rate I've decided to conduct a poll to find out the Real Truth. Where do You stand on this horrid controversy? a) Cats are very fannish B) Cats are slightly fannish c) Cats are not fannish but okay anyway d) Snakes are more fannish than cats e) The only things cats are good for are skinning and being made into pillow-covers

Remember, in Ancient Egypt the cat was deified and all those who didn't like cats were summarily executed. That is not a threat, but then, neither was Leland Sapiro's lawsuit at first...

HISTORY ON THE RUN

The morning after the party the house was a shambles. In fact it did look very much like the Falls Road area of Belfast, as John Hall had once described our beloved Eleanor Road. Amid bodies, some of friends & some of people never seen before or since, lay the empty whisky bottles, cigarette butts and an occasional pool of vomit. In the midst of this ruin I endeavored to keep a civilized composure by ignoring my farts and reading The Observer. Then Brosnan barged in. This shook me. "You're the bastard," I screamed, "who took a fiver off me!" "You should never try to bluff someone who has seen as many James Bond films as I have." he commented, "Especially when you're drunk, and only have a king high." Ah, well I mean to say, what can one reply to such sound logic: I farted.

Halfway through the Times' Book Review section (which had once called John "suitably pedestrian" sending him into rapture for days) we were joined by Peter Roberts and Paul. "We're going to Centrepoint." declared Paul. "Care to come?" The huge, empty, focal-point-for-housing-shortage-protests, had been invaded by a group of students earlier in the week. They were leaving today, having made their point and agreement with the police that allowed them to speak before being arrested. Being the politically aware little bastard I was then I said I'd go along. JB nodded. We went.

The immediate impression one got upon arrival was the erroneous one that cops outnumbered demonstrators by a seemingly preposterous ratio. The police have a method of being obvious. In truth however, we had the numbers; the cops had the truncheons. A chant suddenly began, "Stay in, stay in...", as the trespassers appeared at the barricaded doorway. Peter remarked that a mass chant always reminded him of the recordings of the Nuremberg rallies he'd heard. Peter listens to Radio 4. By now the chant was fading, so we erupted into one of our own, haphazardly so Peter wouldn't run for shelter from V-2's. "Peter Roberts for TAFF" it went. A short fellow approached and asked me for a cigarette which I gave him. A moment later he was heard shouting "Solidarity not vanguardism!". Paul and I exchanged puzzled glances. "Bit long for a slogan!" he said. "And hard to remember." I added.

Things had started happening now, as the demonstrators began trying to climb over fifty uniformed police in an attempt to reach the exiting heros, or more accurately, take possession of Centrepoint themselves. Not surprisingly the police were less than happy about this, as cops much prefer pushing someone else's face in to having it done to them. Still, by comparison to American "peace officers" they were remarkably restrained, contenting themselves with lifting an occasional demonstrator overhead and tossing him or her back down to the crowd. After they'd done this a few times the rowdies began to feel it was futile and settled back to listen to some speeches. Well, speeches were made, people arrested and things fizzled out. The four of us walked over to Soho for dinner.

Whether it was the Italian food, or just a general hangover from the night before, I don't know, but I was feeling quite ill as I boarded the bus back to Hackney. We were diverted around Centrepoint as a few demonstrators had apparently decided to engage the police in a game of dodge-brick.

Eventually my nausea left me. The rest of the world didn't change much.

AND YOUR BIRD CAN SING

Aljo Svoboda
2182 Cheam Ave.
Santa Susana, Ca. 93063

Maybe you are a famed degenerate, like you say, but I don't think so. Famed degenerates go into more... detail, generally. Read some Bruce Townley,

or maybe it's read some more Bruce Townley, and you'll see exactly what I'm talking about. Girlie punk rockstars make their money off of minor degenerates. Famed degenerates are off in the next ballpark hitting flies, if you catch my drift. At least, this is what I've been brought up to believe. I'm not absolutely sure that this is the truth, however.

This is the first loc I've written in a while. It's like cripples learning how to walk again before they're quite entirely healed, I suppose. I limp from one point to the next, hoping to drop something good in the right spot every once in a while. But here it looks like I'm mixing metaphors, doesn't it? Mixing my cripple metaphor with... a horse metaphor or something. See, I'm rather out of condition. All silly things I'm writing. Have to get back in shape somehow, though. It's a slow process, like kicking an addiction or famous degeneracy or perhaps a lack of same, kicking a habit and returning to the world with the damaging admission that you're not a bodhisattva, or anything of the sort. But it's for the best, I'm sure... all part of the RETURN TO LIFE. Right.

My... my hand's trembling. I can't hold a pen right anymore.

I enjoyed your opinions and reviews. Writing like an Englishman, anyway, you're already stylistically ahead of the majority of American fanwriters, who have to learn their little mannerisms and specialties by travelling a more painful road, a long and painful road indeed. And many are they who falter on the way, and even turn back, back to an easy life of less than coherent but at the least harmless writing. Why, after all, struggle to be scintillating in the first place? If we all agreed to be stupid, none of us would notice the peculiarly disembrained sensibility of the aggressive newcomer. This is the way I see it, anyway, I suppose.

((What Aljo has been trying to say, folks, is that you're less likely to get caught if you steal your lines from British fanzines. Neofans take note.))

I don't know music, but I enjoy reading about it even when I'm not listening to it. Right now, for instance, I'm not listening to it. I've been getting Phonograph Record from Greg Shaw for a couple of years or so now, and have been amused consistently by it, but I'm still very unfamiliar with the territory. I mean, I've only got the lyrics to go on, you know? So I don't at all mind reading about things that are miles from True Fandom. Girlie punk rockstars are fine with me, I should say.

Well, I'm proud of having got this far. If I had a nurse she would be telling me to get a little rest now, not to excite myself too much.

((Aljo is currently recovering in a small Santa Susana convalescent home where he dresses in black and listens to a lot of fugues...))

John Hall
101 Lakeside Rd.
London, W.14 UK

Yesterday the Times ran a big feature on Mormons and Salt Lake City. Ah me! It brought it all back. It told me a few things I never new before, like orthodox Mormons wear special sacred underwear. Straight up, scouts honour. If there are any Mormons in fandom I propose a campaign for their de-bagging in the interests of science, knowledge and fannish legend. In fact, peanut, I remember in a drunken party somewhere in North London you once said you had leanings towards the Latter Day Saints. Should you come back to London or I arrive in Oakland I propose you clutch your trousers tight to your scrawny bum. Curiosity may have killed the cat, but he had a much more sensitive nose. I always wondered why you never changed your boots. Mormon socks! Bloody hell, if the Cornish pope should hear of it...

((All very fine, John, but what are the functions of these mystical undergarments? What are their PROPERTIES? Do they ward off syphilis? Or do they revitalize husbands tired of the polygamous life? Do they balk at removal except for purposes of procreation? Or are they promiscuous, not to mention voyeuristic, BVDs? Details, man, I must have more Details. Nice try anyway. D+))

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

You might be worrying too soon about the effect of Charlie Brown's fanzine review column in Odyssey. There was an era when a half-dozen or so prozines were publishing fanzine reviews regularly, and many of the most venerable fans of today owe their first contact with fandom to this source of information. If the Odyssey column unleashes hordes of twelve-year-olds on us, it might not be any worse than the old days when neofans were frequently fourteen or fifteen. Kids of twelve are more aware of the world and better able to hold their own in adult company than they were before television came along. Maybe a lower proportion of twelve year olds can read and write competently today than in the early years of fandom, but they wouldn't be reading Odyssey if they have trouble with the literary arts, so that doesn't matter much.

((But, Harry, they'd still come to conventions wanting to talk about cringe, science fiction.))

I'm afraid I'm on the road to Rick Sneary's position, preferring fanzines that feature material about fandom. I've never felt strong preference in the past between that type of fanzine and the kind that emphasizes science fiction. So my problem is probably my growing ignorance with current science fiction, created by the lack of reading I mentioned several paragraphs ago. I know more about fans and fandom than I do about Dhalgren or the latest Harlan Ellison pronouncements. I'm still buying a lot of science fiction, mostly at second-hand stores and garage sales, but there are so many other types of fiction that I've neglected all these years and now find myself wanting to read more than I want to read science fiction. I can still write locs on sercon fanzines but it's getting harder and harder as I get further and further out of touch with the professional field and I must fake my way through some of those locs by writing about peripheral matters or the items in those fanzines which mentioned old stories I read long ago.

((So, there it is, in my humble little fanzine Harry Warner admits he doesn't know what he's doing. Gosh! And Wow! even.))

Dave Cockfield
31 Durham Ct.
Hebburn, Tyne&Wear
NE31 1JX UK

Is it true that you are an eccentric millionaire exiled by Rat Faandom because of your sociability? Even for an ex-Rat you come over as "quite a nice jolly chap". Quite definitely not Rat-

like. I met the Rats for the first time at the last Eastercon and they quite overwhelmed me as they rushed about like a horde of lemmings trying to persuade people join them in committing fanish suicide. I was even asked to join the dreaded Astral League. I almost succumbed until I realized that I was expected to fork out 50p.

((There is something about this passage that irks me. First of all, Dave, you imply that Ratfandom is anti-social. This I don't understand at all. When was the last time you saw a Rat refuse a drink? Huh? I think, possibly, you are referring to the Rattish willingness to call a spade a spade, which is another matter entirely. Extending this point to it's logical conclusion you imply that I don't rake enough fen over the coals to qualify as a Ratfan. Okay, then, when was the last time you saw Peter Roberts pounce on some unwitting soul? Or for that matter when was the last time you saw any Ratfan deliver an unjust invective? I certainly can't recall one. Yes, I know Greg's fanzine reviews can seem cruel, but the fact is that he's usually right. Fie on you and your innuendo! You should have joined the Astral League anyway. Anything which promotes peace and understanding between humans and any future aliens that might appear is a Good Thing and Well Worth Your Money.))

Pauline Palmer
2510 48th
Bellingham, WA 98225

Ah, yes. Dos Equis. Doesn't seem to be quite as acceptably fanish as, for instance, Guinness, but from what I've seen and read of most fans, there are

not many that would turn down such a good beer when offered, either. It's what I always drink when we go to our favorite Mexican restaurant, and in fact the phrase "Let's go drink Mexican beer!" (especially when uttered at times of distress, when coping seems impossible) has developed a near-fanish meaning in the office where I work since that infamous noon when we decided to go out for lunch, only to find ourselves still sitting in the Dos Padres sipping Dos Equis when 5 o'clock rolled around...

The Earl of Ealing
8 Hillcroft Cres.
Ealing, London W5

Following my recent ennoblement in the Wilson resignation honours I don't have much time to respond to the outpourings of young readers of scientificion,

but I always appreciate hearing of names from the past. Nearly 2 years now since you left us, isn't it? Surely you must now have enough money to return. ((Well, John, there is this odd American custom, you see, known as Owning A Car and Spending All Your Money On It. Anyone outside of New York City who refuses to do this is left to the vagaries of the evil god Bus.)) You were the only person whose hairline receded more than my own, as I recall. Pickersgill once said he mistook a front view of you for me, and a back view for Peter Roberts. The man is a fool, but nevertheless such a fanish tradition should not be allowed to die out.

You shouldn't feel ashamed at liking science fiction books; it happens to us all. I've even brought my copy of Runts of 61 Cygni C down to London specially!- and Roberts, that pillar of effete erudition, has been seen lately with a copy of Mote in God's Eye!

Horrors! Must have been the hominy grits that turned his patent discriminator off.

Brian Parker may fancy himself as a food freak, but don't let it fool you too much. The last time he was in London, staying with Mauler and myself, he waxed eloquent on the merits of a certain Soho Japanese restaurant. Maule squealed with ecstasy; I followed them with some misgivings. Inside, I discovered you couldn't get knives and forks, but must use chopsticks. Great. I'd never used them before. (Bloody illogical implements, anyway.)

By dint of much demonstration and explanation I managed to muddle through. I only spilled food on the table a few times. I ordered a steak concoction. You're probably wondering how one can eat a steak with chopsticks - though it was cut up, the pieces were ~~the~~ size of fourpenny roasts and rather big to cram into my elegantly refined mouth. I wondered about it too; eventually I managed to cram the stuff in by exhibiting some of the most atrocious manners ever seen outside the House of Commons. Yecch!

The "chef's special sauce" turned out to be heated-up tomato ketchup.

After the meal Parker conducted us to a Chinese-style supermarket selling such things as canned squids' kidneys and pickled dogfish fins. It smelled like the camel house at the Zoo, so I guess it must have been really ethnic stuff, man. Maule squeaked with delight and invested 43p on a pack of bamboo chopsticks, which he now uses for Vesta add-water-and-stew curries; he eats these much more often than he readily admits. And he is cock-handed.

Our carpet is now very messy.

P.S. I'm "John" not "Lord something-or-other" to people in fandom. Like Susan Wood's doctorate.

((I like Susan Wood's doctorate too.))

Terry Hughes
866 M. Frederick ST. ((On loc))
4739 Washington Blvd. ((On Mota))
Arlington, VA. 22205

As you no doubt are well aware you have a couple of problems with the fanzine on the technical side, but I am going to mention them anyway. (I have

no mercy, lad.) Either you typed too far over onto the right hand edge of your stencil or else you didn't adjust your paper tray or perhaps your drum doesn't release ink on the extreme right hand edge, but whatever you came out with a fanzine missing a number of words. Admittedly, I could make out the meanings and generally figure out what wasn't there but it was a pain and truly unnecessary work. (However, it is a tribute to your writing ability that I bothered to make the effort. There are several very legible fanzines I never peruse.) The biggest danger in such errors is that you will lose reader interest, unless the reader happens to be a fan of the style of poetry which leaves off the final rhyming word in each line since the author feels it should be obvious to the reader. But that is Intentional Cuteness and yours is some sort of mistake. I bet several readers had a moment of panic when the line they were reading suddenly vanished. Some may even have gone to the optometrist.

((Terry also complains that I have 2 addresses, 291 is right. Which is your real address, Terry?))

Bruce Townley
2323 Sibley St.
Alexandria, VA. 22311

Many thanks for the rat tails which I devoured this morning while sitting in the emergency room of the local hospital (one can't afford to take chances).

While I am desolated to hear that Rick Sneary didn't find the informative article by Mike Shoemaker in Le Viol Vol. 2, #409 to his liking (actually if given a choice between hearing about "British da" and tiddledywinks I'd pick the former but that's mainly morbid curiosity I guess), it is not in my line to misplease nice guys like him, but I must also note that he couldn't have been too annoyed as he didn't bother to contact me about it. Actually we have a box of Quaker Oats Grits lurking around here someplace too and so it's good to know that I'm in line with such classy cats as Peter Roberts. If grits are anything like chitterlings then it's a pretty good idea to keep em across the room, as far away as possible (I wouldn't know about either as I've, prudently I think, contented myself with only second hand evidence so far). A buddy of mine has a tape of Maureen Tucker and Jonathan Richman singing together (Richman on guitar) how fannish does that make him? Not very, as he tries to stay away from sci-fi fans as much as possible. I've got a copy of Detroit with Mitch Ryder that I'll letcha have for three bucks.

((Thanks, Bruce. The record arrived intact and playable. I now have "Rock and Roll" on 4 different albums. Is that a record I wonder? Now if only I could score some Nazz or Shangri-Las lps for such reasonable prices...))

Rick Sneary
2962 Santa Ana St.
South Gate, CA. 90280

A question came to mind while reading your regrets at not being able to return to England - yet. I wonder what the ratio of fans/pros who have gone

to Great Britain or Ireland to live for an extended time is, to Britishers who have come to No. America. It seems to me, going over names I could think of off the top of my head, that a greater number of Americans have gone, Maybe it is just that there are more of us. Most that I know who have been there, want to go back - even those who are not normally given to tourist type vacations. I know that I would dearly love to be able to go - and sublimate this desire with books and maps on G.B.

((Actually, the only place I want to go back to is London. I wouldn't live in the provinces for anything. London is like New York without the mistakes. When there my one concession to tourism was a visit to the Tower, and that only because I like tales of Death and Destruction. From living so close to the City my vision of a tourist is a jaded one of "he who pays the fare on the cable cars".))

Kevin Easthope
6 Ipsley Grove
Erdington
Birmingham B23 7SY UK

I can sympathise with your frustration over the lack of Californian fannishness - it's exactly the same here in Birmingham; sercons, sercons everywhere, but not a fmz to LoC. Terrible

isn't it? Bloody unfair.

Other fangroups Have FUN. The Rats do, the Gannets do... where are we going wrong?

Interesting to here that; "...it helps to work with Pet. Roberts."

(About Pickersgill). Hmm... something funny going on there sailor. Okay Pet?

((And there we have the new, improved Peter Roberts poofdah joke, which brings us to a short and hairy Canadian:))

Mike Glicksohn
141 High Park Ave.
Toronto, Ontario

I'm inclined to agree with your low opinion of American beers in general, but there is an ale of legendary reputation that used to be one of the best I've ever tasted. Since the brewery has changed hands the brew has deteriorated, but it's still one of the best of the indigenous American brewery products. I refer, as any trufan will already know, to that elixir of the Ghods, Ballantines IPA, favorite of such connoisseurs as Robert Silverberg, Jack Gaughan, Joe Haldeman and Mike Glicksohn. Unfortunately, IPA is available only in a few odd spots on the east coast, so you're unlikely to encounter it. Shame, because it is a wondrous brew indeed.

((Don't know if you've ever come across it in one of your jaunts out west, but there is a beer of near-legendary repute out here too. It's called Anchor Steam, comes from a small brewery in San Francisco, and is extraordinarily difficult to find. I would not be too surprised to discover that there are dozens of exquisite US beers, all unknown and unavailable outside their local areas.))

On your scale I think I'd be a dilettante's dilettante, for I no longer buy sf books, or prozinos, and I rarely read the stuff. I am still a member of the book club, though, and whenever Susan has a fanzine review column in AMAZING I pick it up, and someone gave me a copy of the first ODYSSEY, so maybe I can qualify as a fringe fan?

((Okay, but you can't attend the Worldcon.)) (I wouldn't have been on the lookout for Elwood's first turkey if Bloch hadn't tuckerized me, though. And I wonder how Bob Bloch feels when what he did in ETFF is bandied about as "tuckerisation"?)

It takes a vegetarian of Peter's calibre to be able to recognize lumpy gorilla puke from a picture. I often used to wonder why Peter made those weekly trips to the London Zoo every Monday (when admission is half-price) carrying a bucket and a feather with him, but now I know. No wonder the buggar stays so skinny: with a diet like that, I'm amazed he eats at all. ((If I recall correctly from my weeks stay at the Roberts closet, his staple is bamboo shoots and chips. Lumpy gorilla puke he saved for visiting BNFs.))

I share your approbation for English fanzines and for Leroy Kettle in particular. I nominated Leroy for the FAAN award this year and for the Hugo too, and the fact that he didn't get on either ballot shows the injustice of it all.

WAHF: PAUL WALKER who pubs Luna not Fanzine Fanatique; JERRY KAUFMAN whose musical recommendations show impeccable taste; LEECARSON; CHARLIE BROWN who only reviews zines he can be positive about; GEORGE FLYNN; JOSEPH NICHOLAS; JIM MEADOWS III who asks "Who are you?" but I'm not going to tell him; ERIC LINDSAY who also sends an itinerary for his US trip, it doesn't look as though we'll cross paths; BRIAN EARL BROWN who ~~claims~~ to be an American; and SIMON AGREE who notes that SHERYL BIRKHEAD is his teen queen and also says "Too bad Glicksohn is impotent from drink and faanishness." which seems to be a good way to end the letter column.

GUILT

Mota 18, Terry Hughes, 4739 Washington Blvd. Arlington VA 22205

Wordous, sublime, filled with wit & wisdom, facile, pleasurable, more like Egg than Egg is, brilliant, a delight, highly recommended.

twll ddu 3, Dave Langford, 22 Northumberland Av. Reading, Berkshire, RG2 7PW United Kingdom

Now this just isn't bloody fair. Another British writer who is good enough to make me realize how futile my efforts are and cause me to wonder why I don't pack it all in. If I didn't hold out some faint hope that twll ddu is an IRAK hoax I'd jump off the Bridge.

At any rate, this is mainly a rehashing of the events before his marriage and the party after. Most of it is quite funny and the party report does an amazing job of bringing it back to life. Sounds like a good party too...

Spanish Inquisition 7&8, Jerry Kaufman & Suzanne Tompkins, 880 w. 181st St. #4D, New York, NY 10033. That is Jerry's address and the editorial address. Trades should also be sent to Suzle who, according to my map of Manhattan, lives around the corner at 90 Pinehurst Ave, #5H, NY NY 10033

A huge "Special monster issue" of the best genzine around. This ish gives more of a co-edited feeling than the last one, mainly due to Suzle's presence in the lettercol. The first half of the zine is a reprint of as much as possible of the Live SpanInq they had the bright idea of holding at Balticon. At Westercon Jerry told me it came off okay too. I am not going to bother with a description of all 10 articles in the zine, they're all up to the rigorous standards set by the editors. My favorite, however, is Peter Roberts' transcription of a typical barroom conversation between an Englishman and an American. I wonder what Jerry's demonstration of the Attacking Budgie Dance was like?

Phosphene 4, Gil Gaier, 1016 Beech Ave., Torrance, CA 90501

Gil Gaier is a nice guy. Too nice if you ask me. Look, it's not as if I have anything against people being nice to each other, it's just that Gil's over-eager, saccharine style grates on my cynical nerves. The subjects Gil writes on aren't all that bad, it's just his style. Gil is also an awful artist who insists on publishing himself.

Starfire 7, Bill Breiding, 151 Arkansas St. San Francisco, CA. 04107

This is Bill playing at being a sercon fan. I became convinced at Westercon that he really isn't sercon at all. Hell, he sure doesn't act like it. This is, though, one of the better sercon/fiction zines I've seen. Bill has a good sense of layout and has made yet another "Beautiful" zine. He's also got some excellent columnists and artists. Looking at Starfire as objectively as possible I can say that it's a very good zine, it just isn't one that excites me as much as, say Mota. Bill says he wants the next ish to be more fannish which I hope will be the beginning of a trend.

MY BACK PAGES

Next ish may or may not have a Westercon report. It all depends on how much I can recall as my fiendish plot to have it all scribbled down in a notebook failed miserably when I forgot all about it. At any rate, it was a rotten con, but I had a great time.

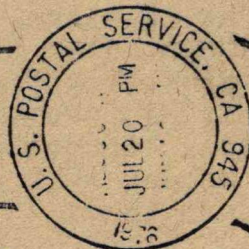
Since there haven't been any musical reccomendations yet this ish I'd better mention pretty quick that The Ramones is out. To raucous rock n roll they write such songs as "Now I Wanna Sniff Some Glue" and Texas Chainsaw Massacre. Great stuff.

This is all being mimeoed on Bill Breiding's super duper.

A final letter comes from Alan Bostick who asks "What is Ratfandom anyway?" Well, I might try and answer that if I can get permission from Greg and Roy. Or, better yet, they could answer it, since the last history of Ratfandom was 2 years ago, perhaps it is time once again.

To end this on a properly cryptic note here's Bruce Townley: "Do you bank at Bank of America when in London? Should I worry? Huh?"

Spicy 3
Rich Coad
291 Jayne Ave.
Oakland, Ca. 94610



FIRST CLASS MAIL

Joe Siclari
880 W 181ST St. #4D
New York, N.Y. 10033