

CUM BLOATUS

COMBINED WITH CHRONICLE 1

Cum Bloatus used to be the letter section of BeABohema, and since it may be a while before another issue of BeABohema is released upon the world, the letters will be brought to the public's eye in this manner. Odds and ends may be thrown in if anything comes to mind. Published by Frank Lunney at 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951. Free, in truth a supplement to/with, SYNDROME #1, or maybe even sent out before that publication sees the dark of night. Extra copies will probably be available for 25¢. Nutch Doodle Press publication 27. First stencil typed Jan. 25, 1972.

Between the time Jerry Lapidus wrote his column on GRANFALLOON and ENERGUMEN, which appeared in BAB 20, and the time it finally saw print, both Linda Bushyager and the Glicksohns published additional issues. So, from Jerry:

Late Notes.

Since I wrote that column on Energumen and Granfalloon, new issues of each have come out, and I wanted to get a few quick words in about them. In general, I'm very pleased with the changes and directions indicated, particularly in Granfalloon.

Gf 14 is far and away the most interesting and best-edited issue Linda has yet produced. Virtually everything is good or better, both written material and artwork. Bowing toward me and Jay Zaremba respectively, Linda has made definite efforts to get at least some material illustrated and tried some Essence-type layout in the lettercolumn--and both work very, very well. The lettercolumn is long, well-edited and features much more from Linda than usual; about my only major criticism of this issue is a brief, brusque editorial. Nice, very nice.

Energumen 10 is not as dramatically different from past issue, but still shows some interesting happenings. A profusion of illustrated material, mixed with the rest, is an excellent step--having everything illustrated can be as bad as having nothing illustrated, since some artists can do better work when not illustrating. Material this time is almost exclusively fannish/personal, and pretty enjoyable if undramatic. As with Gf, I could still do with a lot more from the editors, especially in the lettercolumn.

One other thing about Energumen. Since the headings on the masthead have read "Edited by Mike and coedited by Susan," I assumed that this meant Mike was the primary editor. Mike's since told me this was not the case, and that Susan has equally shared the editorial chair. So...I sincerely apologize to both for the oversight.

((This Cum Bloatus has seen many names, some of people who have appeared once, never to be seen again, and some who have been writing letters of comment all along, but none have maintained the record of Harry Warner, who can no longer be legitimately called a hermit by this era of fandom since he allegedly was present at Noreascon.))

Harry Warner, Jr. I don't want to quibble with a side issue in your conreport. But
423 Summit Ave. Tom Collins really did put out a superb issue of his fanzine. He
Hagerstown, Md. asked me for an article for a special issue devoted to August
21740 Derleth and I looked up a few facts and thought a few minutes
and wrote a couple of pages and wondered if it would ever see
print while Derleth was still a clear memory. I like to collapsed when I found myself in an enormous fanzine with superb tributes written by practically everyone who is anybody, beautifully reproduced and published in an improbably short time after Derleth's death. Now I feel like a party guest who received an invitation by mistake because I didn't have the personal acquaintance or extensive correspondence with Derleth that most of those pros who contributed could draw on to write about him. All things considered, I think it's the nicest large-scale memorial publication ever to be devoted to a fantasy figure: practically everyone writes about Derleth as a human being, not a new and faultless immortal, and this IS has me wanting to read all the mundane Derleth books that I've just glanced at in the local library.

If a swinging fellow like Bill Kunkel stands up and admits out loud that he watches the Thanksgiving parade for a while, I should have the courage to confess how at my advanced age I have a quite similar fetish about holidays. I don't think I devoted more than ten minutes to the parade this November but I would probably have gone paranoid or something if I'd missed it altogether and I couldn't watch it any longer because of the searing memory of how Bess Myerson used to kindle flames of passion within me every Thanksgiving before she got the government job. I should also confess to watching every rerun of the Peanuts Christmas special and to trying to be within view of Guy Lombardo every New Year's Eve. In fact, this time I taped some of the festivities. I'm not quite sure why, unless it was an impulse born from the semi-conviction that next December 31 will finally produce the event I've half-expected year after year: as soon as that ball descends on the Times Square tower and the new year is born, all those thousands of people in the mob instead of jumping up and down and screaming will pull brass knuckles and clubs from their pockets and swarm down the street toward the Waldorf-Astoria and break into the ballroom, crush to bloody pulp the overfed upper class people who paid entirely too much to spend New Year's Eve there, and as soon as the floor has been swept clean, Guy Lombardo will yield to the urge he's been repressing all these years and prove that he can produce from his orchestra the best rock music to be found anywhere.

Fanzines are starting to shake me badly. So is correspondence. One person after another is claiming that I never went to the Noreascon at all or that I attended but succeeded in vanishing into thin air every time someone started to talk to me, or that I'm a hoax committed by a group of ten fans. I'd say that the last theory is the weakest, simply because it would take more than ten fans to think up as many stupid things as I write and do.

I feel like Justin St. John that hotels are not the best places for big conventions. But there are various reasons why the kind of outdoor con that he visualizes wouldn't work too well: maybe fandom shouldn't have certain things in common with Republican National Conventions but it does and a Woodstock-type grok-in wouldn't suit a lot of people who normally go to big cons. I still feel that the best available compromise would be a large university campus. The people in charge of such places are more accustomed to fannish behavior than fancy, expensive hotel managements. It might be possible to have a worldcon banquet whose food would consist of

a cheap box lunch which everyone could afford; Boyd Raeburn and Bob Silverberg might need hospital treatment, since they are gourmets, but it would be better than the present inability of a lot of fans to afford an expensive formal meal.

Jerry Lapidus has a good point in his division of fanzine editors, but I would have preferred a better pair of descriptive words than active and passive: those two are semantically loaded for a lot of people, and if they came into general use, we might get too many highly specialized fanzines because few editors would have the courage to be rated passive, no matter how fine their mishmash of material might be. I frankly have no real preference between the two types of editing that Jerry describes, just as I don't really favor the faanish fanzine over the sercon type, except in a sense that the former can be read faster since it doesn't have as many bif words and it can be loced more easily because I never need to try to dig around in memory or reference books when I'm writing about the faanish material.

((That's interesting, because in the past fannish fanzines have had more than a little trouble getting a large response from their readers, and those same readers have explained it away as, "Yeah, it's good writing, blah, blah, but what can I say about it beyond that." It's a good thing you don't have that problem, Harry.))

I wish I could remember for sure if Jeff Schalles based his little story on an anachronism. I'm fairly certain that beer in cans didn't become the dominant type until after the wartime shortages of can-making metals were over. But I can't think where I could find the source of this information. And I read just the other day about a collector of beer cans who put the date of their first use at 1935, so maybe 1944 could have had these events, after all, in which case everyone should paste these three pages inside the flyleaf of All Our Yesterdays.

~~~~~  
((I've got a couple of anachronisms following. Hank Davis and Darrell Schweitzer were both a little late in posting their locs, or maybe they just felt like taking their time. Anyway, here's Hank's. He mentions doing "a slow fade from the BAB mailing list," and that's what it was. I dropped him for not responding to issues he was sent. Lately I'd noticed Hank doing some stuff, and I sent BAB 18 to see if he'd like it, or something. Turned out he'd been getting Irvin Koch's copies all along. Anyway, Hank goes into some history that's sort of interesting for his point of view:))

|             |                                                                         |
|-------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Hank Davis  | Gee, an unsolicited copy of BAB 18, coming along only a trifle more     |
| Box 154     | than three years after that similarly unsolicited firstish... The       |
| Loyall, Ky. | mailing label on my envelope is devoid of any cryptic symbols, so I     |
| 40854       | can only guess that this is sent in hopes of getting some response from |
|             | the David lout.                                                         |

Trouble is, it's somewhat harder to comment on than even that first neo-ish ish. Which has to do partly with why I did a slow fade from the BAB mailing list before...the zine started heading in a "fannish" direction and became harder to loc. And, I must admit, the relegation of my letters to the WAHF list was a slight be definite factor nudging me in this direction. Much has been written about the suffering faned who must send out fanzines by the truckload to get a few letters in response, and who is not interested in sending his zine to people who don't loc, but little note has been taken of the fan who sends out letters only to have them vanish, like feathers down a well, to steal a metaphor. Not that I want you to think that I became angry...rather, I got to feeling that I wasn't really part of the show. And there was the matter that the show was changing. You had fascinating columns by Dean Koontz and Piers Anthony and enjoyable fuggheaded reviews by "Faith Lincoln." Nowadays you got...hm, letseherenow...flip, flip, ah, Arnie Katz - forget that; ah,



Entropy Reprints--I'm tempted to say, forget that, but the Bok article, at least, was good; Jay Kinney cartoons--forget that... Ah, but then fannish fandom is not where my heart is. Being sercon to the core, I miss the book reviews. But at least you have apparently dropped the record reviews with the book reviews. Mainly, I liked the old BAB better, feuds and all notwithstanding.

Jeff Schalles' piece was good fun until the last line. Using a real fan's name--I don't care if it was Stephen E Pickering--was in very poor taste. (Dangerous, too--if he ever uses my name that way, he'll find out just how dangerous...)

((Let's just say that one other person had the same objection, but I didn't find it to be in such poor taste. Which simply means, to the simpletons among you, that I have poor taste. Darrell Schweitzer agrees in his following loc on BAB 18, in which the Schalles article appeared:))

Darrell Schweitzer      ...my major objection lies with the Schalles article. It is  
113 Deepdale Rd.      first of all a rather mediocre piece of writing unworthy of  
Strafford, Pa. 19087      its subject matter (really, a tremendous amount could and should  
be written on the myths that fans live by, but Jeff ain't dun  
it) and its final line is simply a piece of uncalled for slander. Not only that,  
it is dangerous for your sake.

I personally will not allow abuse in my own pages, and if you do that's your business. However, for purely practical reasons you should limit this to things that you can't get sued for. Now what Jeff has essentially done is call Pierce a homosexual in print, for which both you and he are responsible. If Pierce wanted to raise a stink he could sue you for defamation of character and he could win, provided the case wasn't thrown out of court for being too trivial. If it actually was tried you wouldn't stand the slightest chance. All ethical considerations aside, a little caution wouldn't hurt.

((In the future, all material printed in my fanzines will be gone over by a team of lawyers who will check out all the legal angles involved. Yessir.))

\*

\*

Bruce D. Arthurs      Thanks for BEABOHEMAS 19 and 20. I see that Terry Hughes has  
815 n. 52nd St. #21      mentioned me in the letter column. A lot of things have hap-  
Phoenix, Ariz.      pened to me since I joined fandom; Jeff Glencannon's insulted  
85009      me in GRANFALLOON, I've started up a fanzine, GODLESS, and have  
folded it after two issues because I've joined the Army (and I  
bet you thought BAB wouldn't arrive in time for me to plague you with another letter. Should have waited another week, Frank!), I've gotten involved with a highly entertaining (to me at least) exchange of sociological comments with Bob Vardenan, and Harry Warner suspects I'm a Jack Speer hoax! And now I'm being mentioned in the letter columns of Important Fanzines! Can it be...is it possible...AM I ACTUALLY BECOMING A BIG NAME FAN? Hot Damn! Gosh wow! Chuckling Clams! Whee-e-e-e-e.

((Yes, Bruce, as far as I'm concerned you are a BNF.))

Hell, I knew you were just joshing me with your reply to my letter, Frank! The reason I knew is because it's physically impossible to shoot off just the gas tank of a Volkswagen speeding away from you with a shotgun. I tried it out on the freeway, just to be sure, and of the 68 VWs I destroyed, I only hit the gas tank on one, which blew up and burned anyway.

I have just about decided to cease and desist my loud and semi-coherent arguments against drug use. Not because I believe it's okay (NEVER!!), but because it seems to be useless. I am terribly discouraged by the dumb shits who try one puff



of grass and then say that all drugs should be legalized. It seems that my lone voice is drowned out by their damned mumblings.

Hell, there's a rehabilitation facility for hard core addicts about 50-60 miles from here. It only holds about 30 people and two of them are people I used to know personally! How many other people I knew aren't able to get treatment, or don't want treatment? How many of them are dead? The whole damn drug scene makes me sick, and I mean ache-in-the-gut, dry-heaves, physically sick. You can have it, and frankly, whenever I read about someone dead from an OD from now on, I'll be glad.

((Gee, I hope you don't expect to win the Big Heart Award at LACon this year, Bruce.))

By the way, the covers on BAB 20 stunk. I've never seen such rotten-looking things in my life. It wouldn't have been too bad if there had been two things left out: the red ink and the black ink.

((Thank you for that quick & dirty in-depth criticism.))

((I decided letters in this final installment of CM should have letters grouped together in some non-random fashion. Like, Hank Davis and Darrell Schweitzer both said a few things (actually they said a lot of things, but I printed a few things) on BAB 18. So, on the heels of the preceding words of wisdom, I present Bruce D. Arthur's ideological colleague:))

Justin St. John      Before your readers conclude that I am even stranger than they  
2760 Crescent Dr.      thought I was, permit me to explain: page 17 of my column, "Con-  
Yorktown, N.Y.      fessions," was printed, at least in my copy, where page 16 should  
10598      have appeared...and, naturally enough, vice-versa. To add con-  
                         fusion to Chaos, the error--since the resulting (mix-up) copy,  
by coincidence, makes a kind of Dali-esque sense, might go undetected by your more  
Unperceptive, not to mention Intoxicated, readers. A word to the Mentally Indigent  
is sufficient...

((I could explain it all by saying the result was an experiment in layout, but it wasn't, really. I just made a mistake. It took a while to pry the nails from my palms, but everything is ok now.))

There is really nothing much to say about Darrell Schweitzer's article, or Bill Kunkel's column--except that I guess you can call this kind of thing prime examples of the "new fannishness"...mediocrity that Melts In Your Mind. I mean, if someone has had a boring experience, it should follow that writing about it is going to bore the readers even more than it bored the author. And the Moral of this story, boys & girls, seems to be that it's Hard to be Interesting & Controversial, it's Harder to be Fascinatingly Fannish...and even Harder to keep everyong from nodding out altogether.

((I wish you'd stop fucking around with your damn capital letters, Justin.))

Dear Harry Warner: Why don't you admit that you don't know absinthe from meth-a done, and let it go at that??? 1) Marijuana has no harmful physical side-effects that anyone has been able to discover. It contains no nicotine, and no poisons, and I challenge you or anybody to prove otherwise. As for LSD: pure LSD is now practically non-existent, and virtually impossible to get on the black market. Today, if you drop a tab, what you are dropping is very likely a raunchy combination of LSD-25, speed, mescaline, strychnine, and a lot of other shit. Since LSD has to be manufactured underground--just like junk, some forms of mescaline, and nearly all the other strong psychedelics--its chemical content consists of whatever the manufacturer had on hand at the moment, plus a little lysergic thrown in for good measure. So, if you're saying that the substance marketed as LSD has harmful side-effects, you're



right. However, real LSD--minus the crap--has no demonstrable harmful side-effects. There have been allegations concerning "possible" chromosome breakage, but then again, there have been similar allegations concerning masturbation, rock music, and the Copernican concept of the solar system...all unproven. As far as "willingness to accept the real world" goes; if you consider the real world to be all drudgery which drugs can make exciting, then you're right. Of course, the same would go for any amusement; anything that detracts from drudgery and routine is illusory, and therefor Bad, because after an exciting experience you don't want to go back to work at IBM. It happens that I don't have a dull, boring, routine life; drugs, for me, are not an escape...they just add a little more color.

And as far as I'm concerned, if someone does lead a boring, dull existence, something had better get them out of The Rut, and it might just as well be drugs; why should anybody be willing to accept anything less than what they are capable of...? But we've heard all this before, haven't we, fen? We are probably tired of hearing them...I know I am. How unfortunate for all of us that some people have to clothe their irrational moral objections to things in the vestments of Medical Concern (not to mention Medical Ignorance--and I won't mention it if you won't). Repetition is the mother of disinterest. Got that, Harry...?

((I was wondering, as I sat here at my typewriter, how this whole discussion got started again in the first place...or the second place, actually. It was all finished around BAB 9 by Ted White in reply to a letter from Robert E Margroff, and here we are again...))

The cover of BAB 20 I initially abhorred; upon closer inspection I realized that the black background fucked up whatever esthetic appeal the rest of Flinchbaugh's rendering might have had...it looked like someone had dropped an ink bottle over a somewhat interesting drawing and decided to print it anyway. The lettering was eye-catching, and I thought the informality of the whole thing plus the color had a great effect...as an experiment, although not entirely successful, it points in an interesting, potentially fruitful direction. Keep it up.

The "Bellowings" format was a fantastic idea, solving the continuity problem quite neatly. The rest of the interior illos were equally well done--it's such a relief to see some kind of graphics other than boxlike cartoons and scattered upchucks from fannish doodle-pads--with the exception of the Hubbard column illo--the only problems being bad reproduction of excellent artwork and excellent reproduction of unimaginatively scrawled lettering.

\*

\*

\*

Dave Hulvey  
Rt 1, Box 198  
Harrisonburg, Va.  
22801

I'll vouch for the fact that you handed Mike a copy of BAB at the Worldcon. I even saw you do it. I can't imagine what happened to it. Maybe he spilled IPA on it, thus causing the type to become illegible. He shouldn't feel bad about it, I suppose, for I had a few too many tokes on the Mike McInerney Memorial

Pipe and in so doing misplaced for eternity such priceless artifacts as a Brad Bal-four fanzine and my con membership badge.

Tom Collins cornered me in a bathroom at Philcon. He was at his best on the toilet. Yes, heavy raps just seemed to flow from the man in a diarrheic spasm. I could hardly get a profundity, much less a pithy epigram, in edgewise. I'm sorry to hear that Jeff Schalles was also treated to the verbal intricacies of his bheer lubricated oratorical form. I must have consumed more than a six-pack to stave off utter boredom. When he got into his antiacid rap, well, I was desperate for a way out. I too escaped, and will ponder the reason for ox-carts and fieldposts in December when doing mc's on various Collins zines in apas on which we are mutually inflicted.



John (I refuse to use the St. any more. He is not a Catholic Saint, not a visiting deity, or even a member of royalty. I hesitate to surmise what he really is...) is his usual self. That is to say, still on his utterly passe persecuted hippie trip that would've looked wilted in '68. Both his article and LoC (especially the LoC) show he is grossly arrogant, ideologically irrational and inconsistent, rhetorically banal, prone to use a ton of propaganda when a pinch of distortion and half-truth would do and just plain silly.

((What is it about me that causes people to carry on in my fanzine like this? Gee...))

Jerry's fanzine review col has evolved into something more. I'm not exactly sure what it's become, but it's very, very fine, whatever it is. The whole conceptual package of active and passive faneds is a bit hard to swallow at first, but he convinces me after the interesting and insightful commentary he has used to explain your zine, Linda's and Mike's. I don't quite agree with him about ENER, but it was one of the best--if not the best--critiques I've ever seen of a fanzine anytime, anywhere. However, after his pointed references to a zine I once thought could do no wrong--NERG--and his illumination of the fact that it too has deficiencies, well, I despair for my own shoddy product, AFAN. Hell, if the problems of NERG and Gf are such, what can I, a lowly neofaned, hope to do with my own enterprise. It all brings me down, really down.

I wish to apologize if I seem overly hard on Bill Kunkel re his comments on the Golden Age. Y'see, I've been hurt before when promised events--both in and out of fandom, didn't occur on schedule or didn't occur at all. I'm sure my words, ill-chosen as they were, reflected psychic defense mechanisms on my part. He's right, friends, the Golden Age is here. I only hope we're sufficiently aware of the fact to savor it to its fullest.

\*

\*

\*

Rick Stoker      I was a little startled by Harry Warner's loc; it is the strongest  
1205 Logan St.    stand I've ever seen him make on drugs in a fanzine. Well, Harry,  
Alton, Ill.        you have the privilege not to use drugs you don't want to but it's  
62002                annoying to hear that old saw about losing the willingness to accept  
                      the real world.

I won't go into any Bishop Berkeley, Philip Dick speculation about what the "real world" is--I saw why accept it? Prisoners are not criticized for wanting to get out of prison--though if they're smart they act pacified and get a parole--and soldiers in POW camps are expected to stay there if they can help it.

Of course, it is possible to escape so much you don't enjoy the good things in life, either. And while this escape is entirely possible with drugs, many people choose other routes: food, money, status, cars, health, knuckle cracking, gambling, a job, power, sex, sports, books and hobbies--especially fandom.

I have nothing but respect for all you have accomplished in fandom--and that is considerable. But I can't help but feel your devotion to fandom is misplaced and is your own unwillingness to accept the real world. Furthermore, your absence from conventions until twenty-five years after entering fandom indicate that you're reluctant to deal with fans face to face, as people rather than names on paper.

I don't mean to sound harsh. I am being critical, but mainly because I have to fight the same tendency to let paper fanac cut into my social life and my ambitions. And reading AH, SWEET IDIOCY a month ago made me realize more than ever how you can let fandom fuck up the rest of your life.



((It's been a pretty long while since I typed any stencils for this Cum Bloatus. A couple of months, in fact. My intention right now is to keep this thing less than 10 pages. Stick around and watch me make it.

Mike Glicksohn has at many times in his illustrious career commented on the faneditor who trades for a publication with another faneditor of a Hugo nominated fanzine, the latter losing the fanzine of the former, but not vice versa. Naturally, I wince at such distinctions. Here are parts of the longest loc Mike Glicksohn has ever written to BeABohema:))

Mike Glicksohn                      I do have vague memories of your giving me the issue I missed.  
32 Maynard Ave. #205              What must have happened is that I didn't hide it away properly  
Toronto 150, Ont.                  ly and one of the many visitors to the suite decided he could  
Canada                              use an issue of BAB more than I could. One of my worries as  
                                        far as hosting parties is concerned is that I'll get ripped  
off by some inconsiderate fan. I don't have much money or any expensive camera  
equipment or anything like that, but my room at a con generally does contain some  
quite valuable artwork and a large collection of fanzines I've accumulated during  
the con. Either would be damned hard to replace and it would only take one such  
rip off to get me to say Fuck It, and go to other people's parties. Too many fans  
unfortunately show damn little consideration for the people who are willing to host  
a party; which may be another reason for the almost total elimination of the open  
party.

As for Schweitzer's piece, I'm amazed at the candor with which he admits in print just how much of a schmuck he is. It's refreshing to see someone warn you in advance that if you ever make any arrangements with him he'll do his absolute best to screw you in the ear so he comes up smelling like roses. Yes, that Joe was a pretty pathetic character all right, Darrell; yup, you really showed him up for what he was; fandom can rest easy knowing we have stalwarts like you around to expose all the neurotic twits for what they are. Thanks a lot for the warning, fella.

Justin St. John's AM SWEET IDIOCY "Confessions..." had a rather familiar ring to it. Justin is yet another of those outraged "with it" types who demand at the top of their lungs the right to live their own lifestyle, while in the same breath denying that right to anyone who doesn't share their worldview. Justin will proclaim with obvious pride how free he is off the artificial restrictions that bind the Silent Majority and he'll boast of how uncompromising he is in his refusal to let the square world encroach upon him. But let anyone else desire the same "freedom" and good old enlightened Justin starts heaping on the scorn and abuse. For Justin and his friends, Live and Let Live is strictly a one way street. Well tough shit, Justin St. John, it's time you grew up a little. Evidently, the confrontation you describe in the Pittsburgh party showed a lack of maturity on both sides, but if you can't tell that your own attitude is just the mirror image of that of the girl who so bothered you, then you're in a bad way. I've smoked a lot of dope with quite a few people in fandom but I'd never force anyone else to do so, nor would I endanger anyone else by smoking in their room without their approval. Hell, with all the dope at cons nowadays, there's no need for that sort of thing! And I'm aware that a lot of people in fandom overreact to the whole dope situation; but deliberate provocation isn't the answer. Abuse never converted anyone. Tolerance is the answer, and I get equally disgusted at the intolerant straights as I do at the intolerant heads.

I think Jerry Lapidus's distinction between "active" and "passive" editors is basically valid although perhaps a little oversimplified. He seems to imply that us "passive" editors will print inferior material because we can't get anything better: as far as I am concerned, the material I've printed has all been material



I wanted to print, and, "passive" or not, well more than half of my material has been specifically requested by me. I think Jerry's putting on blinkers by refusing to accept the creation of a top-quality genzine as an active process. He almost seems to feel that an editor has to restrict his sights and narrow his range before he can be creative; naturally, I'd disagree. But then Jerry and I do disagree on most fundamental concepts of fanzine publishing; and since it's all so subjective, I'm not going to argue with him about it.

Jerry can't think of anyone who doesn't like me???!!! Try Justin St. John after he reads this letter, maybe? (Although he may fool me and practice some of the tolerance I talked about.) But some day I'll probably have to write an article like Harry Warner's in LOCUS about all the fights I've had and all the people who spit upon hearing my name. Thanks for the compliment, Jerry, but I'm afraid it's somewhat unwarranted.

\*

\*

\*

Greg Shaw      I guess I've been basically a passive editor with METANOIA. Though  
64 Taylor Dr.   I never got much outside material, I never rejected any either that  
Fairfax, Ca.    I can remember. Of course METANOIA never claimed to be a genzine, so  
94930            it doesn't really fall into Jerry's classifications. WPTB on the  
                 other hand, which most fans haven't seen though you and Jerry have,  
is an actively edited fanzine, and I'd have to say it constitutes my major fanac.  
I have as serious an interest in music as some fanatical serconists have in SF, and  
WPTB is a very sercon fanzine in fannish terms, though not compared to the other  
rock fanzines. I put meticulous care into planning themes for each issue, develop-  
ing a stable of writers I can call on for just the article I need, finding illos  
to match the articles, etc. To me, the amount of effort I put into a fanzine seems  
to depend on how interested I am in the material being published. That might apply  
to other faneds, too, I'll have to think about it.

Anyway, it occurred to me that there's another way of editing fanzines that's  
a sort of combination of Lapidus's two approaches, but I see he touches on that in  
#20. That is to let material accumulate until you have a fairly large backlog and  
then put the material together in a way that appears as if you'd gone to great  
lengths to plan the contents of the issue. For instance, while I've spent most  
of the last year hustling articles on different early English rock groups for a  
couple of special issue, I've been accepting all sorts of other material for future  
use. Finding a need to put out a quickie issue to get certain advertising money  
that would only be available that month, I looked at my files and found I had about  
6 articles in roughly the same subject area. Voila! A theme issue, with absolutely  
no planning. This may have been what Glicksohn did with the special double issue  
of ENERGUMEN.

\*

\*

\*

Terry Hughes    I enjoyed your conreport but I don't know how much to believe,  
407 College Ave. if you know what I mean, you old falsehood teller you. Recently  
Columbia, Mo.    the Liars Club gave their liar of the year award to a man in Wis.  
65201            whose lie was: "I remember back several years ago when the Green  
                 Bay Packers had a kick returner who was so fast that the officials  
often called 'roughing the kicker' on him." Personally I feel that doesn't come  
anywhere near most of the things fandom's own FL comes up with. I feel that any  
Lunney Lie might win that award. Meanwhile back at my paragraph: so I don't know  
how much of what you said about Tom Collins was true. Somehow I get the feeling  
that most of it was, though. I know at cons I tend to meet several people who seem  
to leech themselves to me and bore me for long periods of time. I quickly learn  
how to avoid them, however.



Mike Glyer                Being your standard guilt-ridden fan I naturally have to apologize for liking the St. John material over the rest of the zine; 14974 Osceola St. after all I just got a haircut three days ago and have not yet Sylmar, Ca. 91345 cultivated the finer things in life (such behaviorisms as pot and drugs). But then like Schweitzer said, most of fanzine fandom is on paper and what you don't know you don't know (it doesn't affect one way or the other). And as long as I don't run off at the keys in this letter about "Ohmigoodness Martha, he said drugs is good fun! Why that pot-puffing pill-popping prevent!" I don't suppose you'll fling it out the window. Justin has his style of patter down to an unexpectedly coherent essay style and I've got to hand it to him. So here it is, Justin...

Closing volley: Justin's patter (to wit, a deliberately cobbled together vocabulary which is both out of the usual and uses its unusualness to carry the point, like a barker's call, a salesman's pitch, a gambler's talk) begs to have a psychology read into it. I know a couple of people who could pass for Justin on paper: one of them is a young woman of rather dubious sanity, the other is a male high schooler who uses a 7-Up can for a hash pipe. How sincere is Justin? His aggressive take-me-or-leave-me writing is a front, but for what?

\*

\*

\*

Darrell Schweitzer       Justin St. John might be interested in a case that occurred 113 Deepdale Rd. at the PSFS a couple of years ago. Fan X was smoking pot at Strafford, Pa. 19087 a meeting. Everyone objected on the grounds that the police might raid, thus involving those who didn't want to take the risk X was in this "illegal" matter. However, there was a slight clarification: At this time the club was meeting at the YMCA and had there been a raid we would have surely been thrown out. It could have left the group without a meeting place for quite a while. X was merely being inconsiderate, and the objections came as much from those who did use assorted drugs as those who didn't.

One thing in Justin's letter that makes a good deal of sense that should be heeded by all: fannishness can and is getting out of hand. If everyone tries his hand at it the result will be a lot of very boring material that relates nothing to anyone save the author and a few friends. I have a rather good set of the old ORION, a leading British faanzine of the famed 1950's fannish golden age. For a while it went great, with material by most of the leading writers of the day, but after a while (and an editor change) the material stopped concerning even fandom and was just a bunch of "a curious thing happened the other day" type things. Small talk, with the only decent things being a couple articles by someone who had lately visited the USSR and some humorous stories about cops by John Berry. There were other good things scattered through, but it still went overboard with the fannishness and declined as a result.

That was just a small scale example of what will probably happen to the entire "fannish trend" in not more than five years. It won't just decline, it'll collapse under its own weight, and all the good fannish writing will go with it. It indeed looked like a good thing, as Justin said, but I have a sneaking suspicion that all these artificial and strained attempts to be fannish will lead to disaster. I might add that in my own opinion the reason for this is the ridiculous myth that good fannish writing doesn't have to be about anything, just entertainingly told. Well, first of all, most fan writers aren't as good as the great of the past, and secondly if you look closely you'll see that all the really good fannish articles are about something! Too many writers today try and pass off as fannishness things that just aren't worth writing about.