



Richard Elmslaugh

BEABOHEMA 11

This is the 11th issue of BeABohema, the Hugo nominated fanzine. Keep those checks coming in, yeah. BAB is available for all the usual reasons, and beginning with this issue, I'll actually tell you why your getting this issue. A letter will appear after your name, and the breathless explanation is as follows: T--we trade; C--you're a contributor; L--you have a letter in this issue; a number following your name is the last issue you have on your sub; S--this is a sample issue and it would be nice if you did something to get the next one, or else you might not get it, but then again, you might get it again; X--last issue you'll get unless you do something (in many cases it's just a threat; in other cases I mean it: have fun guessing which case you are); A--I have some of your artwork and Will Be Using it soon; A?--contribute some artwork, please; M--you're mentioned. And everyone, think of contributing, even if you don't have any special code or number or anything. I could use almost anything. That I like as of now, that is. Everyone, you have been warned.

After September 8 my address will be P.O. Box 551, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa. 18015. Ignore the last address I mentioned, in the last issue. It may work, but I'm not too sure. And mail will eventually reach me if addressed to 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951, but it may take a while.

BAB is published monthly, sometimes. This is the special Back to School issue. Monetary contributions are 50¢ an issue, and back issues #s 3 through 10 are available; 10 is 50¢ and the rest are 60¢ each. 3 and 4 are almost depleted, the supplies, that is. This is Aug. 30, 1970, two days after my 18th birthday. Oh happy days!

This is Duytsch Nödle Press Mark II publication 16.

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And the special two page, two letter Cum Bloatus on page 11.

The art is by Dan Osterman--1, 10, L3; Jeff Schalles--3; Jeff Cochran--5; Frank Johnson--7; Jim McLeod--8, R5; Grant Canfield--11, 13, 12; Mike Gilbert--11a, 11b, 11c, 11d, 13, 15, R2; Mike Symes--R4; Brad Balfour--11. And the cover is by Dick Flinchbaugh.

Next issue will be out sometime. I expect a Paul Hazlett article, tentatively entitled



BELLOWINGS

This issue of BeABohema will undoubtedly look a little different from past issues. And hopefully it won't look at all like the last issue, which has to rank as the all-time worst BAB I've ever put out. So, to deal with the switch, I'll talk about:

THEM CHANGES A few months ago, a copy of NOPE, from Jay Kinney, arrived, and in his column, John Berry used song titles as division points throughout the relation of his adventures in New York on New Year's Eve. I was struck with his choice of songs at points in the monolog; struck so much that I've decided to do the same thing. I feel quite safe, seeing that neither NOPE nor John's column are copyrighted. Neither is this fanzine, by the way.

NOPE was only the first of the fanzines I started getting that finally influenced me to try and change what was going on/down in BAB. The first issue I received from Jay came last November. It was only one standout, though; it was a fanzine of a kind all alone, or at least it seemed to me. I wasn't receiving EGOBOO, until after NOPE, and when it did come EGOBOO simply added to the feelings I was experiencing as a result of reading something that wasn't trying to imitate SFR. Then FOCAL POINT started. But the camel that broke the straw's back was METANOIA. For some reason, it knocked me out. Swiftly on the heels of MET was another NOPE, and then an EGOBOO, and FOCAL POINT kept coming all the time, and I found myself rushing to the mailbox eagerly, searching for a fanzine in the class of that group. I found they were very few, but I also knew that BAB was never in that class and would never be near it. I'm going to try, though, and that's what this is all about.....

I'M LOSING YOU Because of the controversy, I found I was losing readers and friends as well as gaining compatriots, as it were. The last issue of BAB, #10, has thus far drawn two locs, and both commented on what downs were to be gained from reading it. That's what I'd try to avoid in the future. A fanzine should be fun to read, and for my sake, it should be fun to publish, rather than a pain in the ass and something that's thought of more as a duty than of a hobby.

And now it looks like the fringy types are sending in their sticky money for sample issues of BAB after the curse of the Hugo nomination. In one sense, it may be good, in that I'm getting rid of some of those issues, and it won't hurt if I want to continue putting out this fanzine. But in another sense it may continue the worshipful attitudes that have been accompanying hatred for the past year. But I suppose good and bad will come from all things.

DO WHAT YOU LIKE So, though I know that immediately I'll be losing even more people because of the shift, and probably loads of material, I feel it'll turn out to be a better thing. But that "material" problem has kept me back for a long while. "Where would I get a fanzine if I didn't publish controversial stuff?" I thought. Now I don't care where I get it. Or if I get it. But it would do my heart good if I were to succeed in what I'm trying to do.

Jeff Smith, a few issues ago, or in a letter, asked what I did like, if I was becoming bored with what I was publishing. Well, now, I'm interested in almost everything, but not many of you can do wrong if you start talking about music. Or that festival that was stopped in your neighborhood. Or the weird professor. Or the roof that fell in the time you were tripping in your living room.

I'm not hard to please.

And neither, obviously, are the people who made the Hugo nominations in the fan categories this year.

I ALMOST CUT MY HAIR Now, many of you don't know it, but I have longer than



a crew cut, but shorter than shoulder length. But it's growing longer, and it was with some note of surprise that last week, as I was just finishing a thorough shampoo, my mother said, "You're going to get that hair cut before you go to school, aren't you?"

"No," I immediately answered, for I saw no reason why I should either get it cut or subsidize barbers who invariably seek revenge on any individual's head when that person's hair shows that he hasn't made his regular fortnightly visit to The Chair.

"Oh yes you are!" she said, almost as without thought as I had answered her question.

"Why?"

"Because I said you were, that's why!"

"That's what I thought," I mumbled into the running water.

er."

"What'did you say?"

"THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT!" I screamed with a little more than a small note of sarcasm.

And I knew that even my mother had become infected with Notsolong Fever. It's easy to spot people who have come down with the sickness. They're the ones who will stare at long hair on a male while attempting to walk at the same time. Inevitably, they trip through a window or knock over some store displays, and come up condemning the whole world of youth to the nether regions.

I've worked at a pizza stand for the last couple of years. (When I started working at this place, incidentally, I was sporting a crew cut.) As anyone who works with people who come back week after week (as pizza addicts do, all the while bitching about how the pizza tastes like shit or the coke tastes like turpentine), we tagged certain people with nicknames, not knowing what their real names really were, nor especially caring. Typical names are Superman, Big Mouth, Little Mouth, Badger, Fishbowl Eyes, Turtle Head and recently we've named Hard Hat.

Rural Pennsylvania isn't a bad place to live, if you can get away from the bigots and shitheads. And for the most part, if you come near them once in a while, they'll be too embarrassed to say anything. The Farmer's Market (the place where the pizza stand is) is where people come to shop at one time or another, and it has something for almost everyone. So, naturally, freaks aren't an unusual sight walking up and down the aisles.

The most fun, though, is watching the expressions of people who watch the freaks. A favorite game of the people who work with me (and of myself) is to berate

people who in any way put down the hippies who come into the store. Not the most friendly of games, perhaps, but it makes bigots think a bit.

About ten kids were in a group, and my boss (the catalyst bigot) went into his speech of "You can't tell the boys etc." And then he started talking about me.

His avid listener apparently dug everything he said, saying all the degenerates should be forced to get their hair chopped off. My boss told him about me, I read science fiction (obviously, from the opinions of people around here, sf is communist propaganda with all the trimmings; in fact, anyone who reads anything is immediately suspected of subversive activity.

"He's going to Lehigh University, ya know, he's going right up there, he's pretty smart." Lehigh is some kind of status school, I think. It's small, mostly for engineering types, and costs some bundle.

And with careful thought, the other answered, "Yeah, but look at his hair."

And he was, within seconds, dubbed Hard Hat, and he gets as much trouble from the three of us at the pizza stand as we can give him.

As another example, Alexei Panshin comes down to the market a lot, every week when he's home, and he comes by and we talk a while. My boss, upon noticing the hair of a leaving, Alexei, asked, "What's his name, Houdini?"

Wiseacre Bruce (whose real name is Gary) said, "No, that's Alex Panshin, the famous writer."

"His name may be Alex, but he looks like he's Harry to me," was the answer shot back.

In a few weeks I'll know where my mother fits in comparison to Hard Hat, Boss and the other rather possessive souls inhabiting this section of the country. I'll see how hard Notsolong Fever has struck her.

FLASH! She read what I wrote above, and her inspirational line was: "You don't have to wait a few weeks, you can put her down as Hard Hat right now!" Big thrill.

THE RUMOR Yesterday I received in the mail a copy of RADICAL AMERICA and an accompanying letter from the editor, Paul Buhle, telling me about an upcoming issue which will be devoted to sf, mentioning that it would be put out in the style of a fanzine so the 3,500 (paid) readers of RA could become familiar with fandom.

I believe I've just come from a line of BABs devoted in large part to the politics of sf fandom, and can just see the influx which might result from the straight-laced leftists joining the ranks of fandom, seeing it as a perfect nesting ground from which the revolution might spring anew and refreshed with heartier legions than ever before. That was the first thought.

But then I thought about the YIPPIES who might read that magazine. Gifted with the absurd nature needed by any fannish person, the introduction of the fun-style-revolutionaries might do some good for fandom. Surely, most fannish types feel an empathy with Abbie Hoffman when he pulls over some hoax on the whole of the nation, convincing everyone that he's serious when he says he's going to fill a reservoir with acid or that he wanted to escort Grace Slick to a college reunion.

In METANOIA #6 Terry Carr remarked: "The thing about the fannish revival that's trying to get itself together these days is that there are some good fanzines and decent writers (John Berry, Arnie Katz, Greg Shaw), but we don't have a new, enthusiastic fannish fan who's a Giant Talent." If some of the revolutionary spirit



"Did somebody
mention pistachio-
nut Ice cream?"

put into some of the activities of guerilla theater were to be channeled into fannish writing, think of the inroads that could be made in all of fandom. If other changes were to be made on the order of putting writing first, a whole new Renaissance could take place. Can you see Jerry Rubin writing a convention report? Whatever happened to the bid Chicago was making for 1973?

By the way, the rumor that fandom's creation planned in a smoke-filled room on the eve of the Russian Revolution is entirely unfounded.

SEVERAL SPECIES OF SMALL FURRY ANIMALS GATHERED TOGETHER IN A CAVE AND GROOVING WITH A PICT If you don't know who Bob Shaw is,

send in, at this very moment, one dollar, a buck, \$1 and get the special issue of BeABohema which will be devoted to Bob Shaw. Because, friends, that's the only way you're going to get it.

Arnie Katz and rich brown have organized this project, and it sounds beautiful. The goal of \$1,000 will be reached, yes it will be reached, and fandom had better get to work on it. Any number of fanzines will be participating in the project; and for news of everything going on, subscribe to FOCAL POINT (Arnie Katz, Apt. 3-J, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201. 6/\$1) and be In The Know.

A line-up of stars hard to believe will be gathered together to this issue of BAB, which is sure to become a collector's item in the future Archives of Fandom. And for you to be without yours... Well, it would be nothing short of Disaster.

\$1,000. That's not too much. Not at all. Like, if only 200 people could help out, or 20 faneds, or the Ford Foundation, why, it would go right over.

And remember. The only way you can get a copy of this issue is to put down the \$1 in front of me. That's it... And if you, you reading this at the moment, think you're going to be left out, think again.

CALL ME ANIMAL Quakertown, being the rural town it is, has its share of people who don't know what the hell is going on. Quakertown also has a paper published five times a week. This paper also has a mailbag. It's what people write to to get things of their chests, and the narrow-minded among the city's population find it a favorite place to have opinions published, uninformed as they may be.

The past three weeks have been more hectic than usual, for reasons concerning drug use around town, jds prowling around at night, nothing to do around town and the usual problems any small town experiences. I thought most of the letters amusing and ridiculous. And, with the bit of Faith Lincoln behind me; I decided to get a letter from Another Quakertown Mother published in the paper, parodying past letters in the paper. (And in any big city paper, for that matter.) The masterpiece follows:

Today in your paper I read the letter from the Quakertown mother who knew exactly what to do with her children. And after reading the highly informative let-

ter from the very admirable lady I knew exactly what to do: write this letter. And I hope you print it to get the proper ideas to other people in the Quakertown area who possibly are unaware of what is happening in the Quakertown area.

To put it simply: the Communists have found they can create havoc in the city schools (aided and abetted in New York by leftist-leaning politicians and throughout the country by similar people who would rather see this country fall before the threat of overseas heathen than keep on the righteous path it has been following for the past two centuries) and they have moved to the suburbs, finding Quakertown a fit place to begin a base of subversive operations.

My boy knows it's going on. And he wonders why the authorities are allowing it to go on in our good town. He tells me that in the last month of school, communists were hard at work trying to organize students, and actually came through with a cafeteria boycott. Well, I think if the communists can't eat the food in our schools, they can start their own lunch programs and sell radishes or some similar food they would all love to eat.

Also, word of a "sit on the grass" campaign came through to me. Those hippies were probably high on grass to begin with and are trying to spread it throughout the previously clean city. This dope didn't start coming into our city until a few months ago when the long-haired types who never take a bath came to town.

And as I always say, "Dope for dopes." I recognized many high school dropouts on the petition. Why can't there be a law in this state making young people stay in school until they graduate? There would be fewer troublemakers running around.

When I was a child, we didn't cavort all around like these children do nowadays. It used to be that gasoline was rationed. Now the shopping center hoods can drive 100 miles and more and get into trouble right at home here. We didn't used to have all this dope around to fry our brains; A little alcohol, but that was just a kick. And besides, our livers were at stake, and we didn't get behind the wheel of a car as soon as we were high and go down the highway 130 miles an hour as was demonstrated a few short weeks ago.

Our big time came on Halloween. But the most we did was knock over a neighborhood outhouse. Look at those destroying campus buildings left and right. If they want to fight, why don't they go to Vietnam where they can kill anyone they want to? Schools don't matter there? And killing some rotten Viet Cong would help their country as well. Or maybe they don't want to help their country. Maybe they just want to change it. Better to kill a 2-year-old child in Vietnam than wait for him to grow up and kill one of our sons.

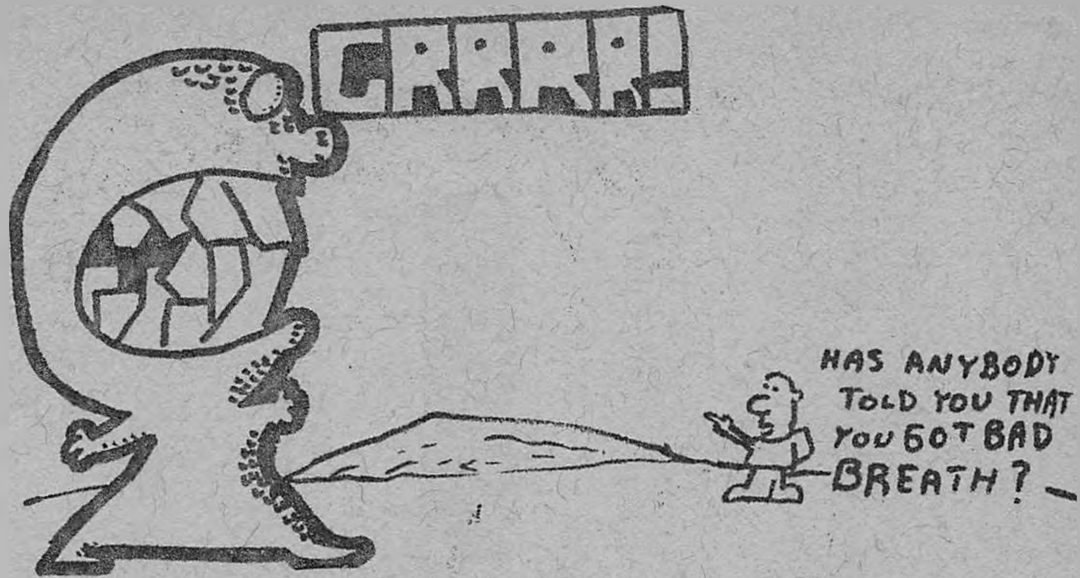
So, what we need in this city is a curfew. Even 11 o'clock is too late. Who has business being out that late in the first place? Perhaps a more Christian hour.

Then, we need city ordinances against bare feet on the streets or in town. It can't be stopped in the countryside, but in the city we can stop the hippies from congregating and despoiling our city's beauty.

Next, rid the school system of the subversives who are always teaching the innocent babes in school about the bad parts of our country's history. It's a great country and the greatness should be taught. The pioneer is the real hero in this country; and rightly. One man against thousands of savage Indians deserves to be honored, not downgraded as "history" teachers are apt to do today.

Stop the communists in the school. The Bolsheviks were hard at work in the school system of Russia in 1915, and that's why they won the revolution. We're letting these subversives run rampant in our systems. Clear the system, as with the body, and we'll live a far happier life.

We need to have a stop put to some particularly dangerous movies in our theaters lately. We have the children worshiping hippie-radical-subversives, and they'll grow up to be the same. Also, the nudity is disgusting.



Finally, get rid of the obscene and obsessive music being pandered to our youth; -It's the basic enrgies which drive them to perversion and destruction, and the lyrics which urge them to shoot marijuana into their veins. Stop the music, stop the marijuana addicts.

As people have said, 95 per cent of the youth today are decent law-abiding citizens in our community. They may take a nip of the enchanted liquid now and then, but that's no comparison to the pot-shooting, barefoot free-love yippie radicals running the country and trying to tear it down. The 99 per cent should stop these communist sympathizers. If the good 97 per cent were in the news instead of the rabble-rousers who make up the minority, the bad ones might just shrivel up or go into some hole where they belong.

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And that's it. Everyone, and I mean, everyone was talking about the letter for weeks after it was run, and nine responses were immediately printed in the days after it was in the paper. I'd say at least 15 more people were preapring to write rebuttals, or had them written and ready to send, when they found out I was the person behind the ruse. And people I know consider it the biggest hoax that's ever been carried out in Quakertown (which doesn't mean much, since Quakertown isn't exactly known for its foxy hoaxes).

Thing is, many people agreed entirely with the letter, though none of them wrote in to the paper to express their agreement. I talked to a girl who said her father, upon having the piece read to him, and the bigger words explained, exclaimed, "I agree with that 100 %. If the other good people in this town agreed with that letter 110%, the way I do, we get rid of 98% of the vermin infecting this city."

And it must be that way all across this free country of ours, where Peace Festivals are cancelled because they'll cause riots, where county and burough and city officials tried to outlaw a local, small scale rock festival (only 9,000 came all day) because "it wd bring drugs, nudity and obscenity." I'm sickened to see any mass gathering outlawed because of a supposed "public nuisance." And, in most cases, I haven't the least desire to attend the festival.

But it is repression, and I wish people pratting it would call it what it is. Unless they're all hoaxters as I was for that one day... FL



Sermonettes

♦ ♦ ♦ OR "THINGS THAT GO
BUMP I' MY HEAD"

Gary Hubbard

This is another mess of disconnective tissue and guts, undeveloped ideas, opinions and such not unlike the stuff I threw at you with my "Cracked Eye" piece. This time, however, I'll try to be a little less arty, and maybe come up with a few things that are actually lucid.

So pull up a chair--uh, not that one. My sister's pet hamster got loose and crawled down inside there. And you can never tell when the little monster might come up for air--relax a little bit, maybe get a beer or something while you read this. Consider my words. And whether you like them or not is totally indifferent to the things Hubbard thinks about...well, that's all right... 'cause all I'm trying to do is...

...communicate.

I saw an angel a few days ago. It was Sunday (appropriate), and I was on my way to work--walking--when I looked up and saw an angel drifting by. It was kinda hazy and indistinct (for I am told that only the young and pure of heart can see angels clearly), but unmistakably an angel. Suddenly, his (her? its?) body began to glow softly, then burst into a radiance so great that I had to divert my eyes. When I looked up, the angel was gone. I walked on feeling somehow blessed.

Communicate. You see, I don't get much of a chance around here. The people around here care more for dollar signs than for angels. So here I am communicating to my typewriter, and it's feeding back to me a cock and bull story about an angel. Actually, it was an extremely overcast day, but there was an area where the cloud cover was lighter than the rest and--by a very large use of imagination--man-shaped. That area passed under the sun and the effect was blinding.

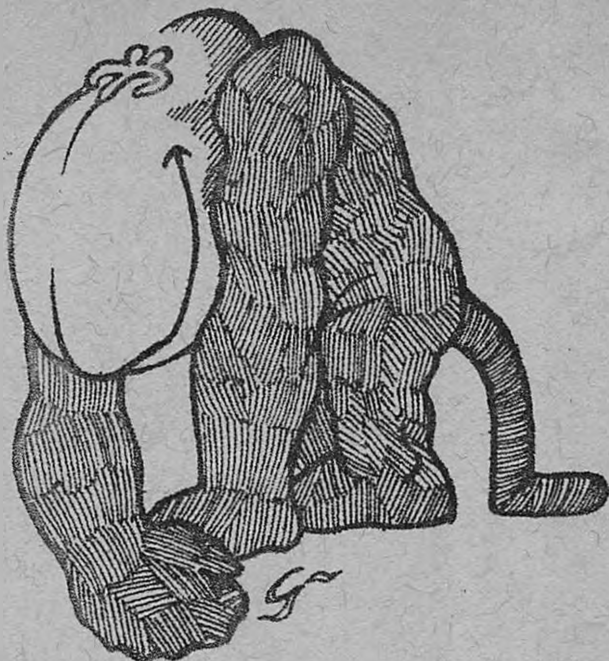
Processed as an angel and stored as a miracle. I wonder how many other people have purposely misinterpreted something they've seen, because they wanted to see something else.

Interpretation: The Woodstock Music Festival and the New York Blackout were very similar. The one found people huddling together because of an electrical failure. The other because of a cultural failure. Electrical failures can be easily fixed and are by nature repairable. Cultural failures usually result in the breakdown of the system and replacement with a system that isn't much better. The trouble with the present culture is that it lacks personality. This is a very dull planet to live on. It will get duller.

Excuse me while I light a cigarette. I tried marijuana once, but I don't like the taste of oregano.**

Woodstock and the New York Blackout are two places I definitely would not have wanted to be. Especially Woodstock. Togetherness is fine, I suppose, but that much mingling is too much for Hubbard. There's a lot to be said for being





alone. Sometimes one has to get to a spot where he can be reasonably sure there are no other living creatures around except for some microbes and maybe a few insects. I think human evolution got started because a monkey got tired of living in another monkey's armpit, so he dropped out of the trees and ran out into the veldt. Probably got eaten, but it was a good object lesson for the next monkey.

Not that I have anything important, meaningful or whatever to communicate, but if I don't say something I think I'll go crazy. I once thought it would be fun to hire one of those skywriting airplanes (ever see one?) to smear the skies with a four letter word known to us all. Oops...you spilled you beer, man.

Four letter words known to us all.

Taboos are only for the young. At work I have seen an appliance salesman stick a length of plumbing pipe between his legs and wave it at two women who worked in women's apparel. They laughed and went on their way. I have heard the store manager and the lady who runs the snack bar discuss each other's sexual ability over the public address system. My boss describes his potbelly as "the tombstone for a dead pecker," and the queer in the toy department takes birth control pills. All of these people are so typically middle class that they are practically stereotypes. Solid citizens, all, who, at one time or another, have been known to complain about the relatively immoral conduct of youth.

Speaking of communications, if you take two tuning forks which vibrate at the same frequency and attach them to a board, then activate one of the forks (probably by hitting it), the other will start vibrating because of the frequency of oscillation of molecules of air hitting it from the direction of the first tuning fork (something like that). If, however, one of the forks is built to vibrate at a different frequency from the other, it won't react to the oscillations coming from the other (or whatever). Radios work the same way. When you tune in a certain station, you are setting up conditions inside the radio to make it sensitive to the frequency of electromagnetic vibrations coming from that particular station.

If I were rich, I think I'd go off some place and go crazy.

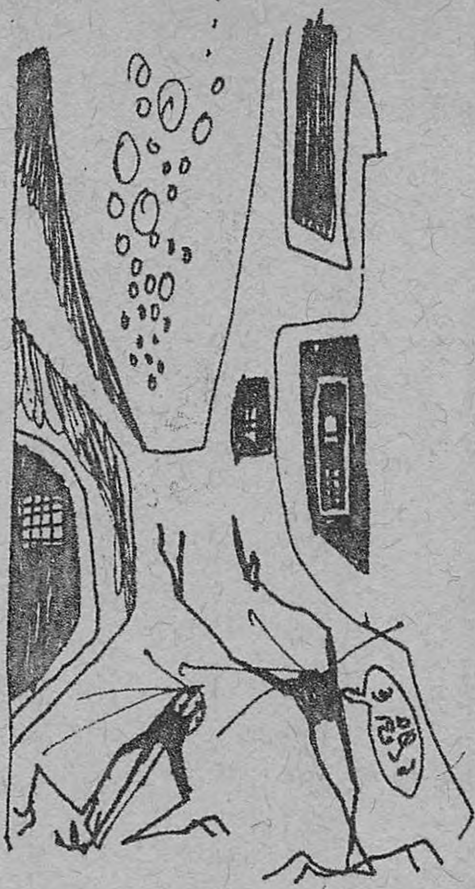
The things I want to communicate don't even make any sense, but I gotta try. My time's up. I'll see you around.

--Gary Hubbard



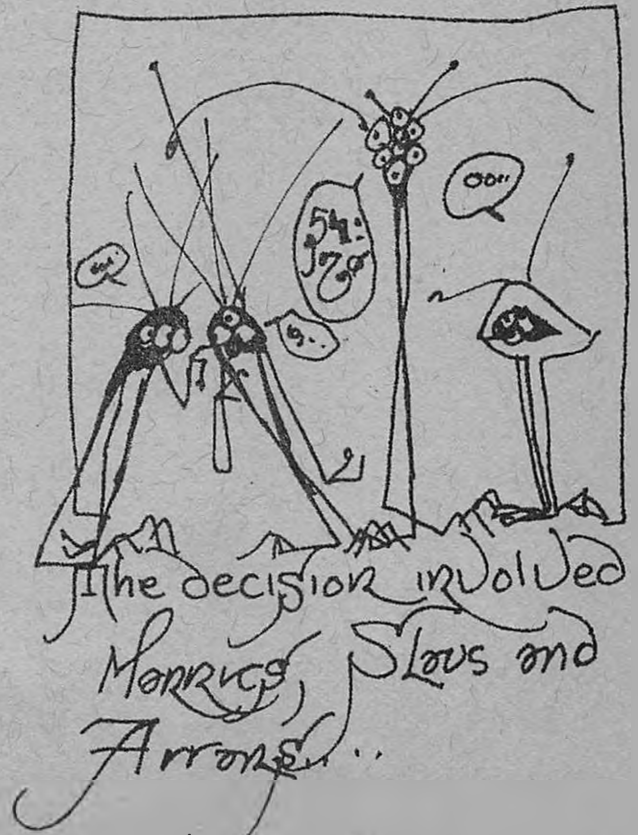
As it was in those days the Ghetto children would come from the lower levels to tease and misuse the Robots...

mike gilbert

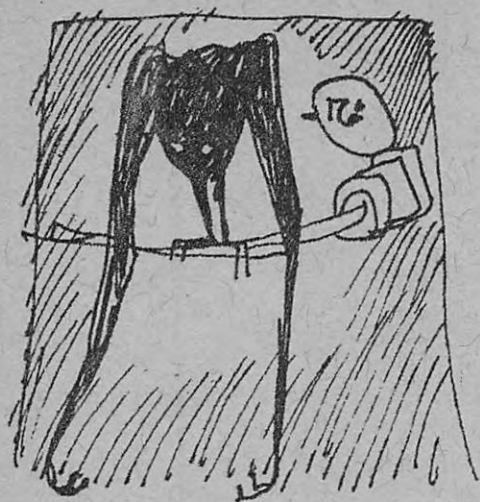


Below Levels the
Mannics informed
the Grano controllers
of this....

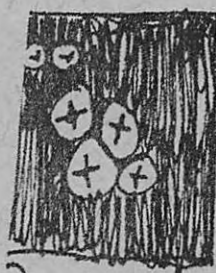
In Vast DEMENTIONS The Machines DECIDED...



The decision involved
Mannics, Slous and
Arrons...



a Raffer who lived
high in the machine....



And a data that
lived deep in the
computer....



The surprise of
the Getto Children was great..



As it was in those days
The Mannies, Slays, Fivans, the Raffer
or the Dato would come from the
upper to abuse Getto children and
the robots were free.....

There have lately appeared several fanzine articles and letters defending Harlan Ellison, usually written by one or two of Harlan's sycophants, who plead rationalizations outrageously logicalized, self-righteously written. It is nothing to gain acclaim from friends, respect from employees, dignity from daughters or love from God. These are natural rights. What Harlan deserves, rather than suckling indignities, is defense from me.

Let me say, at the outset, it's not really true that I'm an enemy of Harlan's, or that I've ever felt antagonistic toward him. I've been puzzled over the phenomenon, grossly disrespectful of his stories, nauseated by his musical appreciation, depressed by an ego only slightly greater than mine--a horrible thing to accuse--and repelled by his fellow travelers who follow him, hither and thither, from

room to room, and which he needs like our president needs prime time TV, or an anthropoid a second ding-dong--and I've been perplexed by the shadow of my own personality which peeps from within from time to time.

So neither have I been a Harlan Ellison admirer. That fact makes me far better qualified to defend Harlan Ellison than his band of travelers are.

Having just finished The Glass Teat by Harlan Ellison, published by ACE, \$125, it's quite, quite obvious Harlan is capable of self-defense, and doesn't need either his trained chimpanzees or me.

Nonetheless, I feel a moral obligation to do so.

The Glass Teat is a great book! It's a must for all. If Harlan Ellison is only one-fourth as decent, as humane, as thoughtful toward our future and the future of our children and their children, as staunch a defender of our basic rights, our freedoms, our supposed guarantees of liberties, as imaged in The Glass Teat, I've seriously, personally, privately, sadly misjudged the man, and have done him a grave injustice while committing a sin against conscience.

It's not at all true, as some have said, that Paul Hazlett's "Inside Story of Hugo Winning" was written to reflect parodies of Harlan Ellison's behavior. Paul will have to explain his own sources and reasoning. And be it noted that Piers Anthony also saw himself in the parody, but took it good-naturedly.

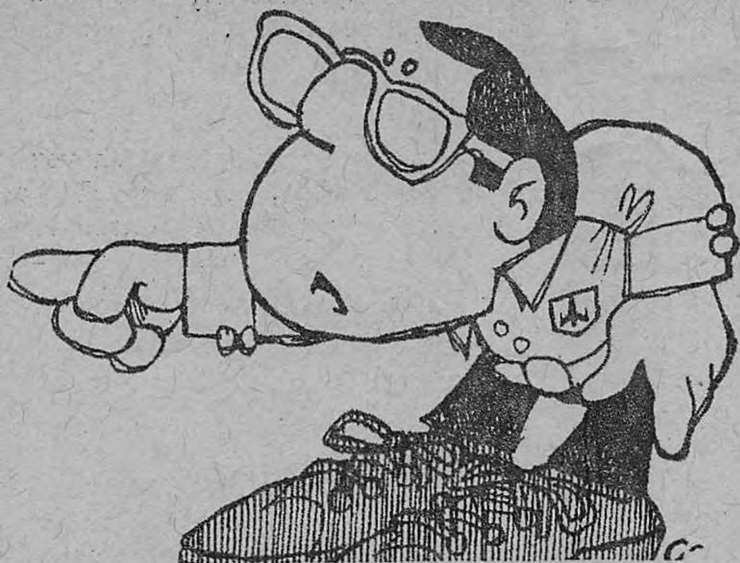
So the fact that Harlan's wild-eyed lemurs saw Harlan in the story tells me more about their view of their leader than it does about Harlan, or Paul Hazlett.

Let me further explain, before I con-

HARLAN COME BACK!
WE STILL LOVE YOU!

PERRY A.
CHAPDELAIN





tinue on with his defense, that Harlan is a truly great communicator, a veritable genius within those categories he chooses. But communication goes two ways --no, not just a listener and a receiver, but also reversal of roles at intervals. Harlan speaking before an audience numbering more than one is great. Harlan, TV writer and critic, is stupendous. SF? Well, maybe I've got a personal weakness there. But, he communicates to the now generation like Rudy Vallee selling war-bonds during World War II, or Henry Ford to his paid staff--he can't lose.

So where is he weak?

He's weak in not permitting a pattern of communication to build itself in a natural way between himself and another, or so has been my personal experience. I make the observation from a far inferior position than his acrobatic monkey troupe, and will concede the point, if necessary. There's no question in my mind, though, that should he set his mind to it, he'd out-pattern the most sympathetic.

Where does that leave us? Well, if The Glass Teat is really Harlan, in spite of an ego greater than mine and his sometimes ill-handled behavior, I've mentally wronged the man and deserve to be labeled a Midwestern schmuck of the most Establishment, square, scuttlefish kind.

Come back Harlan! We love you! And here's why:

You recognize TV piffle. You recognize TV piffle. You recognize the abysmal crime, the unspeakable death sentence, the absolute tyranny propagated by those who control its milk. More! More! You're trying to do something about it all!

You recognize the strictures of our society, the parody of virtues crawling under patronage plums, the pernicious and persistent persiflage of organized religions, communication media, educational and political systems --and you're trying to do something about it!

You see hypocrisy for what it is, and Victorian morality as the devil's literary reversion. Civilized man, stripped of his conditioned clothing, lies before your literary scalpel, shuddering, rippling in Pavlovian rhythms, and he knows it not!

You needle hell out of those who man the frustrating facades. We need you here, too, Harlan. Come back!



You show keen knowledge of those who control the--and pardon me, Paul Hazlett--hucksterism of the vacuum tube, the jacketitis of the glassware. You expose the consumer-happy community to its own conditioning.

Harlan, fandom needs you, too.

But most of all, Harlan, we love you because you marched with Cesar Chavez against the table-grape growers of Delano and the Coachella Valley, you were clubbed at Rainbow Beach, along the "scungy" Lake Michigan shore, you've suffered elsewhere with us as a group, as humanity, and you've tormented your own soul over Art Linkletter. You've gotten the Midwestern, establishmentarianism treatment at Dayton, Ohio--you understand, you know, you've felt, you've been...

Hell, man! Why didn't you tell us about it?

Why in hell didn't somebody tell me about it? I didn't know you were on my side!

Goddamn it, Harlan! Come back.

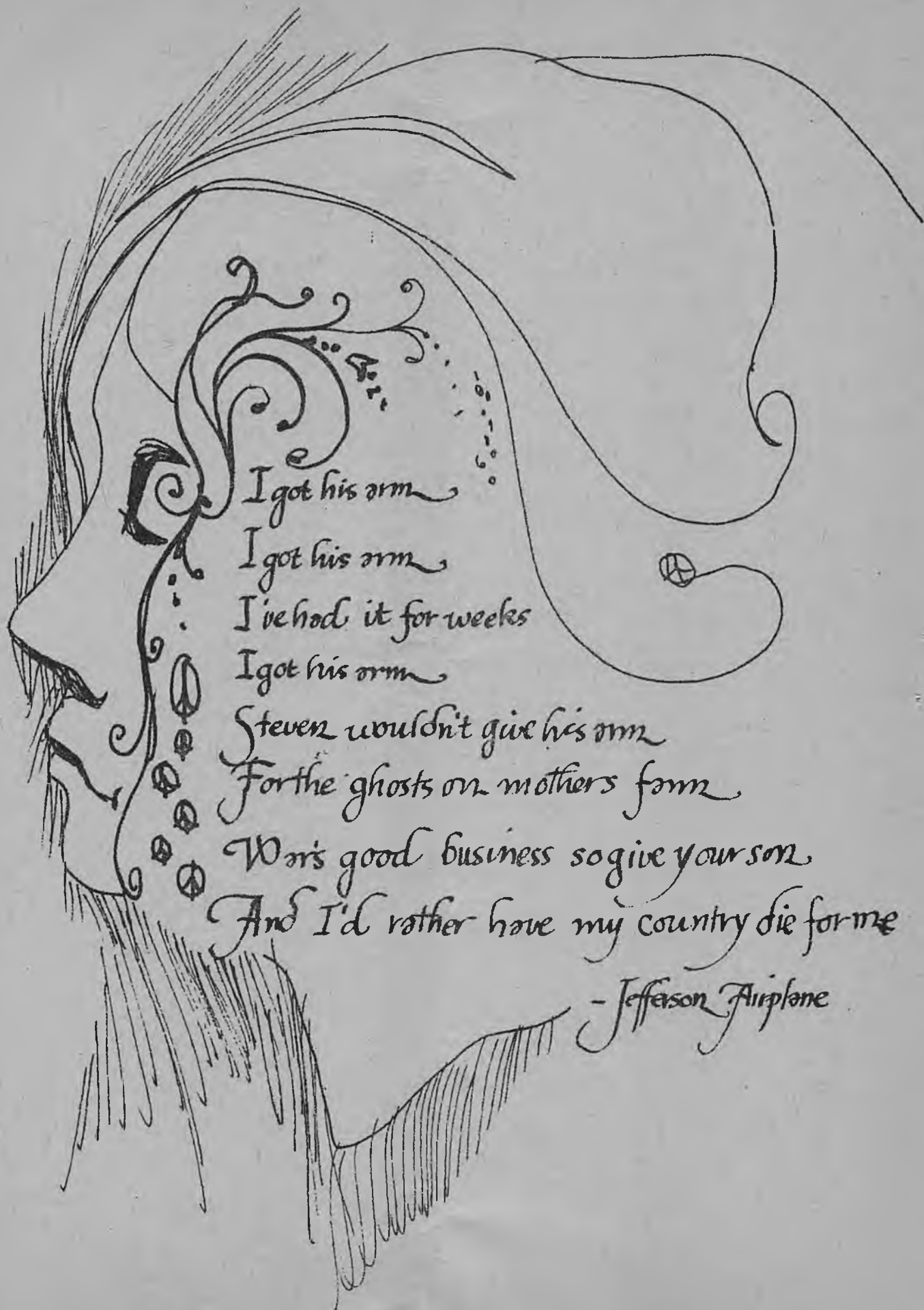
What happened last August in St. Louis was just a little misunderstanding. We weren't against you--really--we would have gone along--it was just that--well--you do have that ego and an open heart which, together, sometimes assumes too much--you won't let us grow up--make our own decisions. We know you meant well--honestly. Come back, Harlan!

Remember? You are getting beyond thirty, a little, and you, yourself, call this the line which divides generations. You've learned so many things in life, climbed so high. It's just a little thing, Harlan. You can do it if you will. Just keep in mind that there's a natural distrust from the younger to the older, and you've got to let the younger at least believe they're making the decisions. Or, better yet, let them make some!

But come bacj, Harlan. We love you!

As for the rest of you out there in fanzinoia land--after this public apology, if anybody, including the Tarsius-eyed, calls me an Ellison sucking sycophant, I'll for sure tell Paul Hazlett, Goddamn it!

--Perry A. Chapdelaine



I got his arm

I got his arm

I've had it for weeks

I got his arm

Steven wouldn't give his arm

For the ghosts on mother's farm

War's good business so give your son

And I'd rather have my country die for me

- Jefferson Airplane

TURNIP COUNTRY REVIEWS

Camp Concentration by Thomas M. Disch, Doubleday, \$4.95

Everybody admires an author who attempts to do great things, to write the great novel of his time, to tackle themes that no one in his right mind would take on. Well, think for a minute. Don't you? Let's be honest. You do. I do. We all do. Even if the author in question doesn't really succeed.

Thomas M. Disch is such an author, and Camp Concentration is such a book. Extremely ambitious, but not altogether successful. There are a dozen places where he has obviously written himself into a corner and has to cheat a little bit to get out as an alternative to doing the impossible.

The book is an allegory, based on two myths: Adam & the apple and Faust. Now these two myths are quite similar in a way and I shall make no attempt to tell you what parallels what how. But the idea is basically this: forbidden knowledge, the unknowable, or "the contagion of genius" as the synopsis of the first three installments puts it. (In NEW WORLDS 173-176.) It's dealt with in a serious fashion. No Necronomicons or horrid thingies from out there.

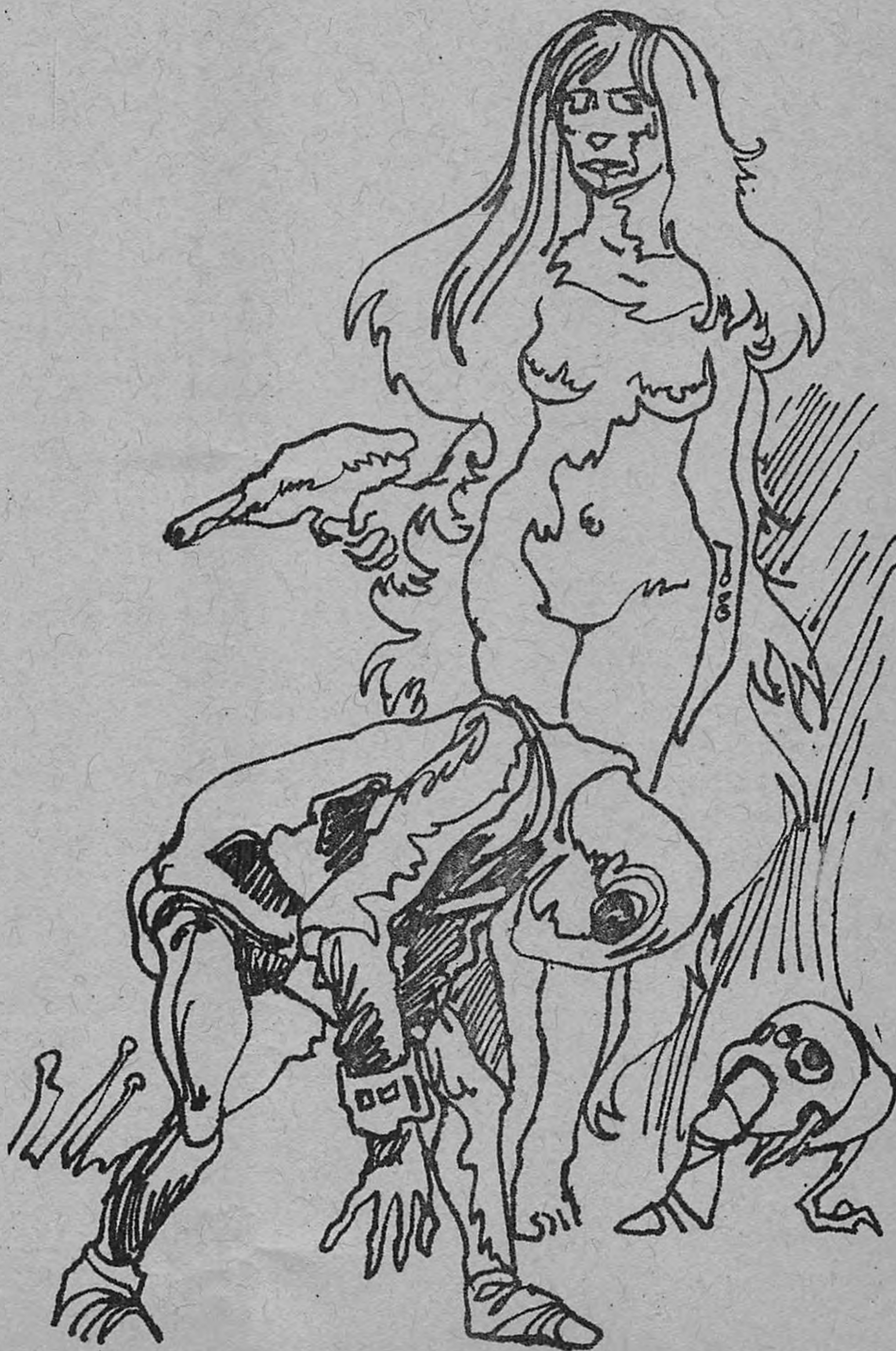
Unlike Faust or Adam, Louis Sacchetti, the protagonist, does not gain his illicit intelligence by his own doing. He is a conscientious objector to a certain war being waged by the U.S. in Southeast Asia in 1975 and is serving a five-year prison term when he is shanghaied off to a secret camp buried somewhere in Colorado. Named significantly Camp Archimedes, the purpose of the establishment is to conduct experiments with a new drug, Palladine, a derivative of syphilis, which increases intelligence greatly while killing the subject within nine months. (The Faustian parallels are obvious, don't you think?) Sacchetti is infected with the drug without his knowledge and is told that he is at Camp A to keep a diary which will give the directors an inside look at what is going on with the prisoners. The truth of the matter is it will give them an inside look at a man quickly becoming a genius. The book is the diary.

At this point a very serious problem confronts the author. He is not a genius, so how is he going to make Sacchetti convincing. He cannot use the simple trick Daniel Keyes used in Flowers for Algernon to depict his characters rise to brilliance because Sacchetti isn't an idiot. He's an intelligent, literate person with a good deal of education and some experience at writing (one volume of poetry). This is hole number one. How does he do it? What will Sacchetti be like when he is a genius? What will the diary read like?

Disappointment. This question is what primarily holds the reader's interest and Disch can't perform satisfactorily. Sacchetti's diary "degenerates into a confusing mass of allusions and crypts," to quote the synopsis in NW 176. This section is deliberately intended to be incomprehensible. We are told so by an editor who butted into the narrative a couple times in the third installment and is never seen again. It is quite possible that the writings of a super-genius, especially one who knows he has about eight months to live, as Sacchetti knows, since he has rea-

lized that he too is infected with Palladine, would be incoherent. For the sake of realism, Disch had to include this section. But it makes incredibly boring reading and goes on for what I figure would be five or six pages in a hardcover book. Yet it is absolutely necessary. I can think of no alternative method. Apparently neither can the author. So what does one do if an essential element of a book makes poor reading? Shove it in and hope they'll be patient, I guess.. Author's dilemma. Hole number two.

If you've gotten this far, you figure you might as well finish the book. So be patient.



Meanwhile back at the allegory, a new character, obviously not a prisoner, a scientist named Skilliman, with obviously Faustian motives, arrives at the camp. He has persuaded a few of his assistants to join him in this brief flight of genius. They all allow themselves to become infected with Palladine. Skilliman becomes powermad and eventually decides to kill Sacchetti, but finds that the dying, blinded prisoner, in the last stages of the infection, is too pitiable a target for someone with delusions of godhood.

Here we encounter two more flaws. It is not a good idea in any novel, especially a short one, to introduce a major character halfway through. Obviously this character will not develop well. However, compared to the other flat characters he comes off remarkably well, but not as well as he should.

It is also not a good idea to drop the central allegory, as Disch does, in order to proceed with other things. He can't seem to unify the book. When he wants to develop the character or the setting, he just lets the allegory sit there, then later returns to bring it up to the point that the rest of the novel has reached. Roger Zelazny, for example, handled a similar problem beautifully in The Dream Master, but then, this is what distinguishes great writers from merely good ones.

Now we come to the ending and hole number three. In the Faustian allegory that has been developing off and on during the course of the novel, we are presented with a rather heretical, though not too original, idea: God is the supreme prison-master of the universe. The only way you can be free is to defy him. Lucifer knows that, as one of Sacchetti's friends tells him. Gradually Louis does, too. In order to complete this idea--something more important in the author's mind than the plot--it is an absolute essential that Sacchetti and the other prisoners be saved by something that results directly from the Palladine induced genius. This must happen at the last possible moment, when Sacchetti's genius is at an extreme level. The idea is that Adam, having eaten only one bite of the apple, was thoroughly screwed, whereas had he eaten every apple on the tree he might have been saved. All right, so they must be saved, but how? Disch has come up with a logical, plausible way for this to come about.

Again at the point of crisis he fails us and cheats a littlebit. We are told all of a sudden that the curious alchemical experiment/seance conducted several chapters ago was really a mind transfer and Mordecai Washington, a friend of Sacchetti's, has been occupying the body of the prison director for some time now. Sacchetti is given the body of one of the nastier guards and everybody is saved (except the United States as a whole since the female psychologist from Camp had sex with one of the prisoners, caught the disease of genius, and contracted the Faustian urge to destroy the world by spreading the epidemic via whorehouse to the whole country. But somehow, Sacchetti and company don't seem overly concerned about this.).

From a purely logical standpoint, this ending is unsatisfactory. We are never told exactly how the Palladine works (fortunately Disch knows better than to use pseudo-science) but we are told that it is a physical process, a breakdown of the information cells of the brain, thus allowing the person to see relationships in the mass of spilled information that he would not ordinarily see. At one point Sacchetti likens it to "fermenting," at another to "stewing." How it works does not matter; the fact that it is a physical effect in a Palladine infected brain does. When Sacchetti's personality is transferred into a new healthy body and brain, he continues to undergo the effects of the Palladine, despite the fact that he no longer has it. The 99th entry into the diary tells us clearly and dramatically what it is like to be approaching the ultimate high of intellect. Sacchetti clearly is still becoming smarter, although there is no longer anything to cause it. The rest of the book is logically worked out, therefor this slip is even more glaring.

Allegorically it works, but I should think that Disch could have found a better way out of this final and most important corner. Had he succeeded here, the whole novel might have been a success.

So what shall I label Camp C? How should I conclude this review? A good book poorly written? No, the prose is superb. It is a potentially good, if not great, book, that is prevented from realizing its potential due to numerous flaws at the most crucial points.

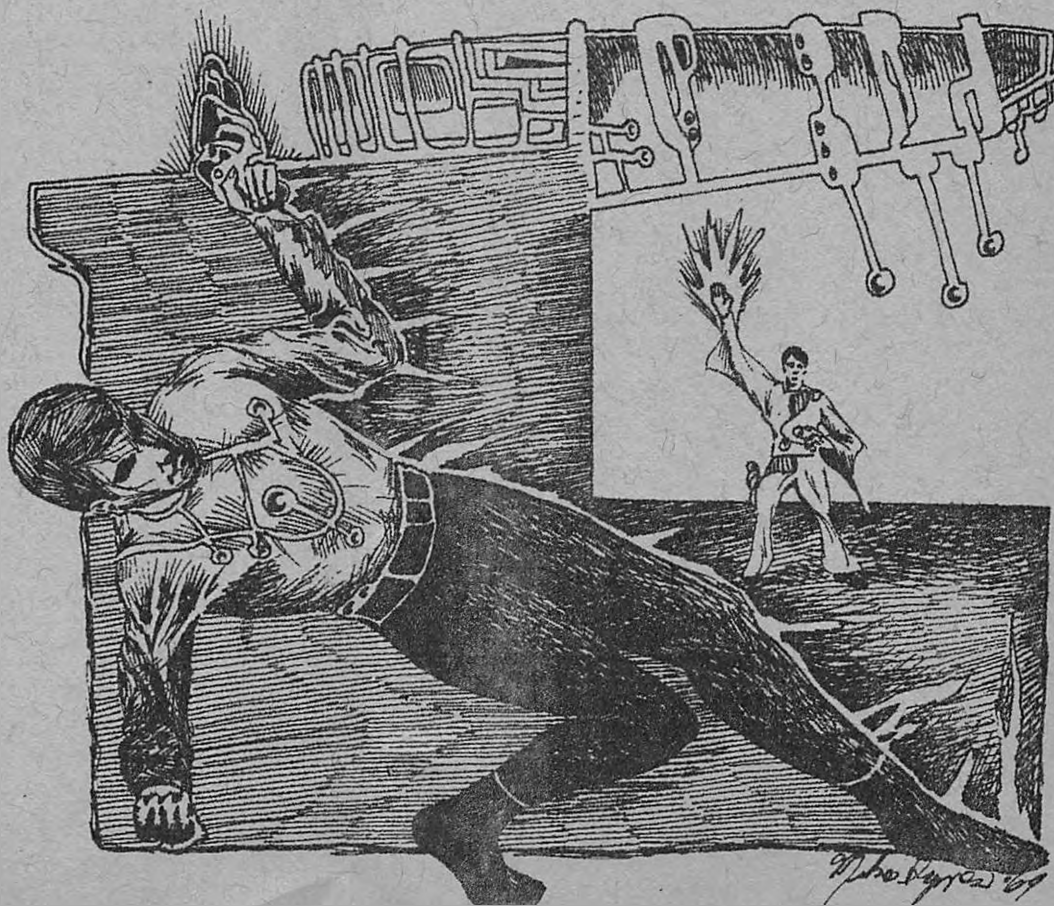
If you read a book for story, for plot, Camp C wouldn't interest you in the least. If you are interested in the allegory and the philosophical discussions (which I admit are quite interesting, perhaps the only thing that keeps the reader going) and don't care if the book succeeds or fails as a novel, then I'll recommend it to you with reservations.

--Darrell Schweitzer

Orn by Piers Anthony, AMAZING serial, July and September 1970

This new Piers Anthony novel is one I have been looking forward to, because it is about dinosaurs, and I have been a dinosaur nut since I was a grade-school kid. I was not disappointed intellectually, because Anthony has done his typically thorough job of research, and has reproduced a prehistoric world with enviable verisimilitude.

Before I go on, let me get the story out of the way: This is a sequel to Omnivore, and in it the protagonists are thrown (with several mantas) into another world (parallel? in time?) which they christen Paleo (to be the book title). From internal evidence, I at first guessed that it was in the Cretaceous (last of the



three dinosaur periods), but Piers fooled me; it was the Paleocene (hence the name), the first mammal epoch. But he provides a "lost valley" where it is still the Cretaceous; its plausibility is only fairly high. The story of the protagonists is alternated with the saga of an intelligent giant flightless bird, Orn. His intelligence lies mainly in an incredible racial memory extending back to the dawn of life. Anthony uses this device very well.

Orn seems to me to be a freak, since his parents died before he was hatched, and he had to fend for himself. I would think this would make him more intelligent, but also a rarer avis. Incidentally, as far as I can tell from Anthony's description and one illustration, Orn is a diatryma, not a phorohacus as I first suspected. Small difference, though, really.

Now down to business. I discovered in Orn a fact which I had never noticed before: Anthony as a stylist is rather drab, emotionless. He makes statements, tells you what is happening, but you don't feel it. The most glaring example of this is in Chapter 16, in which Anthony describes the long-distance vying of a man against a tyrannosaurus. This could have been a truly brilliant sequence: Anthony's knowledge of the various creatures involved is well-researched, and his speculative "facts" about certain aspects of their natures have the ring of truth. Yet he fails to inject any true excitement into the sequence, and so it fails to live up to its promise. To top it all off, the man's endurance during this chase is totally implausible. The whole scene, more than ten pages of tiny print, has not one-tenth the passion and involvement of a similar but far more brilliant passage in Chapter 12 of the far less factual Lost World of A. Conan Doyle, which covers only two pages. If Anthony did not read the above work, he should have.

There is one very fine sequence in the novel: Orn's courtship, which occupies the first chapter in the second installment, Chapter 11. The description of the mating dance is the kind of writing Anthony should strive for always.

To add to the above quibbles, there is the fact that the plot is poorly done. It meanders about aimlessly with little coherent direction. Whenever, it seems, Anthony decides that something has to happen, he drops a rather coincidental or implausible tragedy on his characters. Although, in doing this, he manages twinges of regret in the reader, these tragedies are to my mind totally unnecessary.

In addition, Anthony chose to unfold



the most important scene of the human plot through the eyes of Orn. This sounds strikingly like Anthony wrote around the scene, tried to sidestep it.

So we have here another Anthony novel, long on research and paleontological plausibility (I would love to know what books Anthony used for research), but short on plot and character motivations. Anthony has still not succeeded in harnessing his great but amorphous talent. Orn is a good novel, but not Anthony's best. To my mind, he still has not surpassed his first published novel, Chthon. When he does, he will probably write a masterpiece.

--Donald G. Keller

The Mind Cage by A.E. van Vogt, Belmont B75-1093, 754

Published originally in 1957, The Mind Cage is not one of van Vogt's major novels, and suffers from some characteristic defects of his fiction that can only be overlooked in the case of a Slan or World of T. The setting is Earth some years after the third nuclear war, an Earth which is gradually being unified under a totalitarian system combining elements of communism and capitalism and dominated by a dictator known as the Great Judge. There are several different conspiratorial groups, naturally, and a struggle between forces that are not clearly identified until the end of the novel. The story chiefly concerns David Marin (misidentified on both the front and back covers of this paperback as "Martin"), the supreme commander of the Great Judge's armed forces, who is lured to the laboratory of Wade Trask, a scientist condemned to die in one week for treasonable utterances against the regime. Trask, by means of a machine he has invented, exchanges minds with Marin, and the latter regains consciousness in the body of Wade Trask. Because that body has already been imprinted by the state with a pain circuit that will drive it to the executioner at the appointed time seven days hence, Marin has one week to resolve his dilemma and save his life.

Now, the solution to his problem is rather obvious and simple--go to the authorities, explain the situation, and prove it in fifteen minutes with a lie detector and/or hypnosis and/or drugs--but Marin doesn't do that, because if he did The Mind Cage would be a short story instead of a novel. Instead, he disguises himself as himself, goes about his business (which happens at that moment to be the conquest of a country not under the Great Judge's authority), and attempts to find Trask or an excuse to postpone the execution. He does find the scientist inhabiting his body, unconscious in his own laboratory as a result of an accident, and forces him to explain how to operate the mind-transfer device. Marin's attempt at re-exchanging minds fails, but during the attempt he gets into telepathic contact with the Brain, a super-computer hidden away by its creators at the time of the Great Judge's coup. The Brain is masterminding one of the four separate conspiracies underway in this novel (the other three involve, respectively, the government, a bunch of unreconstructed Communists, and mutants known as Prippts). Marin, after a considerable struggle, regains his own body, Trask's death sentence is rescinded, the Brain is defeated, and Marin is selected as the Great Judge's successor--at which point, it is understood, he will reform the system and everybody will live happily ever after.

There isn't anything outstandingly wrong with The Mind Cage, but neither is there anything outstanding about it otherwise. The writing is unexceptionally competent, characterization is spotty (Marin is portrayed rather well, as is the Great Judge, but the other characters, including Trask, are thin), and the novel drags a bit in the early chapters and for brief periods thereafter. It's worth reading, but there are certainly better van Vogt novels that Belmont might have chosen to reissue.

Day Million by Fred Pohl, Ballantine 01939

Inflation continues. I don't think a 75,000 word collection is worth more than 75¢ as a rule, and in particular I think Ballantine made a bad move with this one. In the space of a year they have published eight Pohl collections, seven reprints at 75¢ and this new one at 95¢. They should have made the prices comparable.

Okay, but how does the book read? Very well, thank you. I only disliked one of the ten stories, and even that was interesting until the ending. Six are short stories, four are novelettes--and the difference with Pohl is not just length.

The novelettes (older on the average) are adventures and rather typical magazine sf--enhanced by Pohl's extremely facile writing style.

"It's A Young World" (1941) is the oldest and perhaps consequently the least written; there is little description at all until the Tribesmen enter the subterranean city, and not an overwhelming degree thereafter. The story is about the savages who run across a super-civilization, with (of course) a twist at the end.

"Small Lords" (1956) is the best of the novelettes, the story of giant aliens from the sky--Earthmen on another planet.

"Way Up Yonder" (1959) is a nicely-done tale of alien invasion--though there's very little action involved since the fighting is lightyears away. "Under Two Moons" (1965) is a James Bond takeoff that falls flat too often to be really effective, but there are several genuinely amusing little gems buried in the muck.

The short stories are all written in a highly entertaining style, and are the best of the book. "The Deadly Mission of P. Snodgrass" (1962) is a refutation of L. Sprague de Camp's Last Darkness Fall (and says so). It would be hilarious if it weren't so true.

"Day Million" (1966) is the Cordwainer Smithish love story, runner-up for the Nebula and better with each rereading. "Making Love" (1966) is quite different from all the rest, making its point so quietly the reader is liable to trip over it. "The Day the Martians Came" (1967) is Pohl's parable of prejudice; a very good story. (umm...you may remember this as "The Day After the Day the Martians Came" in Harlan Ellison's Dangerous Visions. Do you think Harlan may have retaliated against Pohl's excessive title changing as editor of the Galaxy line?)

"Speed Trap" (1967) takes a very old theme and does extremely well with it. (The theme itself comes out at the very end so I'll keep my pen shut.) "Schematic Man" (1968) I remember disliking in PLAYBOY. The story is well-told until the end, when the narrator becomes a computer, or something equally silly. (Actually, he programs his complete profile into a computer and his consciousness goes with it.)

All in all, a very enjoyable collection. And if you like it, come back for more. Ballantine has at least eighteen Pohl books in print.

--Jeffrey D. Smith

McCartney and Let It Be, Apple Records REVIEWED BY HANK STINE

Over the years, the weight, the sheer preponderance of the material which his voice has graced, the endlessly repeated songs, the endless singing of that voice, that distinctive voice outweighs every other consideration, and it is easily the most familiar, memorable and pleasing sound in the universe.

"The long and winding road
that leads to you door
never will disappear
I've seen that road before.

It always leads me here
lead me to your door..."

That voice, a perfect lyric line, and full choral accompaniment. And Phil Spector has achieved one of the greatest musical statements of the decade.

That voice, a talent, a breadth of human understanding as great as any living artist, and:

"Maybe I'm amazed at the way you love me all the time
And maybe I'm afraid of the way I love you.
Maybe I'm amazed at the way you helped me sing the songs,
Right me when I'm wrong.
Maybe I'm amazed at the way I really need you."

Together the demonstration of an amazing and monumental talent. A talent fully recognized and often taken for granted. A talent always changing.

McCartney.

A few days ago, at a week-end party to celebrate the holding of a convention, and our mutual absence from it, I had a discussion with Jim Benford on the subject of Let It Be. He contended (and inarguably so) that esthetically, Let It Be is a Disaster. That Spector had fucked The Beatles over something terrible with all these choral arrangements, violin bridges, and other Spectorizations. All too true, but, perhaps, Jim, beside the point.

What is the point? Well, perhaps that Spector has a little more sense than we generally give him credit for. He already knew that a bootleg Let It Be, pure Beatles, was going to be released, so that the product would be circulated in an undistorted version. He also knew that he had been hired, with The Beatles approval (or Lennon, Harrison and Starr's) to do something. What then? Just to release duplicates of basement tapes already being pressed? No. He had been hired to do something. What could he do that would have any artistic validity?

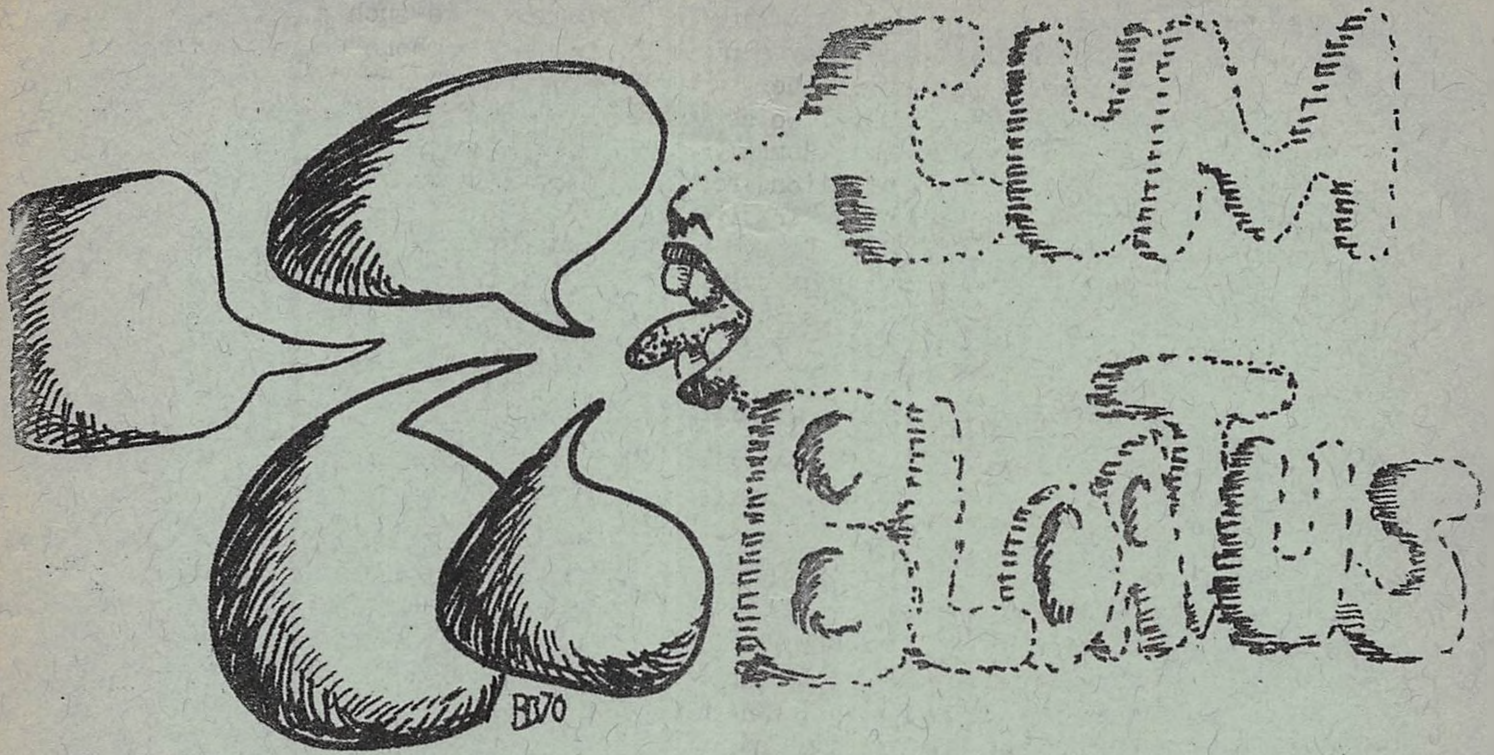
Well, perhaps nothing. Or perhaps something brilliant. It's all a matter of taste. Because what he did do, Jim, is to realize that, in previous recording, the universality of The Beatles had been the universality of youth. (Nowhere is this more apparent than in "When I'm Sixty Four.") In Let It Be, McCartney is doing his first serious work as a man and not a youth. "The Long and Winding Road" is a man's ballad, not a boy's, and Spector chose to give it a background which would have direct appeal to an older generation, a familiar guideline by which they could see (not second hand through Tom Jones) that The Beatles have it in the flesh. And they do.

McCartney, a few years further down the artistic line than Let It Be, and excepting the drums, is undeniably excellent. Pound for pound and groove for groove, you get more superb vocal-chord-per-square-inch than on any other record.

That would be something is a fine show piece for guitar and voice, a rich melodic rush of sound, harmony, melody and tenor. His range is fantastic and control of pitch and each nuance of each syllable is awesome. For McCartney's voice is as much a fine musical instrument as the most carefully crafted stradivarius ever made. And McCartney is as fine a player of it as, say, Hendrix on the guitar or Biggs on the harpsichord. It is as if we were at some enchanted performance, hearing music such as the elvin folk and god alone are privileged to hear. Something like the sound of radiance, pure radiance, bathing the universe.

"Man we was lonely, / Man we was lonely, / Man we was hard pressed to find a smile." is, perhaps, the definitive explanation of The Beatles' split.

But "Maybe I'm Amazed" gets down behind my feelings for my wife and shakes me up heavy. It is the first (oh, how shall I say it!) mature love song. I mean it is a solid heavy love song from a man in love with a woman. McCartney is not a youth any longer, and his mature work is sure to prove as shattering as that of Beethoven, or Bach.



Dean Koontz Muchly disturbed by some ugliness in the latest BAB. So, let me clear my mind swiftly and get back to pleasanter things.

FIRST: Piers distorted what I said, several times, sadly enough. But I am weary of children posing as adults. I am weary of those who act like energy-vampires, consuming the time I need for serious things. I am tired of people (so many in this tight little field) who seem to feel that attacks on others will make them look better in the end. Logic gets nowhere with them, and I do not feel like stooping to stupidities. I've written maybe three heated letters in three years in fandom, and I guess I'm through with even doing that few. I've written Piers two paragraphs or so today, privately, because I don't want to become involved in some cheap and rather silly controversy. So it goes.

SECOND: Paul Hazlett is getting tired and stupid and useless, isn't he/aren't they? "The Inside Story of the Patronage Pig" was fuzzy, pointless, and in ignorance of many facts. Whoever wrote the damn thing is apparently ignorant of a great deal of work done by some fine officers. I know almost nothing of the behind-the-scenes work of SFWA, for I've never been approached to help with anything beyond ballot counting. But even I know a smattering of the things Lloyd Biggle did for sf and sf writers, more than the corporate Hazlett has ever begun to do. And Biggle never took a moment's praise or one of those patronage jobs or opportunities. Gerdie Dickson works quietly and well. Because of Dickson, a major publisher of sf reconsidered a decision to stop publishing science fiction (they had decided to stop publishing because of the attacks of Hazlett-types and another hassle of a similar stripe). By your hit in the letter column, Frank, I see that three of the Hazlett people are not even in SFWA--so why should the internal affairs of the organization even concern them. Also, after a chopped quote from our book, The Pig Society, Hazlett later (page 15) calls Gerda and me pigs, apparently by our own definition, which

he has quoted. It is interesting that this shithead can make such a judgment, since I am certain I do not know (beyond maybe a single letter or phone call) anyone of the Hazlett identities. Neither do they know me or my life beyond what they glean here and there. In The Pig Society, we at least had the decency to allow the right-wing nuts to speak for and condemn themselves. Hazlett doesn't have the decency. Hazlett is a pig, by his own definition, for he obviously has no sympathy for other people and no empathy with the human condition. I am inordinately tired of the Hazlett types. Indeed, even though I have had my head beat in once by a chair leg wielded by a "deputy," even though I have strong beliefs and live by them, I have never resorted to violence--but it would be a great pleasure to break that rule and deliver a quick chop to the mouth for this Hazlett idiot. Enough. This is another type I am tired of. Consider this finished. Though SFWA has its problems, they'll never be solved by such low and unprincipled crap as this article.

Leo Kelley was a breath of fresh air. I didn't like SATYRICON that much, but ~~8~~ was the best film of its type, ever--and believe me, I see all that's generally worth seeing if I can at all get there and afford the ticket. But SATYRICON seemed overdone and somewhat pompous to me. But a fine article, Leo.

I sympathize with your tale of the Atlanta Rock Fest. We're standing around these days, watching the "revolutionaries" clean up on their dogma and rhetoric, which fascinates me. Only in America could a revolutionary become rich while trying to overthrow the government. ((That's true. But not many of the people I know you're thinking of--like Hoffman and Rubin--keep the money they make for themselves, or so it's generally believed. Trials do cost money, even if they are funny. Also, the well-known revolutionaries are a paradox. Guerilla theater makes people aware of certain things, and popularity brings about acquaintance with certain facts. Hoffman is lots of fun to read about, but Anonymous Bomber are more revolutionary than he'll ever be.))

8 8 8 8 8 8 8

David William Hulvey Since I last loded there has been a great chance in my viewpoints. I woke up one morning to find my ole dogmatic shoot-'em-up pile-'em-down self had flown. Today, I admit several facts that have been true all along, only I was too fucked off to notice them before. One, being a pretentious fringe-fan neo is the biggest farce of SF fandom. I mean, the type of suck scene that the neonco finds when he first gets SFR in the mail. Wow! Like he writes the most grade Double-A shit that crosses his mind. He reads all of Plastic Fandom and really thinks he's super-groovy with it. Coffee Table Super-Genzines are his favorite fare. Alter-ego Geis and Company space his out, Bushyager's "poor baby" philosophy turns him on and for a few months he believes the whole artificial put-on. Two, as a partisan for all kinds of radical politics it eludes him that Abbie Hoffman is as much a friend of Democracy as Smearo Ax Knew. Nonetheless, he shouts at the National Bank, hurls obscenities at the Straight Blandies, oinks just to show his common ancestry with the Pigs and never realizes what a damn fool he is. Finally, he sees the New Leftists for what they are underneath the revolutionary clothes: Nazi Brown Shirts in disguise. Three, his highs aren't the mindblowing universe-expanders he was told. So the whole facade of his reality crumbles. All that's left is what managed to survive the experiences. Not much, but enough to start again with what becomes a new life-style.

Leo P. Kelley is either a high echelon Fellini PR Man or really uncommercially poetic about SATYRICON. His review has an intimate quality of slow and easy that rarely pervade other critics' columns. It seems as if he cares to deeply involve the reader, not that this is a piece of work he must do by a certain time for an agreed upon reward. A labor of love, rather than a page-filler for the vulgar esthetically insensitive that are the curse on modern arts. ((That's all for this "Cum Bloatus." Both pages. Also heard from Don Keller and Jeff Schalles. FL))

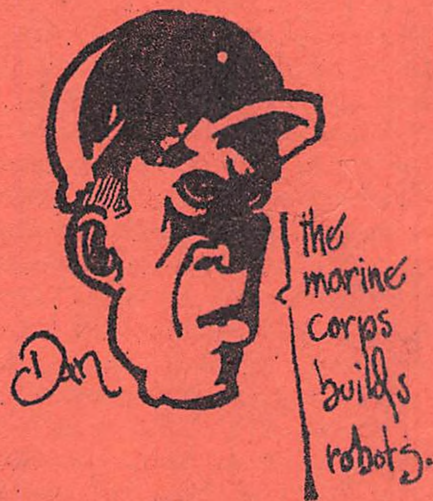
"The Inside Story of Perry Chapdelaine,"
and I have Greg Shaw's "Whither Rock,"
and I just got some new Doug Lovenstein
artwork, and I expect to have about 20
pages of controversial letters.

Sometime in the future will appear a
special issue of B&B, talked about in the
editorial. Early stuff has been coming
in, and I have a page from Jay Kinney and
a Robert Bloch article. What will tomorrow's
mail bring? Heh heh heh... Reserve
your copy now with a dollar, the
only way to receive the special issue.

End of the special backcoverless,
envelopeless (I ran out) and short B&B
colophon.



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212 Juniper St.
Quakertown, Pa. 18951

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Rush-Dated Book News