

BEABOHEMA



This is DeABohema 18, and is recent if you're reading it before Dec. 16, 1971. If this very moment for you, the reader, is after that date, you've undoubtedly picked this up as a collectors' item at an exorbitant price. Drop it right now and forget this ever existed.

BAB is available for the usual or 50¢ an issue, with subscriptions being accepted for: the number of issues you want times 50¢. And I'd especially love to send BAB in trade for old fanzines.

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18015. Effective immediately.

All people receiving this fanzine in an envelope have a mailing label on their envelope. If that label has a Triple-X on it, this is your last issue unless you Do Something.

Um... South African agent is Nick Shears, 52 Garden Way, Northcliff ext 4, Johannesburg, Transvaal, Republic of South Africa. BABs are 40c per.

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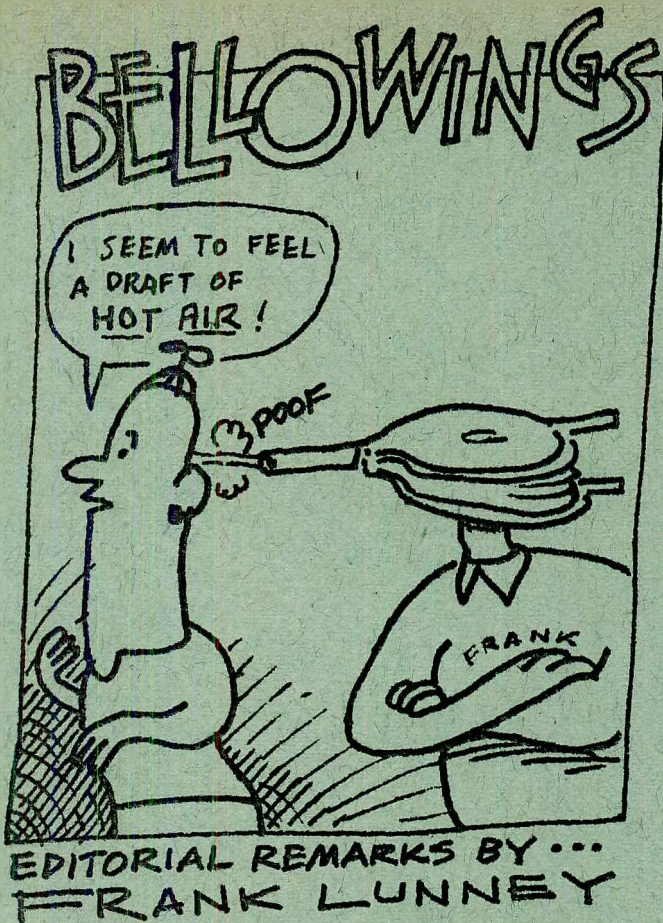
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--FL





ALAN'S PSYCHEDELIC BREAKFAST The last issue of BAB, #17, was passed out in small part at Noreascon, as some of you may know. St. Louiscon was the previous convention at which I'd decided to hand out copies of my fanzine, and that experience didn't prime me too well for this last one.

To St. Louiscon I must have lugged 75 or 80 copies of BAB #5. Long time readers of this fanzine will remember that BAB 5 was the first annish and the first issue (of two) that exceeded 100 pages in length. That was a real bit of weight.

I passed out...oh, maybe 10 or 15 copies. Out of the 250 or so circulation BAB had at the time.

As the circulation of BAB is considerably smaller at the moment, even smaller for #17 (print run has crept up this issue, despite all my efforts at cutting people off the mailing list), I decided to take along only about 25 issues of BAB 17 to distribute at the con-

vention. That was all. I'm sure, though, I could have passed out the 75 to 80 copies I'd taken to St. Louiscon, had St. Louiscon been Noreascon. You understand.

All this is meant to preface the following:

Thursday night at Noreascon. I'd given away a few copies of BAB and wandered a bit. Registration was going on in the Giant Ballroom Annex, but the lines were pretty long, so I wandered into a lobby and wandered to my room and just generally practiced what I'd be doing for the next three days. I carried a few copies of BAB in my hand, looking for People.

In the course of my wanderings I saw Arnie and Joyce Katz conversing with a couple members of the Hip Generation. Tucking my shirt into my pants I walked up to the quartet, shiedling my presence from them until the last possible moment, and said to Arnie:

"Do you think these people would want a BeABohema?"

I didn't really expect the boy-girl duo would be at all interested in getting a copy of the Hugo nominated fanzine. After all, they were just a couple of hippies. I'm sure you all know the type. A Superman T-shirt and frayed bell-bottoms on the guy... The girl was wearing the same, except for the T-shirt and bell bottoms. And long, straight hair!

Ya get the picture! The pair obviously weren't at the convention to hear Clifford Simak's speech at the awards banquet. They weren't here to get a snapshot of David Gerrold autographing a copy of his latest short story in IF. They were here for Other Reasons!

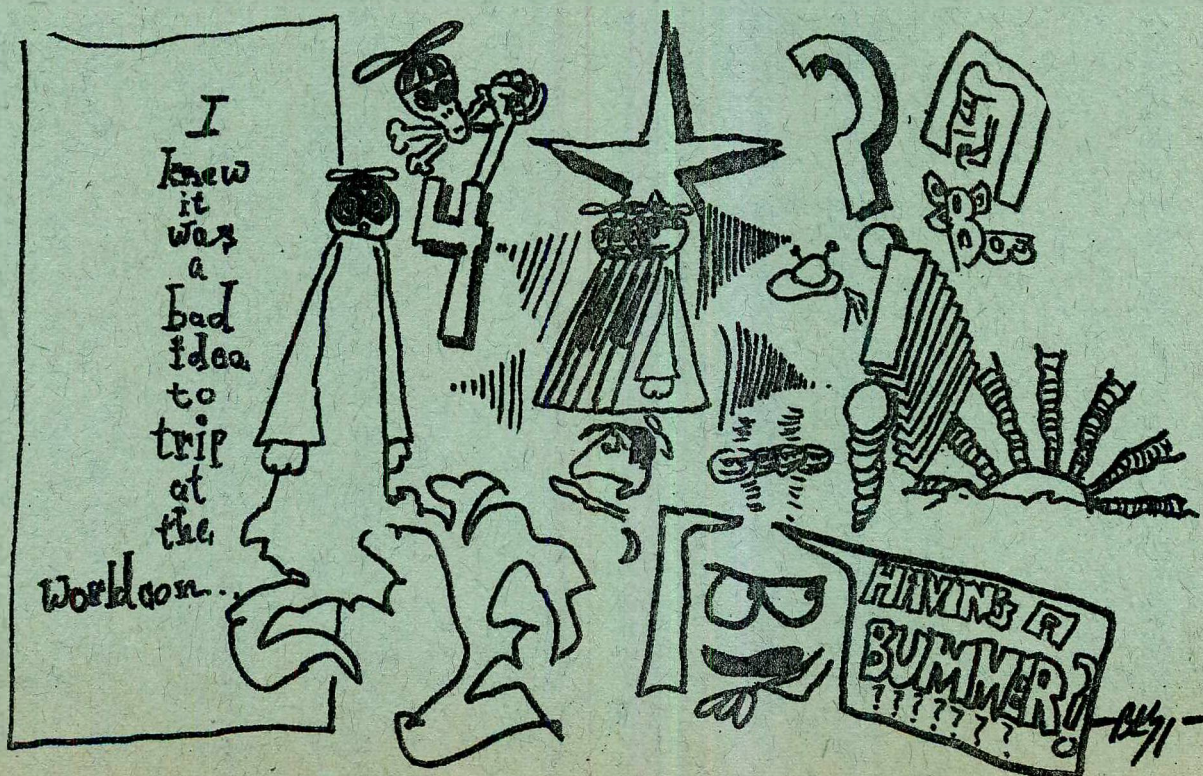
Increasingly over the last few years sf conventions have come to be the meeting places of people other than sf fans. I mean, real science fiction fans. Those who would sneer at McDonald's hamburgers spend their waking time during a convention in search of great Chinese food restaurants. Skin flick fans come to all the conventions to catch the late show in Al Shuster's room. And hippies...well, hippies come to see 2001: A Space Odyssey.

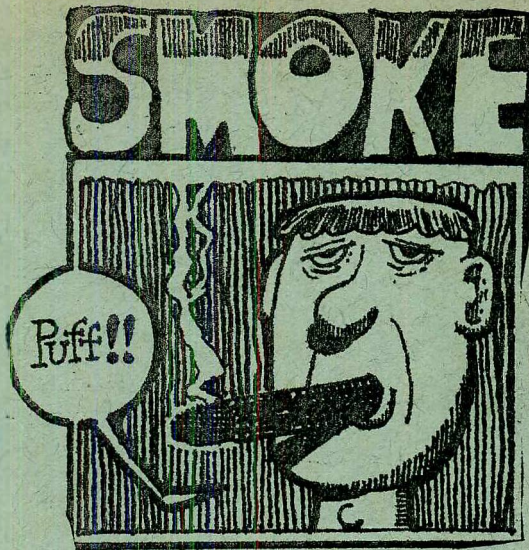
So: Arnie jumped upon hearing my voice, frantically looking about, trying to locate the source of the question. A few minutes later he said, "Ah, yes." He shoved his slipping glasses back onto the bridge of his nose. "These two people would love to have a BeABohema. Frank Lunney, this is Bill Kunkel and his sister Charlene..."

Flash Bill Kunkel. Only a few weeks before I'd received a copy of his newly revived Rats. I remembered the few juvenile pot-shots we'd taken at one another years ago in Ted Pauls's Kipple. I remembered a few stories of his I'd read in what I'd then considered great fanzines from people like Gene Turnbull in Grosse Point, Mich. and James Koval and in a fanzine put out by Harry Wasserman when he attacked the Cathloic Church. Precocious little shit he was.

His sister, Charlene Komar (Bill explained to me that his mother had divorced and remarried shortly after his birth, thus the different names) I couldn't place in my mind at all. I remembered this radical girl in Kipple, who got on my back once in one of my more humorous (to myself, only) battles with Bill, only she's the one who published Unicorn and did John Boardman a favor and published those political articles of his that were too long for his Diplomacy gameszine, Graustark.

Bill and I talked for a while, before forcing our registration badges on Jay Kinney, the real workhorse of that convention. (Oh, the look of pure hate in his eyes when he'd finished the name cards of my three sisters, my mother, my brother, Bill and his sister, and everyone with a convention number below 1859 and above 1536; they'd had a raffle before the convention, you see...) Joyce had meanwhile wandered off, Arnie zipped the notebook from his hip pocket and began taking exact





on the conversation Bill and I were having (it'll be reported in an upcoming issue of Focal Point, unless Arnie decides not to print it, of course; if it's not in Focal Point write to Arnie and ask him for the notes of what we were talking about) and Charlene was in a corner playing with the Sheraton Hotel's mascot turkey. (There's a Massachusetts law I didn't know anything about until that Thursday night at the Noreascon: all hotels and motels in Massachusetts must have a pet turkey because of the origin of Thanksgiving and the Pilgrims and all of that; it has something to do with the traditions of guests (the Pilgrims and Indians always invited each other over for dinner and a couple pipes of that funny tobacco) and hotels and motels in Mass. have to carry on the tradition. As a result, a turkey is al-

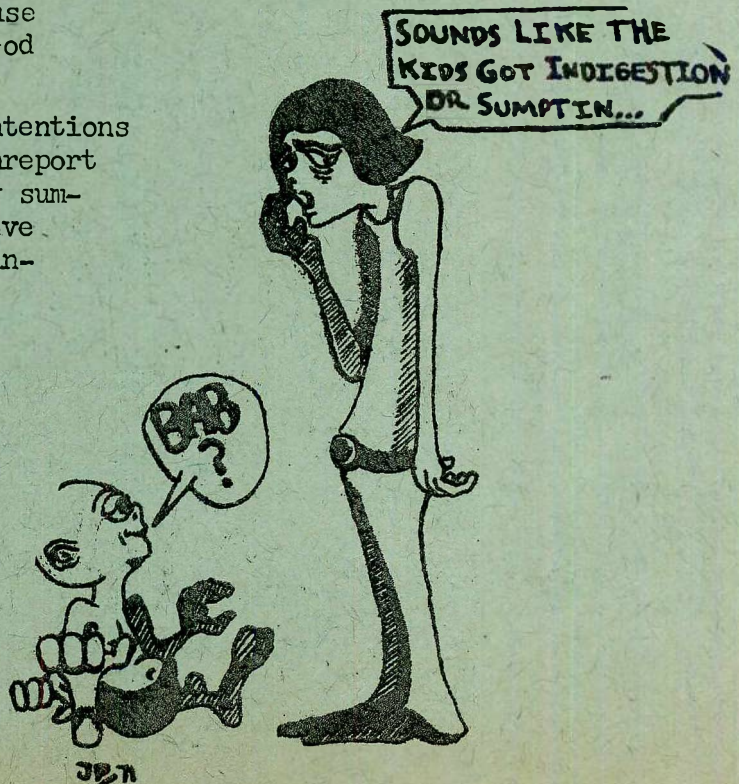
lowed to roam through the halls and the lobby of every hotel; this one's name was Sherry, named after the hotel.)

Bill saw Charlene in the corner and tore her away from the conversation she was having with Sherry and they walked away... Arnie made a note of that and then went over to ask Sherry what he and Charlene were talking about. That was the last I saw of Bill Kunkel.

BRAINWASHED No, that was a lie. I did see Bill and Charlene after that. And Arnie and Joyce and Jay Kinney and Chris Couch and Alice and on. A couple of record albums were out around that time, and though I never did get to hear I THINK WE'RE ALL BOZOS ON THIS BUS I was turned on by the Brooklyn Ks to the Graham Hash that someone brought to the convention, and it was really dynamite. Half the convention must've listened to it by the time the convention was over, because everyone was talking about it. Thank God for George Clayton Johnson.

DIARY OF AN EMPTY DAY I had/have no intentions of writing a conreport on Noreascon. Joyce Fisher excellently summarized any general feelings I might have had of the convention: it was well organized but so gigantic and aimless. Yet still very enjoyable.

Except on one point: I wish the convention committee had notified all members of the convention of the change in location of the convention. It turned out that on Saturday morning the convention had been moved to the Albert Pick motel, and it took me all day to find out the switch had been made. Owell..... No convention is perfect.



YESTERDAY'S PAPERS I'm sure you all recall the editorial in the last issue of BAB. Due to circumstances beyond my control (I ran out of money before I could run off anything past page 44) I was unable to finish the section entitled "Don't Mess Me Up." Well, I've junked that portion of the editorial and I don't remember the exact wording, but I think it was something along the line of: the car wasn't totaled, but I did break my leg and I wasn't able to make it to the Noreascon.

The driver of the truck wasn't so lucky. The 8-track tape he had in the cab of his truck was booby-trapped by a pair of hippies he'd run off the road in Connecticut (they were only trying to hitch a ride into NY City). Funeral services were last week, but I didn't go.

SOMEBODY LISTEN For the first couple issues of BAB, when I wanted to have anything electrostenciled, I had to go to the AD Dick store in Allentown and unwad \$3.00 per sheet. When I bought the Rex I've been using since BAB 5, I found the Rex dealer had a Bohn-Rex Rotary electrostenciling machine and he'd do my electrostenciling for \$2.50 a sheet. Wow, was I thrilled.

This year Lehigh University bought an electrostenciling machine as a part of their expansion of student services in the area of typing/folding/mimeographing, etc. (I'm sure there are a few other machines around the campus somewhere, gifts of fatherly Bethlehem Steel, but I haven't been able to find them.) The price for their electrostenciling is 70¢, and this issue uses some stencils I had done by LU. The only prominent example is the fucked heading by Jay Kinney on the next page: the lower line of the box disintegrated halfway through the print run.

It was a trying experience getting the things done, though. I taped all the material onto the usual approx. 7½ x 12½ area I use for electrostenciling, and took seven sheets up to the Student Activities Desk. "I'd like to have these electrostenciled," I told the secretary.

"I'll see," she said, and went into a back room.

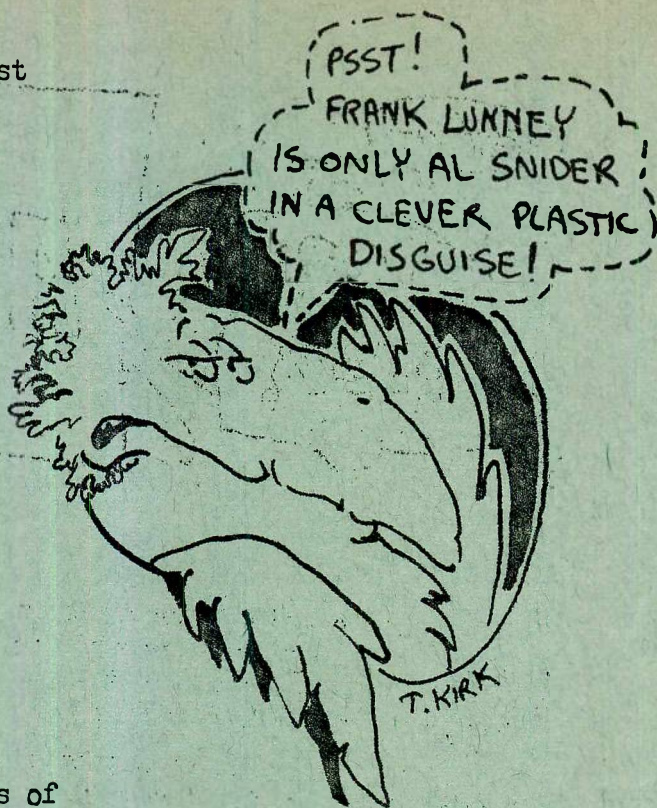
"These sheets are too big" another woman said as she walked out of the room. "Come on back here and I'll show you." I went back and she showed me the backing sheet against which the paste-up sheet is attached and then wrapped around the drum. My illos extended above and below the set of guidelines on the guide sheet.

"But it will print above and below those lines...a little," I said. "It covers an area of about 7½ x 12½, get out your service manual and I'll show you... it's all in there.... Like the other machines I've used..." I went on.

She finally relented and said, "Well, I'll give it a try, I guess. Do you want I should give it a try?" I nodded yes.

The entire area was covered, just like I said it would be.

That's the end of the story.





Chris Couch's Saturday night visits, though interrupted by his return to St. Louis in August for a month's visit, have become a standard part of the Katz social life. He arrives about 6 in the evening, we have a leisurely dinner shortly after, and spend the rest of the evening doing one thing or another.

During an early summer visit, I suggested that we watch a few of the hoary old horror flicks which are a staple of New York Saturday night television. Since we were already safely on our way to an exalted mental state, everyone thought it was a fine idea. Joyce and I have become devotees of such films, and I was pleased to discover that Chris was also.

One show in particular, "Creature Feature," had been absorbing our attention for the previous few Saturdays. Since it was the lead-off film show for the evening, I switched it on even before the vaporous refreshment had stopped circulating.

The distinguishing characteristic of "Creature Feature" is its quote boards. During each commercial break, a pithy phrase is flashed upon the screen. These quotes are sent in by members of the "Creature Feature" audience, and they are given their egoboo by the station in the form of credit lines giving the sender's name and hometown which appear in the lower right hand corner of each quote board. Several times during the show, an announcement is made concerning upcoming movies, giving the address to which "Creature Feature" fans can send their quotes.

Joyce and I have decided that there must be a fandom out there in the New York City metropolitan area, based on the quote boards.

During the showing of "It--Terror from Beyond Space," the film that evening, they flashed a quote that said "'It' is a Gas!" with a credit line to someone with a name like Murray Marshmallow, Piscataway, N.J. I'm sure that devout fans all over the viewing area nodded their heads sagely and said, "Ah, yes. Very promising, that Murray. Still, you know, he's no Bob Schlepperman."

This particular night, New Jersey was out in force, and I noticed that there were even several quotes used from different people who all resided in the same little Jersey town. I can only conclude from this that in this town--the name of which unfortunately escapes me--there is already a fan club for "Creature Feature" quote-card writers.

I imagine that "Creature Feature" occupies the same status in this new fandom I've discovered as the prozines have in ours. The quoteboards are the "Letter column", and the fans who send them in are the letterhacks of this fandom.

Once the letterhacks have banded together in clubs, such as the one I un-

earthed in New Jersey, how long will they remain satisfied with an existence dependent on the television show? How long can they be content to remain at the mercy of a capricious station management that might cancel "Creature Feature" any time? Not long, I'd bet.

I'm sure they must already have started moving toward the next step: Fan-zines.

Although I am just an Interested Spectator of this Other Fandom, I can imagine what their fanac must be like.

It's Friday evening, and the Creature Feature Club of Somewhere, New Jersey is about to have its weekly meeting. Friday is meeting night, because the members have to get up early during the week and Saturday, the night they watch "Creature Feature" Itself, would never do as a meeting night.

The host for the evening, a veteran clubmember who has had many of his quotes used on The Big Show ("Creature Feature" fans would recognize his name instantly, if they heard it.) offers the dozen or so members seats.

The host dims the lights, turns on his home movie projector, and his print of "War of the Doom Zombies" flickers into life. The clubmembers watch this horror classic of the silver screen with varying amounts of attentiveness.

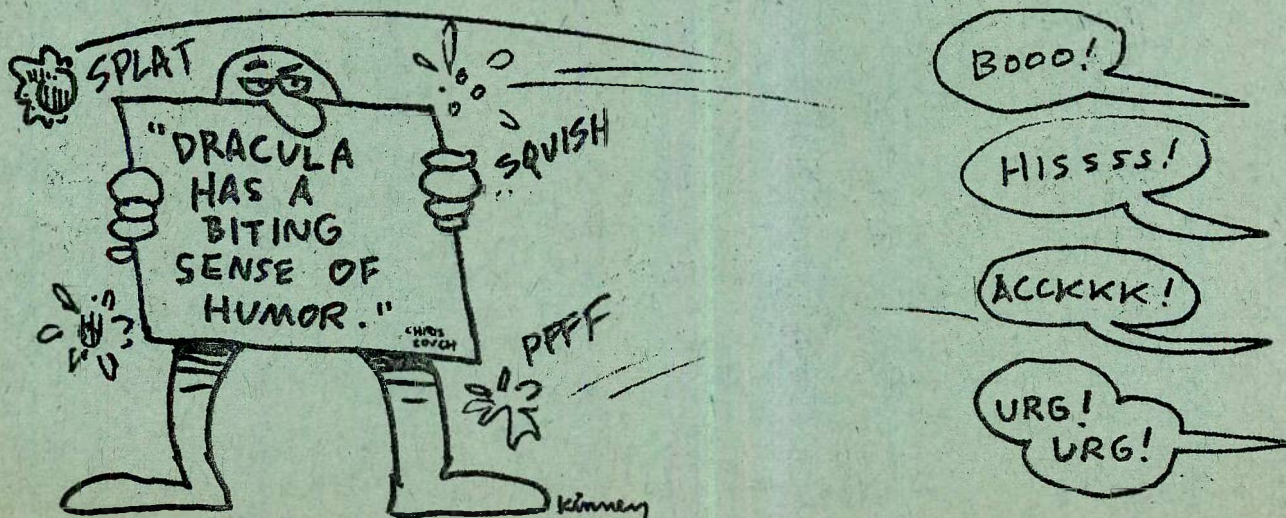
About ten minutes into the movie, the host stops the film, turns on the lights, and runs to the front of the room. Stationing himself in front of the screen, he whips out a hand-lettered sign and displays it to his audience.

There is a moderate amount of applause.

"'War' Is Hell--Armand Hammer, Somewhere, New Jersey," one of the members who has to sub-vocalize when he reads, murmurs. "Droll, very droll."

The host withdraws the card, shuts the lights, and the film resumes. Ten minutes later, the process is repeated, but this time the card reads: "Can Yoo Doo Voo Doo?--Armand Hammer, Somewhere, New Jersey."

When the movie has run its course and about ten of Armand's quoteboards have been flashed, the meeting breaks up for milk and cookies.



If this Other Fandom develops along lines similar to our own--and I have no reason to believe it won't--there will, inevitably, be fannishness.

I can see it now, that first meeting of the Creature Feature Club of Somewhere, New Jersey at which fannish quoteboards are flashed. The fan, a little older than the rest, perhaps, with hair a little longer than his fellows, will host the meeting.

Just as always, the room will dim, the picture will start, and ten minutes in, there will be the customary interruption.

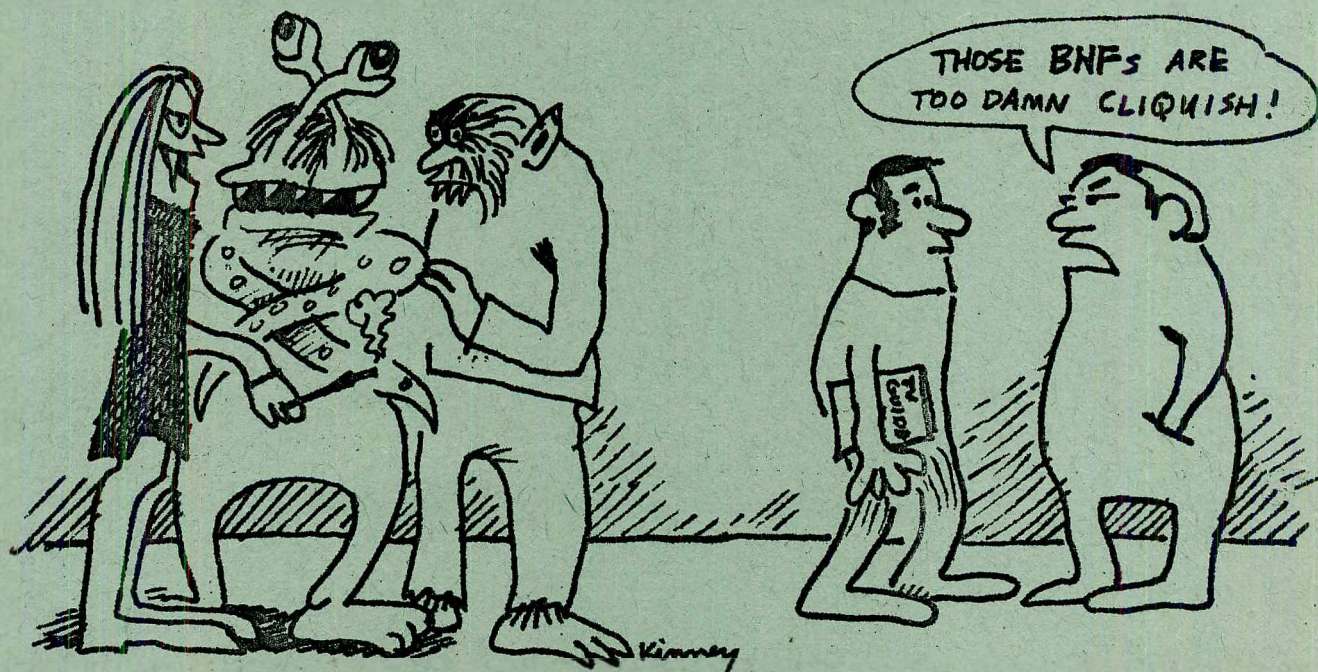
The first fannish "Creature Feature" fan will stand up, flash his card, and there will be a gasp of surprise.

"'The Right to Buy Women is the Right to be Free'? What the hell does that have to do with 'Slime Monsters from the Edge of Forever'? some indignant sercon "Creature Feature" fan will say. There will be whispers of assent, and something less than the usual round of applause.

But the fannish fan will remain undaunted. And by the time he flashes his last card of the night--"Murray Marshmallow in a Nark"--an Insurgent Element will have been born.

Eventually, really far out fans will learn to do without the movies entirely.

--Arnie Katz



MR. BAF GOES TO THE BIG CITY



JEFF
SCHALLES

"High there all you dirty perverted snobbish smelly freaky real-to-life trufaans! I must say that I'm truly glad to be here in your beautiful city and I hope that my stay will be as great for me as it will be for you..."

"Try it again, schmuck. And this time don't forget to wipe the mud off your ugly bare feet when you walk through that door."

"Er...uh...sorry about that...I mean...from all the fannish faanzine articles I've read, I sort of gathered that any fan could drop in on any other fan at any time and in any condition, and that it was necessary for him to make his entrance with any accompanying paragraph or two of frighteningly funny fannish banter, followed by a few pages of news exchanging, culminated by forming an expedition to find a Baskin and Robbins with at least one harrowing experience on the streets of the city along the way."

"hmmmm...son, you've been misled. As you can sec, I live just like any other normal everyday average freaky human being. I keep my fanzines hidden in the closet, and only bring them out after triply-locking my doors and checking for bugs and phone taps. The only time I ever see another fan is at a convention, and I've been hanging around the cons enough now that I can get into any closed party I want to without ever having to figure out something blindingly fannish to add to the conversation. These stories you read about other fans running around with each other and visiting each other and all that other stuff is bullshit. Now would you please wipe your feet, asshole?"

"Uh...er...GOSHWOW!...I just talked to a fan and LIVED!"

"The FEET, dummy..."

"Huh? Oh yeah...OK...now when are you going to offer me a bheer? IPA if you got it..."

"BHEER!! What kind of freak are YOU? There is no such thing as BHEER! It's

a hoax perpetrated on the world by Claude Degler. I thought **EVERYBODY** knew about it!"

"But...but..."

"Listen, kid. I can see that you've got a lot to learn about fandom. Come over here and I'll try and straighten things out for you, OK?"

"GOSHWOW! That would be really keen! But...uh...do we gotta sit so close? And do you have to do that to me with your hand? I always thought fans only messed around with fans of the opposite sex..."

"Like I said, kid, you got a lot to learn about fandom..."

"Hey...where do you keep your mimeograph? I want to see what one really looks like!"

"My WHAT? What kind of bullshit have they been feeding you, kid? Mimeographs are big expensive machines designed for big offices and stuff. What FAN is going to spend all that money on just a stupid little hobby?"

"Then what do you all run your fanzines off on?"

"What fanzines?"

"Why...er...FANZINE fanzines!"

"How many fanzines have you ever actually GOTTEN, kid?"

"Well...uh...Locus and Dallascon Bulletin and uh a Science Fiction Review and a Riverside Quarterly and...er...a Yandro..."

"They're all hoaxes too!!! They're all done by Claude Degler with carbon paper. He makes exactly four copies of each and sends them to neofans."

"GOSHWOW! That's really neat! He must really have some imagination!"

"Yeah, well, I guess so...I mean, he gets by..."

"Can I see your Hugo, then? Huh? Huh?"

"Hugo? What Hugo? There is no such THING as a Hugo!"

"But I thought EVERY fan had at least ONE..."

"Where did you hear about these things called 'Hugos'?"

"In some fanzine..."

"See, it's just another Degler hoax!"

"Then why do they have Worldcons? I thought Worldcons existed to hand out Hugos."

"What Worldcons? Kid, do you think we're crazy enough to go to all the trouble and expense of putting together and running a convention of the size that would be necessary for a Worldcon? It's a HOAX I tell you..."

"But...but...isn't there ANYTHING for real in fandom? I mean, without fanzines and Hugos and Bheer and Worldcons and Good Clean Sex, what is there?"

"Whatsa matter kid, you don't like fandom the way it is? If you don't like it you can just get the hell out of here!"

"Uh...er...well...see you later, Mr. Pierce..."

--Jeff Schalles

7/?/71

I FELL INTO AN AVALANCHE

A COLUMN OF FANZINE VIEWS AND COMMENTS

"Write about one fanzine as it relates to trends in fandom, as it may be forecasting newer trends, how it reacts to itself, how you react to it. Though each column can concern as many fmz as you deem fit...one or more...The column should be more a reflection of you and the way you view the fandom mirrored by fanzine than it should be of the fanzines themselves."

Lunney, letter to Lapidus
August 19, 1971

"The column should be more a reflection of you and the way you view the fandom mirrored by fanzines than it should be of the fanzines themselves."

Frank said that to me in a letter talking about this column, and I really like it. I'm going to try to use it, as best I can, in these pages here.

A word or two of brief explanation may be necessary. A few months ago, struck by the lack of any fanzine reviews aside from the brief plugs/pans in Yandro and Locus, I carelessly offered the editors of several fanzines a fanzine review column. I've always found fanzine reviewing the most enjoyable material I can write for other people, and I convinced myself I'd have time to do a column or two and still keep up all my other responsibilities.

Hah.

As it happened, four faneditors responded affirmatively, and the fifth declined only because she'd just found a fanzine reviewer herself. So I now have columns in Energumen, Dan Steffan's new Lizard Inn, and ICC, in addition of course to BAB.

This doesn't really bother me--there are certainly enough fanzines around to fill two dozen such columns at the very least. More or less, all these columns will fit together, have some sort of overall coherence to them. Some, primarily those for Lizard Inn and ICC, will run fairly straight, immediate review of recent fanzines. Others, especially those here and in the Canadian Boy Wonder's magazine, will be more reflective, more along the lines Frank discusses in that prologue on the top of the page. I've already begun spewing out my ideas on visuals in fanzines for Mike, and I think I'll try to focus specifically on the area Frank mentioned here. That is, the area of fanzines through time, fanzines and changes, and the ways these changes cause and/or mirror changes in the fannish microcosm.

Perhaps the best model of the sort of thing I hope to do was Arnie Katz's excellent discussion of the life and death of Dick Geis's Psychotic/SFR in Focal Point. Arnie himself has always been one of the top fanzine reviewers around, from

jerry lapidus

his column in Odd to those infrequent comments in the current Focal Point; in that column I mentioned, Arnie discussed the entire Psychotic/SFR era and phenomenon so well that there just wasn't much else that could be said. If I can approach that competency here, I'll be satisfied.

In fact, I think it's only right that I begin with the most obvious recent case, after Psychotic--Arnie's own Focal Point.

(Pause for reading time for me. In fact, I recommend you take some time off now, and read through the back issues of Focal Point you've stuck on top of Locus at the bottom of your closet. You'll enjoy the time.)

Since writing that first section, I've been doing strange things, among them fertilizing the lawn and rereading my FPs, from the first revived issue to the present. Two things worth noting have have from this.

1) The intense desire to rename this column, with apologies to Ted, "Thots While Lawn-Spreading"

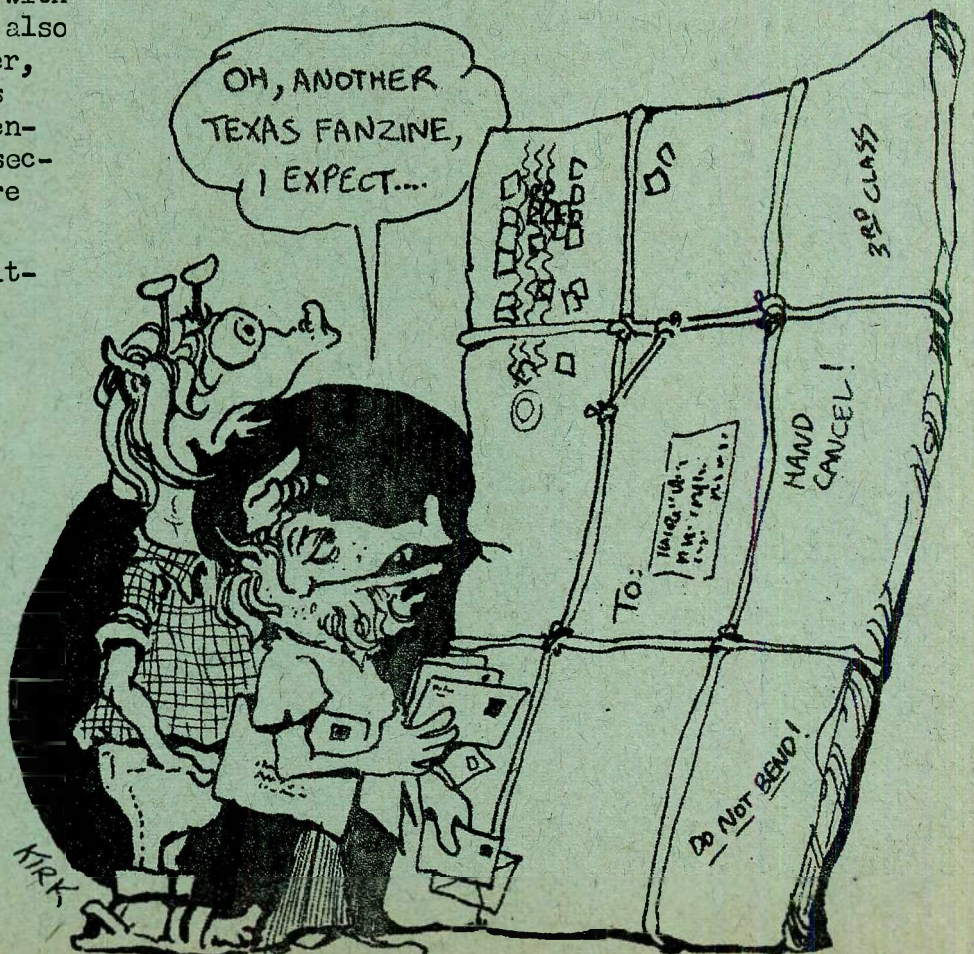
and

2) The Lapidus definition of good fan writing.

Manfully refraining from the first, I want to expound on the second for a moment. The Lapidus definition of good fan writing read: "Good fan writing is writing that you enjoy reading as much or more the second time." I confess rereading Terry's columns most strongly prompts this law, but other material there does it too. Strangely, the law doesn't seem to apply as strongly to professional science fiction writing. It can, but it doesn't have to. There are some good books you want to read again, books which give continued pleasure with each reading; there are also others, as good or better, for which one reading is sufficient. You don't enjoy things as much the second time, if indeed there is a second time at all.

But with fan writing, I've yet to run across a piece I'd call really good that I didn't enjoy as much the second or third time through as the first. I'll tell you a secret --I think that's the real reason Terry Carr is doing so many Entropy Reprint columns. They just give him another opportunity to reread some of the good fanwriting of the last twenty years.

Try to keep this digression in

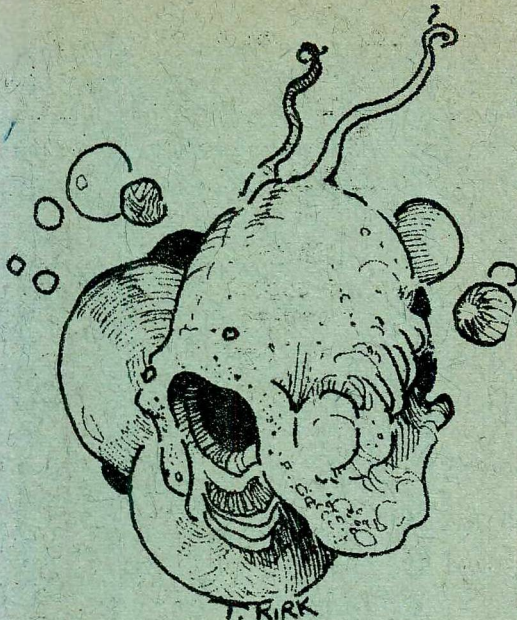


mind, in the following discussion. Perhaps it may seem unconnected with the topic now, but that's not really true.

* .

* .

Neither of the participants may like it, but I think it's fair to begin by comparing the first issues of both the modern incarnation of Focal Point and Locus. The first issue of Locus, dated June 17, 1968 and edited by Charlie Brown, Ed Meskys and Dave Vanderwerf, consists of a single mimeographed sheet with the Hugo nominees the lead story. A notice on the bottom of the page states, "This is the first official issue of Locus, a biweekly or more newszine." Remember that phrase--it will come up in a few minutes.



The magazine quickly became larger, by the tenth issue generally running three pages of more-or-less uninterrupted news, with a cartoon on the front page the only artwork. Remember, this was at the time the only major newszine around the East Coast--Andy Porter's SFWeekly had folded just about a year before, and as far as I'm aware, nothing had made a serious attempt to take its place. By this time, Locus was calling itself a biweekly newszine and was listing a circulation of 275; it had also begun taking advertising fliers. This format remained more or less the same for a dozen issues, adding pages and some interior art here and there. News coverage still predominated, with fanzine reviews also taking up a bit of space. The first item not either news or some sort of advertisement didn't appear until the 29th issue--a survey of the 1968 prozines by David Malone. And the first regular feature was Tony Lewis's regular prozine column, beginning with the following issue.

This process has continued till the present, with the magazine itself getting larger, the circulation getting larger, the art getting fancier. Bob Tucker, Harry Warner and George Barr have had very infrequent columns, although Tony has dropped his. There are occasional brief book reviews, but the format is essentially the same. The 96th issue came in today; a short one at six pages, it includes news, fanzine reviews and two add fliers. Circulation is approximately 1200--or at least that's the number of fliers they ask for if you want to run something through. The colophon says: "Locus is a weekly/biweekly newsletter..."

I told you all that to tell you this: the first issue of the revived Focal Point appeared (or at least is postmarked--I can't find a date) March 30, 1970, right while Locus was merrily building a circulation. This beginning issue runs three pages, is illustrated, and also contains news, a bit of which also appeared in the corresponding issue of Locus. It also bears some other important differences to that first Locus, besides style and size.

First, it began with an overt purpose--to be different from Locus. Editors Arnie Katz and Rich Brown obviously didn't like the way Charlie was handling the news field, and made no hesitation in saying as much. "The whole fan world, for all we know, may simultaneously reach orgasm every time 'SMOF #1' goes into his egotripping song and dance," they said in a brief editorial, "We don't." The whole idea was to present the news more interestingly and more entertainingly than Locus had been doing.

Second, Focal Point didn't even from the outset call itself a newszine.

"A fanzine of news, views and reviews" is what the colophon says, and I believe that what a person calls his fanzine has a lot to do with the way he thinks of that fanzine. I know I'd think twice before I gave my fanzine such a specific subtitle, and I'm inclined to believe both Locus and Focal Point did too. I don't think Focal Point ever really meant to be a simple newszine--and it certainly didn't stay that way for long.

Third, from the very beginning, FP featured additional material besides straight news. This first issue includes a "guest" report on the SFWA Banquet from Ted White. The very next issue included a page-long fannish tale from Arnie, the fourth continued Steve Stiles's TAFF report (originally begun in Arnie's own Quip), and by the fifth issue Harry Warner's "All Our Yesterdays" column had finally taken root. This whole trend toward fanzine rather than newszine continued as more and more writers began contributing columns, the most notable being Terry Carr's frequent and excellent "Infinite Beanie" column; the process was obvious with the publication of Focal Point 12.5, a special genzine produced for the BoSh Fund (two special issues of Locus were simply art issues), and was completed with Focal Point 31's metamorphosis into a full-fledged fannish genzine.

This, I feel, is where the magazine's been going all along. It began as somewhat of a spokesman for the then-awakening fannish-revival; it has become probably the best existing representative of that revival, presently containing work from some of the best current fannish writers and artists.

From the very beginning I enjoyed Focal Point, but more important I welcomed its appearance. While I didn't share the editors' near paranoia with Charlie Brown, I did feel it an unhealthy thing for any one person to wield the influence in fandom that Charlie Brown obviously had. When you run the most frequent fanzine with the largest circulation of any general-interest magazine in the field, you're going to be able to say a lot of things to a lot of readers. And those readers who aren't "up" on current discussions may easily be swayed by your opinions. The fact that I happened to agree more with Charlie than not was and is beside the point--I was glad to see FP arise, because it could provide a strong second voice from New York. So I now hope it survives the changes for the same reason...in addition to any innate quality, of course.

I think Arnie and Rich realized exactly what they were doing from that beginning. They saw the awakening fannish resurgence; Arnie himself had published one of the few fannish fanzines for some time. They saw the opportunity to create a real focal point for the rising movement, and in a fanzine of the same name proceeded to do just that. There's little doubt that Focal Point is the best known of the fannish fanzine, and is the central fanzine in the resurgence movement... a focal point, if you will.

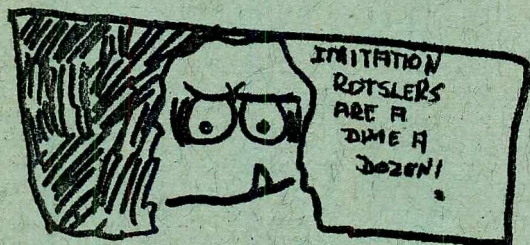
At this point, I'd like to skim over the magazine, from the beginning to the present; not "reviewing" each issue, but hitting major points in the magazine's development.

What categorizes the pregenzine Focal Point in your eyes? Probably three or four basic things, three or four standout features of the magazine. For me,



three or four standout features of the magazine. For me, these would include the excellent columns, the BoSh fund, and the unfortunate feuding, sometimes over these same things.

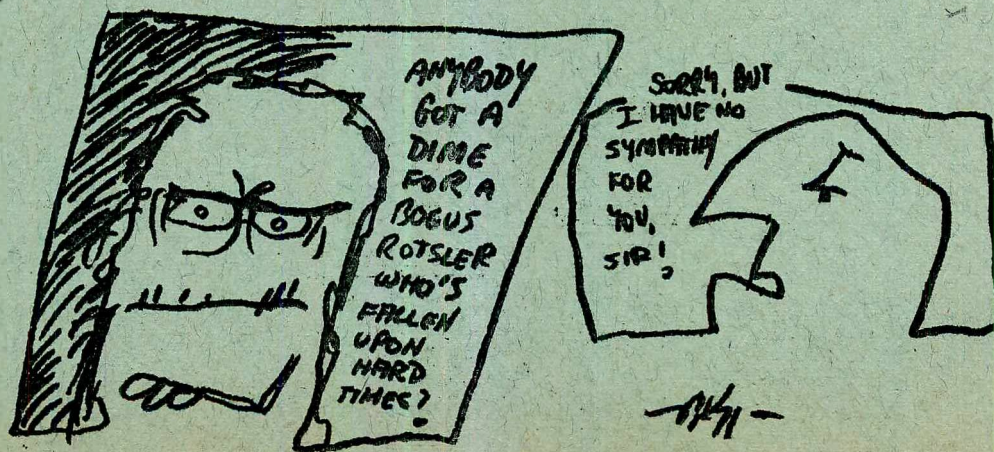
Name your list of favorite current writers who have written or might write in might what be called a fannish style. Write it down. Got it? Okay. Now check out these names: Terry Carr, Harry Warner, Steve Stiles, Greg Benford, Arnie Katz, Ted White, Bob Shaw, Rich Brown, John D. Berry, Rosemary Ulliot. I venture to guess most of your favorites are on this list--and everyone here either had a regular column in FP, or else had a number of individual pieces in these thirty issues. An extensive list, and even better, a surprising amount of the material stands up under rereading. Every sort of material was present, from the flimsiest, frothiest sort of informal fannish writing to actual discussion of Science Fiction. Terry's "Infinite Beanie" column was most regular, appearing in virtually every issue; Terry was nominated for a Hugo largely on the basis of this column, and in my opinion, he probably deserved it based on this alone. I enjoyed his continuing column here very much, touching as it did on a multitude of subjects and moods, and I'm very glad Arnie and Rich were able to get Terry back doing a regular column. Who knows--the revival of Lighthouse may be next!

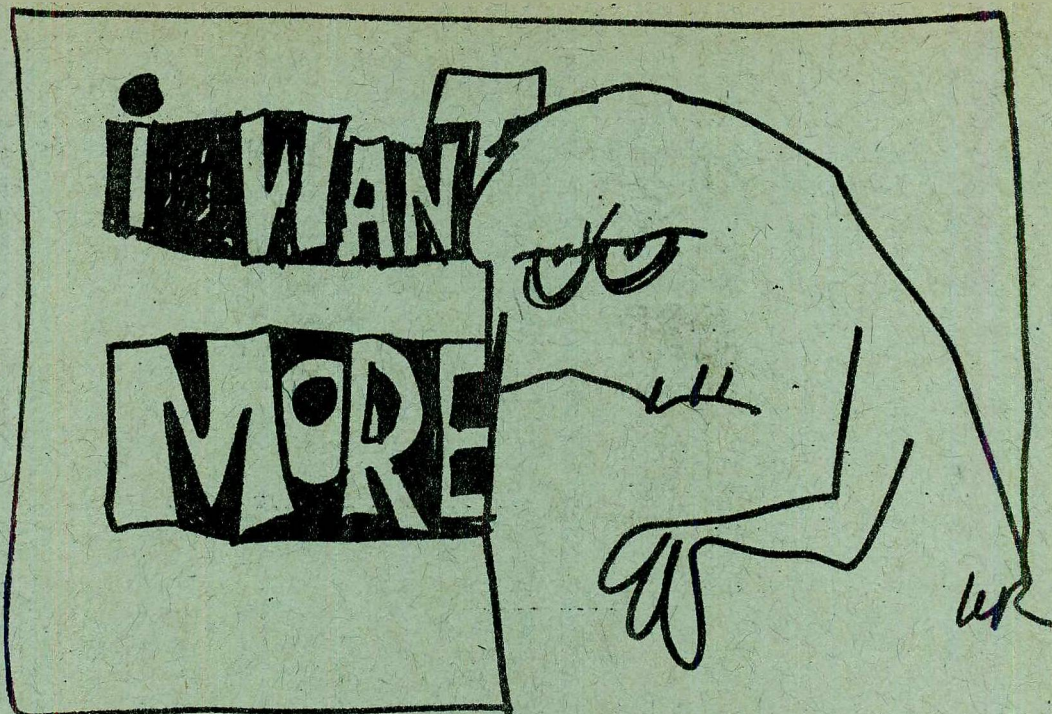


A lot of detail isn't really necessary about the BoSh fund. Arnie and Rich came up with the idea, and with the help of a number of other well known fans, successfully ran a fund to bring Irish fan Bob Shaw to this country for the Worldcon. Very few can argue that the fund was a fine idea, and both Arnie and Rich did fandom a service in this project. Besides the goal of bringing Bob to Noreascon, the fund also sponsored numerous BoSh fund publications, including a reprint of the ex-

cellent Shaw/Willis fannish allegory, The Enchanted Duplicator. A very worthy objective, with good results on all sides; American fandom got the chance to meet Shaw, a number of good fanzines saw publication, and the fannish movement got a good rallying cry. Even better, the Special Fund had no adverse results on the regular TAFF race, as was feared might happen.

What wasn't quite so nice was the controversy the Shaw Fund saw, controversy of the type that unfortunately followed Focal Point through this whole period. From where I stand, I admit that much of it seems to have been the editors' own fault. From the very beginning, they made a point of alienating Charlie Brown and





Locus; go back and read that statement I quoted from the first issue editorial. This led directly to the unpleasantness over the BoSh fund that followed. Due to some apparent misunderstandings on both sides, tempers probably already on edge from this early name-calling flared openly. Both Locus and Focal Point attacked each others' actions repeatedly, over the space of several issues, each claiming to be acting in the best interests of fandom as a whole. Both violently over-reacted, but with that in overt name-calling in the first issue, FP seemed to strike the first blow.

A couple of similar quarrels arose in later issues. Linda Bushyager, editor of Granfalloon, questioned the accuracy and fairness of the recently announced Ego-boo Poll in her magazine, and both Rich and several of the people mentioned in the poll wrote angry rebuttals in FP to Linda's charges. Linda...well, Linda has a tendency to put her foot in her mouth occasionally, and she really did so here. But once again, the reaction seemed much stronger than called for--fairly long denunciations by Rich and Jay Kinney, an utter pan of her fanzine from Arnie, a nasty answer to a conciliatory letter from Linda. As with the Locus situation, the FP people seemed to have been overly ready to jump to conclusions about others' ideas and motives.

Both of these conflicts bothered me a lot, because they marred the otherwise friendly and enjoyable tone of the magazine. Even worse, it seems that both could have been avoided with a minimum of effort from either side. Thankfully, at least this last quarrel seems to be over--Ted White, who bitterly attacked Linda in this case, has the first chapter of a new novel (cut by the printer) in the latest issue of Granfalloon. The war with Locus, unfortunately, keeps going.

Luckily, the current Focal Points seem relatively unaffected by these arguments, and the bitter debate with Ted Pauls that's been going on in the pages of Potlatch hasn't struck here, either. The most recent issues, 31 and 32, are enjoyable fannish genzines, the latest being a particularly good and promising issue. A bit of the writing in 31 seems forced, but there's almost none of that in

the latest issue.

In fact, Focal Point 32 is an annoyingly good issue to any other faneditor trying to put out a good fanzine. An enjoyable Katz column; a typically informative Harry Warner column; the second installment of Bob Toomey's new and enjoyable column; (this listing of good columns is getting tiring, isn't it?); the beginning of Ted White's "Trenchant Bludgeon" column from SFR (and a fine one, too); the arrival of irregular columnists Bob Shaw and Denny O'Neil; AND Terry Carr's column. Not a bad item there, and it all makes excellent rereading.

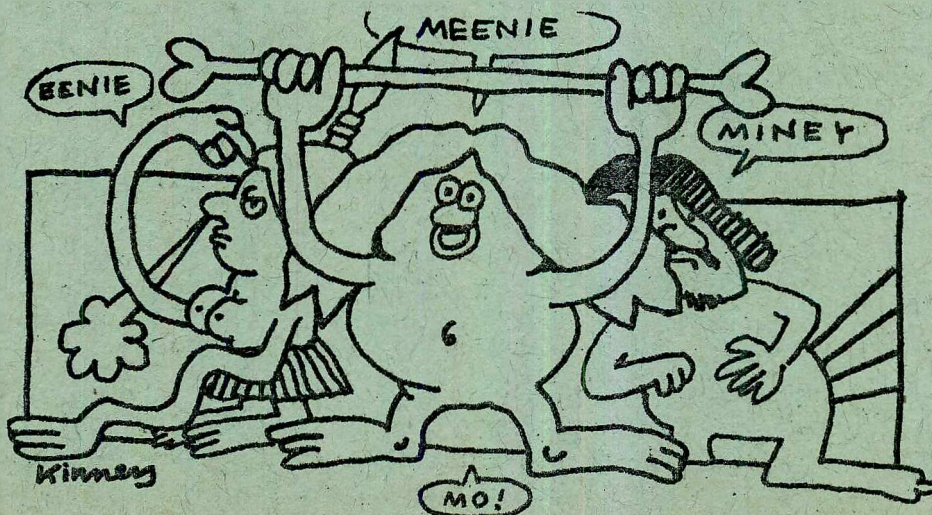
Visually, the issue is far more interesting than you might think. It isn't "in" these days for fannish fanzines to talk about appearance and graphics, but nonetheless Arnie has a pretty fair visual sense, and it shows in the magazine. The Ross Chamberlain cover is hilarious, one of the best humorous covers I've seen sincesince the last Chamberlain Quip cover, probably. Although all the interior art is light and fannishly oriented, the layout simple but well-designed, there are some nice touches in layout here and there. Mimeo is good to excellent, of course.

The two things which keep this from being a totally excellent fanzine for me are the fanzine reviews and the lettercolumn. Check back at the beginning of this column, and you'll see my general opinion of Arnie as a fanzine reviewer. Unfortunately, I do think here he's letting his personal prejudices for fannish writers and fannish fanzines overwhelm his critical judgment. He gives relative rave reviews of two very young fannish fanzines, and nearly a total pan of one of the major non-fannish publications. Now certainly Arnie's entitled to his opinion on anything without complaints from me, but I just can't let this go by. What I feel is a bias in this column seriously lessens its usefulness and interest for me, and I think it hurts the fanzine.

The lettercolumn is also surprisingly short, blunt and relatively uninteresting. Not a major flaw, to be sure, but a small fly in an otherwise nearly unblemished ointment.

The moral of the whole thing is that with the current issue, Focal Point firmly cements a place as probably the major fanzine in the current fannish movement...and, for what it's worth, a very probably Hugo nomination next year.

--Jerry Lapidus
September 28, 1971



I REALLY DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT MUSIC: 3

And so the author returned home at 11:30 PM Sunday evening, and everyone was in bed. He saw a copy of CIRCUS on the sofa and took it upstairs to the bathroom to read. When he got to his bedroom the radio was playing the Beatles' "Revolution" and the clock said 7 o'clock. Somebody had stolen the author's extension cord, and the clock was plugged into an outlet such that it only ran when the light was on. WLPL-FM played the author's favorite Doors song, "Riders on the Storm," and then went off the air. Radio stations tend to do that. Baltimore's best radio station, WYBE, goes off at 8 PM. The author switched to WCBM, which likes to replay 1950 pop music but which does have nice disc jockeys (but early Monday morning an insipid dj plays "serious" music until 1. The last two weeks he played JESUS CHRIST, SUPERSTAR and told how much it bored him. Both weeks in its entirety, with disparaging comments. This night it was WEST SIDE STORY), and decided to start his third BeABohema column, even though the second hadn't been published yet. To wit:

I REALLY DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT MUSIC: III

Jeffrey D. Smith

Have you heard of THE BEATLES: AWAY WITH WORDS? Perhaps it struck your town. Maybe you even wasted your money on it. "The most unique tribute in the history of entertainment." "A multi-media presentation which utilizes twenty-six separate projectors controlled by a computer." And at times it seemed all twenty-six projectors were in action at once on the same screen (while the computer went *click, click*--not in time to the music.

Parts of it were nice, but more weren't. However, AWAY WITH WORDS is not today's topic. One bit near the beginning is what prompted these remarks. It started out pre-Beatles, with snatches of old rock and pop songs backing pictures of old rock and pop singers (no, they seldom matched) and then pictures of John and Jacqueline Kennedy. I was puzzled at first, and then realized, my God, Dallas. Sure enough, the opening section ended with the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. I sat stunned well into the early-Beatles segment.

I am not a political person, though I am more aware now than even four years ago, when Bobby Kennedy's death did not affect me at all. Politics and I do not get along at all. I can't even follow what's happening to the draft, and that affects me very much. I am basically a simplistic-type person, however, and politics are too subtle and silly for me. (I'm not alone; most people of my gen-

Jeff Smith

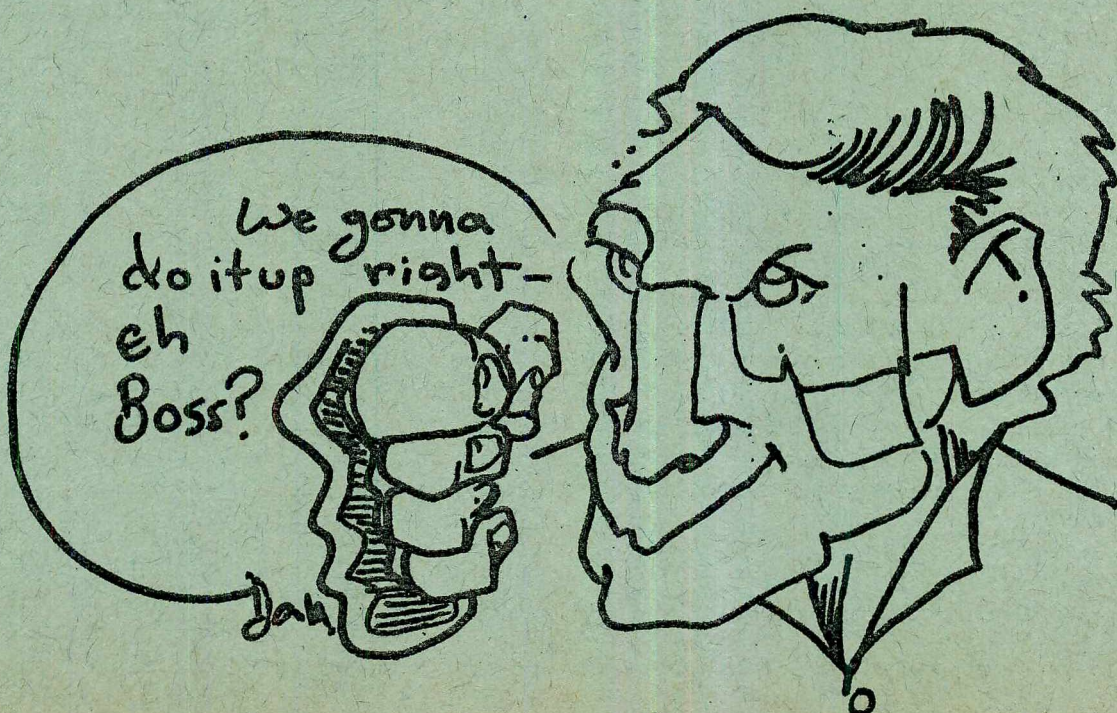
eration who are into politics more simplistically than subtly. I'm all for that, but there's another system already in effect.)

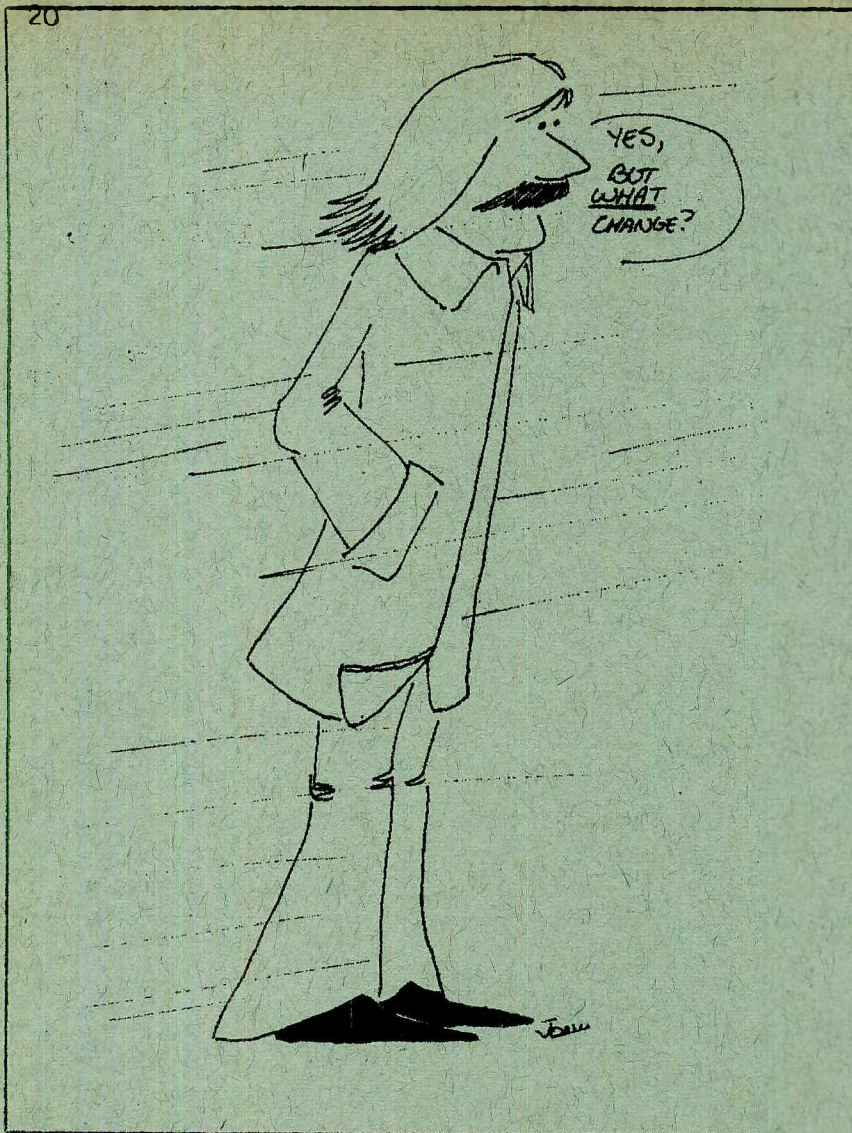
For some reason, though, assassinations--particularly those of the Kennedy brothers--really rip me up now. They meant nothing to me when they occurred, but now they mean aches and tears. Watching John Kennedy ride off to his death did not do good things to my mind. And if circumstances had been such that it was Bobby's death on the screen, I would have broken down and cried. In the middle of the Morris A. Mechanic Theatre, sitting in my three-dollar seat, I would have laid my head on Ann's shoulder and cried. I can't take it.

And so I'm infuriated by the commercial uses of these assassinations. And I mean specifically THE BEATLES: ~~AWAY WITH WORDS~~ and Tom Clay's "What the World Needs Now Is Love." (Dion's "Abraham, Martin and John"--which is in the Clay record--is fine with me. I don't particularly like it, but it doesn't offend me.) They're supposed to shake me up, and they do, but--I don't need them. I don't need Tom Clay to tell me that assassinations are bad and hurtful things. I learned that on my own; I took my own good time about it, but since I learned it on my own it means a great deal to me. It means much more than a top ten record.

In another genre, some people are affected this way by LOVE STORY: "Sure it makes me cry, but it's contemptible because it forces my emotions." (I sometimes think I'm Erich Segal's only half-literate supporter in the whole world.)

So Tom Clay's record is supposed to tear me up, and it does. But where does Clay get the right to tear me up with sounds of panic and hysteria at the shooting of Bobby Kennedy? Where does he get the right to make money off it. Tell





me.

And what purpose is served by killing off John Kennedy before the Beatles come on? Historical perspective, perhaps, but that could be achieved in other, less dramatic ways. Why show the car driving off, to be frozen by a sharp retort?

The Beatles did not restore order to the world after Kennedy's death; if anything, they added to the chaos--gloried in the chaos. The early Beatles were known as much for their avid/rabid fans as for their music--A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.

But the Beatles cannot be accused of being modern Joshuas, blowing down the world. Save that for the Jefferson Airplane or someone similar. Perhaps the essence of the Beatles can be found on one 45, with "Strawberry Fields Forever" on one side and "Penny Lane" on the other--the Beatles were ever caught in the dichotomy of new culture and old culture.

Did the world change on November 22, 1963? Are we too close to really tell? I just don't like assassinations mixed in with my music, thank you.

--22-3 August 1971

Ah, yes, but Give Peace A Chance. Rock is, after all, well known for lovingly tearing down walls. I haven't noticed it doing much good, but the process continues nevertheless. I myself kinda stand behind "fighting for peace is like fucking for virginity."

Anyway, out here in Columbia (well, I live in a suburb of west Baltimore, so Columbia is only a hop, skip and a jump away--in fact, Columbia's Merriweather Post Pavillion is almost closer to me than Baltimore's Civic Center)(contemplate upon the phrase "almost closer"--I do often) we had a few problems with gate-crashers and trashers and the like. In Baltimore, rock concerts were usually followed by wakes of destruction, and downtown merchants finally effected a rock ban on the Civic Center which lasted quite some time. Eventually hung up on the distinction between rock and pop, the city has relaxed the ban and booked Chicago, Black Sabbath, Three Dog Night and the Jefferson Airplane, among others. Any recurrence of violence is liable to screw things up for good.

The violence never appeared to be too bad at Columbia, as violence goes.

My brother would return from his Steppenwolf or Elton John concerts and tell us everything was peaceful, and we'd have to wait until the morning paper would come out to discover that people had stormed the place and practically torn the fence down. While it might be possible that the person sitting on Randy's left could reach across him and knife the person on his right without my brother suspecting a thing, we figured that if the trouble had been perceptible to the audience, Randy's friends would have informed him on the way home.

Merriweather is, as mentioned, a pavillion. There's a stage and lots of seats and a tent over them, a large grassy plain for which tickets are sold cheap, and there's plenty of room between the pavillion and the fence around it.

The Sunday before Noreascon, Ten Years After played at Merriweather. A large number of non-paying would-be-attendees stormed the fence, and in the course of a long confrontation after the concert set fire to a golf cart. When the firemen arrived to put out the fire, they were pelted with bricks and bottles.

Hey, people, you don't throw bricks at the firemen. Unlike policemen, who are basically insecure people who need artificial positions of authority to get through life, firemen are possessed of two qualities necessary for their job--a sincere desire to help, and a never-really-grown-up outlook similar to that of fans. (No, I'm not saying they're paragons; merely that their individual flaws they have as a whole those two good qualities with which make them worthy of respect.

So the word came out: If there's any more violence at Merriweather, the pavillion loses its rock permit. There was nothing to worry about immediately, because the Tuesday show was Kris Kristofferson and Carly Simon. But Thursday Blood, Sweat & Tears are coming in for the first of two nights.

Yeah, well, the rock fans aren't going to turn out in hordes to see BS&T. Rock fans are down on BS&T, because the group is too "commercial." I call them "professional" and--those of you familiar with my tastes have probably guessed--I like them very much. Unlike Chicago, which is at its best when no more than three members of the group are much in evidence, BS&T is a solid group of nine performers. Hell, I'm not going to bother defending them. If you don't like them, don't. I do. But read on; they are only incidental to the story.

Early in the week, when the news about the possible ban was released, WAYE, the only non-top-40 radio station around that also plays records by people whose names I've heard (I listened to one FM station for a couple days and gave up in despair; I didn't even like any of the music) ran a kind of spontaneous forum. While the records were playing people would call the dj (though the WAYE people certainly aren't like any



djs I've ever heard before; the first few days after the switch from the pop stations were unsettling) and talk. Then he'd talk on the air about what the people said.

It began when someone called in and said the reason people tried trashing the pavillion was because Merriweather charged too much, and deserved it. Ty agreed that tickets were high, but if the place were torn down prices would have to go up to cover rebuilding costs. Also, the pavillion didn't charge any more than anyone else did; ticket prices were obviously based upon how much the groups charged. Get the groups to lower their demands. And never resort to violence. Ty is very much a pacifist (bravo).

For the next hour or so they discussed boycotting rock shows to express their displeasure, but I don't see how that would work. The people unhappy aren't paying to get it anyway; they're outside causing trouble.

Finally some girl called in and said, for heaven's sake, do what we do: when we have the money we go in, and when we don't we hang around in the woods outside; the groups certainly play loud enough.

And that kind of settled things. Ty kept telling people to relax outside if they weren't going in. Under normal conditions the post guards might go around chasing loiterers away, but given the choice of having a couple hundred people sitting quietly or storming the gate...

As Ann and I pulled into the parking lot Thursday evening, Ty said, "Those of you at Columbia tonight, remember: things have to be peaceful. If you see somebody next to you beginning to get uptight, tell him to cool off. Merriweather is a good thing and we don't want to lose it. Now, here's an interesting tape sent to me by a friend in New York and I want to see if you like it..." We stayed to listen to the tape, and it was interesting, and we kind of liked it, and then we went up.

The story fizzles out here (although the evening didn't). There was no violence at all. As we heard on the 11 o'clock news, heading back to Baltimore, the only thing for the police to do was direct traffic. (There was a gratifyingly large number of BS&T fans, though a lot of them were fantastically straight. The ones behind us surveyed the crowd, trying to guess who was "turning on.")

The concert? It was great. Brewer & Shipley came first. By themselves, they're good; as come-on for BS&T they aren't so good. But...BS&T, incredibly loose (Lewis Soloff led the band in a musical revolt at the end of "And When I Die" that had David Clayton-Thomas screaming "I'm being crucified," threatening Soloff with the microphone stand, and laughing at the same time), incredibly good, incredible. They sometimes tended to let the solos go on a tetch, too long, but they compensated by coming up with a new arrangement for "Lucretia MacEvil" far superior to the recorded one. Most of the songs were from the second album (BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS) but they played selections from all four--including Claton-Thomas doing some of Al Kooper's songs from the first album.

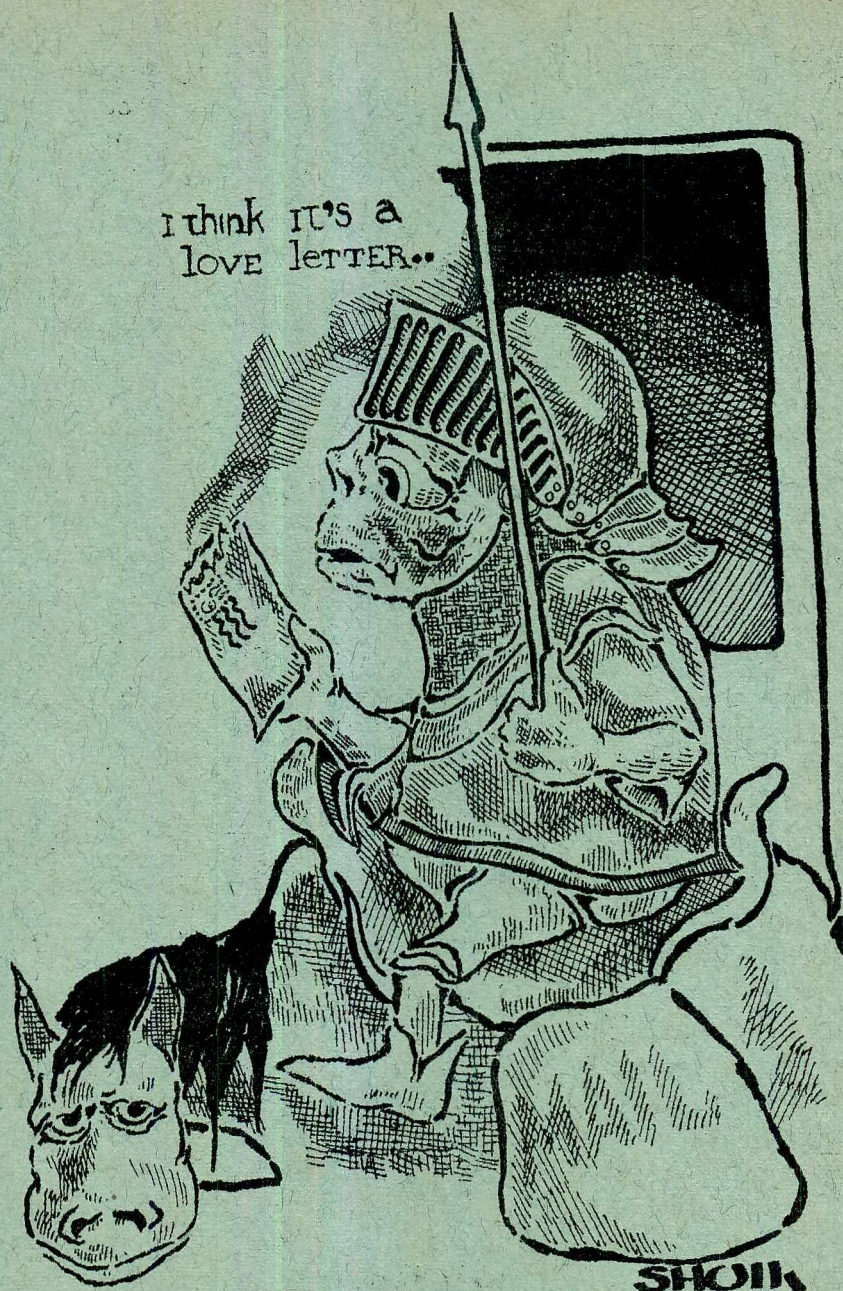
And everything was peaceful. I realize that this column would have been much more interesting if I had been caught in the middle of a riot, but...

In a case like this, I think a dull column deserves a celebration. It's sad that disorderly concerts outnumber orderly ones, but maybe this will turn around. I know of no written "Woodstock is dead" edict, and while I've pretty much given up on festivals I think that individual concerts still constitute a viable peace chance. Bengla Desh, everyone.

--Jeff Smith

15 September 1971

CUM
BLOATUS



Harry Warner, Jr.

423 Summit Ave

Hagerstown, Md. 21740

Since returning from the Noreascon, I've decided to take a bold step toward the goal of catching up on loc obligations. I won't read the big fanzines from beginning to end, in the interest of saving time. The cutoff point is page 44; after I reach that, I stop reading the fanzine and go to another one, much as I regret the necessity for missing beautiful pictures and fascinating prose or poetry. It's particularly regrettable in view of the fact that you continued your editorial on page 45 of the new BeABohema. Now I'll be the only person in fandom who will never know how you got out of that cliffhanging situation. What went before in the editorial made excellent reading, though.

The Cracked Eye makes me wonder why you wanted to liberate a copy of Playboy. You could have read Gary Hubbard's manuscript over and over and obtained much more pleasure that way than by looking through the varied quality of the mater-

ial in the professional magazine. This is absolutely splendid, something like Liz Fishman combined with Charles Burbee. The only thing wrong with the illustrations is that they're too good. The eye wants to keep peering at them over and over while it's equally anxious to continue reading the narrative and this sets up a conflict that could lead to a split level retina or something worse.

One other reason for writers' failure to answer questionnaires from those who's who volumes is the practice some of them adopt, that of publishing listings only for those who send an order for the next edition along with a filled-out questionnaire. I've stopped answering the things when an order form is in the same envelope with the questionnaire form, even if the cover letter assures me that an order has no influence on the decision whether to include. Now I've done a couple of things wrong. I've referred to the genre as who's who books, when actually I believe that Who's Who is still a legitimate trade name and I could be libeling the publishers of the real Who's Who books if people thought I was referring to that firm's publications. And I've made it appear as if I'm swamped with demands for information because I'm such a famous person when I'm not; it's been my listings in journalism trade publications that have caused most of these forms to arrive. When there are only three or four reporters on a newspaper, each of them must be assigned five or six important-sounding posts so it will appear that the newspaper has complete coverage, and that's how I got into such august tomes as Who's Who in American Art, of all things: because someone in the front office once listed me as art critic for a publication which ran such trivia.

((The only Who's Who I've ever come close to being a part of was Who's Who in American High Schools, or the one with a title appropriate for high school students. All semi-finalists in the National Merit Scholarship tests are sent information forms to fill out, and as you mentioned, they also send a form for the volume in which you're listed. We were warned about the whole bit in school, and I never did get around to sending the form back, so I probably wasn't listed at all. I should have. Friends who did send in their forms tell me it's something they always mention about contestants on the Dating Game. You know: "And Pete Fass goes to Cornell University, works part-time as a street car conductor, he likes skiing, eating and sleeping, and he's listed in Who's Who in American High Schools. Looks like I missed out.



((Also, I forgot to mention it, but it wasn't I who even wanted to "liberate" Playboy. Just somebody else I know who's adept at the art. Last time I saw him he had just inherited \$5,000 and was off for a trip through Africa and the Middle East through India to the Himalayas. But he still, with the money he'd just come into, had the latest issue of Time he'd stolen only a few seconds before ...so I could read it.))

Incidentally, Advent: Publishers is preparing a three-volume, I think, new edition of the Tuck handbook to which Piers refers. I understand that it's so complicated to put into type that a computerized typesetting device was baffled and it must be done by human brains. Piers's article seems to be quite comprehensive as far as it goes, although someone really should draw up a good list someday of the major index-stuff that appeared in fanzines over the years. Buried in fanzines are some compilations more elaborate than some separate publications.

I'd completely forgotten the Hannes Bok article which Terry chose for reprint this time, if I read it on original publication, which was right in the middle of the closest I've been to gaffiation since I've been an active fan. I seem to remember the Cloes-Jacobs publication as having been in FAPA rather than SAPS. I'm particularly happy about this reprint because it makes Hannes sound like a person subject to the normal irritations and reactions of all the rest of us. Since his death, articles about Hannes have occasionally tended to make him seem like a member of another race who had wandered among humans by accident. He probably changed somewhat after 1951 and 1952, but the article and biographical notes still humanize him gratifyingly. And there's also comfort in the reminder that the younger generation and neofans haven't changed from 1951 to 1971 in their opinions of themselves and their lack of diplomacy toward pros. (At either the last Nycon or the Discon, I heard a youngster say to Leigh Brackett: "I've never heard of you



but maybe I'd better get your autograph anyway." He'd seen her name on her badge and apparently had decided that she wasn't behaving strangely like certain fans of about her age.)

There is a difference between stealing and hijacking, even if Justin ST. John doesn't realize it. Stealing is swiping something behind someone's back or when he's not watching for other reasons. Hijacking involves the use of force and a commandeering of a vessel, it's a separate crime, and it involves a somewhat more severe penalty: up to capital punishment. I'm also surprised that Justin, who writes first about drugs and then about Scientology, doesn't realize that it isn't only the big shots in Scientology who are out for his for his money.

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Dear Sir,

Readers of science fiction (serious or casual) may be interested to know that we will be issuing facsimile reprints of about a dozen classics of Victorian (and earlier) predictive literature. Some are very well known (Erewhon) but there are other--pamphlets to three-decker novels on future wars and utopias which could be interesting for most of your readers.

Your sincerely
Ridley Burnett

Further information:
Cornmarket Reprints
42 Conduit Street
London W1R 0NL
England

A BAB Public Service Announcement

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Bruce D. Arthurs I was very impressed by BEABOHEMA #17. Very good articles,
815 N. 52nd St, #21 coupled with excellent layout and repro. However, your ed-
Phoenix, Ariz. 85008 itorial...

Where do you get the gall to call a cop a "fucking pig" just because he gives you a traffic ticket? If he'd pistol-whipped you or something, maybe you'd be justified. But a traffic ticket? That's a ridiculous overreaction on your part.

((In my haste to get the story down on paper in the last editorial I forgot to tell the whole story. As I drove away from the previously described scene-of-the-crime the fucking pig reached into his patrol car and pulled out a shotgun. A not-so-carefully placed shot tore apart my gas tank, miraculously avoiding every other part of my Volkswagen. When all the gas in the lines of the car had run out, the cop had finally caught up with me and gave me a ticket for parking illegally on the side of the road.))

Let's look at it from the policeman's viewpoint: He sees someone (that's you, Frank) make an illegal left hand. He immediately does what he's paid to do and pulls the vicious criminal over to the side and gives him a ticket. The vicious criminal breaks into cries of "It was an accident! I didn't see the sign!" The cop doesn't carry a lie detector around with him, so he is unable to determine whether the criminal is telling the truth; in fact, it isn't his job to determine guilt or innocence. That's the responsibility of the courts. The cop did absolutely nothing to justify your calling him names. If you're going to call anyone a fucking pig because of that ticket, do it to the Highway Commission or whoever was responsible for the poor placement of the sign. (And for God's sake, Frank, anyone with a few months driving experience should know better than to make a left

hand turn in a downtown district without being very, very careful.)

((Yeah. Thing was, I was very careful. I stopped at that intersection for a long time looking all over for signs before I ventured across the road. And if it weren't for the fact that I can remember this time a few years ago when two other people and I were coming back from a rock festival with a woman about 30-35 and a car full of other kids. The woman got lost in Philadelphia and made an illegal left. The cop let her go when he read on her driver's license that she was from Quakertown and wouldn't be into the bullshit of Philadelphia driving...))

In fact, you're not too polite to anyone. What do you have to be so bitter about? Just because your draft number is 37 is no reason to spout obscenities. I drew number 32 and I'm not calling anybody names, you stinking shithead!

((If you were in your right mind you'd be calling someone names. Please and Thank You!))

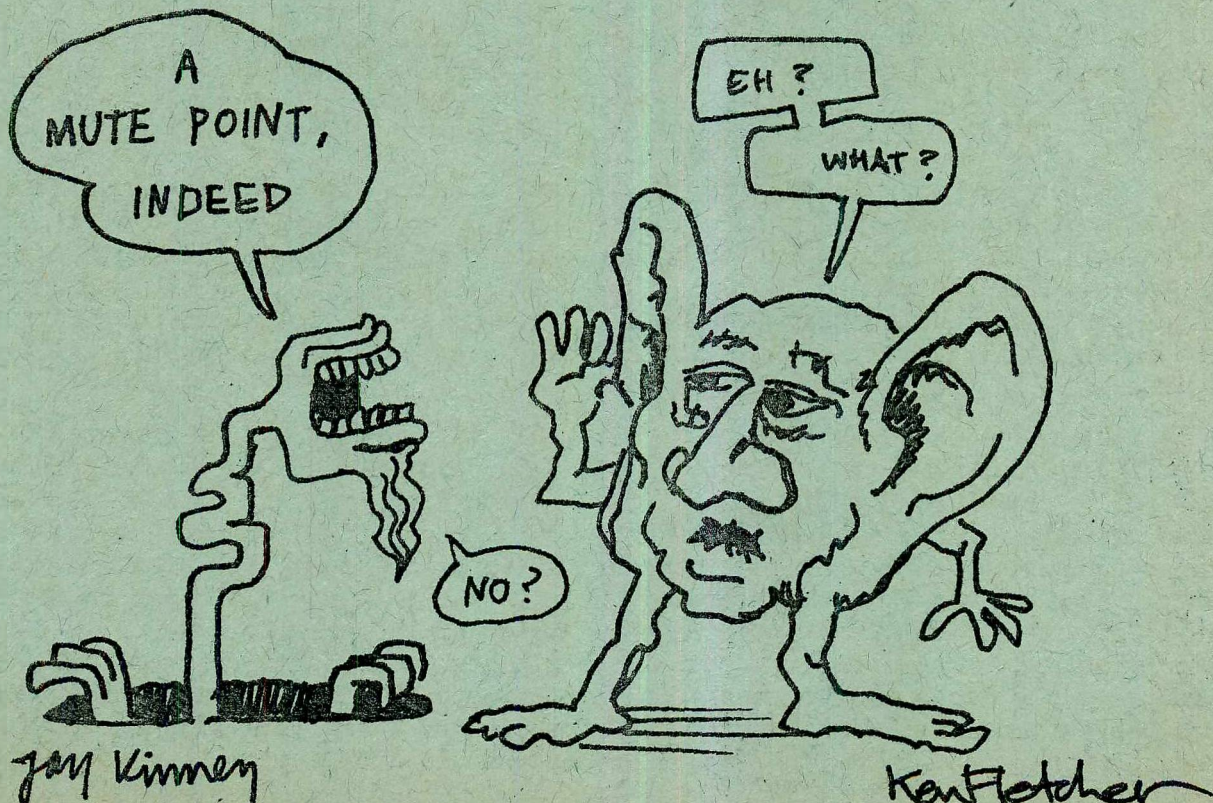
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Jerry Lapidus Damn you, Frank Lunney! Do you realize that with BABs 16 and 17
54 Clearview Dr. you've put out two damn good fanzines! I bet you do, you smug
Pittsford, N.Y. bastard!
114534

Really. The reprints each time have been among the best from Terry anywhere, and Gary Hubbard's column has finally become a thing of real interest. His columns, plus Frolich's illos (I'm not especially nuts over Dany's stuff, but with Gary's column they do go exceptionally well), have been beautiful in the last two issues, really enjoyable to read and reread. I'm surprised this hasn't gotten more comment around...unless people decided a while ago that Hubbard would never learn how to write, and gave up reading his material altogether. Fine writing, very fine.



Bok article: clearly, this is one piece of forgotten writing that needs no explanation from Terry, no "bring it up to date." I think I've had a problem enjoying many of his previous reprints, because I'm not at all familiar with the writers, the events, the entire fannish gestalt. I don't usually know what the writing in question has come from, the sort of people who were responsible for it, the sort of people it appealed to. So while I've been able to often admire obvious quality in writing, I've been left more or less cold by the actual piece itself. No so here. As Terry implies, this one speaks clearly for itself, and stands entirely alone. Ironically, the tone seems very much like Jack Gaughan's recent print tales of similar woe, of trying to make a living at sf art and trying to produce a little "art" at the same time. And not unlike George Barr's piece in The Essence, particularly in the comments about fan's attitudes toward artists. An excellent article--and the illustrations and notes at the end make it even more so. Very good, Frank.

Um, Justin in the lettercolumn. I don't know what experiences Justin has had with drugs in fandom, but based on my experiences, I'd have to disagree with



him totally. Whether or not they actually believe in the harmfulness of pot or other "drugs," virtually every argument I've seen against "drugs" at meetings and conventions has been over the legal question. Those who do not use, or do not wish to use, object to being put in personal jeopardy by those using drugs. I've seen very little of the line Justin quotes, the ill effect argument or the "I feel sorry" argument. Most of the antidrug reactions I've seen have, as far as is concerned with drug use in fannish events, has been totally legally concerned. At the worst, it's been the "let them go to hell their own wayo but don't get me implicated" bit. Justin may well be right about fans' innate antiquated attitude toward drugs, but my experience shows them to be primarily concerned with the legal aspect.

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Will Straw BAB seems a lot more relaxed than the last time I saw it (#11), 303 Niagara Blvd. and I'm slightly croggled; it's probably the difference between Fort Erie, Ont. being one of the mainstays of 8th fandom and trying to change Canada to a more fannish type thing in one issue and being accepted as a fannish fanzine after four or five issues of doing so. (#11 seemed uncomfortable and somewhat stiff, as if you knew your whole readership was against what you were doing, but this latest issue seems to have a much more appropriate editor-audience relationship.)

((Actually, the decision to make BAB A fannish fanzine, a metamorphosis I decided to start with #11, was come to in about two minutes. I put no thought into it at all, and BAB 11 was thrown together with material I had around plus an editorial a bit longer than usual. You see.))

I think Hubbard's piece was as personal as anything I've seen in a fanzine; I know that I'd hesitate before even considering writing anything up like that. (Don't misunderstand me--I'm not saying I was offended or anything; it's just that I don't think I'd be willing to open up that much for a large audience, particularly about any Hidden Desires I might have.) I haven't yet decided whether the lack of satisfaction I felt at the conclusion was a clever translation into words of the same unsatisfied feeling Gary must have had or whether it was in any way due to a failing in his writing--he built us up, then let us down at the very end, with neither the story or him reaching a climax.

I'm rather hoping that Terry Carr's reprint this time won't bring all sorts of Struggling Artists out of the woodwork filling fanzines with the same type of thing Andy Offut has been doing these days--making us realize that the pro sf field isn't really surrounded by the same Mystique we apparently think it is. Hannes Bok saying something like this is as effective as anything can be, because we're aware that he wasn't given the type of treatment--financial or otherwise--that would compensate for the work and ability he put into his work.

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Vincent di Fate The Hannes Bok Entropy Reprint is the best, I believe, so far. Fortunately, from the standpoint of economics at least, things have improved. I would almost go so far as to say that free-lance illustration has become an almost lucrative pursuit, if not for the fact that there is a finite number of sf/fantasy books being produced and an almost infinite number of skilled craftsmen eager to arrest as large a portion of the market as they possibly can.

Bok was appalled by what he was compelled to do to his work, and that stigma, the problem of forgoing aesthetic pursuits in favor of selling books to a pub-

lic whose buying habits are virtually paranoid, is still very much with us. Unless you've done it, it's difficult to imagine the intense inner conflict that takes place when you are obliged to ignore your own creative instincts in order to pursue a more attention-getting concept which is less pleasing to the eye. But this, I suppose, is part of the real challenge of living at this place and time in history.

Due to the recent passing of John W. Campbell, I had occasion to correspond with Kelly Freas. In one of my letters I took the opportunity to compliment him on the extraordinary level of quality he has maintained in his work over the years. He replied, "It takes another craftsman to know what made the good work-- and understand the blood, sweat and swear words that went into the ones that didn't come off!"

It's almost reassuring to know that no matter how long you're in this business, you never quite get used to abusing yourself!

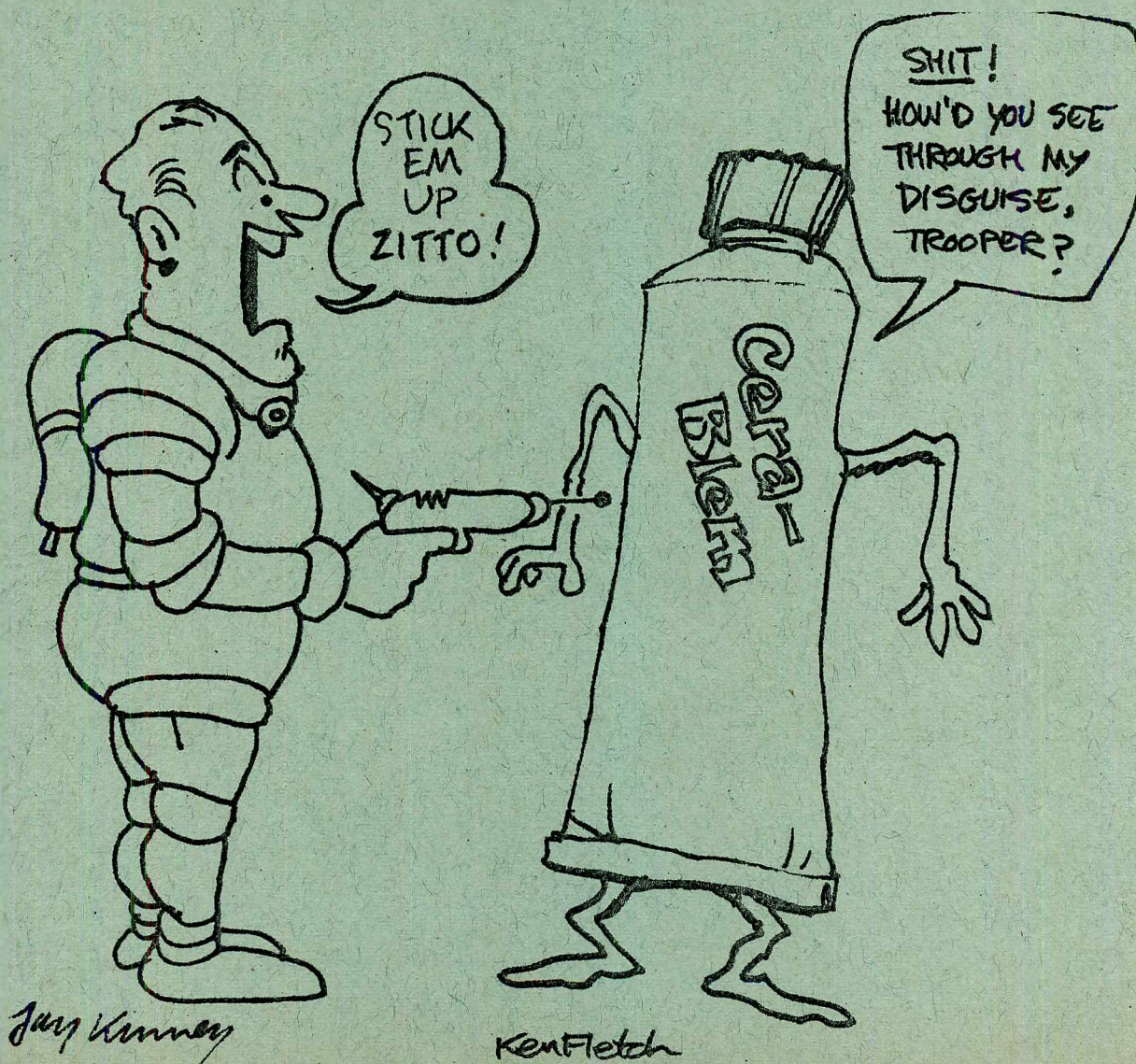
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Terry Hughes
407 College Ave.
Columbia, Mo.
65201

FUCK YOU!, Frank...yeah, I looked for page 45!!!! dratdratdratdra
Until I got BEABOHEMA 17, I thought that fanzines were true and
just. I believed you when you said BAB was published daily, I
believed you when you said that you blew up the White Wing Egg



Farm, but when you continued your cliffhanger editorial on page 45 and I looked and saw that the fanzine ended on page 44 my illusions were shattered. Sadist!

After that dirty trick I hate to say this, but I got a big kick out of #17. Your reproduction was really nice, and I like your idea of using one color paper (this time yellow) for the inside pages of your zine, and different colors for your covers (white for front and blue-green for back)--it all adds up for a lovely appearance.

((Are you putting me on?))

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Buck Coulson
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47348

A few comments on #17. I'm glad to hear, from Piers' column, that the Reginald booklet of science fiction authors has been published. It would have been even nicer if Reginald had informed Juanita of the publication, since she returned his damned questionnaire for him. (Never having had a very high opinion of Reginald, I didn't bother with the questionnaire, but Juanita is politer than I am. It doesn't get her anything, but it's a habit by now.) Actually the second Day Index did materialize, but well after the MIT publication. Or so I have been told; I didn't bother to buy it.

Tch, Piers; FANTASTIC ADVENTURES never changed over to FANTASTIC. FANTASTIC is an entirely different magazine with a separate numbering system, and as Piers mentions they were published simultaneously for about 9 months. (10 months? Something like that.)

I think I have the most exclusive index; The Sieger Index to the Science Fiction Magazines. Vol. 1 covers 1951 to 1962; Vol. 2 covers 1963 thru 1966. It exists in 3 copies; an original and 2 carbons. Other than that it's quite similar to the Day or MIT jobs. Sole work of James R. Sieger, who nearly had a stroke when I facetiously suggested publishing it. (Facetiously because I'm not about to run off over 400 pages of index; that's too much like work.) Sieger doesn't want to take any of the glory from the other indexers; how's that for a humble attitude? And expressed by a fan, yet!

I dunno about Justin St. John, but I don't want sex thrown in my face; it's too much trouble to turn over, and anyway the thrower should have better aim. But then maybe he's one of them Preverts... I do admire his sense of humor; I was prac-



tically rolling on the floor when at the end of that letter he complained about the old BAB, where nobody did anything but bitch about unimportant subjects...

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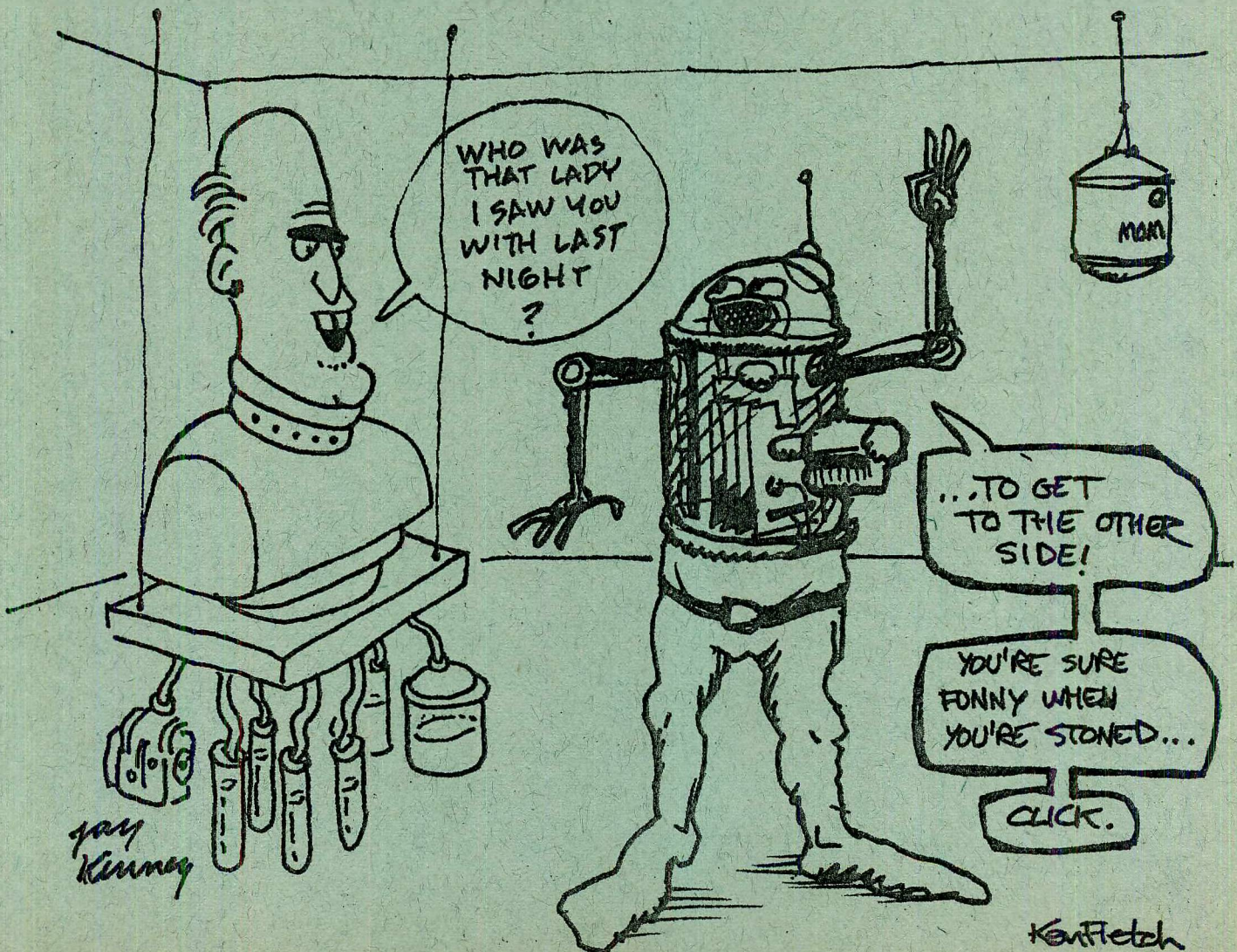
Dan Goodman
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Whether Justin St. John will believe me or not, I don't feel threatened by Jefferson Airplane, or by most rock groups--I'm just bored by them. I've been bored with almost all rock since the days when I was the only kid in my high school class who didn't like Elvis Presley.

It's my impression that most of the rock fans in sf fandom (with a few honorable exceptions) are ignorant about any other kind of music.

On Jerry Lapidus's letter: I have a fairly bad temper. I try to control it, not always successfully. I'm unsympathetic towards anyone whose attitude is "I'm thin-skinned, and I can't and won't do anything to change that--so treat me gently."

And I kind of object to the idea that Important People (pros, BNFs, con-chairmen, whoever) should be treated gently. I figure they're secure enough so they can stand a little criticism. No pro is going to give up writing because I don't like his work; no Hugo winner is going to gaffiate because I make it plain I think he's done something fuggheaded or dishonest.



The people I try to treat gently are the newer, less secure fans. They're the ones who are likely to learn from their mistakes.

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Jeff Smith
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Gary Hubbard's column was predictably good; I was quite astounded at his nerve in writing it, as he's setting himself up as an object of ridicule by listing all the naive things he does. If he were talking about an incident of several years ago, I don't think

I would have felt the slight discomfort I felt when reading it.

For instance, I could tell you that in my junior and senior years of high school I was waiting desperately for the girl next door to rape me, but only because it's a past thing. Since she left home midway through school--or did she graduate? I can't remember--and I moved and since after about two months of college I became a totally different person, what went on between us (nothing) is of no consequence. Nor the fact that I spent one evening with a girl in her pitch-black bedroom, she in baby-doll pajamas, and I never even touched her hand. That's because it's all past. Back when they (didn't) happen I wouldn't talk about them, just as I'm not telling you a thing about now. That's beyond me, and I confess to a great astonishment that Hubbard--who appears to be a very sensitive individual--can so bare his soul (if nothing else).

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Dave Hulvey
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22801

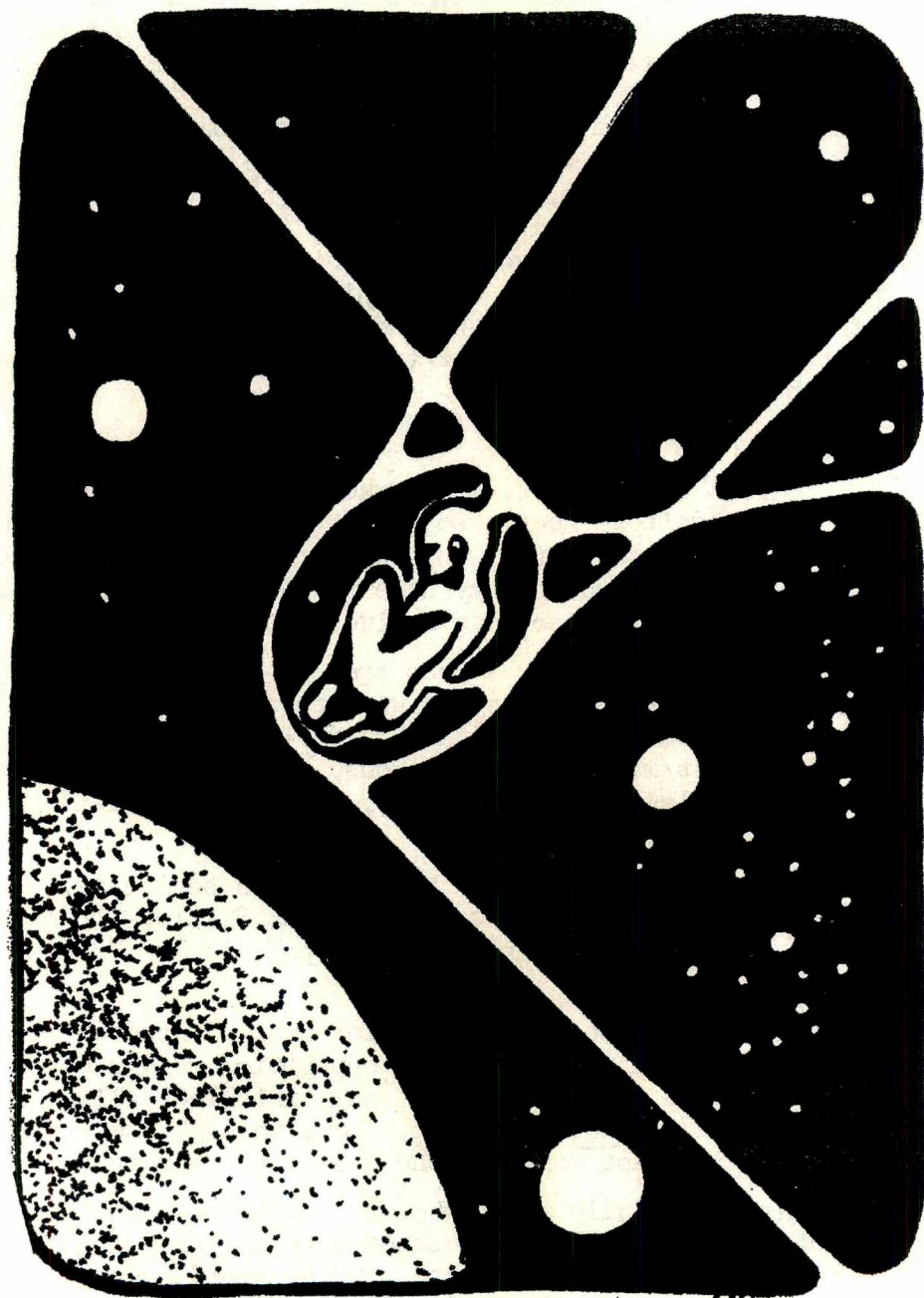
...[Justin] St. John, whose real name I've forgotten--it couldn't be nearly so pretentious. I liked Ayn Rand's philosophy too--for a whole summer when I was fourteen. But I never thought to change my name to identify with a Cause. Shuck'n, I'm just not so imaginative.

St. John, you sound like me, a year ago. I really wanted to convert fandom, too. Yeah, man, wouldn't it be groovy if we were all alike and believed the very same things and wore far-out clothes with shoulder-length hair brushing against our peace symbol/clenched fist/marijuana medallions. Oh, right ho, daddy-o! You're a trufan. Yes sirree, that's what we would say. Once even used a dildo at a con. Heavy!

Your problem, sir, is that you take fandom too seriously. Fandom is primarily a social organization with a few intellectual frills. It is not the New Left, or the Old Right, or anything identifiably political. Fandom is fandom. That is how it should be.

We all need to learn the lesson of tolerance. I need to learn it, and you do too. Creating stereotyped images of your opposition so you can then demolish the strawmen with a whisper of reason is not only intellectually dishonest, it is meaningless. Justin, you are not John Galt. You, through the simple biological chemsitry in your voice, cannot convince the masses of your truth.

You call fans--especially those who are antihead--"terrified to the depths of their conventional little souls" because of drugs. Balderdash! Fandom, by and large, consists of good liberals. They are not the timid cowards you would have us believe. Generally, they have their faults too, but none so deep as you suppose. I can enjoy the company of such people, even though I don't agree with some of the things they believe. You deal in moral absolutes. People have a habit of defying the edicts of moral tyrants. It's amusing to see you scorn the Dianetics crowd when you're selling essentially the same thing, only you haven't gotten Organized. But I forgot, Objectivism frowns on the Rugged Individual who deigns to seek the aid of others. They have all the answers, they think. You have all the answers, you think. Neither of you do, and I don't either.



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