

# BEA BONE



YOUR MY  
SKINHEAD  
DREAM DOLL  
OH BOBBIE SUE!

I CRAVE YOUR  
SHINING LIZARDS  
WIGGLING IN  
MY  
LUNCH BOX!

Jim Kunkin  
9-71

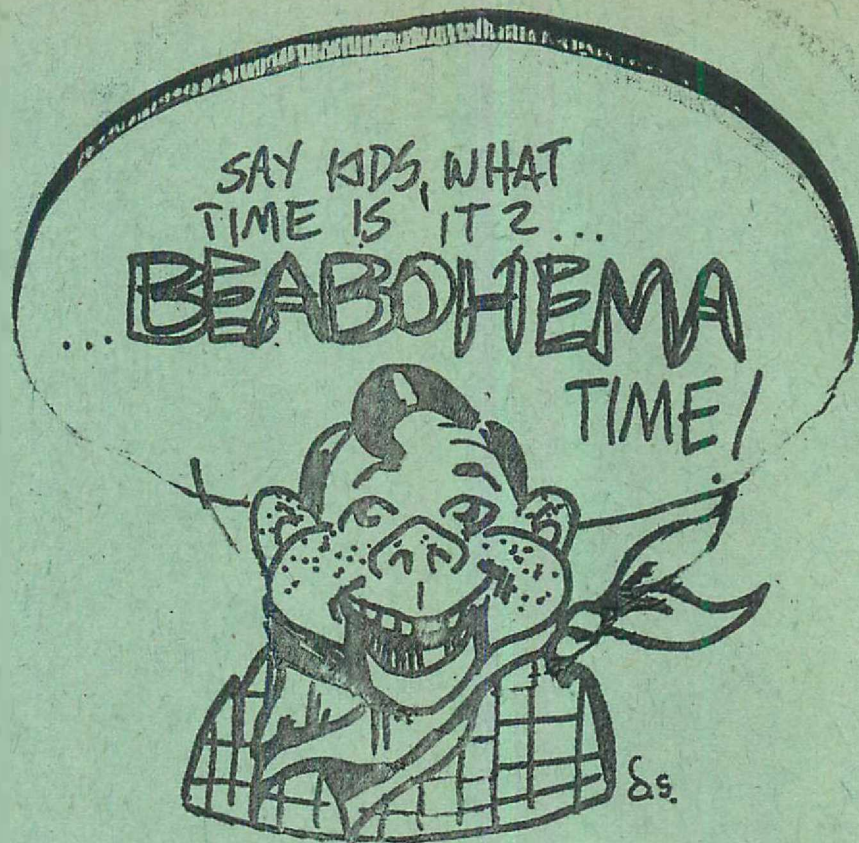
NO 19

1. The first part of the paper is a list of the names of the persons who have been named in the paper.

2. The second part of the paper is a list of the names of the persons who have been named in the paper.

3. The third part of the paper is a list of the names of the persons who have been named in the paper.

4. The fourth part of the paper is a list of the names of the persons who have been named in the paper.



This is the 19th issue of BeABohema, the Nostalgia Fanzine. BAB is available for the usual reasons people get fanzines, or for 50¢ per issue. People with a Triple-X on their mailing label Be Warned, because this is the last issue (or maybe the last two issues, if BAB 20 is included in your envelope; if it's not included, you just lucked wrong, and if you do something in response to this issue maybe I'll still have a few copies of 19 to send you. And...I'll trade BAB for old fanzines, or take any someone feels like throwing away.

BAB is edited/published by Frank Lunney at 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951. My school address is Box 394, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa. 18015 but I'll be coming home every weekend this semester to work at the pizza stand. In any event, the Lehigh address should be used only until April 15.

BAB is published every couple months. This is the special Whole One To Go, Unbaked issue. This and all back issues are 50¢ each. Back issues 3 through 15 are available...no more copies of 1, 2, 16, 17 or 18, and maybe not either of these issues by the time the next issue comes out. BAB 19 is Deutsch Needle Press publication 24, and BAB 20 is Dootsch Noodle Press publication 26. This is Dec. 28, 1971.

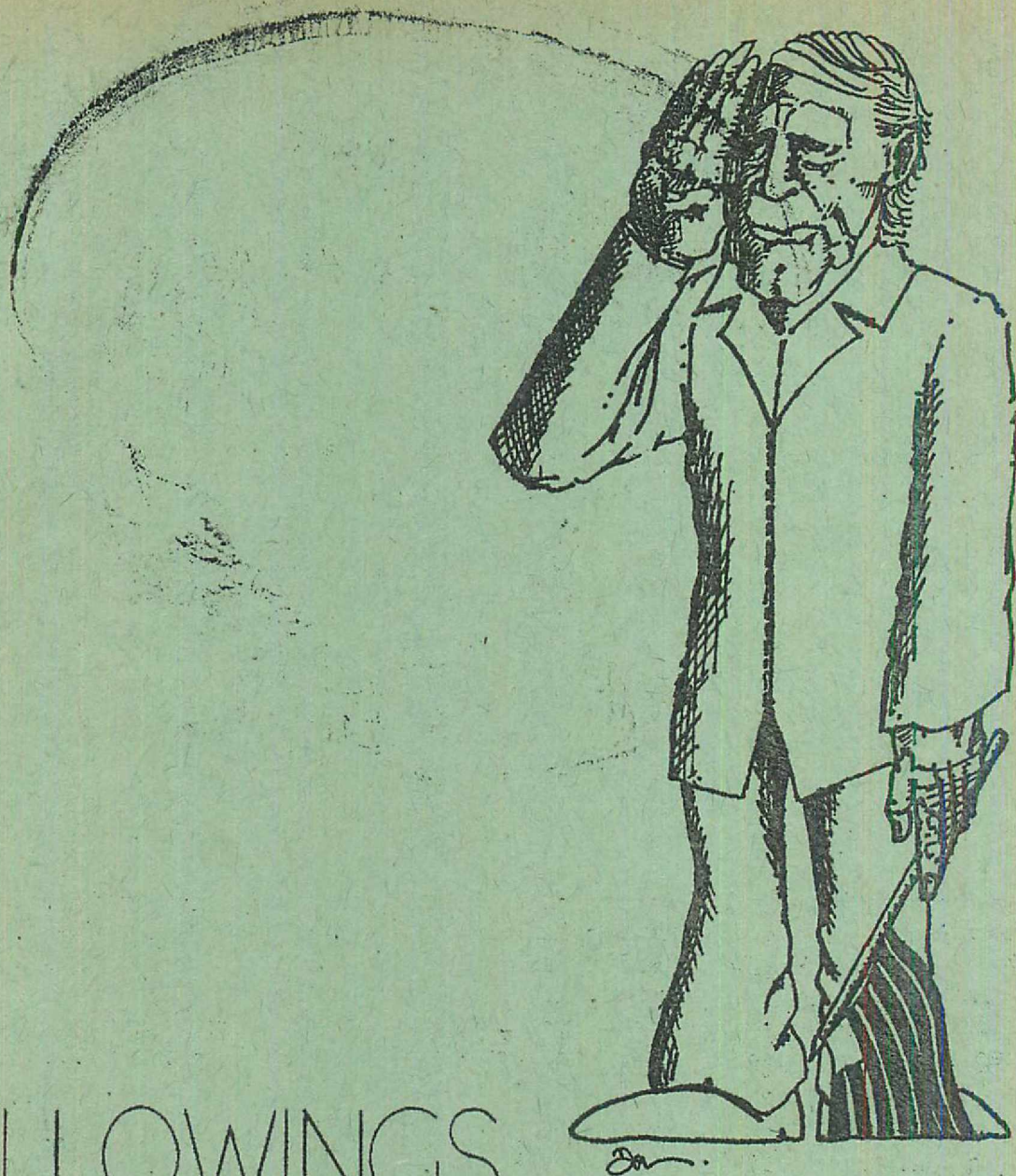
The contents are all in order.

Artwork by: Dan Steffen: 1,19,30 Dan Osterman: 2,5 Jeff Schalles: 4 ,  
 Bill Rotsler: 3,6,8,17,26,28 Doug Lovenstein: 9 Vincent di Pate: 11  
 Alpajpuri: 12 Brad Balfour: 13 Joe Staton: 15 Frank Johnson: 16  
 Jay Kinney: 16,23 Dany Frolich: 20,25 Bill Kunkel: 21,29,32  
 Grant Canfield: 22,27

Cover by Jay Kinney

Backcover by Dan Osterman





## BELLOWINGS

**THE SEEKER** You people who read your fanzines by thumbing through to see if your name is mentioned (hi, Ted White) before settling down to some serious fanzine reading may still have noticed on your initial run-through of this issue of BAB that there is a very strange letter in Cum Bloatus this time. No, I don't mean Dick Lupoff's...and I don't mean Justin St. John's. I mean...Mike Glicksohn, who must really believe that BAB 17 was a hoax, a fanzine never published, and that BAB 18 was created entirely by me in order to uphold the believability of the non-existent BAB 17. Well, I'm sure a lot of you remember reading BAB 17. A lot of you must even remember me handing that issue to you, because I took about 25 or 30 copies of it to Noreascon.

Just so no one thinks I'm the villain of the piece, Mike was handed a copy of #17 at the convention. I remember it clearly, not being one to go to conventions and sip at the fermented mash. It happened at the Toronto party, in fact: Dave Hulvey, probably, knocked on the door, we went in, I noticed Mike passing from one room to another in the party suite, and knowing BAB was something he'd wanted more



then anything else, I flashed one into his hands, and as I scurried for an opening in the crowd he was investigating the innards of his recently acquired prize. And that was the last I saw of Mike Glicksohn's copy of BAB 17, though I remember that issue very well. Page 17/18 was blue in Mike's copy, yellow in all others (I do things like that occasionally, for some reason...I think it has something to do with my knowing that at least one person has a copy of my fanzine that's unlike any other copies; and just as an aside, as this is, I'd like to know if any other editors do the same thing, or if I weird in that respect, as in a few others...).

Well, anyway, by the tone of Mike's letter (if his letter in itself wasn't

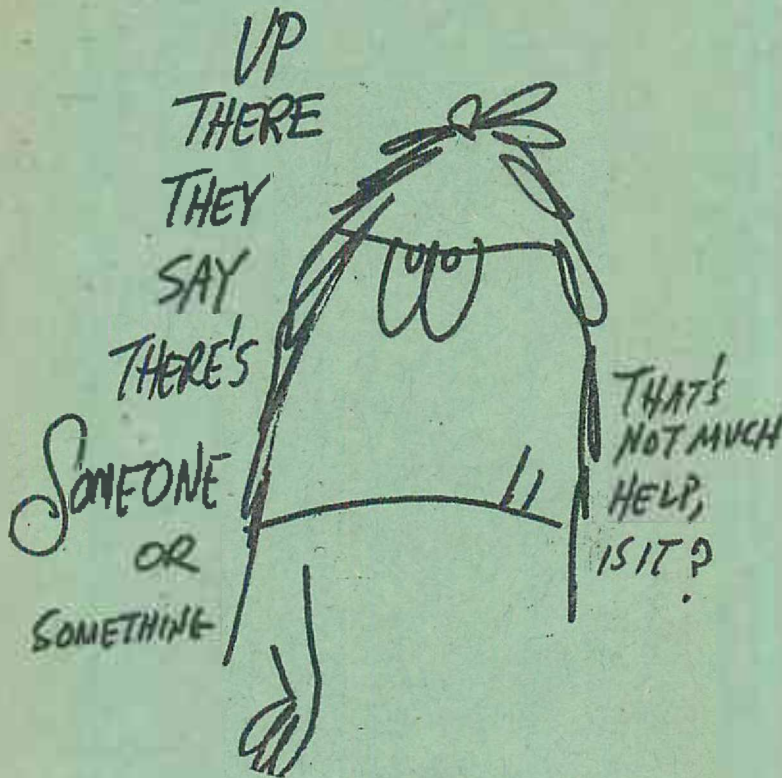
Mike's idea of a joke), it would seem as if he's lost his copy of that issue, and I promised I'd mention that I don't have any copies of that issue so anyone who has a copy they don't want to save, contact Mike and...um, I guess Mike will carry out all the details and work out a deal with someone, and I'll credit that person with another issue of BAB if he's a subscriber.

And while I'm on this subject, Justin St. John didn't get a copy of BAB 17, either, only his copy was sent through the mail and (apparently) lost, so the same deal should hold with Justin, too: I'll credit one issue, etc., etc., etc.

I CAN'T EXPLAIN The first convention I ever attended was the 1968 Philcon at the Sylvania Hotel, outgrown the following year. It was a fascinating--and scary--weekend, as it must be for

everyone at their first convention. About the only other person I knew who told me he was going to be there was Ed Reed, so right away we managed to find each other, and I started noticing people with Names, people I was scared to talk to, though they were There (hi, Ted White) and for a while I thought, "Wow, this thing is really neat, because that's Allen Ginsberg and I didn't know Allen Ginsberg went to science fiction conventions" only it wasn't Allen Ginsberg, it was Mike McInerney. And Ed Reed and I walked into this room and Jerry Kaufman and Arnie Katz were standing on either side of the doorway and Jerry mentioned he'd sent something in response to BAB 1 which had just been published but I didn't remember what it was until I went back outside the room (it was poetry).

The next year's Philcon grew up and was held in the Warwick Hotel, where they keep guests for the Mike Douglas Show. For that reason I expected it to be a ritzy place, because they wouldn't put Milton Berle or Sergio Franchi at anything less than a Ritzy place, would they? Anyway, at a party that night the cops came and broke it up for the night, early. And Andy Porter and Suzanne Tompkins and I went to Ted White's room and I kept falling asleep and at about 4 o'clock I left and started walking up the stairs and it was a while until I noticed that





Ted's room was across the hall from mine.

In 1970 the Philcon grew some more and it moved to the Sheraton, but I wasn't there much because some shitheads with a car who went with me (or vice versa, they followed my directions as I sat in their car) fucked around until about 2 in the afternoon on Saturday and then later we went to hear some rock music and by the time I got back to the hotel I was pretty tired.

But this year's Philcon looked to be the worst convention I'd ever been to. I mean; Saturday afternoon was sort of fun, and everything, and I talked to a bunch of people and got some fanzines and sat on the floor and read them while people walked by or maybe stopped and talked a while. I even got to talk to Tom Collins, which is an event that could have made that convention without any help. I used to correspond with Tom and he used to get BAB but then we stopped...and he stopped getting... So, within a few minutes he asked why I didn't send him BAB and he told me about his fanzine IS that had an issue devoted to August Derleth or someone who's just died, and he told me it had the best art around...Conan copulating with a spear...heh heh heh. Articles by all the biggest names in science fiction. Lin Carter, Ray Bradbury, you name him, he's got an article. And then he asked if he could write for BeABohema. "Well, anyone can write...if I like their stuff and it's good enough."

"Well, I'm telling you," he said, with a demented look in his eye, the look of a madman launching to be published in a Hugo nominated fanzine, "I'm good. I'm very good. Now will you publish me?"

"Well, just send some stuff along and I see if it's any good and if it fits with what I want to publish, and then I'll know..." I didn't know how to handle this guy Collins. It's like the George Carlin routine...what about this guy who's a total paranoid and just one more thing will send him right over the edge, and this friend of his comes up and says, "Have you tried Scope?" and the guy freaks out. That's the way I felt with Collins...

To digress: later that night I was sitting outside the Washington party with a bunch of drunk people listening to these drunk Washington people sing folk songs and then get onto some raunch when they couldn't remember any more fannish





stuff. I remember Dan Steffan and I exchanging amazed looks: people actually memorize this stuff? Anyway, apart from where I was, Tom Collins had cornered Jeff Schalles and kept talking for hours...it must have been hours, because Steffan and Dan Osterman and I noticed that Jeff couldn't get away from him and we all started cracking up at Jeff being so tortured, and so we called Jeff down away from Collins for a breather, then let him go back after about five minutes.

And I know real plans were hatched, like maybe Jeff said he would publish some of Collins' material, because the next morning while I was slouching in a corner waiting to go back to school Collins rushed up to me and asked if I had seen Jeff Schalles, and I had to reply that no, he had already escaped.

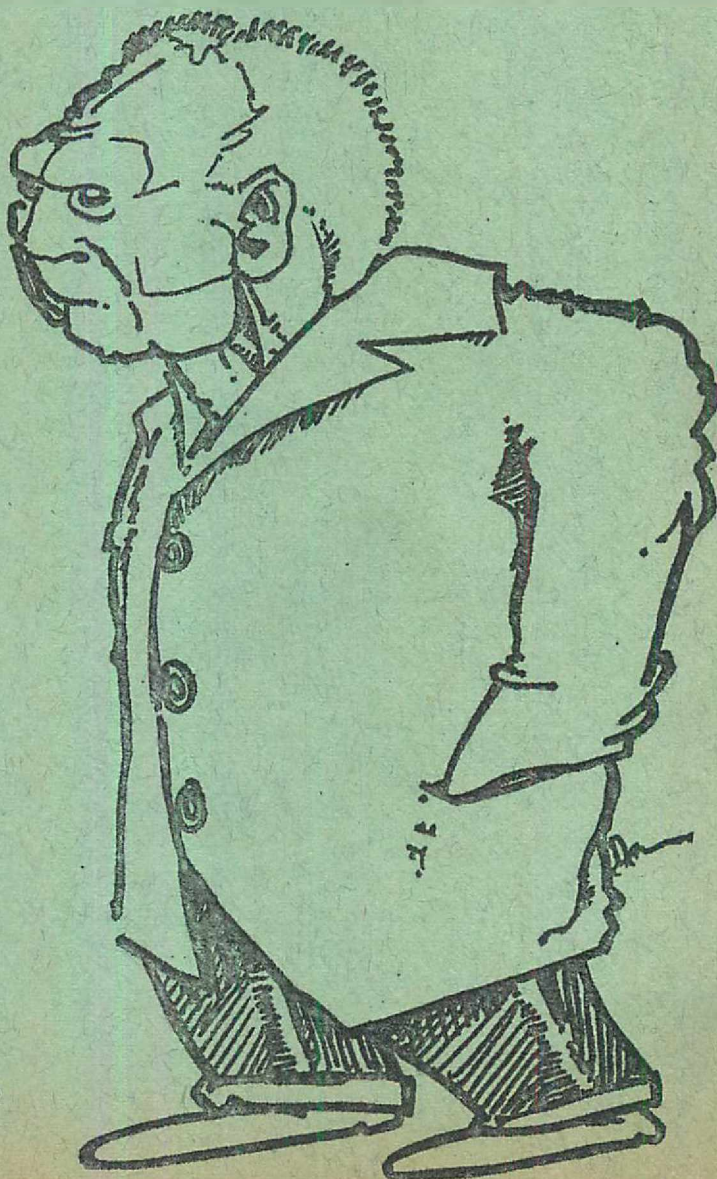
Anyway, back to that afternoon, Saturday. Collins eventually wandered away and Dave Hulvey and I went to Robin's Book Store where Dave sort of went nuts when he saw the underground comics they had, and then we went to a Blimpies...and I watched the beginning of an Outer Limits in my room that night. It's the one I liked second-best of all the Outer Limits episodes, just after "Demon with a Glass Hand," which was even my favorite when I first saw it, before I had ever heard of it at all, when I was 11 years old, I think. Or maybe 12.

My second-favorite is about the interplanetary prisoners of war on the planet Ebon, and there's no background at all...just a floor with a horizon, and these POWs from Earth, and while I didn't watch all of it, I'm pretty sure it was just a test of the Earthlings.

So later I started wandering around, meeting up with other people who were also wandering around, and we started looking for parties. (It was only about 8:30 or 9, I believe, but I've never been very strong on convention timetables, so we were wandering around looking for something to do.) By this time I was wandering with Neal Goldfarb and Dan Osterman and some guy named Al. After sitting in an empty room for a while, then checking out an empty meet-the-authors party, someone mentioned that we get a bunch of balloons and put them in an elevator.

Without any real planning to begin with, we set out for a toy store in the subterranean concourse of Philadelphia, an area I never knew existed before.

So we got the balloons and the plan gradually crystalized as: we'd go to the 24th floor, blow up all the balloons, put them in one of the elevators and then take another of the elevators following the balloon-filled one down until we popped out and saw the happy ((may as well continue this in SAB 20's editorial...))







FOR THE SAKE OF HISTORY it's nine forty five a.m., Thanksgiving Day, and I find myself, of all places, at my desk listening to the steady patter of rain on the exposed portion of my air conditioner. Of course, I have the parade on tv too, just to placate my sense of tradition, but I'm not listening to it. It seems it was storming so badly last night that they couldn't get those big balloons inflated, hence, making this the dullest Thanksgiving parade in recorded history. To give you an idea, a marching band just treated us to their version of "Bridge Over Troubled Water."

Ever since childhood I've had a weakness for holidays, though, and I still manage to feel a little, well, special on days like this. It's getting out of bed and finding dishes filled with walnuts and candy, and listening to sounds of a turkey being stuffed and then living with a house full of fantastic smells all day long. Today didn't quite keep the tradition, however, since I woke up in Charlene's house at seven ayem, looked out the window at the rain and wind whipped streets and retreated back under the blankets.

"You better get up, honey," she told me.

"Why?" I asked, feeling very much like spending this holiday with my head on a pillow.

"Because my family is ready to leave for Pittsfield now and my dad will give you a lift to the bus stop. I don't want you walked in this." How thoughtful of her, I thought, as it all came back to me: yes, Charlene and her family were spending the day in Pittsfield Mass. with her sister's family and if I didn't want to walk in this rain then I'd better take the offer.

"unnn," I grumbled in lower case, and went through my normal series of jerky motions that get me up and dressed on most mornings, all of which explains why I'm up and typing this column at this unghodly hour and why I'm doing all of this for Frank Lunney--I'm never in control of my senses before noon, you see.

I SPENT ONE THANKSGIVING that was even more depressing than this one promises to be.

BILL KUNKER



# a column

I was spending the holiday with a friend in a place called Bantam, Conn. It's one of those classic small towns, located near Danbury (home of the Fabulous State Fair where the chickens buy people) and they have a general store there called "General Store" and a school called "school" and a dirty book section where they feature F&SF and PLAYBOY prominently.

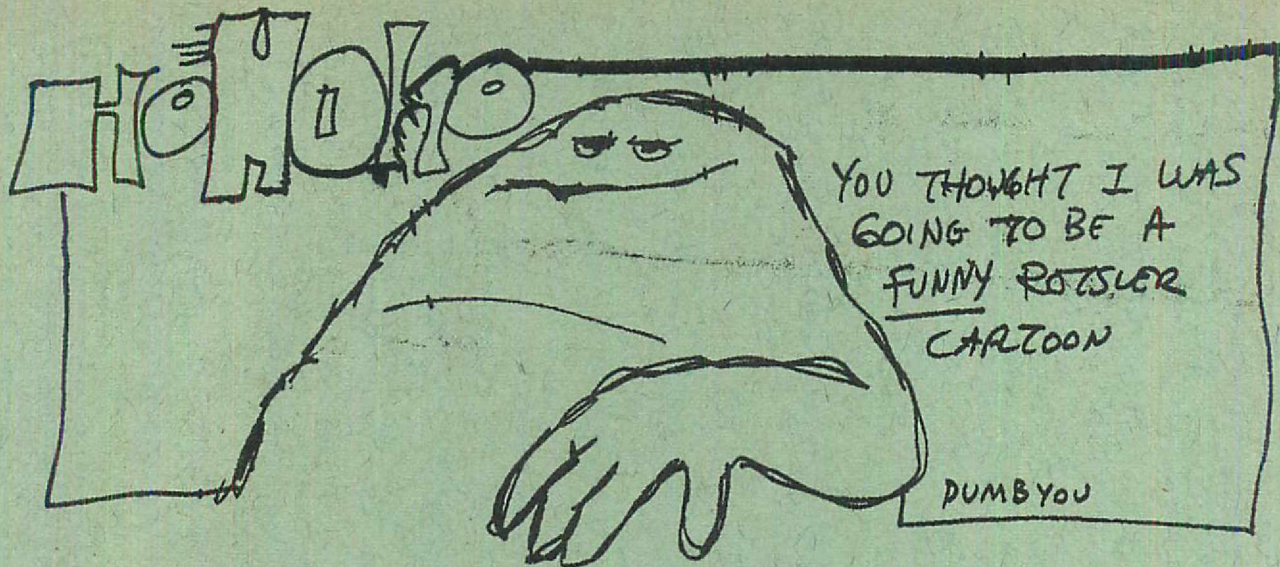
We spent the day doing exciting things like shooting at tin cans (actually, I passed insofar as the shooting went and merely watched them miss), and when the time for Turkey neared, we were called into the house to "wash up," got into their car, and proceeded to drive down the road "a piece" to the place where we were going to eat, which was at Una and Mert's.

Una and Mert were quite a pair. Mert showed us his gun collection which he kept at a controlled temperature and included a gun he stole from a dead Nazi. Otherwise, I thumbed through a year's worth of National Geographics and listened to the sea shells that were passed around until suppertime. I must admit that the food was okay, at least.

After dinner, we all sat around the living room for some good old fashioned conversation. Una chattered on about the time the Hell's Angels came into town and raped a grandmother and Mert discoursed in the coming prices of eggs. Near the end of the evening Una led my friend and I into the bedroom where two artificial women's legs protruded from underneath the bed. "We have a sense of humor here too, you know," was the way she explained it. Quite a wit, that Una was.

OTHER TURKEY TALK: I once knew a kid who was nicknamed "Turkey." It was while I was in high school, and I was hanging about with a group of people who otherwise never relied upon such gauche methods as nicknames for purposes of greater fellowship. But there was this skinny little cat who used to hang out with us. He was years younger than we were, but precocious as hell. His real name was Alex, and when he laughed, he gobbled, and he had this little shuffle he used to do that looked just like a turkey scratching the ground, so what else could you call him?

Well, I rarely see the turk these days (though I occasionally hear him referred to as "that young turk" by other) but what with those holidays and all I just happened to realize that we're nearing the first anniversary of the Barnyard Purge, as it was called, which was the time when that skinny little Turkey threatened to



Turk was always a shrewd and cunning little chap, despite his tender years and frail physique (perhaps, in fact, because of) and his tiny, bobbing blonde head seemed constantly to be hatching one grandiose scheme after another. He was always clever enough to keep out of sight on Thanksgiving and was always on the lookout for hawks in the barnyard.

The Turkey and I had one very special thing in common, and that was that we would never miss an episode of *Lost in Space* during its late afternoon run on one of the local stations. Every day just about a minute prior to the opening theme would come a slight rap on my cellar room window and sometimes without a word, Turkey would be let in and would join me at the tv.

Last Thanksgiving, of course, he failed to appear. Next day, though, he was back as usual.

"Hi, Turk," I said as I let him in. "I see you made it."

"Yes," he announced. "I just used my bird-like guile and kept my neck out of sight."

"That's good," I said. "It was very freaky, though, watching *Lost in Space* without you yesterday."

"Same here. It was a good episode, though, wasn't it?"

I agreed with a swift nod.

A few moments passed and the teaser came on. Wherever the Robinsons happened to be this afternoon, on their confused journey to Alpha Centauri, they were being menaced by an army of tiny robots who wanted the Robot to come and be their king. Looked good. The cast and credits flashed on the screen and was followed by a commercial for Alpo. I was aware that the Turkey was going through his pockets. "Here," he said, and he handed me a card. It was a small, off-white business-size card reading:

The Emblem For This Country  
The Turkey

The Turkey  
(signed) here it was personally signed

"What is this, Turk? I asked.



"It's a campaign card," he told me. "I've been considering the candidacy for some time, and I was just assigned the Printing Shop in school. Now that I have access to a press, that bald eagle will have a scrap on his hands."

We said no more about it and, an hour later, after the Robot had accepted and left the Robinson's camp (Samsonite luggage in claw), been made a king, and later abdicated, the show concluded and Turkey split, back to his house for supper leaving me to wonder at his strange words and promises.

In the days that followed there were more cards, all variations on a theme, and followed by flyers urging all to "Cry Turkey."

For some reason or other, the idea caught on, and a few kids went so far as to have pins and bumper stickers made up. Demonstrations were planned and excitement ran high. And, just at the peak of his campaign, The Turkey showed up at my house, looking beaten and bedraggled and badly in need of a good Lost in Space episode.

"I'm beaten," said in a lot voice as he sat down beside me. "It's all over."

I was surprised. "Why? What happened?" I asked.

"I finally got in touch with a government representative to discuss my candidacy with him, and do you know what he did?"

"What?"

"He laughed." He shook his head in disgust. "I was too late. The eagles had already gotten to him. I suppose I should have realized it long ago. I mean, how else could a bald-headed bird such as that be made a national symbol?"

"Money talks," I said, offering what consolation I could. And as I looked at his defeated face, I saw his entire campaign dwindle to nothing. I saw garbage cans filled with flyers, pins and bumper stickers. And I knew it was all over.

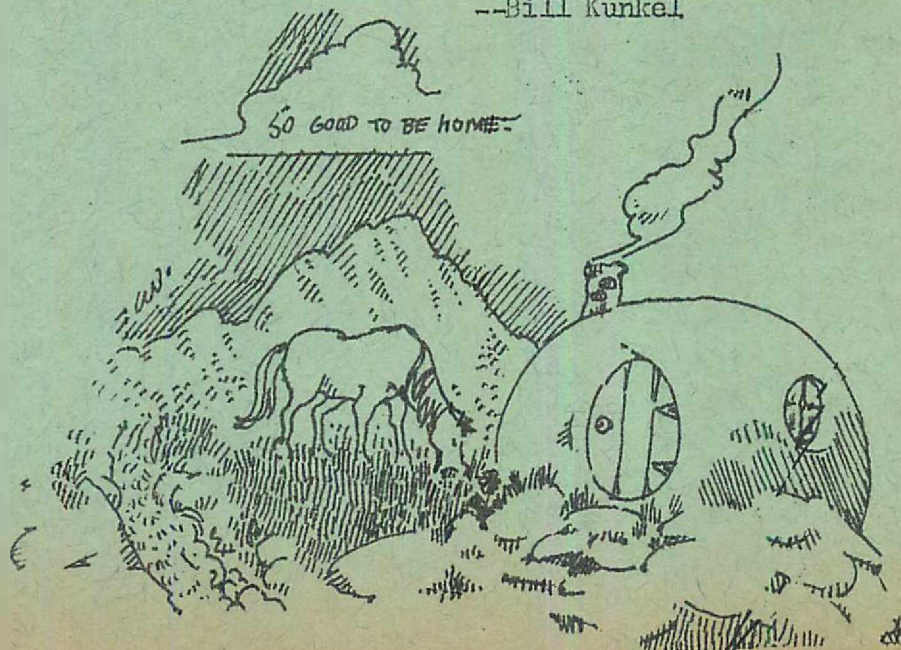
We watched the episode and Turkey got up to leave. "Don't take this so hard," I told him. "You couldn't help it."

He shook his head knowingly. "It's a little embarrassing that it should happen to me, though."

"Yes, that's true."

"I mean," he said, "the last person you'd expect to be fowled in an election would be a Turkey."

--Bill Kunkel



# HOW JOSEPH Q. FRINGEFAN AND I ATTEMPTED TO BUT DIDN'T TRY VERY HARD O O O O O O DARRELL

I think we all have a trace of impishness in us. It subsides as we leave childhood, but it never really goes away. It's always there waiting to slip out its mental cage whenever the door is left unguarded. We all enjoy playing a good prank. In fandom this usually takes the form of a hoax, since conditions are ideal for hoaxing. Many of the prominent fan personalities, and most of the minor ones, exist primarily on paper. Are you really sure that Harry Warner, Jr. isn't really a committee of ten fans who send an imposter to a convention every once in a while? You can never be positive if the person you are corresponding with, or whose article you are reading, is a real person or not.

After all, I could even be a fake, and you'd never know it. All sorts of things can be done through the mails. The possibilities are virtually unlimited.

\*

I met Joe Fringefan (I won't use his real name here--it wouldn't mean anything to you anyway) at the 1970 Philcon. It was late Saturday night, and the official party was beginning to break up, with most of the people going off to private room parties and such. Alexei Panshin and Dave Gerrold had seated themselves on the floor in the corridor outside and started a discussion between themselves and a couple other people, but it wasn't very long before fans of all shapes and sizes had gathered and a full-sized rap session was going. The hotel people were remarkably tolerant and as long as everyone would move their feet when something was being wheeled by, they had no objections.

The discussion wasn't overly interesting--I don't even remember what it was about--and there was at least one other guy there who wasn't paying much attention, because he was leaning against the wall with his eyes closed and beginning to snore. Before long my mind began to wander and I entered into conversation with the fan next to me. This was Joe, the subject of this article. He was a New York fan who apparently didn't write for fanzines or know too much about fandom. It might have been his first con, but I didn't ask.

He started things off with the remark (referring to Gerrold and Panshin) "This is getting to be a mutual back-patting session," or words to that effect. It seems that Joe was something of a collector because he was familiar with my pet subject, NEW WORLDS, which is only available through very specialist sources, so Joe obviously knew his dealers. A bit of that, with both of us agreeing that J.G. Ballard's later works (mostly the "condensed novels" which I don't consider to be fiction) are absolute shit, and then the subject of the Hugos somehow came up.

This is where the plot thickens.

We didn't talk very much about what had won or what had been nominated, but how it seemed to work. I believe he was leading the conversation at this time, but eventually we got through the usual bitching about how the awards don't mean much because so few people vote for them, when I made the fateful remark:

"You know," I said, "The Butterfly Kid allegedly made the final ballot with twelve nominations. Why, we could muster that many for a book that didn't even exist."

Ping! went the imaginary lightbulbs over both our heads.



# WIN A HUGO BY SOLELY UNDERHANDED MEANS

## SCHWEITZER

"You don't suppose...?"

"Why not...?"

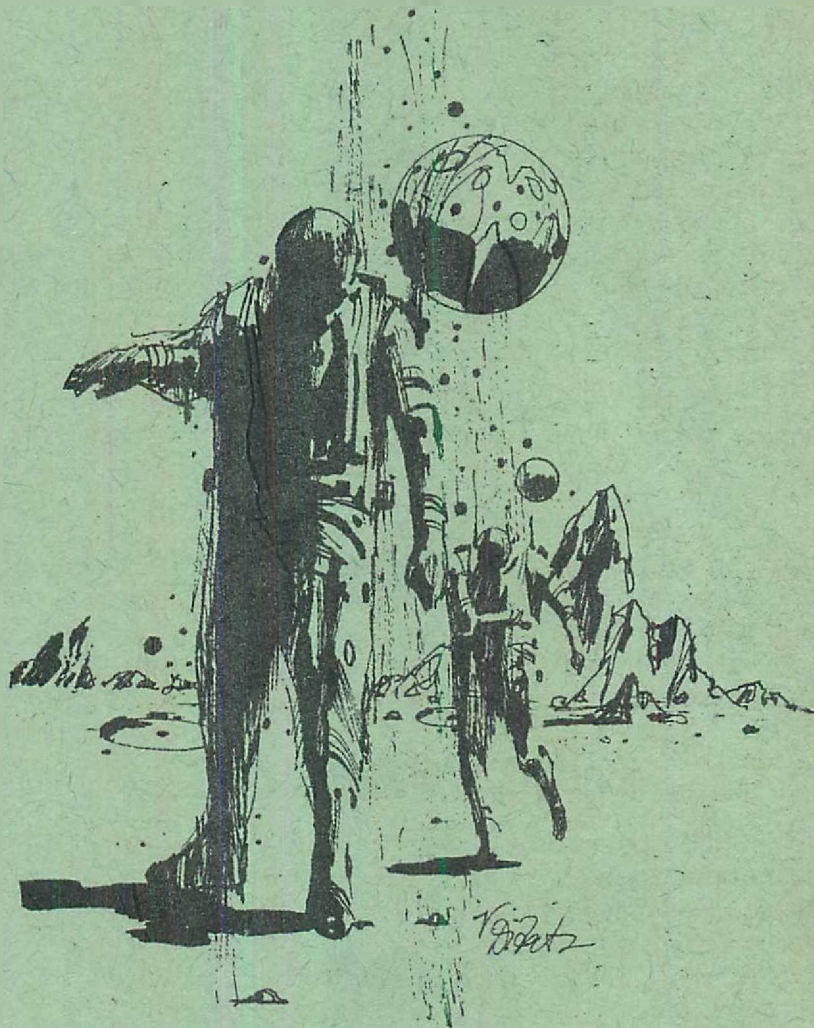
That was how it started. Our incredible scheme. I never took it seriously, but my previously mentioned impish instinct loves to conspire, so conspire we did. We promptly left the group at Joe's urging lest our virgin plot get loose before it was even hatched.

Joe was very excited over the whole idea. Unduly so. He wasn't drunk, I realized, so by god he was serious! Ecstatic even. You can imagine the absurdity of someone nearly colliding with a lightly oversized neofannish type (about 22 and overweight) that was half-running down the hall mumbling something about "And when

we win the Hugo...", and being followed by a somewhat younger fan who was beginning to look a little sheepish.

Joe could be another Claude Degler if given the opportunity. He seemed to actually believe this stuff, the product of idle conversation of five minutes earlier.

I humored him. This might be interesting, I rationalized frantically. I explained to him that due to a poverty that forced me to scrounge around for postage money, I would be unable to contribute any money to the enterprise. Not a cent. (this is very much in character for me. Ebenezer Scrooge was my spiritual forefather.) He would have to do all the fake membership buying at the worldcon and all the fake voting. Fine, he agreed, quite willing to put out thirty dollars. It was decided that I would be the Brains of this thing, he would be Minister of Finance. He would actually carry it out, since he was the only one with the resources to do so.





All this time we had been riding up and down 30 floors in the elevator, figuring that an empty elevator was the best place possible for a conspiracy. But when people started to board, and we couldn't keep it a secret any longer, we got off at about the 28th floor and wandered up and down the corridors, further elaborating on the enterprise. The final details were worked out in a storage room, but a great deal of it was done in deserted halls, with our voices echoing weirdly up and down the walls. I can imagine how it must have affected some of the non-fannish guests in the hotel. Eerie voices at night (about 1 AM) speaking of subjects incomprehensible to mortal man.

I outlined the idea, with the exception of a few details which were added later. We would try and gather votes for a non-existent book by a non-existent author which was appropriately enough published by a non-existent publisher. Fandom, of course, would never fall for such a thing. No one would ever nominate a book they'd never seen, so we'd have to do all the nominating ourselves. Or, to be more precise, Joe would. For all the previously stated reasons, that was his department. He would rent a bunch of PO boxes in the New York area, and from each one buy a convention membership under a different false name, and thus engage in a little ballot-stuffing.

I was quite glad that he had accepted this arrangement, because should he get caught and have all fandom at his throat, I would simply back out and leave him stranded, with nothing to connect me to the plot at all. I would disclaim the book review I published in my fanzine, claiming that I had lost the address of the perpetrator. At worst it would seem that I had been duped by the evil fiends who were trying to screw up the Hugo system, and no one would ever suspect me of having masterminded the whole thing. I would be taking no risks, and besides, I had never thought it was a good idea, but Joe was either a magnificent actor or he was going to go through with it.

I had created a monster and it grew more and more grandiose by the minute. Next thing I knew, Joe was talking about what we would do when we won the award. I laughed this off, saying that it was highly unlikely that none of the other nominees could top our twelve votes. This didn't seem to faze him, so I had to come up with a better objection.

"It would be unethical to accept the award," I said pseudoselfrighteously, "and even more so to run for it. If the other candidates were lousy, we might get some votes, and thus we would be depriving real and eligible works of votes. Not fair at all. We must announce the hoax immediately after Charlie Brown prints notice of the nominees in LOCUS. We would have achieved our purpose anyway, to show how fucked up the present Hugo system is, and we will be able to withdraw honorably."

That didn't convince him. "Hey wait a minute! Wouldn't it be even wilder if they presented the award--and nobody accepted?"

It would be traced, I thought. My precautions were well taken. WAIT! I was beginning to take this seriously myself. This was ridiculous. Frightening, too. I was becoming detached from reality. I had been so tactful in our dreamworld; now





it was time for me to beat a hasty retreat into real life.

I noticed, both deliberately and fortunately, that it was almost time for my train. We had more plotting to do, he decided as I began to leave. We'd work it out on the stairs. Plenty of time. We were on the 28th floor.

On the way down we tried to agree on a title. I suggested something written by a computer, because that way it would be more totally meaningless yet sound profound. What I had in mind was a piece from Earthworks by Brian Aldiss:

When life reached evilly through empty faces  
While space flowed slowly o'er idle bodies  
And stars flowed evilly upon vast men

No passion Smiled...

--RCA 301 Computer

To be more precise, we would use the last line. It would be an ideal title. Intriguing but totally meaningless. We didn't have much time to discuss it and phase one of our nefarious scheme was decidedly over.



Sunday we worked out the rest of it. The title was No Passion Smiled, the author was Carl F. Gregor and the publisher was A.J. Lesser Ltd., a small Canadian house that went broke immediately after publishing this opus. I was to see how many reviews of the thing I could get published. As for contents, we never did come to any substantial conclusions in this area, but it was supposed to be something that had everything and would appeal to everyone; a combination of the best elements of both old and new waves; nothing to either extreme; it would be stylistic but have real meat to it; warm and human but never lose sight of its solid extrapolative base; and most of all it would be brilliant.

After the con was over I received a note from Joe. He said he had started things rolling in the New York area, and besides that he had changed the title to By Passion Untouched. I went ahead, and rather dubiously published a brief review of the book in my fan-

zine, PROCRUSTINATION, written, of course, by the non-existent fan-critic Jon Lord, Jr. Now I know how widely read CRAS is, so I'm sure you didn't see the review, so I reprint it here in full:

By Passion Untouched, by Carl F. Gregor, A.L. Lesser Ltd. 215 pages, \$4.50 Canada

I don't believe this thing. Ridiculous title that sounds like a sequel to Myra Breckenridge, obscure publisher, completely unknown author, but an absolutely brilliant novel! It leaves you gasping for breath. The characters are very real people, and the society they live in, although very much different from our contemporary one, is as real as a walk to the mailbox. Gregor is an extremely capable writer, who uses sophisticated techniques but doesn't show off doing it. Nothing like "well, I must get some stream of consciousness in," etc. Undoubtedly the best book of the year. It would be a shame if its obscurity prevented it from winning a Hugo.

That's it. To the best of my knowledge that's all that ever became of the hoax. I never heard from Joe since. It's ironic that I, the one who never took it seriously in the first place, was the only one to do anything at all in the way of carrying it out. I've had enough, though, even if our hoax never did get off the ground. In the future I promise to win all my Hugos honestly.

--Darrell Schweitzer

# :::: THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. JOHN THE FAKEFAN ::::

Having been called a fake on many occasions by certain of my more vocal admirers, who shall remain unidentified, but certainly not anonymous, I have decided that the only way to win this game is to admit the Truth before someone else does; and that Truth is--Justin St. John is a Fakefan, if ever there was one. You will notice, dear fen, that--having been given ample opportunity--I have never denied it; and now, after having attended several conventions, I find myself hastening to affirm it. The Jig, as Napoleon was rumored to have remarked at Waterloo, is Up. In the flesh, I am singularly and conspicuously unfannish.

I charged into the last Lunacon (an event I have patronized, one way or another, for the last three years): nail studs on the leather jacket, silver star emblazoned crotch, doing my Joe D'Allesandro number for the benefit of the wall-to-wall (strictly Central Park South) Sugar Daddies & Momnies buzzing 'round the hotel lobby like flies looking for Discount Honey. (A very tricky, not to mention tiresome, business--I'll work the streets and pay my own hotel bill, thank you.) I should've taken the hint when the elevator refused to stop at the Ballroom, and put my \$50 for hotel accomadations towards a week's supply of Something Else. But I wasn't listening.

After intimidating the hired help into giving a little service, I made it to the Ballroom and proceeded to register. That was my second mistake. (My first was leaving my cozy little Lower East Side slum.) In front of me was an obvious case of arrested mental development; tacky 2nd hand Brooks Brothers, complete with white socks, protuberant ears, and nervous Official Smile. This little number takes my registration card, glances at the name, glances at me, and stops smiling. I blow him a kiss, walked into the huckster room--and THERE THEY ARE, thousands of them. It looks like the Brothers Brooks have made a clean sweep. Think fast, Justin, I say to myself; and along comes this fringe-fan (no white socks is how you can tell) with a Little Something for my nerves (on the house, of course) and so I'm spared the necessity of thinking, fast or otherwise.

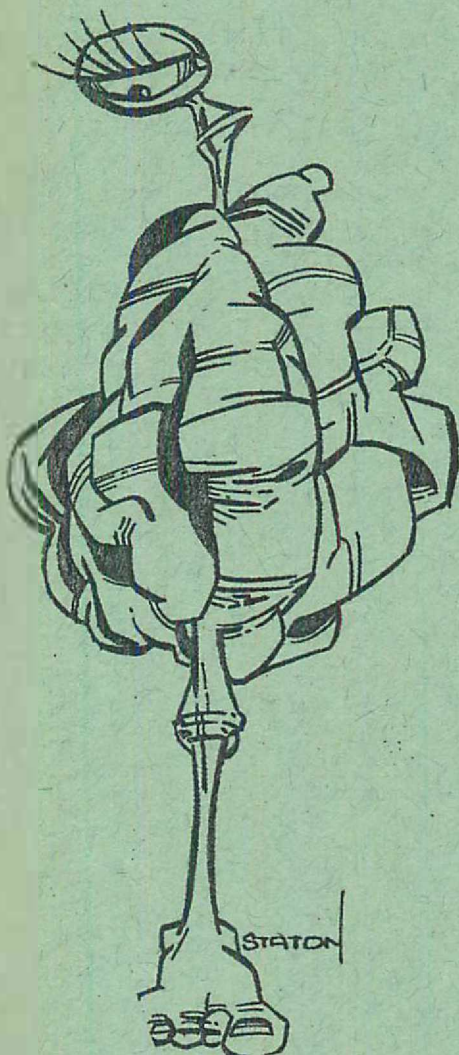
In an hour, Alex Krislov is carefully guiding me around, a Scientologist is reading my thoughts (and buying me a lotta books--a rather good job of mind-reading, wouldn't you say?), and we sit in the lobby talking to mundane drunks, after the hotel commissars break up my room party.

Next day, our Merry Band walks in on the Pittsburgh party, and proceeds to discuss the (sadly and rapidly deteriorating) Dope Situation. An outraged femme fan--with terminal acne, the visual appeal of a charging rhinoceros, and a matching voice--starts shrieking about Dire Implications for fandom's future if any of us Degenerates are apprehended, and orders a moratorium on the subject. A heavy silence hangs over the room. "Honey, you know what you can do with your moratorium, I'm sure"; the mescaline gives me more of a big mouth than I already have, and we are now on stage center. She implies (rather strongly) that she can do without My

*justin st. john*

A COLUMN





Kind, and actually threatens to turn the obviously drug-crazed into the authorities. "You'll have to find it first, Sweetheart"; there is a drug-crazed twinkle in my eye. At this point, sensible Alex convinces me that a contemptuous silence is the better part of valor, and off we go to my room party. We do not invite the rhinoceros. Omigod, I am thinking as the elevator runs away with my stomach, what am I doing here??

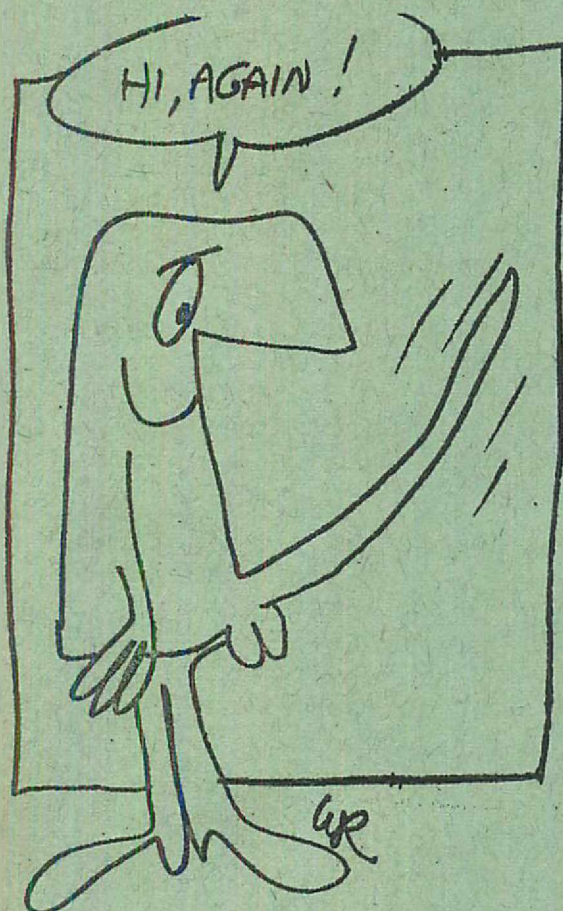
Good question. I answered it when I thought about just what a big disappointment cons have been for me. I went to a science fiction convention, expecting to meet science fictional people--is that asking so much? Who else, I figured, would go to such a thing but a bunch of irredeemable FREAKS?! Little did I suspect that I was walking in on the cultural equivalent of the Republican National Convention.

It's no secret that fandom is almost exclusively middle class; the poor simply can't afford it, and the rich have better things to do. But the age of Tea & Biscuits is finished: the children of Middle America prefer good dope and cheap wine. Fandom is those children, it is no longer the prim & proper place it should never have been, and there's nothing anybody--not even our friend, the nasty rhinoceros--can do about it. So what are you going to do with these people when they get together--throw them into a banquet hall, serve them outrageously overpriced plastifood, pipe them Muzak, and subject them to a bunch of speeches? What for, when they could be listening to the Jefferson Airplane on a grassy hill in the open air, with good dope, good times, and good companionship, for much less \$\$\$ and much more fun.

A con should be a festival, a carnival, a celebration: the expense, the restrictions, and the general atmosphere of a hotel makes that kind of thing impossible. If we were Shriners, or Republicans, it wouldn't make any difference; form, ~~fer~~, would follow function. But we aren't Shriners, and I hope we aren't Republicans--so let's stop acting as if we were. For four days, half a million rock fans gathered at Woodstock, in multi-colored tents, in buses, in cars, in every conceivable way, to listen to their favorite form of music. They had a blast: and,



filled with all manner of humanity--the disenchanted, the disinherited, the disintegrated. My lot fell in with the New York Earth People, a little rougher around the edges, a little less apologetic about their "unconventional" way of life, a little brassier than their neighbors. If the Earth People had their way, they'd be partying for the rest of their lives--unfortunately, the supply of acid is limited. We had a lot in common right there from the start, and I was accepted into the Family. The fiercest Italian neighborhood, the deepest wilds on unregenerate Ireland have not seen such a sense of family loyalty as have the Earth People. We were The Family: The Family being the only form of security any of us had ever known, we fought to preserve its welfare in the face of odds that would humble King Conan...



overcoming obstacles like abject poverty, the hostility of the local yokels, non-existent medical care, the construction of livable dwellings with nothing to work with except the simplest tools and 600 acres of pine forest. But it was also a life of unsurpassed luxury; we had three meals a day (at least) at a central kitchen (food was procured in the mysterious manner of the "food trip"--a converted school bus and 20 freaks--which would leave in the afternoon and be back by nightfall with a week's supply of edibles. Don't ask how; I ate and didn't ask questions). We had a beautiful river (unwritten anti-pollution rules were enforced by general consensus--the land was too beautiful, and we loved our 600 acres too much to fuck it up with Sudszo) and we spent a lot of time just splashing around--the cleanest degenerates for miles. Time did not exist; just looong summer days, swimming, walking, smoking and talking... and looong summer/nights, stargazing, celebrating and listening to the Court Minstrel (Jay's prerogative) sing from the repertoire of the Incredible String Band.

The best times, though, were when a delegation from The Loft (our NYC base) came back with what usually turned out to be Orange Sunshine. They ate it like Christmas candy; as casually, as often, and with child-like delight. (And the Dirt

People didn't fuck around, either; one girl dropped fifteen tabs at once...and her by now burnt-out brain cells couldn't even get off; the one and only time I have ever heard of such a thing as acid immunity due to overindulgence.) When we partied, the entire place crackled with electricity, and the untold numbers of dogs we kept howled, yelped and went mad. Situated as we were on the side of a high hill; by day surrounded by huge flat fields of yellow dandelions and blue cornflowers; hordes of fireflies in the mist lit the night. Sylvia--Big Mama, former leader of the roughest all-girl gang on New York City's Lower East Side, and undisputed Sex Queen of Earth People's Park--would come walking into the kitchen, one fine summer day, with a "LOOK WHAT I GOT!" coming out of that unmistakably New York mouth of hers, and all the Dirt People would come running, squaling with delight. "One for you, and one for You, and one for YOU!" she would say, clucking like a mother hen (a very strange and unusual mother hen, to be sure...) over her beautiful, beloved children. And





without knowing it, invented a way of life. There is no reason why science fiction fans could not do the same--it's cheaper than a hotel, and if I have to tell you why it's more fun than you're reading the wrong column and the wrong fanzine. Where would you stay? In a tent, of course--it's cheaper than a hotel room, in most cases bigger, there are no restrictions on its use, and anybody can set one up in less than an hour. Even a fan. Where would the con take place? On a stretch of rented pasture land, probably (hopefully) rural. Wouldn't that run into money? No more money than it usually takes to put on a typical con, with all the bullshit banquets, rented rooms, and other rip-offs everyone seems to think are essential. What would we do once we got there? Exactly as we please; listen to music, patronize huckster booths, get stoned, talk to old friends, party, go skinny-dipping--You Name It. No hotel employees to fuck things up. No cops. No hassles. lot of rock groups, like the Airplane

and King Crimson, are turned on to sf; I see no problem with getting some good entertainment. The revenue of such a rock concert/sf con/carnival would far exceed projected expenses--and make the concom a handsome profit, to boot. Of course, a lot of problems are involved in such a project--but the pure fun such an event couldn't help being makes all problems pall by comparison. If I knew anything about bidding, or had any fannish influence, I would organize such a con bid myself; hopefully someone will. A group of intelligent, competent individuals could pull it off--but, then again, could fandom?

**DOWN IN DOOH-DAH LAND** One day I received a letter from a friend who had migrated to something mysteriously called "Earth People's Park" in northern Vermont, urging me to pay him a visit. Next thing I knew, I was out of Shit City (once known as the Isle of Manhattan) and on my way to Norton Mills, Vermont, which is exactly 100 feet from the Canadian border. I planned on staying, at most, for a week; by the time I got out of there, it had been over two months since my arrival. Permit me to explain.

After Woodstock, a lot of people just didn't go home. They stayed on, and on...and on. They are the Hog Farm, a group of traveling freak folk who now own and operate a number of rather productive farm communes in places like New Mexico and California. They are the Earth People (or, as we prefer to call ourselves--the Dirt People), a New York City commune that has just purchased 600 acres of forest on the Canadian/Vermont border. The policy of the Earth People regarding the land, which everyone calls Earth People's Park, is very simple--anyone and everyone who wants to live there is free to do so. As a result, anyone and everyone does live there--you name it, we've got it.

Tie-dyed tents, Volkswagen campers, Indian-style tepees, simple lean-tos;



then Sylvia would drop three herself, save me another dose for later, and OFF WE WENT. Whooooosh.

I lived in a little five room house by a river, right at the park entrance, with Sylvia and three or four other. Usually presentable (except during and after a party), with functional furniture, a wood stove and incredible amounts of wild flowers (hanging from the ceiling, sticking out of Pepsi bottles, in our clothes, in our beds, growing nearly everywhere). We functioned like a sort of impromptu welcoming committee, explaining to newcomers (and there were five or so a day, at least) where they were, what they might expect and the fact that we were all out of cigarettes and could they spare a few? My time was mostly taken up with my special coterie: Sean, who had originally invited me up... Jay, a 17 year old with pointed ears who thought he was an elf, whom I discovered out in the woods while peaking on White Lightning, running around practically wild, seemed afraid of everyone with the exception of myself--and who became, by default, my de facto responsibility... Strawberry, a beautiful strawberry blonde girl, with very grave eyes and a perpetual grin... and, of course, Sylvia, the mother of us all. This was the core of the Family, my special brothers and sisters; and there were others, like Bosco, BNT, Marshmallow, Nora, Betsy Ross Motherfucker and too many to even list, never mind describe. Sexual hang-ups just did not exist; whatever you wanted to do, you did, and that was that. Everyone was direct--"down to earth," how you say?--to the point where local yokels looking for hippie cunt ran away in shock. We didn't know AC from DC and didn't care.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS, MY FEN--WE THOUGHT THEY'D NEVER END The Summer Solstice Festival, which we gave to celebrate the spirit of summer, was a five-day acid party that will go down in history alongside Hiroshima and the birth of Christ. We had enough acid to turn everybody living there on three times over...and did. We also invited the World. And the World came. Nobody knows how many people invaded the Park that long weekend--it must have been over one thousand. And we turned on every one of them. Hundreds of people stopped in at the little white house by the river to ask what was going on--and, incidentally, we got a good taste of all the dope that flowed into the Park in those four days, as a result of that strategic position. The dogs went wild, the air was on fire. By the end of four days we were so blown away that it took us at least four more days to Get Over It. When I got over it, I didn't know what month it was (I was a little confused as to the exact year) and realized that soon it would be time to Move On.

Leave-taking was a painful process; Sylvia presented me with two Going Away Gifts (a mirror--I'm a notorious narcissist; and a pair of silver hot pants, which were actually somebody's old gym shorts. Oh well...it's the thought...) I said Goodbye to Jay and outfitted him with my last pair of extra pants (he had resorted to wearing a homemade loincloth that didn't really work out too well). I promised the Family I'd be back as soon as Fate permitted, and left at 9 in the morning. Walking down the road away from EPP I cried for the first time in years. It felt good.

THANK YOU AND GOOD NIGHT Well, I've just about Had It with this installment of the continuing Confessions of St. John the Fakefan; all that remains to be done is the saying of a "Thank You, A Whole Lot" to people like Frank Lunney, the Luttrells, not to mention Bill Kunkel & Charlene Komar, who were good enough to send fanzines to an uncommunicative Justin during my recent gaffiation. Tune in next BAB, when we face these hot issues: Does Richard Nixon's wage and price freeze affect the cost of fanzines? Will "The Creation of the Humanoids" win a Hugo next year? When will Dave Hulvey finally drop acid and discover the Marshmallow Conspiracy? All this--and MORE! next time we get into the confessional.

Bless me father, for I have sinned... But don't let it surprise you; it happens to the best of families.

--Justin St. John, Nov. 21, 1971



# FANZINE COMMENTARY. I FELL INTO AN AVALANCHE • JERRY LAPIDUS •

It occurred to me the other day that when all is said and done, there are only two kinds of faneditors--active editors and passive editors. Both may be equally concerned with producing the best possible fanzine, and both can and do produce good fanzines. The difference lies in their basic approach.

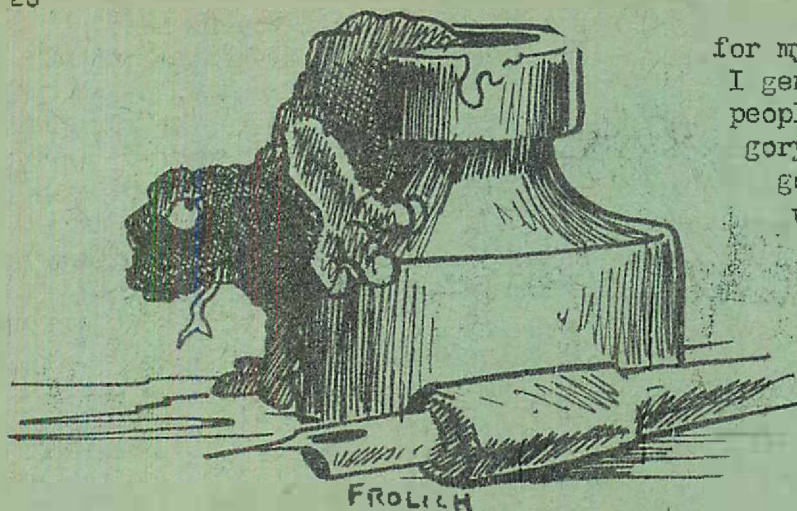
The active editor is concerned with personally molding his fanzine in exactly what he wants; the passive editor prints the best possible fanzine he can, from the material he gets.

The active editor, then, has some specific things he wants to do with his fanzine. He has definite ideas and goals in mind, and he keeps those clearly at hand in publishing his fanzine. He prints only that sort of material he wants to print--so he probably either requests specific material or assignments from his contributors or else writes it himself. Very little material in his fanzine comes in unexpectedly--he seeks out writers and artists who do things he's interested in printing, and personally requests their contributions. Chances are very good he takes a strong concern in how his fanzine looks and is produced; he realizes that the appearance and style of production influences how people read his fanzine, and makes use of both these factors. He probably takes a great deal of time over each issue, making sure that everything is the way he wants it; he probably produces relatively few issues, both because his standards may take a while to be filled and because each issue takes him some time to put together. If he ends up producing a good fanzine, it will probably take him a while to do it, as he searches for the contributors who will give him the quality material he wants.

The passive editor probably has no such pretensions about "goals"--he wants to put out the best possible fanzine he can, period. Basically, he prints the best material he gets, within his wide range of material limitations. He does not really shape his fanzine--rather, his contributors shape it. If he gets a lot of good fan-nish writing, the fanzine may tip in that direction; a series of excellent critical articles in the mail from several good fan critics may produce one or more "serious" issues. The passive faneditor is probably going to be able to produce a pretty good fanzine quite early in the magazine's life, because he's not limited to only that material that fits in with preconceived ideas. Generally, he will produce the best-looking fanzine he can, within certain quite sensible limits. The fanzine will probably improve slowly in quality, reproduction and layout with each issue, as he becomes better known and more experienced at the game. But unless he gets something that requires out-of-the-ordinary handling, he probably won't deviate from his regular format, once he's reached a certain standard of quality.

It should be obvious, from my innate prejudices, that I favor the former role





for myself--and I find that the fanzines I generally enjoy most are edited by people who seem to fit into that category. Notice, please, that these categories have absolutely nothing to do with the type of material printed or the approach used. To my way of thinking Bill Bowers and Bruce Gillespie (Outworlds and SF Commentary) are active editors--but so is Arnie Katz in Focal Point (I didn't say as much in my column, but I think it's quite clear in retrospect). I would list Mike Glicksohn and probably Linda Bushyager (Energumen and Granfalloon)

as primarily passive editors--although Sue Glicksohn is a strongly active editor in her ecology-oriented fanzine, Aspidistra. I myself try to be as active an editor as I can, trying to do what I want, rather than what comes easy; obviously, I don't always succeed, but even so, most issues of Tomorrow And... reflect my ideas at the time I put them together (TA...7 is something of an exception, I confess, and largely a failure).

But I didn't come here to tell you that; I'm here to sing you an entirely different story, and all that was merely preface. I lied to you a little in my opening column. At that time, I told you that my model for the sort of review I wanted to do here was Arnie Katz's discussion of Psychotic/SFR in Focal Point, and that my logical first choice for starting off would be Arnie's own magazine. Wrong. There was a much more logical starting point--a fanzine that almost perfectly reflected the period in which it began and developed, but I was a bit reluctant to do that in a column for Frank Lunney's fanzine, BeABohema.

Because the fanzine in question is Frank Lunney's fanzine, BeABohema.

I mentioned this in a letter to Frank, that what I'd really like to do would be BAB itself, but that it didn't really seem appropriate. Review a fanzine, in detail, in the pages of that same fanzine? Ridiculous! But in subsequent letters, Frank told me he really liked the idea, and asked me specifically to try it.

Also, we've talked in our letters about the problems I have, doing a column like this. One of the greatest of these has simply been choosing the fanzines to do, and figuring how to approach a fanzine without totally alienating the editor. Most of the editors who put out the sort of fanzines I'd consider doing in this column are at the very least acquaintances, and more often than not, good friends. All the people I've mentioned here--Arnie, Mike, Linda, Bill and Bruce--are friends; the last thing I want to do is damage these friendships over a silly magazine review. I value my friendships in fandom above almost everything else I've found here; I don't want to jeopardize them.

At the same time, I want to do the best possible job of reviewing and discussing a fanzine. There's nothing that bothers me more than fanzine "reviewers" who simply list the contents, and whose "criticism" is limited to superlatives. My challenge, then, is to be as honestly critical of the fanzines themselves, without giving the impression that I'm criticizing the fans themselves. And nowhere is this more touchy than when reviewing this fandom, the very fanzine the column appears in!

This decided me--I do BAB.

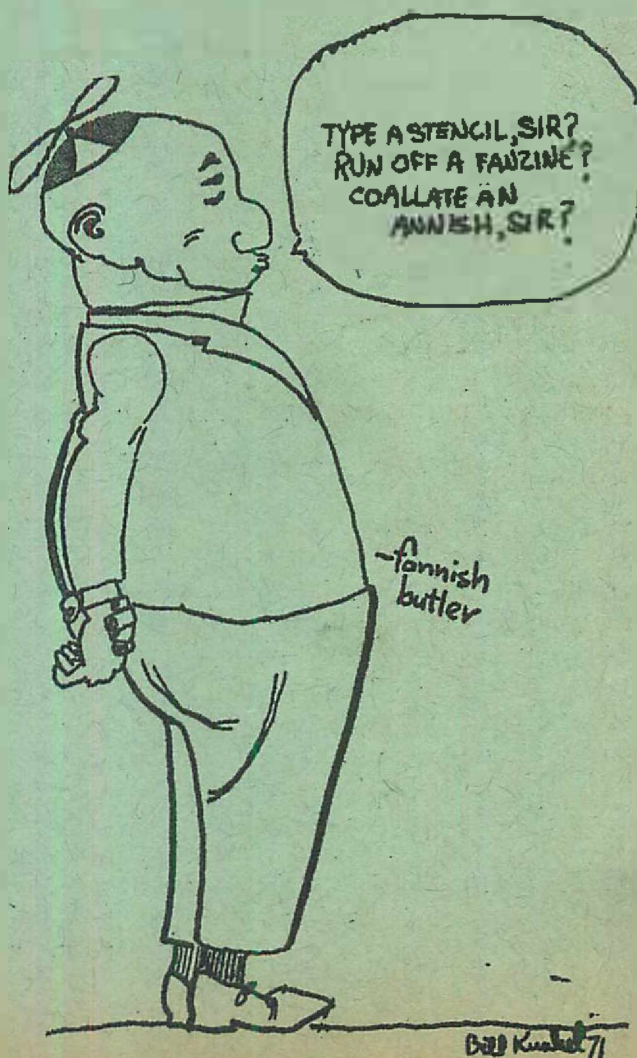


OK. Now let me connect this whole mess together. I told you my idea of active and passive editors not simply because I wanted you to know another one of my weird theories, but because that analytical tool is particularly valuable here. In the course of 18 issues, Frank has gone through many stages, and in the process, has been both "kinds" of editor. The magazine is almost a perfect case study for this active/passive idea. Frank started, like most neofans, as a passive editor--he wanted to print the best possible fanzine he could. Since BAB started up at the height of the Psychotic shit-slinging matches, material began to come in designed to cause controversy--and because that was the material that came in, Frank printed it. BAB became a sort of poor man's Psychotic, with much name-calling, innuendoes (sorry, Terry), huge and nasty lettercolumns, etc. Through most of this period, Frank kept proclaiming in his editorials that he didn't really like this stuff, but he continued to print it. The magazine even got a Hugo nomination, with a relatively low (something like 250 at the time) circulation.

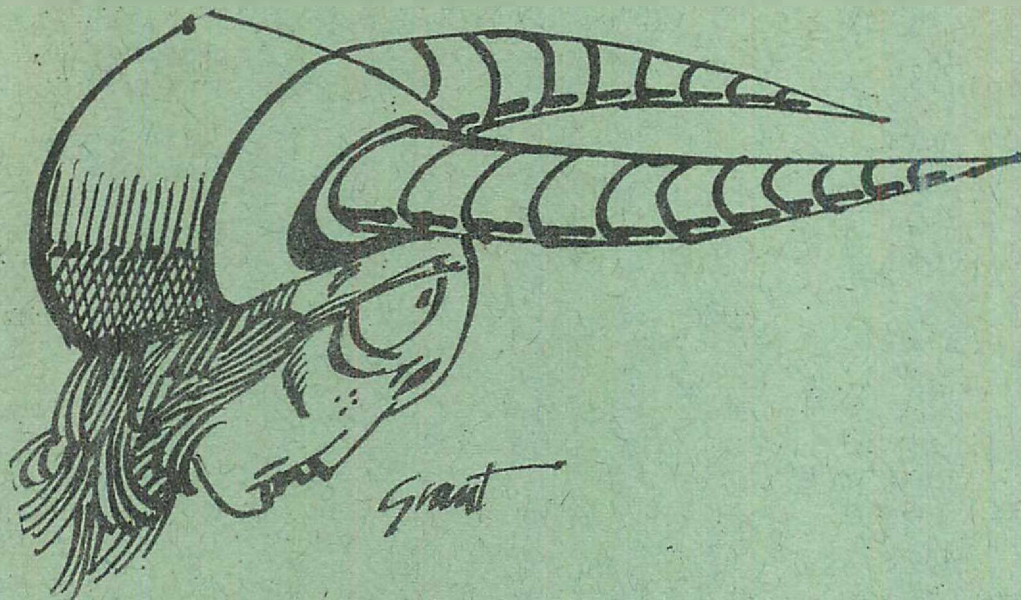
Finally, sick and tired of the whole thing, 100-page issues and all, Frank took a deep fannish breath--and discovered, during the pause, the fannish revival. In the beginning of this period, he simply dropped controversy for fannishness, but quickly went further. He began to print the sort of material he wanted to print. Perhaps still fannish, but Frank Lunney's brand of fannishness. The current BAB is an enjoyable, unpretentious fanzine; it features several highly enjoyable regular features, a relatively high degree of experimentation and diversity in visuals (one issue, perhaps this very one, will have artwork and layouts entirely designed by Richard Flinchbaugh). It does not come off as "just another fannish fanzine"--and it generally doesn't have the tendency to take fannishness seriously, a malady not exactly unknown these days. It seems quite clear to me that finally, Frank has decided where BAB is to go; he has become much more active an editor, and as a result, is editing what I feel is a far superior fanzine.

Ta-da. I want to go through the magazine a bit now, pointing out various aspects of each of these things. I have about four pages of notes on individual issues here, but I'm not going through all the crap with you. Interestingly, the history of the magazine can be broken down into four amazingly distinct periods of growth and change without the usual overgeneralization inherent to such a technique. We have a period of beginnings, a long stretch of Controversy, a short stretch of chaos and searching for directions, and finally the current era, the production of a distinct fanzine with a distinct personality. I guess the easiest way to do this would be to look at the magazine in terms of these periods of "history."

BeABohema 1 came out late summer of 1968, a rather strange first issue. Although from a totally unknown fan, it looked remarkably good--Third Foundation, with





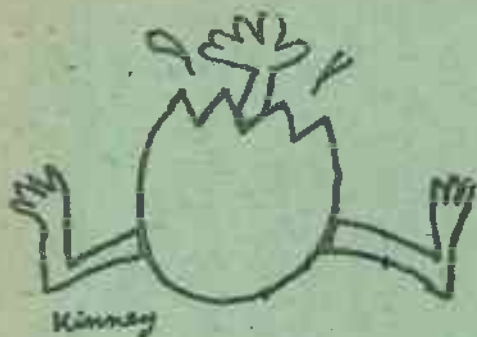


nearly 100 issues, still doesn't look as good--with an excellent offset Gaughan cover, lettering guide headings, generally good mimeo, even well-stenciled artwork (though the art itself, forget it). And from the very first, Frank proved himself to have that type of personality able to draw good and interesting contributions from top people; this issue includes, besides the cover, several readable articles (including one by Gary Hubbard, but more on him later), as well as a short piece on characterization by Leo P. Kelley. The magazine also contained a large amount of neofan enthusiasm Frank would certainly love to forget; it proclaimed itself "the Journal of Bohema Fandom" and invited its readers to Be A Bohema (get it?). BAB 1 was 17 pages.

BABs 2 and 3, produced December '68 and March '69 respectively, contained 62 and 78 pages each, essentially following the trends set in the first issue. Five was out by August, the first annish at 101 pages. Each of these issues featured tons of material, the majority poor, but with quite a bit of good stuff hidden in the crud. Lettercolumns became big, and then huge. Obviously, Frank was pubbing almost everything that came in; he was really just getting started in fandom, and all these people were actually sending him things, and in they went. Good points in these issues included material from Bloch, Kelley, Piers Anthony, Andy Offut, Robert Margroff and Joe Hensley, all interesting and readable.

BAB 5, besides being the annish, gave promises of several trends to come. As I noted earlier, at this time SFR was the premiere fanzine around, and in addition, the Second Foundation idiocy was beginning to arouse comments from both sides. In addition to the other crud, BAB 5 featured Dale Goble, attacking Pierce, as well as a crude-but-funny cover satire of the same target. The issue also contained Gary Hubbard's first "Cracked Eye" column; Gary had a short piece in the first issue, appeared here and then in the following issue, and then disappeared until his column resurfaced in 11. The column here is nearly unreadable, but keep it in mind--Hubbard is one of the reasons for the strength of current issues. And BAB 5 also revealed the secret behind Faith Lincoln, a critic who made a specialty of panning books in early BABs. "Faith" turned out to be a creation of Frank, Ed Reed and Leo Doroschenko, and she sort of represented the early BABs--noisy, opinionated, but with some good points to make at the bottom of it all.





Issues 6-10 are almost identical, and represent the high period of controversy. They featured, in exhaustive columns, the same sort of back-stabbing and name-calling that the Psychotic lettercolumn was famous for. Lettercolumns were filled with similar material, and the only notes of sanity were short columns by Dean Koontz and Leo P. Kelley (although Dean tended to join the bandwagon in the lettercolumns, too). Typical of the whole mess were the "Paul Hazlett" columns, pseudonymous attacks and "revelations" about various groups and people, both in and out of fandom.

"Hazlett" was in part Perry Chapdelaine (who also added a bit of the same under his own name), in part several still-unknown people--and 99% pure bullshit. A lot of the articles and letters in these issues were occupied with answering charges and insinuations Hazlett made in previous columns. Just for samples, I'm going to pretty much list the contents of 6 for you, then skim over the next four, hitting only the high points. BAB 6, then, included: a full 17 pages of Piers Anthony attacking Bob Tucker and several other people, for various real and alleged wrongs; "Hazlett's" "Inside Stories" of the SFMA and the Milford Mafia; a three page letter from Lin Carter, attacking Anthony for his BAB 5 column; 10 pages of letter from Ted White, discussing various attacks and individuals; 3 pages of Anthony answering Carter's letter; 4 pages of Dean Koontz on various issues and people, especially Robert Moore Williams. I think you get the picture.

At any rate, the next bunch of issues saw, among other things: Hazlett on Hugos (an obvious attack on Harlan Ellison), Publishing in England, Freud, and "the Patronage Pig"; two White articles answering Hazlett; John J. Pierce attacking Justin St. John; Chapdelaine attacking people who attack John Campbell; and at the average, 30 pages of letters an issue, with Anthony, Williams, White and Koontz probably the prime antagonists.

The tenth issue was under 50 pages, the smallest since the beginning, and featured very little of any interest at all.

BAB 11, finally, is the first of three or four "I don't know what the hell I'm gonna do with this fanzine, but it sure ain't gonna be that!" issues. In the editorial, Frank says:

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 thought of more as a duty than as a hobby...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.

Can you ask for a clearer delineation of a faneditor moving from passive to active role? Faneditor, sick and tired of the material he's getting, decides to change roles. At the moment, he doesn't know exactly what he does want to publish--but he knows what he doesn't want to print.

11-14 illustrate pretty clearly this search for the sort of material Frank could feel comfortable with. They show an interest in the fannish revival, and the editorial from 11, from which I quoted a few lines back, bows toward these new fan-

nish fanzines. These issues are small, generally unfocussed genzines; they each contain a variety of minor material, some of it quite enjoyable in and of itself, but none of them really substantial. The impression left was pleasant, but very forgettable. Gary Hubbard's column began to appear again, irregularly, with some very personal and increasingly interesting writing. In the two year he'd been away from the magazine, Gary's writing improved tremendously. To this day I've never seen him anywhere else but in BAB, but I continue to be impressed by both his writing and his candidness. Variety was the keynote of each issue--material varied drastically, issue to issue. Music articles; a couple of Greg Benford columns; book and record reviews; a moderately interesting BoSh issue, including faan fiction from rich brown, a short Bloch piece, and a discussion of Shaw's sf. Jeff Smith appeared with a music column in 14. About the only consistent note was a steadily increasing interest in visuals and appearance. 11 features a four-page Gilbert trip; 13 has a horrendous Osterman cover, but also includes some of the first experimentation with layout in the magazine's history.

The final steps, the final decisions in what to use, finally became obvious with the 15th and 16th issues--if you must, the first two "modern" issues. Both contain excellent offset covers, good-to-excellent interior mimeo, and more than a little interesting graphics. 15 contains the first Entropy Reprint to appear in BAB, a long Laney piece of Dianetics, with illustrations from Terry's Lighthouse file of artwork. There's a short humorous Katz column, and a long Lunney editorial; also the reviews and letters. 16 is probably what Frank considers the first really successful issue, the first issue that contains all the material he'd by this time decided he wanted to print. Another Carr reprint, an excellent early Bunch short story. Hubbard's column, this time illustrated with excellent Frolich illos and very well-designed visually. A Katz humor column. Short but enjoyable editorial and lettercolumns, and the last review column. For my own enjoyment, 17 is the best issue he's published, bar none, with good graphics, a good long editorial, and the four best regular features--Terry's reprint (a Bok article, excellent); Hubbard's column w/Frolich; Jeff Smith's music column, and the return of the non-controversy side of Piers Anthony (in a column which, the controversy extracted, was always enjoyable).

Of course, I can't say anything definite, since Frank may prove me wrong with the next issue he produces. But it certainly seems as if he's finally arrived at a format and fanzine that fits his interests and desires. 16 and 17 are both very solid issues; 18, the latest, lacks the Hubbard and Carr columns, but of necessity and not choice (the Hubbard was too long, and Terry was moving to California), but contains pieces from Katz, Smith, and Jeff Schalles, as well as my first column. With a list of regular contributors including Carr, Hubbard, Smith and Lapidus, Frank is guaranteed a variety of material, material of the type he now wants.

In my case, for instance, although I first offered the column, it was only because Frank had asked for a fanzine reviewer, and it was primarily Frank's suggestion that lead to the particular format in this version of my fanzine review quartet. A combination of good writing and a more-than-average interest in experimenting with artwork and graphics provide the basis for the current BAB, and with Frank now in charge of his fanzine, the future seems quite bright indeed.

--Jerry Lapidus  
November 20, 1971



# CUM BLOATUS



((I get strange mail sometimes. This came in the mail in an Organ Magazine envelope and on Organ stationery. Paper-clipped to the top of the page was a memo-page on which was written "P--send this nut the kid-author letter and file his story for me. Thanks, Dick." The return address label under where a jagged line was inserted for a signature read: ))

Richard Lupoff      Thank you for sending your pamphlet to me--I very nearly threw  
3208 Claremont Ave. it out along with the rest of the day's advertising materials,  
Berkeley, Ca 94705 and only noticed in time that it seems to be a publication of  
some sort rather than an "advert."

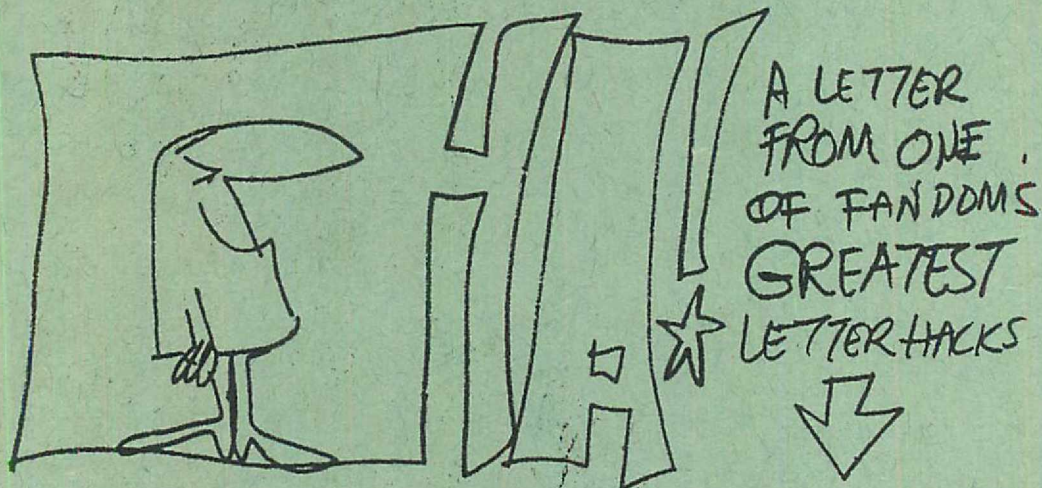
It is quite handsomely produced for (I take it) an amateur endeavor, and I certainly feel that young people ought to be encouraged in their ambitions. Yours is, I take it, to become an author? Or perhaps an editor? At any rate, this practice must be most instructive for you, and I commend your efforts.

The typography is quite intriguing--apparently your typesetter possesses an unusual font that faithfully simulates a typewriter! A very ingenious notion! You must keep up this kind of innovation, and not let convention impose itself upon you.

And as I flip the pages of this pamphlet, I notice that it is even illustrated. Wonderful! If only more parents would encourage their children's creative impulses we would have a happier and more contented country, with less of the disgraceful unrest, disorder, violence, drug-taking and promiscuity that are such terrible blots upon our nation's escutcheon!

Youngsters like yourself can certainly contribute a share in leading us "older" and "wiser" folk back to the ways of loyalty, uprightness, morality and religion. Hurrah for you!

I do trust you will continue your good work, and I am confident that the day will come when you can proudly assume your role among the leadership of your generation.



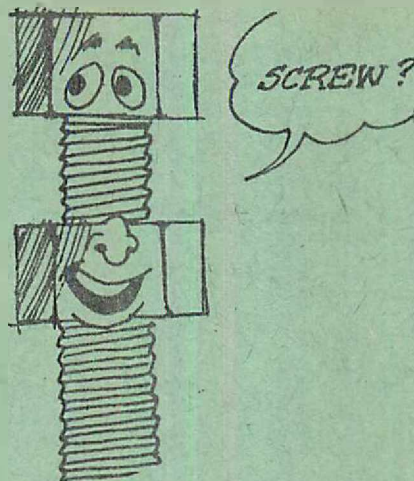
Justin St. John  
Box 230  
Franconia College  
Franconia, N.H.

I'm getting a little tired of all this self-conscious fannishness; I mean, in every fanzine I get nowadays, it seems that everybody's trying to be so goddamn cute, and everybody's so concerned about showing off what they think passes for P\*E\*R\*S\*O\*N\*O\*P\*I\*N\*I\*T\*Y, and nearly every fanzine is so Careful not to mention S--en-e F--ti-n, it all looks about as Trendy as a Hoola-Hoop, although less fun. I mean, it started off like it was going to be a good thing. And then BAB cut the book reviews. What's the matter, don't fans with P\*E\*R\*S\*O\*N\*O\*P\*I\*N\*I\*T\*Y read, or does Baskin & Robbins and Bheer take up all their time? I mean, does Fannishness have to mean illiteracy? Why do fans always go overboard, and lose their sense of Balance, whenever they get turned on to something new? Maybe fanac causes chromosome damage. I mean, I would really like to write a column on children's books, dealing mostly with fantasy--but we don't talk about books any more, at least not publicly. How absurd. The whole thing seemed a little forced; why don't we cut out all the posturing, and, following the String Band's advice--Do What We Like.

((First, I'm not trying to be cute. Second, I don't feel like running book reviews now, I may in the future, but I really don't give a damn whether people want to read them in BAB or not. Third, I'm not pretending to have a sense of balance; I print what I want to print, and I don't balance the fanzine by printing a few things I don't want to print just to make a "well rounded fanzine." Fourth, I'm sure Jeff Smith or Don Keller would like to at least see your column on fantasy children's books. And Really, Justin, not everybody isn't talking about books any more...try Bruce Gillespie (who has a bitch similar to yours in SF Commentary 23). And your last line is bullshit, too; what you want is for people to do what you like. I don't force this fanzine on anyone, and I'll be glad to have a few people ask me to drop them from my mailing list. If they're people I respect a lot, I'll feel bad for a while, but I'll still know it's for the better if they don't get some enjoyment from reading BAB. But even if they're people I respect, I'm not going to let them dictate the policy of my fanzine. Never again...))

Thank you, Harry Warner, for your demonstration of the finer points of split-





ting hairs; now we know the difference between your ordinary everyday shoplifter, and your big time rip-off artist Hijacker. The difference being stealing a little with minimum hassle and stealing a lot with maximum hassle. You will notice that the difference is a matter of degree. I'm not about to argue the motives of drug dealers with you, Harry; if I'm not satisfied with one man's prices, I just buy from somebody else. All things--like the law and the hassles, and the dreary scene the dealer has to get into, not to mention the pure legwork--considered, I think the average dope deal is a lot fairer than the average traveling-vacuum-salesman type deal, or the average department store exchange. If you mean to say that dope dealers are out to Make Money, then I guess we agree; of course they are! Considering the risks they take, they're certainly entitled to it. If anything jacks up prices, it's the present illegality of their product--which they who provide it in spite of its black market status have no control over.

And back to Jerry Lapidus again: The don't-get-me-involved-it's illegal bit is as phoney as a Bogus Rotsler for two reasons--1) No one who didn't get busted for possession, in the event of a fannish bust, would be prosecuted--they would have to prove "loitering with intent to use," and if you don't Intend To Use, then they can't prove anything. Nor would they try, it would clog up an already impossible court situation. 2) It's no coincidence that those who hand you the illegality line are always, by some strange turn of events, those who don't like dope at all, regardless of its legal status. I mean, one cannot help but question the motives of people who condemn drug usage at fan events, and yet don't even seem to notice all the underage drinking that goes on at cons and at club meetings. What did they do during Prohibition--sip mineral water??

Dear Dan Goodman: Next time you listen to Jefferson Airplane, throw away your crutches and see if your legs don't start moving... If not, look up a chiropractor, have him crack your back for you, take a Deep Breath, and start all over.

Dear David Hulvey: First of all, I didn't change my name to identify with a Cause. I changed my name to identify with my dead mother, instead of my foster parents. (Her last name was St. John; I was baptized "Justin" in the French Canadian tradition; upon adoption at age three, I found myself with a new name. I merely changed it back.) Are you satisfied, David Hulvey? Are you satisfied, John Pierce? Are you satisfied, Leon Taylor? Now, perhaps, you will learn that there's a Reason for everything--including minding your own fucking business.

I'd really like to know where you get the idea that I'm trying to "convert" anybody; convert them to what??? So help me Ghz, I have never mentioned either Ayn Rand or politics of any sort in BAB or any other fanzine (with the exception of one

quote from Rand in SFR more than a year ago). My political/philosophical beliefs, which are another thing that isn't any of your fucking business, and which I have never discussed in any fanzine, are no concern of yours. If you don't like them, you'll just have to learn that You'll Get Over It; I don't really care to discuss the matter, especially with someone who's got so many hang-ups about it. I mean, there I was in the lobby of the Commodore Hotel at 4 in the morn no less (at the last Lunacon) and all of a sudden this TOTAL STRANGER come up to me and, without a word of introduction, blurts out "I think Ayn Rand is full of shit." I mean, what does one do with people like that? Why, you tell him to FUCK OFF, of course.

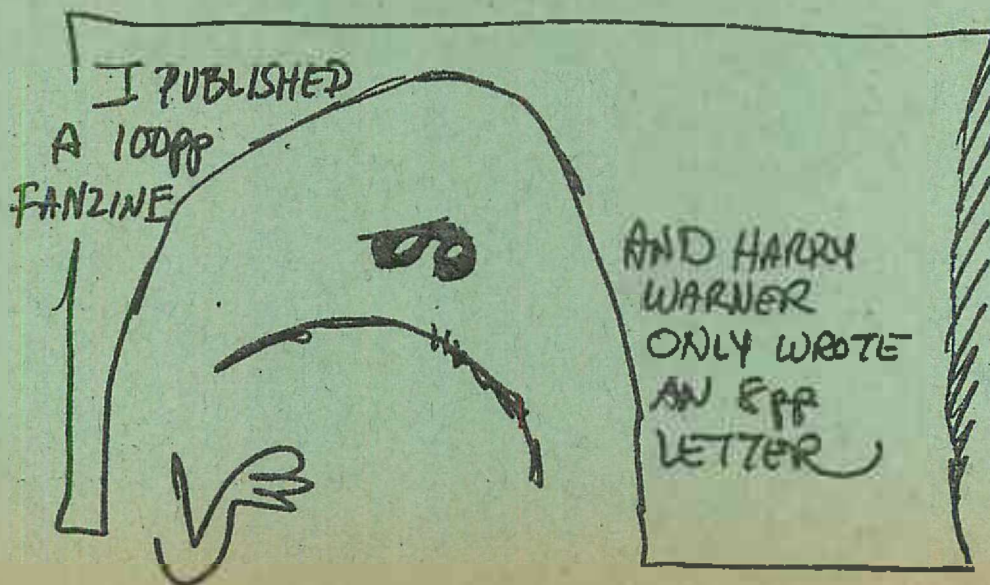
Right, Dave; fandom consists of "good liberals." Has anyone heard from Harlan Ellison lately? Or did all those "good liberals" scare him away...??

\*

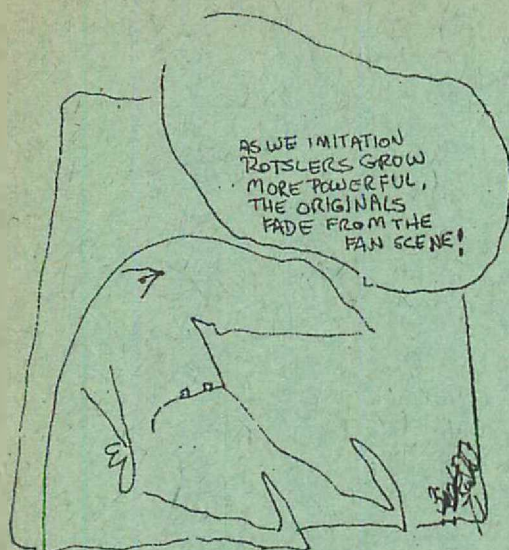
Harry Warner, Jr. I intended to start by praising the splendid front cover of the 423 Summit Ave. new BeABohema. All those black and white circles seem to move Hagerstown, Md. around and change places every time I look at the peace machine 21740 or the girl's head or my mortified hangnail. This makes the cover even more exciting and I suspect that I could be hypnotized if I stared too long at the series of circles in the upper left area. It seems to cry out for a dip into my subconscious.

Jerry Lapidus's fanzine review column is fine. Life would be easier for fan historians if every important fanzine received this kind of biography in print. Maybe nobody else got one impression that I received: Jerry seemed to imply that I write seldom for Locus and regularly for Focal Point. I've been very careful to create a column for both publications at approximately the same time, usually getting them mailed within a week of one another, so nobody will be able to deduce this way the secret all fandom is whispering about, am I a scroon of a fannish fan? The columns don't appear in tandem due to various making-fit problems of the editors. I hope Jerry is right when he says that All Our Yesterdays as a column has finally taken root because that column has killed a lot of splendid fanzines of the past in its scrambling efforts to grab hold. Incidentally, a year or a little more ago, I was scolded by two or three fans for using that title for a column about fandom's past as a way to promote sales on the Advent book. The column was just then ready to celebrate twenty years of more or less regular existence.

I can go Jeff Smith one better. I dislike as he does the recent attempts







to capitalize on the assassinations of the 1960's. But I also feel as indignant when anyone tries to make a fast buck out of killings of the distant past. I can't visit Civil War battlefields or watch television dramas based on the French Revolution or understand why Ford's Theater should be turned into a national shrine. If there's enough infirmation about death and suffering to make it fully known to me, I fail to see why the passing of time should make it more conducive to exploitation. As for the policeman-fireman comparison, I just recently saw four volunteer firemen convicted in local courts for setting fires. They gave no excuse except that they wanted to get out there and show their ability. I can't remember four instances of equally flagrant misuse of occupation by local policemen down through the years.

Most of the letter column remarks on drugs seem reasonable. I feel toward marijuana and LSD exactly as I do toward cigarettes and alcoholic beverages: I consider them approximately equal in harm potential for the users, as far as physical effects are concerned, and I think drugs are a more serious problem than tobacco and liquor only because they've become such a Cause with young people who may do really nasty things to get money for their purchase. On the other hand, I'm constantly suffering headaches from tobacco smoke people blow in my face, and losing my temper when drunks pester me, and the people who use pot and acid have never bothered me in these personal ways. So the score is about even: I don't understand why people would want to use the substances and I don't see why they shouldn't use them if they're fully aware of the things tobacco can do to the lungs and alcohol to the liver and marijuana and LSD to the willingness to accept the real world.

The Kinney-Fletcher confrontations are hilarious. You should tell us something about their origin. I suspect that they were created in one or two great bursts of mutual inspiration.

((Yeah, two bursts, I guess. Jay gave me half the cartoons when we were sitting down for a while during Noreascon, and he asked if I wanted to use them. The other half were done during the Hugos Banquet, when there were no better things to do than watch Jay and Ken turn the things out. After the banquet Jay and Chris Couch and Alice Sanvito and Terry Hughes went up to Terry's room, and Chris got another half of the cartoons done during the banquet, so...there may be some more of those collaborations appearing sometime in Cipher.))

Jerry Kaufman  
417 W. 118th St.  
Apt. 63  
New York, N.Y. 10027

You have defenders and champions here in New York, you know. "Get BeABohema," Arnie Katz told me. "Get BeABohema," Chris Couch told me. Arnie depended on the strength of his recommendation to convince me. Chris knew me better, and showed me the current issue. I was getting all ready to send for it, maybe, when it came of itself.

The cover attracted me, and I gave it a closer look. The woman's face is twisted slightly and it scares me, the twisted face in all the precise patterning. I ignored that, and opened up the fanzine. It looks better than the ones I remember. Those old issues, about the first seven or eight, really turned me off. I can remember writing several letters to you of comment and adverse criticism, then I remember

becoming bored with both BeABohema and fandom and so never writing at all. The fanzines kept coming, and I even considered marking some BAD or other "deceased." That was 1969 or 1970.

This year, this winter, I'm no longer bored with much of anything, and not with BeABohema. I wouldn't say it was a perfect fanzine because that's always a stupid thing to say. I would say I want to read the next, and will want to save this one to read again. I think that's saying a lot, and puts you in fine company.

You have a peculiar sense of humor, but I'm sure I've pointed that out before. I can almost see most of your editorial as funny...at least I can move enough to see why you think it's funny. The one place I can't get around is your saying that Bill and Charlene are bro and sis. I don't even begin to understand that. Lunney, you can be peculiar.

Arnie's piece was a nice piece of frippery. Odd, though. The quote-carders he talks about are obviously the fannish fans of monsterdom, since they make fun of the basis of monster fandom. "The right to buy women is the right to be free" makes fun on van Vogt's Weapon Shop dictum that the right to buy guns is the right to be free. Maybe if I bopped into an Insurgents meeting and said "Shave water, sour with a friend," I'd be truly fannish. Of course, none of them will understand what I'm talking about, but after a while they'll catch on, and we will all be making brilliant malapropisms. (Hmmm... "Shave water, sour with ..." I wonder what I did mean.)

Jeff's piece wasn't very funny, and I'm disappointed in that.

Jerry is very Lapidus in his new column, but it's all right, I get very Kaufman under the same stimuli. Give me the chance to write about the place of fanzines in the world and in fandom, and I don't want the mantle of thoughtfulness, and my cap of allwisdom, and clearing

my throat I think loudly. Jerry gives the same effect, but with a bit more grace than I can muster. I had several quibbles of fact and slant but I ignored them way away; they were only quibbles and didn't touch on the central point of his arguments. So I will do a substance rap, of my own views, which I don't think differ much from Jerry's, but which wind me up one step farther than Jerry goes.

Locus (according to Charlie) started out as an imitation of Fanac. It did trip reports, accident reports, partying jags and funny cartoons, ala Fanac. It didn't stay there long. Charlie started running reviews, getting more subscribers and getting huge numbers of books from publishers. In these last several years Locus has become a "service publication," rather than a newszine of fandom. Focal Point started out as a fanzine with news. No lists of publications, no book reviews, no media notes. Generally two pages of basic news and lots of columns. Focal Point wasn't a service publication. I read both then and I read both now. But neither is a newszine now. Locus is an sf service publication and Focal Point is a genzine. We don't have a newszine for fandom. I am surprised. In the midst of a publishing frenzy so furious that Steve Stiles is reviving Sam and Terry Carr is reputedly reviving an old title of his, there isn't anyone out there chronicling the thing or tying the ends together or providing a central information center. Or just keeping





me filled in and cutting up around the edges.

Yes, Jeff Smith, I saw a Bruce Conner film recently about the assassination of John Kennedy. Since it was in a group of Conner films, about which I knew nothing, the film was a surprise. In the early parts it was a series of pieces of film of the Kennedy's car, the movements repeated and overlapped time and time again, with bits of various radio and tv coverage as soundtrack. I was very upset, I felt like a ghoul watching, and I was extremely hostile toward people in the audience who cheered when the soundtrack announced that Kennedy was dead. I liked Kennedy a great deal when he was president (from the time I was twelve to the time I was fifteen) and still have (although not so much respect) a great deal of hero-worship feelings. I became hostile to the film, too, although by the time it was over I realized it wasn't anti-Kennedy but anti-tv. Conner felt that the networks made it a circus (he intercut a number of shots from bullfights).

Fletcher is (I am at a loss for an appropriate adjective--let's say I like him) A cartoonist. The series he does with Jay Kinney is pretty good, and the last one is hysterical. But they all look lumpy stuck at the bottoms of pages like that. A bit hard to work with, I guess.

Mike Glicksohn                      Okay, Lunney, I'm on to you, you haven't fooled me! It's all  
32 Maynard Ave. #205              a hoax, right? There never was a BEABOHEMA 17--you made it  
Toronto 150, Ont.                  all up. I certainly don't have a copy of this mythical issue,  
Canada                              I've never seen it reviewed anywhere, and the "response" to it  
   just doesn't ring true. As I read the locs in #18, I kept  
thinking to myself, "What a strange phrase! It's most unlike \_\_\_\_\_ to say something  
like that." Suddenly it dawned on me; \_\_\_\_\_ hadn't said that, Lunney had! Admit  
it, you wrote all those letters, right, to try and give credence to this fantasy is-  
sue of yours. Well, it was a good try but you have to get up earlier than that to  
put one over on the old Boy Wonder, you know. As it happens, I've often thought of  
perpetrating a similar hoax, so now you've spoilt it for me. Darn.

Even taken on its own merits, BAB 18 has to be the strangest issue in your history. Either you wrote the whole thing completely stoned, or it's all part of the greatest hoax in fanzine publishing history. According to all reports, Bill Kunkel and Charlene Komar are engaged to be married; you report them as brother and sister. If someone didn't pull a whole herd of sheep over your eyes, you're having us all on you naughty faned you! And the whole tone of your editorial comments is one of stoned incoherence or Goonish surrealism. Quite fascinating, but damnably difficult to respond to without knowing your mood when you wrote it. However, I enjoyed it all, once I caught on to the joke behind it.

Jerry's fanzine review column is straight, though, since he's already sent me the first installment of his column for me. I found his analysis of the newszine scene to be remarkably accurate and free from rancour. I think he did a most competent job and this opening column augurs well for the future. There are far too few good fanzine reviewers around and I'm glad to see Jerry back in business again. I only hope he doesn't overextend himself trying to be in too many places at once.

I refuse to comment on the letters since I don't believe they exist. Hence commenting on them would be an admission of insanity on my part, and that mad I ain't. You're a strange fellow, Frank Lunney, but I like what you did and I like the way you did it (that is, you have a damn fine looking imaginary fanzine there, sir. Good art and good layout, in a fictitious sort of way.).

((I plead innocent to all charges.))

Terry Hughes      Loverly cover by Grant Canfield. He has been doing such nice  
407 College Ave. things this past year. But he's a little sneaky--I wonder how  
Columbia, Mo. many other of your readers were able to spot the paisley beanie  
65201 on top of the chipmunk's head?

It's nice to see in Arnie Katz's column that New York City fandom grooves on watching monster movies on the tube. That is very big with fandom here as well (well, it is with the Luttrells and me at least). But even better than monster movies (since commercials do hurt them) are select old comedies --like W.C. Fields, the Marx Brothers, Laurel & Hardy, Abbot & Costello, etc. Just the creme de la creme! Fantastic fun. We've even gone so far as to check out silent comedies from the local libraries along with a projector and watch them, which is great. We check out some serious stuff, too. ("Intolerance" and such). Once we got a US Savings Bond promo from the 40's and projected it without the sound and played some Mothers of Invention as a soundtrack. Old blues albums work great, also, especially when there's a shot of FDR and you hear John Lee Hooker wail the blues.

Bruce Arthurs strikes again, this time in your lettercolumn. His views and mine are worlds apart, especially when he can't tell when you are putting your readers on. But it did give you a chance to come up with some fantastic "explanations"--but he will probably take them seriously, once again.

((Well, Terry, I'll tell ya...Bruce Arthurs isn't the only person who doesn't know when I'm putting my readers on...))

Is your draft number really 37? Is Toronto just a dance away? Is Uncle Sam gonna catch your ass?

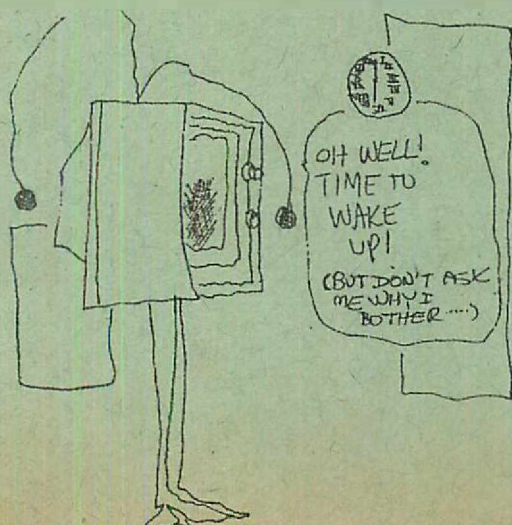
((Yes twice and no.))

Greg Shaw      In the current issue, my attention was immediately riveted to the  
64 Taylor Dr. comment on page 3 that Bill Kunkel and Charlene Komar are "brother  
Fairfax, Ca. and sister". In light of the fact that they've recently announced  
94930 their engagement to be married, fandom is either about to witness  
a scandal of unprecedented proportions, or the revelation of a not-so-clever hoax, or your admission that they put you on. Which is it?

((None of the above.))

Jerry Lapidus's column is extremely well done, very reasonable and level-headed. I hope he will do similar pieces on the histories of some of the more long-lived fanzines around today, and the way their development has reflected changes in fandom itself. Then maybe he could take all the book review fanzines, all the fan-nish fanzines, all the art fanzines, etc. ~~and do a series of pieces comparing the individual zines in each sub-genre.~~ Yes, there's a lot that could be said about the current fanzine scene. And Jerry seems to be about the only one with enough of an open mind to do it.

((Jerry would love to have suggestions for topics of far and near-future columns, so anyone with ideas perhaps even more specific than Greg's...))





Dave Hulvey                So you've met the SMOF of Brooklyn Fanoclasts, Bill Kunkel. Be-  
 Rt. 1, Box 198            ware, he will start telling Lunney Tales if you make too much ado  
 Harrisonburg, Va.        about his re-entry into fandom. After all these years, such tot-  
 22801                        tering old fannish stalwarts and mainstays as you and Bill should  
                               give young whippersnappers like McEvoy, Svoboda and me more than  
 a few Tales. C'mon, Frank, put a few gingerbread circuses and corflu refineries in-  
 to BAB. We need 'em. For the ol' alma mater. For More Science Fiction High. We  
 need 'em.

I liked all the cols and articles and faan fiction in BAB thistime. Schalles did almost as well as Katz, a surprise to me. They aren't exactly comparable in style and experience, but Jeff has a knack for uncontrolled exaggeration that somehow comes off, while Arnie is much more careful in the amount of humorous impossibility he builds into his faan fiction. Both have an outlook I like. A feeling for faanish situation and comedy. Besides, Schalles is the only fan I know who could do an apa contribution on speed--all the while stopping his mcs and other raps to explain the rush he'd been getting--and bring it off in an entertaining style. I'll wager he'll be around in fandom a while.

Lapidus does a good fanzine review col. I hope he realizes, though, that Arnie gets so many locs that he has to be brutal in his editing, even with micro-elite type in use. The fmz reviews are what Jerry should expect from a prominent figure in the "resurgence." His bias (Jerry's this time) in regard to "the major non-fannish publication," OUTWORLDS, must be taken into account also. Jerry almost said OUTWORLDS was the best fanzine in the world in a recent lettercol there. So, everyone has a bias, and Arnie, at least, has admitted his from the start.

There is a lot of false optimism going down these days with regard to the "resurgence." Here Lapidus contributes to that tendency with his ill-made statement about a Hugo nomination for FP. Now, as much as anyone, I'd like to see that happen. Unfortunately, that kind of loose talk has gotten Jerry in trouble before--need I mention the albums Jerry was so sure would cop a Hugo this year? The Boy Prophet was at his best in misguided predictions in an EMERGUTEN lettercol.

Worse yet, Bill Kunkel blathers on in the latest RATS! about the Golden Age of fannish fandom he thinks we're already in. That's a nice thought and all, but really it only bolsters more of the same kind of illusory hope that Jerry feeds with his words. Perhaps we are in such a golden age, but if so, wouldn't it be better served by fannish fans who practice being fans more, and sages less?

There is a danger that fannish fandom will stop growing and spreading, become soft and lazy with the laurels it's already won, if we start rapping about our "Golden Age" and the Hugo FP will certainly be up for and all the Good Times we'll have.

In short, it's the difference between being and saying you're being something.

I think that's enough for this issue, or this lettercolumn, anyway. I had other letters I was planning on using, especially those from Lane Lambert, Don Keller, Cy Chauvin; write again. I Also Had Letters From: Jeff Schalles, Jerry Lapidus, Dick Flinchbaugh, Aljo Svoboda, Morris Scott Dollens, Perry Chapdelaine, Phyrne Bacon, Eric Lindsay, Joe Staton Bill Kunkel, Mike Horvat, Bob Stahl, Rick Stoker, Bhob Stewart, Gary Hubbard, Dan Osterman and Calvin Demmon. I really do like to get letters, even those nights on which I'm too tired to open the envelopes, so keep sending lots of them...everyone.



# Brabohema

