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A fakefan dies

A thousand deaths;

A trufan dies but once.

-- old fannish pome I just thot up

I think I've died a thousand times, in very minute ways, since I came into fandom; I've changed, and each change is a death of sorts. The changes need not be big; they only have to be definate. With each of these changes, an old "I" dies and a new "I" takes his place. This isn't necessarilly sadmaking, however; most of the changes have been for the better and only a few of them are to be regretted, and with these latter there is always the hope that they can be changed.

No, it's not change itself that I mind, but the fact that sometimes these changes come about when I'm not really looking. They slip up behind you, in the dark, when you're kissing your girlfriend and all seems right with the world and, pow', suddenly you're not the same person anymore. Two years later, you suddenly realize that you've changed and try to Pinpoint the exact instant of this changing. (Not that it makes too much difference -- the change is already made -- but it would be nice to know just when it came about.)

The change that came over me, somewhere in the last two or three years, is that I am no longer a corresponding-type fan. I used to be. No fanzine that came into the house went uncommented-on. I carried-on regular correspondence with about thirty fans and irregular correspondence with about twice that many. I averaged 25-35 letters a week. I produced fanzines, both APA and general, while doing this.

Somewhere along the line, something changed me. At first I didn't notice it; I wrote longer letters to fewer people, allowing the stacks of in-coming mail to pile ever-higher and stopped writing to each and every fanzine that came to me. Then my output to these people would slack; I somehow didn't have the time to write to every fan or fanzine that I would have liked. My correspondence shrunk; as it did, I somehow shuffled the writing I had done previously onto Other Paths.

I still like to write letters; but these days I worry when a letter that I know deserves a quick answer lies on my desk for weeks & weeks. It's depressing, is what it is.

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Consequently, I've come up with An Answer. It is not a New Answer, anymore than my problem is a New Problem. You're holding it in your hands now; this is a Letter Substitute (accept no Genuines...)...

Well, let's into this New Form of Death ...

Len Bailes: I keep thinking that if I Really Wanted To Be Mean, I could tell you that my last letter was putting you on and to watch the lights, boy, watch the lights...one by one...going.... But I don't feel mean, so I won't Put

You On again; not intentionally, anyway.

I think you're partly right about Fandom As A Writing Excercise being a rationalization on my part—but only partly. I don't consider my article for Sam, my facan—fiction in Algol, nor my article in FRA #15 (and no, sorry, I have no more copies) to be "Go to Hell" writings. And even if they are, I've learned a lot of new ways to say "Go to Hell," and writing is learning to say old things in a new way more often than it's saying Something New, nicht wahr?

I liked your psychological evaluations (much funnier than the ones I got in the Air Force), but knowing a lit more of the subject (me) than you do, I can say that most of them, while interesting questions, come up with the wrong answers. "/If I really do not care about fandom/why do (I) go to Fanoclast meetings, stay up half the night sorting people's fmz collections for duplicates and but On Strange Meofen when (I) could be sleeping?" Ah, shallow youth that you are, do you not realize that the things one does are not necessarilly indicative of the Inner Person? Just because you tie your shoes every morning is no indication that you have a Vast Interest in Shoe-tying. (I hope I haven't of fended any fanatical shoe-tyers in my audience.)

Who have I been being besides me?

F. M. Busby: Your pc slipped by me; I'd read most of it before I realized it was yours, then said "What the hell" and finished it. With that done, I even read the portions of a letter pertaining to me you sent to Ted White. Not that what I said about letters from you no longer applies; I will send any letter I recognize as being from you back without both ring to open it. (And next time, I stop reading as soon as I find out who it's by; and off it goes, back to sender.)

"The last resort of a closed mind is to cut communication." I think I would agree with that statement a bit more if it were qualified: "The last resort of a closed mind is to completely cut communication," say. I am available for argument (one at a time or all in a bunch) in two APAs in which you also hold a membership—SAFS and FAPA. I thought I had made my reasons for not wanting to undertake personal communication quite clear. But perhaps not...so I'll try

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again. I do not think you are worthy of any degree of trust. That is as simply as I can put it, in good well-used nomore-than-two-syllable English/American words. I hope my meaning has not, once again, slipped elusively by you. I believe I have good reason to feel as I do--reasons given to me by F.M.Busbys Own Explanation of his actions. I intend to act on those reasons until and/or unless they be proven false. So what if you've never spread any rumors worse than what you've said to the face of the person you've spread the rumors about? It's still back-stabbing in my book. I would prefer not to run the chance of having you call me, say, a schmuck to my face (perhaps angrily over some point) and then go out and Spread The Word, in DNQed letters, that "rich brown is a schmuck." On, I might hear of some of them, and be able to defend myself--but there are still people who will keep DNOs to themselves ... FmBusby not among them.

"Well, live with yourself, buddy; you can't help it."
Yeah; "buddy," same to you.

Gary Deindorfer: I'll be writing a Regular Letter just any time now; yours has, somehow, for the past three months, been the second Most Important on the pile, in terms of needing Immediate Response, but I never get around to writing more than one letter at a sitting.

beardmutterings due out Real Soon Now, to coin an old catchphrase, and we're still waiting for your Stuff. But as things look now, it won't be all the goshwow things I thought it would: some, but not all. More Faaanishness Fer Souare Inch Than You Could Conceive Or Realize (or "think

about."). Or care to, maybe.

I understand you missed me last time you were in The
City; I guess it was my fault (since I heard you did come here), since I did leave to eat, but I that I'd mentioned something about that when you called.

Earl Evers: By now you're wondering, "What the hell ever happened to My Mail?" It's still bere -- and Mike and I do intend to forward it, just as soon as one of us remembers to buy some large mailing envelopes. In the meantime, I'd suggeat a COA, maybe? \*\* Did you ever look up that girl-fan we wrote that gassy letter to?

Don Fitch: Thank for letting me know your feelings on the matter. As it happens, I haven't turned anything over to PoAuthorities nor do I intend to-but not for any of the reasons you suggest here. I had every intention of Turning Them Over if they did a Certain Thing; they didn't, but when I saw Dian's reply, I grotched a snarlable grotch and decided

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I'd do it anyway. But I'm not going thru with it because I've proven my point: Dian's a hypocrite. When the shoe's on the other foot and she personally dislikes the foot it's on, why it's peachy-keen to so To The Authorities and anyone who disagrees is someone abiding by nasty-old-"faaaaaaanish" standards and this is Evil Evil. When the same shoe fits on her foot, though, wow!, look-out!, it's a Plot against the whole of fandom, a dirty Wetzel-like trick, and how unfannish it would be to do such a thing! I never asked Man for an apology—she says I did in There Are Advantages, but for Ghu's sake, man, kindly read what I said, which she's supposedly quoting from. She was putting me down for the standards I was using; I said, ok, if you want I'll use your standards, but I'll make one difference; I'll apply them to you -now do you want that, or not? Obviously her standards are

to be applied to everyone but one Dian Girard Pelz.

In other regards, I've not changed a whit: when Dian is blackballed off the FAPA wl, next mailing, I'm more than willing to admit that I'm the one that started it. I'll be happy to paraphrase Bruce's statement on another like matter; you know, the one about Not Approving of the blackball, but as long as it's there I have no qualms about using it or urging

my friends to use theirs, etc.

But the best is yet to come! I've finally come up with a way to present the "rape your wife" bit in a way which will turn it back on Dian. It is, I admit, distasteful; it involves Violence. I'm sure no one will approve, not even myself; the prospect of Going Through with the grisly action, which I will not for one second enjoy, is almost more than I can contemplate without immediate feelings of nausea. And since rape is highly illegal, there'll probably be all sorts of people around trying to Stop Me. But, well, Mian must be Taught A Lesson. 50 the very next time I see the Pelz's, fanclub, party, convention, or what-have-you, I will immediately rush up to them and procede to rape Bruce.

Now to a few people I'll be writing letters to soon or soon: Rocco Monticolo, I'm in the process of reading those books you loaned me; as soon as I finish, I intend to write. Wes Fisher: I'll write you if you write me; ek? Pete Williamson: Letter following sooner than soon. The rest of your must think I owe you something, whether I do or not, or you wouldn't be getting this.

--rich brown, 1964

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Send To: