



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...

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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 Exercise being a rationalization on my part--but only partly. I don't consider my article for Sam, my faaan-fiction in Algol, nor my article in PRA #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 bit 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 Put On Strange Neofen when (I) could be sleeping?" Ah, shallow youth that you are, do you not realize that the things one does are not necessarily 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 offended any fanatical shoe-tyers in my audience.)

Who have I been being besides me?

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F. M. Bugby: 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 bothering 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--SAPS 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

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 no-more-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. Busby's 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." Oh, I might hear of some of them, and be able to defend myself--but there are still people who will keep DNQs 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 Square 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 thot 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 here--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 suggest a COA, maybe? Did you ever look up that girl-fan we wrote that gassy letter to?

Don Fitch: Thanx for letting me know your feelings on the matter. As it happens, I haven't turned anything over to PO authorities 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 anarlable grotch and decided

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 Go To The Authorities and anyone who disagrees is someone abiding by nasty-old-"faaaaaanish" standards and this is Evil 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 unfan-nish it would be to do such a thing! I never asked Dian 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 stand-ards, 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, Dian must be Taught A Lesson. So the very next time I see the Pelz's, fanelub, party, conven-tion, 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; ok? Pete William-son: Letter following sooner than soon. The rest of you: I 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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