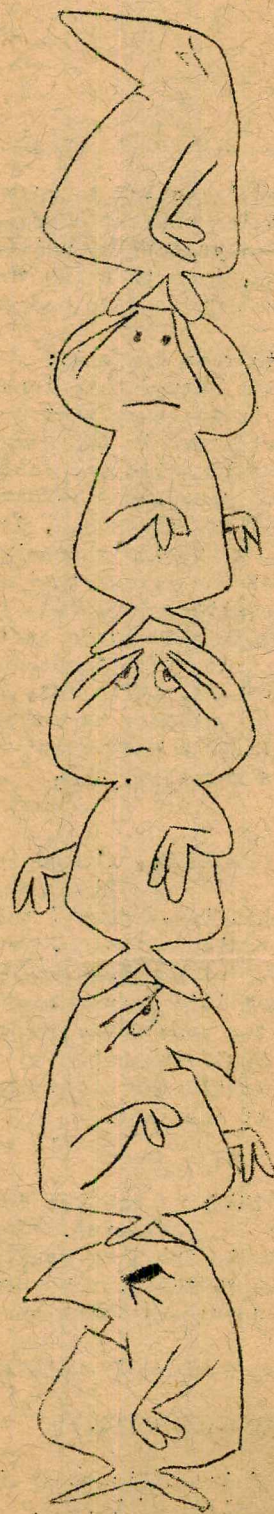
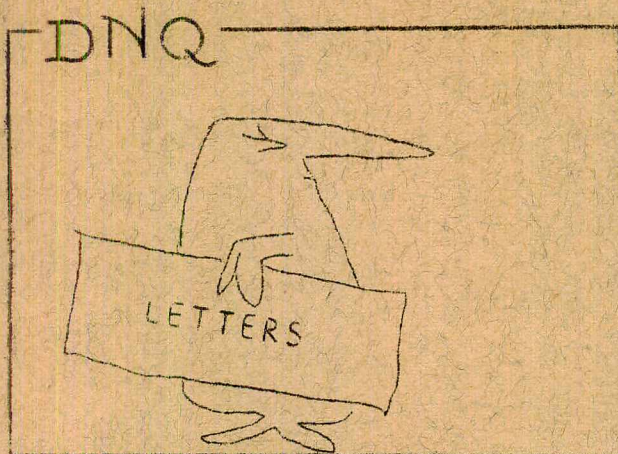


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GALA BAYCON ISSUE
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FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE





CREATH THORNE: I believe that fandom at any one time is mostly run by about twenty people who do most of the writing and publishing; and while at any one time a particular individual may be more active than the rest--perhaps so active as to create a focal point in fandom--nevertheless, I feel that any fandom is made up solely of individuals. And I feel that at times the similarities between leading fans are more emphasized than the differences. A case in point: seventh fandom. I wonder how many people tend to think of Terry Carr, Ron Ellick and Ted White all as more or less the same type of publisher--and yet, there are so many differences among these people and the others who were associated with them in the publication of VOID and the other outstanding fanmags of seventh fandom. Certainly, your thoughts and ideas were interrelated to some extent; but not to such an extent that you could not have done just as well in the fanzine field if those others hadn't been there.

The point I'm trying to make is simply this: some people look upon the focal point as some mystical, mysterious thing whereby a group of fan writers that would have remained only competent otherwise are brought together to produce by uniting themselves fanac that they could not have produced on their own. I, on the other hand, tend to think that the individual is all important; that the focal point, while it may give encouragement and ego-boost and some small guidance does little more than that.

All this doesn't have too much to do with what you said; but I think it needed to be said; in general history as in the history of fandom I think too many people ignore the power of the individual response. I think that sometimes the individual response is so great that people look upon it as an historical force based on more than the individual. In short, I believe in the heroic theory of history; I believe one man can remake the world. And what holds for the world holds for fandom. If Dick Geis remakes fandom, it will be solely his own doing. If anyone else comes along, and remakes fandom it will be solely his own doing, too. If, say, Doug Lavenstein becomes the BNF of eighth fandom, it will be Doug that did it, not the inspiration of anyone else, not the forces of fandom gathering themselves for another renaissance. To me, there is altogether too much almost mystical talk about the forces that mold and shape fandom. I prefer a more tough-minded approach. Funny, I often use observations I've made in fandom and apply them to the world at large, not so much the other way around. I've seen in our microcosm the so-called "forces" that seem to mold fandom, and I don't see how you can deny the evident patterns that crisscross all our fanac. Looking at sometime with as accelerated a time-span as fandom, it is easy to see historical forces at work. I tend to believe in the power of the individual too, but only as and when he has the strength to make a significant splash in history on his own. Or when he finds a weak point in the web of history, and knows how to apply the proper pressure--to mix my metaphors horribly. JDB

(Route 3, Box 80, Savannah, Mo. 64485.)

RICHARD BERGERON: I'm enjoying your EGOBOO very much. Especially liked the thoughts in "It's 8th Fandom Time (Maybe)," though it might have been better to leave out the speculations about what fandom this is--though I think the current crop is too intelligent to get carried away with the self-importance of being a fandom. Amused by your "old titles are being revived, from Wrhn to Wrr." How many titles are there between Wrhn and Wrr? Several, evidently: such as PSYCHOTIC, SHAGGY, ODD, CRY,.... JDB. And agree that it's refreshing that the new crop cares and wants to know about the past. We seem to tune into many of the same wave-lengths: I very quickly noticed that fact myself and made a move in Wrhn to supply some of that connection to the past by trying to get Warner's AOY. That had been taken by fast-moving Katz, so I suggested the biography of Willis--which presents a fascinatingly detailed glimpse into a fabulous section of the past.

(11 E. 68th St., NY, NY 10021.)

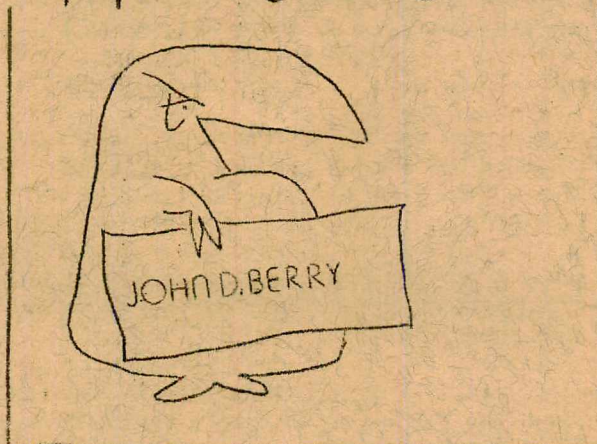
BOB LICHTMAN: I too was favored with a copy of ARIQCH #3 and like you, found it to be rather an incredible fanzine. Incredibly good, that is. I'm as pleased as Ted is that fandom seems to be picking up again and I am really looking forward to the convention, which has all the signs of being damn' good. (With reservations, however: it's now spread out between three hotels that I know of, and despite the shuttle bus service I think that communications may prove to be chaotic.)

I'm even considering checking out with Greg Benford if he'd like to revive FRAP. A fine idea, that. JDB

(112 Lundy's Lane, San Francisco, California 94110.)

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MAVERICK



AT LAST, AT LAST! Yesterday I went to the Loew's Capitol theater in New York and saw, for the first time, Clarke's and Kubrick's 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY. The film that has attracted so much attention in the mundane press. The film that has managed to upstage Harlan Ellison and Dangerous Visions as a topic for controversy in the fanzines. The film.

I have no comments on 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

WE ARE HAPPY: Thanks go to the various fans who have already written us virtual reams (well, quires) of response and egoboo. They are to be

congratulated for their attentive stance re EGOBOO; our other readers are encouraged to do the same. We may not have quite as frequent a schedule when I get to California as we've had these first four issues, but we do provide quick response to letters. Egoboo for EGOBOO! That's our battlecry.

I GO TO MARTHA'S VINEYARD: I have spent two weekends during the life-span of EGOBOO on Martha's Vineyard, a large island off Cape Cod, in Massachusetts, which serves as a major summer resort for the upper, middle, and imposter classes. My mother owns a house there, and until this summer I have spent almost every summer there; however, it is a place geared to either the old or the very young. Teenagers have a rough time of it there. For an urban-oriented person such as myself, it can become very tiring. I mean, sun and sand are fun, but what about when the sun hasn't shined for more than ten minutes in two weeks? And there is no night life whatsoever. Not a good scene, all told.

So I only spent two weekends there this summer. I won't launch into a detailed account of how the little old men sit on the bench across from the movie theater and meditate, or how the old fishermen ruminate on the town dock, because I don't think that EGOBOO's readers will really find either entertainment or enlightenment in that.

However, because of the paucity of night activities, I saw a hell of a lot of movies. Now that is a fit subject for discussion.

I've heard a great deal in recent weeks about ELVIRA MADIGAN. It has been billed around New York--and Massachusetts--as "possibly the most beautiful film ever made," and it is expected that you will walk out of it entranced by the beauty and simplicity of this fine piece of cinematic artistry, in contrast to the usual Hollywood flick with its slick commercialism. I must admit that I do not agree with this evaluation. ELVIRA MADIGAN is a story of two lovers, a deserter from the Swedish army with a wife and children at home, and a tight-rope walker from the circus, renowned for her "aloof" beauty, who have run off to Denmark to deny all the responsibilities that grasp at them and to be able to live out their love without outside interference. But they know that, ultimately, it can't work out, and they end by committing suicide together, refusing to go back to the lives they have left. The whole thing is told in an almost non-verbal style, and they communicate for most of the film with soulful looks. This rankles with

me, and my main reaction is "But that's just not for real!" It may be a lovely fantasy, but there are too many loose ends, too many places where I sat back and said, "You idiot, why don't you do thus-and-so," for me to entirely accept the film. And when a work of art gets that kind of reaction, it is in deep trouble. I'm sorry, but ELVIRA MADIGAN lacks both the plot and the believability to go along with its "beauty."

The admirers of ELVIRA MADIGAN point to the photography and mouth, "Beautiful!" This seems to be the forte of the film: its delicate, fragile beauty. Unfortunately, it is too fragile; it is not strong enough to carry the movie on its own. The photography is good--if I weren't in a critical mood I would probably even say that it is very fine--but I have seen better. For a sterling example, take EL CID: although as a story it is nothing more than a blood and thunder heroic saga (which I enjoy very much), the photography raises it to a higher plane than most films. Each major shot is planned and laid out as though it were a painting, and when I first saw it I almost literally sat there with my mouth open in wonderment. ELVIRA MADIGAN does not come anywhere near this.

On the whole, I'd say I wasted \$1.50. And all the other films that are advertising themselves on the same theme, "a beautiful picture," will not get my money very easily.

Maybe next issue I'll tell you about more Films That I Saw On Martha's Vineyard.

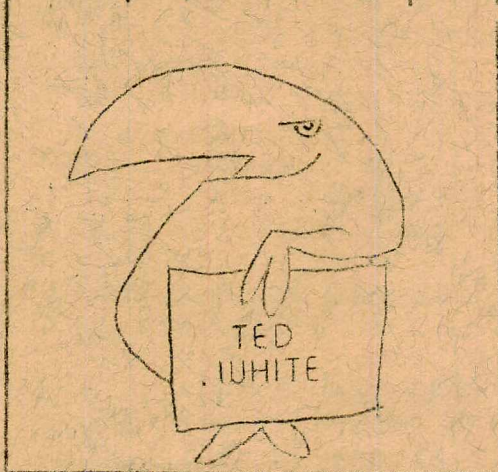
CHANGES OF ADDRESS: (A neglected department.) A. Graham Boak, 7, Elm Drive, St. Albans, Herts., ENGLAND; Billy H. Pettit, Control Data Ltd., 22A St. James's Square, London, S.W. 1, ENGLAND; Creath Thorne, Route 3, Box 80, Savannah, Missouri 64485.

WE HAVEN'T STARTED A TREND, HAVE WE? I've gotten two issues of another small, frequent fanzine lately. It is NOPE, from Jay Kinney (606 Wellner Road, Naperville, Illinois 60540). NOPE was originally a large-size genzine, but it was suspended after three issues, and now Jay has picked up the title for a letter-substitute thing. It's damned entertaining, too. Jay's talented cartooning is seen in the headings and various spots in the body of the fanzine, and the written contents seem to concern themselves mainly with fannish and hip events that Jay has been a participant in, and the saga of his discovery of and friendship with Jay Lynch, a cartoonist and publisher of an underground magazine called THE CHICAGO MIRROR. In short, NOPE is concerned with what Jay Kinney is concerned with, and I am very happy to see it. Not only is it entertaining and a fine outlet for some Kinney cartoons, but also I've had the impression that Jay was getting wrapped up in things outside of fandom and that we might not see much of him in the future; in that case I am glad to see him writing up for a fanzine the stuff that is interesting him right now. By all means continue, Jay.

(NOPE nos. 4 and 5; Aug. 3 and Aug. 14, 1968; irregular; available to those he likes and who respond; dittoed on blue paper; 4 and 6 pp., respectively.)

END OF THE LINE, AGAIN: My apologies to those who feel that this is a substandard "Maverick"; this is a highly unusual day and not one conducive to writing fabulous fannish prose. My apologies also to those people who have been delayed in receiving the first issues of EGOBOO. A couple of you were added to the mlg list late, and it's my fault if you haven't gotten your copies. In the case of Canadian fans, because of the mail strike the first issue mailed to you was #3. Sorry.

WHITE TRASH



DEATH OF A WEISS RAK: Yesterday Robin and I drove out to Valley Stream, Long Island in a rented 1968 Ambassador sedan to photograph the remains of the Weiss Rak VI, our 1961 Lincoln Continental. It was a sad journey, and a sad farewell. The car sat nosed in between two other wrecked cars in the towing company's crowded lot (at a storage charge of \$1.00 a day), proud and ill at ease in its dowdy surroundings. Viewed from the front, there seemed to be no damage. Indeed, from most views the car appeared remarkably well preserved, and not seven years old at all. It was only the rear section of the car which betrayed its fate: from the back window back, not one piece of metal was where it belonged,

and the entire trunk section had been measurably shortened.

It had happened in Valley Stream, on Sunrise Highway, Sunday morning shortly before noon. Robin and I were driving an old friend, Fred von Bernewitz (fringe-fan, old-time EC fan, presently a hotshot film editor) out to pick up his date for the day. The light at an apparent intersection ahead was yellow. I slowed to stop, and had nearly stopped when the yellow went dead. Robin was looking at a map of Long Island, and Fred was leaning forward against the back of the front seat to peer over her shoulder. She was glancing back at him.

She saw the truck coming; I never did. I had only just realized that the impossibly long yellow light had not been replaced by a red light, but had blinked back on when a sudden, solid, no-warning impact threw the car ahead. No screams of brakes, no shrill skidding: just that neck-snapping metallic crunch.

In a state of some shock, I realized that I had to get the car off the road. I glanced in my rearview mirror, but saw nothing but the crumpled rear deck lid, plastered up against the rear window.

The car moved; the engine hadn't died. Something was rubbing one of the back wheels, and it sounded like I was towing a garbage can full of junk. But I got the car up on a grassy median, and, remembering all the accident instructions I'd ever heard, I then switched off the ignition.

When I climbed out, I was already dimly aware that this had not been a minor fender-buckler. But I was not prepared for the sight of the entire trunk smashed forward and the gas tank -- just filled a few miles earlier -- lying on the ground behind the car, still connected by a single strap, gasoline slowly spilling out.

Mechanically, I stooped and lifted the dangling hose through which the gasoline was draining, and tied it up safely.

A big meat company truck had pulled over onto the median behind me. I ran up to it just as the driver was descending from the cab.

"What the fuck you do that for?" I yelled, semi-coherent. "What'd you do it for?"

"Look, Buddy," he said. "I know how you feel. I feel terrible about it. If you was to punch me in the face, I'd understand."

Naturally, that took all the fight out of me. A cop had been ticketing a car down the road; he came over immediately, and shortly two more police cars had pulled up. "Anyone need the hospital?" a cop asked.

The timing was perfect: a week before we were scheduled to leave for the Baycon. This, and a thousand other connected thoughts were running through my mind. I held a piece of paper with the truck driver's name -- Richard Boyland -- on it in my left hand and couldn't find it for several minutes. I carefully copied down the license-plate number on the truck, and its Hertz rental number from its side. I copied down the address in Plainview New Jersey painted on its door. It was a blue truck. But I don't know its make. I never thought to look.

I was given a list of tow-companies, one of which I should call. The police recommended one. I called it from the Sinclair station across the street and was told they only towed trucks. I called another. I called my mechanic in Brooklyn, Gaven Brody, known to all his friends as Sparks. He has a 1963 Lincoln himself. And Fred called his date to tell her it was all off.

And then we took the limping Long Island Rail Road home.

Whiplash is supposed to be a joke. I hit a woman's car in 1957 and she collected thousands from my insurance company for "whiplash" and my policy was cancelled forthwith, and friends told me "whiplash" was another name for "railroad back" -- an injury that is absolutely undetectable by x-rays, and a 90% fraud.

I'm here to say today that this is 100% baloney. My neck began stiffening, despite my conviction that I was unhurt, while riding the train back. Robin's was worse, having been twisted sideways. And Fred, thrown violently back against the backseat, struck his head and opened a cut as well. We were a sorry lot on our journey home. And worse, the next day, when we found it difficult to get out of our sleepless beds. My neck was swollen and my throat sore. I found my voice hoarse. Robin's eyes wouldn't track or focus properly. Maybe this sort of thing doesn't show up on x-ray plates, but it is real, you may be sure. I wished I'd gotten head rests for the car when I'd originally wanted to.

The truck that struck us was leased from Hertz. After filing an accident report with the state, I began making telephone calls. Hertz is "self-insured" -- no insurance company. I made over half a dozen calls to Hertz. I was told the driver had not yet reported the accident, and that they would do nothing until he had. I have no idea whether or not he will: the truck picked up only scratches on its massively bumpered front. I wanted Hertz to give me a car to replace mine until a settlement was made, and specifically for our drive to the Baycon. I was told this was "impossible," despite the fact that Hertz is the biggest car-rental firm in the world. I went all the way up to the Vice President in charge of customer relations. "So sue us," was about the way he smilingly put it.

We will, of course. And not simply for the cost of renting a car elsewhere, or for the expense and discomfort of our injuries, but because our car, the Weiss Rak VI, the best car I've ever owned and a car we loved, has been wrecked beyond repair, and no token settlement will restore it to us. Hertz is fully liable. I can wait it out. We will collect what's fairly ours if it goes through every court in the state.

FIFTEENTH ANNISH: The accident has pretty well occupied most of the time this week during which I intended to work on this special issue of EGOBOO/GAMBIT. It has also drawn off most of my enthusiasm for the project. So I will simply say this: in August, 1953 I published ZIP #1, which has mutated titles but continued its numbering continuously all these years. And in 1963, the Tenth Annish was combined with the Disclave issue of MINAC -- also #4. How about that?

NEGOBOO: Some months ago various people (Arnie Katz among them) began telling me that British fandom was reviving, and that there was a new fanzine out called BADINAGE which looked like a comer. Well, I've now seen both the fourth and fifth issues of BADINAGE, and I'd like to scotch the rumor. BADINAGE is one of the least ept fanzines I've seen this year.

The single most important failure in the zine (as is most common in crudzines) is a failure of critical and editorial standards. All sorts of junk is slopped hither and thither across BADINAGE's pages, and as a result what items of worth appear are lost in the shuffle. One gathers that the editors will print whatever they are given, at least by the Bristol And District group. An aura of happy sophomoricism surrounds these contributions, and I'm forcibly reminded of entirely too many uninspired oneshots I've read in years past.

Visually, the fanzine is no better. When opened to almost any page it looks sloppy and chaotic. Lines sprawl on the pages. Margins are unbelievably erratic. Headings have been set in type and electro-stencilled, but are so poorly patched into their respective stencils that typed lines surrounding them or the headings themselves are cut short. BADINAGE has the look of a fanzine upon which absolutely no care was expended.

In a review of FOOLSCAP, Gray Boak (who appears to be one of BADINAGE's editors) accuses my co-editor, John D. Berry, of "fannish juvenilia" and "desperate fannish posturings." Apparently what is bothering him is that John, along with "Trufans" Darroll Pardoe and Harry Bell, doesn't think modern fanzines are all that good. I may be mistaken, but I judge this is a minor controversy in Britain (it sure isn't here), because this Boak fellow rants on about the subject for several paragraphs. His basic point is summed up in his comment, "Modern fanzines may be different, but they are not necessarily inferior."

He's wrong. If BADINAGE is a flaming example of the "modern fanzine" in Britain, I'm afraid that modern fanzines over there are definitely inferior. Has Boak (and BADINAGE's other contributors and editors) never laid eyes on a SLANT or a HYPHEN? How about EYE, or Mal Ashworth's fanzines, or APE, or...? British fandom has produced a respectable number of high-quality fanzines. For modern-day British fans to turn their backs on this sizable heritage is more than foolishness: it's moronic conceit. I guess it is significant that about the only worthwhile fanzine coming out of Britain these days is SPECULATION -- and that Pete Weston is one of the few new British fans who has any sense of fanhistory.

In the 4th issue, an anonymous attack was published against the NyCon3 by "Our Australian Correspondent." This individual was actually a man named P.A.M. Terry. In BADINAGE 5, the editor remarks, "it was not through dishonesty or cowardice that our contributor remained anonymous last time. ... The facts of the case are that our contributor never uses his own name when writing for fanzines, but goes by the pseudonym 'Gadfly'." "Gadfly" is then substituted for Mr. Terry's real name throughout a letter by Andy Porter, Andy having guessed the fellow's identity. Such childishness is typical of the editorial thinking which guides BADINAGE: wherein does the use of "Gadfly" for fannish writings (such as they are) justify the statement that Mr. Terry remains anonymous or pseudonymous "not through dishonesty or cowardice"? Dishonest his attack certainly was.

In my own letter of reply to Mr. Terry's fabrications and falsehoods, I remarked that the one dollar membership fee for foreign Worldcon

members is, "plainly put, charity. And every con-committee carries its overseas members for a financial loss because we're still, most of us, old-fashioned idealists who believe fandom is some kind of brotherhood and like that. But let us hear from more like your Australian /Mr. Terry/, and you can bet the memberships will be jacked up to their true proportions: about equal to the US attending rate." In reply to this, BADINAGE's editor remarks, "And that, plainly put, is blackmail." Is it indeed? Or is that reaction exactly the sort of non-comprehending reply one should expect from British fans so cut off from their roots that they know nothing of the original purposes of lower foreign "supporting" memberships, and are unaware that such memberships were originally designed to show their support of the Worldcon? Today foreign postal rates are equal to or higher than domestic rates on 3rd Class mail. On 1st Class and Airmail they are vastly higher. As I pointed out in that same letter, every foreign membership in the NyCon3 cost the Nycon money. This is an odd sort of "support" indeed!

But the new British fan accepts it as his due. And if we threaten to make the rate more realistic, he hollers "blackmail!"

I'm sorry, but if this is the "new" British fandom, I don't need it. I'm all for 'hands of friendship across the sea,' but not, to quote Willis, "palms up". To me, BADINAGE is a good demonstration of a bunch of half-talents making as much noise as they can, all screaming, "We're maybe not better, but we're different!" They can keep it.

Don't send me any more BADINAGES, Bristol fans.

GOOD FANZINES: It's important, I guess, to balance out the above. So I'll mention that a number of good fanzines are rolling in these days. About the best is JARHOON 24, the second in Whrn's latest incarnation. It's a thick, meaty, chunky, juicy, and blue-papered fanzine. My more specific comments will go into a letter of comment. (Parathetically: Dick Bergeron has offered EGOBOO a one-page column, and you will, I trust, find it beginning in our next issue.)

The new, revived CRY is also here. It's a curious mixture of the old and the new. Buz and Elinor and Wally Weber all have columns that make you wonder whether CRY's been dormant or you have been. But there is (obviously) no letter column (always one of CRY's major strengths), and so much of the zine is devoted to Star Trek that I'm a little afraid it may not recapture the diversity of older times. However, even the Star Trek fannes seem intelligent and involved with fandom beyond ST fandom, so I am encouraged to hope the best for CRY.

Creath Thorne is one of the few young fans (well, he's not all that young, really, but I still think of him that way) to mold himself in the pattern of such fans as Vernon McCain and Redd Boggs -- whether deliberately or not I couldn't say. The first issue of his ENNUI is entirely editor-written, and presented in a simple, but effective format. Contents include a fannish editorial, a faaanfiction story, a major piece of criticism on Moskowitz's Seekers of Tomorrow, etc., all of it quite good. Thorne hardly needs outside contributors, but I hope he finds them, if only so that he can broaden the range of his own contributions.

The new ALGOL is just 'out' as I type this. I saw a coverless copy a week ago at the Lunarian meeting, and Andy tells me he'll be handing out copies (cover and all) at this week's Fanoclast meeting. It's a thick issue, chock full of goodies. Andy has glommed onto the SFWA Awards Banquet speeches by Fred Pohl and Larry Ashmead, and has coerced other pros into contributing. The result is a less fannish, but no less worthwhile issue, and one which reflects Andy's own growing interests in prodom.

-- Ted White