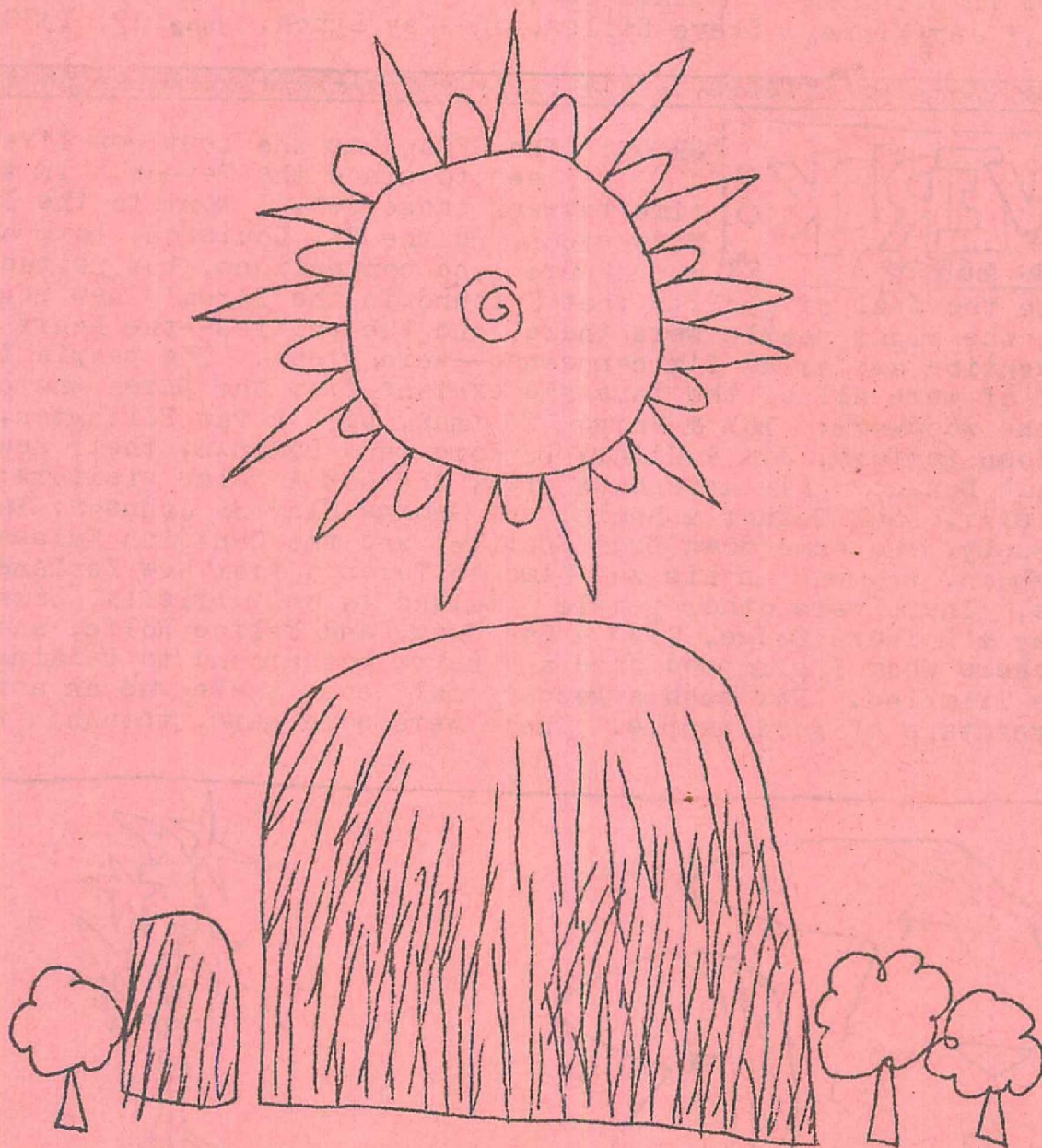


EGOBOO

"NUMBER ELEVEN"



SUN MOUNTAIN

W. ROTSLER

EGOBOO

EGOBOO 11, the genuine old-time honky-tonk fanzine, is edited and sometimes even published by John D. Berry (Mayfield House, Stanford, Calif. 94305) and Ted White (339 49th St., Brooklyn, NY 11220). We egoboost people who send us letters, fanzines in trade (to both editors),

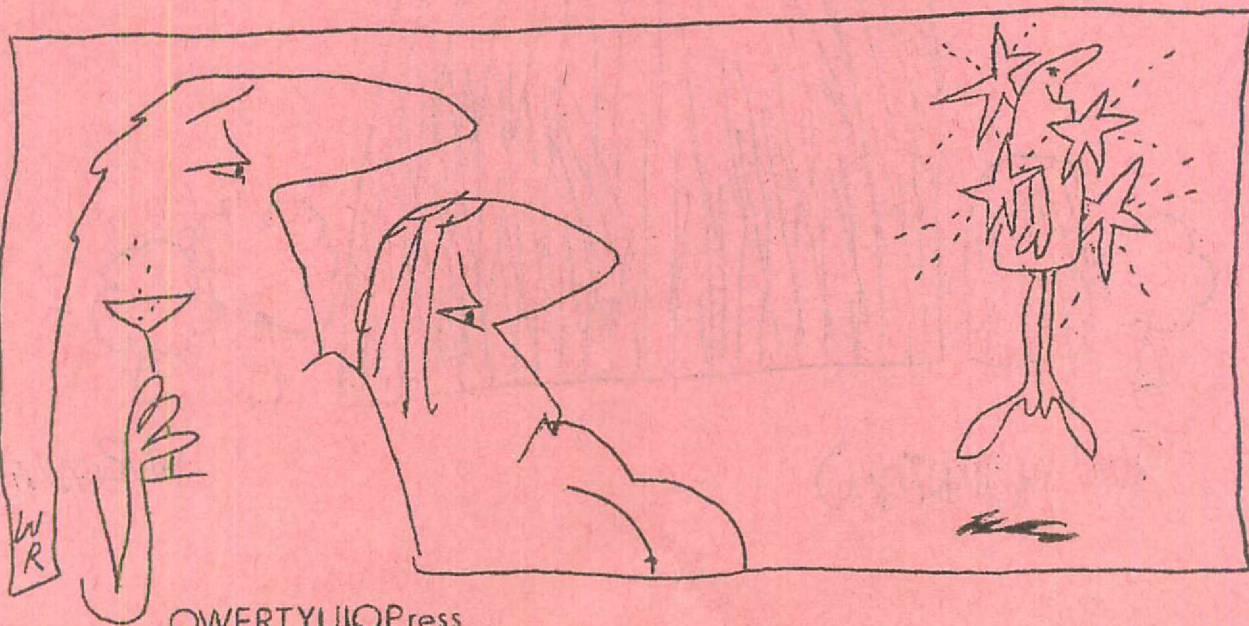
or \$1.00 cash (for one issue; outrageous, isn't it?). Looks like 24 pages is going to be the permanent size, gang. This is Deimos Publication 46, and Many Thanks go to Bill Blackbeard for the use of his Gestetner in printing last issue. Art this issue by *Rotsler,* Jay Kinney, Steve Stiles, and Jay Lynch. June 12, 1970.

MAVERICK

JOHN D. BERRY

SFCON: The SFCon was the best con I've been to since the Baycon. In the time between those two, I went to the 1969 Midwestcon and the St. Louiscon, both of which were good conventions, but neither

had quite the feel of quality that I found in the BArea's new regional. All the right people were there, and the parties--the heart of any convention as far as I'm concerned--were great. The people I saw the most of were all of the fans and ex-fans from the BArea who came out of the woodwork: Bob & Margo Lichtman, Dick & Pat Ellington, Greg & Joan Benford, Jim & Hilary Benford (and Dominic, their new son), Bill Donaho & his attendant crew; the Los Angeles visitors: Bill Rotsler, Paul Turner & Neola, and George Clayton Johnson; Buz & Elinor Busby, who came down from Seattle; and the Canadian Emissary, Boyd Raeburn, who was on his way home to Toronto from New Zealand at the time. There were other people I talked to only briefly, like Mike McInerney & Barbara Dodge, Greg & Sue Shaw, and Felice Rolfe, and still others whom I glimpsed once and never got around to talking to, like the Trimblees. For such a goddam small con, there was an awfully high percentage of good people. There were some gaps, though: we all



wished Calvin & Wilma Demmon could have made it up from LA; Andy Main and his lady Judy never showed up, although they were in the area; and Bill Blackbeard, esteemed mimeographer whose generosity got this and the last EGOBOO printed, didn't make it either. You missed a grand con, people.

Although the Hilton Inn had a pool, it never developed into a poolcon because of the cold wind that blew almost the entire weekend. Even so, the poolside was the Place to congregate each day, and eventually things would move into one room or another, like the Busbys' or the Ellingtons', and the evening's party would be in full swing. It was a strange con in that everyone retired early; I remember Rotsler remarking on this the second or third night of the con, but even he admitted that somehow it always felt as though it were three or four o'clock, when it was only one ayem. Very odd. It was also a con where a lot of the conversation was in the form of witty repartee (and sometimes would-be witty repartee); in this sense it was very unlike the Baycon, where the conversation was less clever, and more personal. The SFCon generated an awful lot of fine lines, a few of which grace the backcover of this EGOBOO.

The phenomenon of the convention was George Clayton Johnson. In his SFConreport in FOCAL POINT, Greg Benford described George as "a freaky Hollywood type and an utter gas." George comes on in a swirl of color; he's probably somewhere in his late thirties or forties (I'm a lousy judge of ages), with a tanned, seamed face, a wide mouth, glasses, and shoulder-length grey-brown hair that sprouts from all around his head and hangs straight. (He told me someone mistook him for me once, since my hair was shoulder-length or longer during the con, although George is a good deal shorter than I am.) He always wears gayly-colored hippie clothes; my mental picture of him is in red with a furry vest. George doesn't necessarily burst into a room and instantly take it over. He's been described as Harlan Ellison without the aggressiveness, but rather than being "on-stage" all the time, George sometimes just sits and listens. Yet he is not the sort of relaxed person you can talk to without any effort. He is full of energy and ideas; at his peak, he crackles with power. It's a delightful experience to listen to George launch into a spate of stories or speculations, which usually reflect his strong awareness of the games people play to gain stature and power in their relations with others. At least I found him fascinating; Bob Lichtman, who is very much into a peaceful kind of enlightenment thing, was turned off by what he described as George's massive ego-trip. He was right, of course; George is on an ego-trip. But if you don't lose yourself in his trip, he can be a fascinating individual to encounter. Some of George's views of the power of science fiction and fandom border on fantasy, and I'm afraid he may take them all literally and screw himself up trying to implement his dreams for fandom, but there's a lot of truth in all of them. Listening to George can be an education.

Rotsler was in fine form, and I spent a good part of Sunday evening with Frank Plumley, a friend of mine who had flown out from the East Coast coincidentally with the con, in Rotsler's room mostly listening to Bill spin off tales of his life and times. I can't help but feel that the Heicon attendees will be seriously deprived if they don't have the experience of Rotsler in their midst this summer, although it might be a rather mind-blowing experience for some of the straighter European fans. They'll enjoy it, though. Rotsler is a Fine Fellow.

The foodfans

among us suffered through one evening of misguided restaurant-hunting that ended up at a crappy Howard Johnsons-~~place~~, and the next night we went to a Japanese restaurant recommended by Lichtman near the Japanese Trade Center in San Francisco. It was the only second-story restaurant on a block of little Japanese establishments, and here I discovered a new idea in Japanese food: tempura sauce spiced with ginger. That was the only High Eating I did at the con, although the Benfords and others went all the way down to Mountain View the same evening to sample the expensive but highly-prized Peking Duck. Sunday night a lot of us ate in--*gasp!*--the hotel coffee shop, and to our surprise we got phenomenal service. The prices may have been high, but the Hilton's service was unimpeachable. As long as I live near enough to be able to go home at night, I heartily recommend that further cons be placed there.

Now I'm looking forward to next year, when the SFCon will be combined with the Westercon. Greg tells me even some of the New York fans may come out for that. I sort of think you might like to be there.

TAFF, AGAIN: It occurs to me that some of you may not be among those who would automatically vote for Bill Rotsler for TAFF, without a second thought. Some of you may not even know him, except for the fantastic quantity of cartoons he distributes freely to faneds. Some of you might even consider voting for somebody else.

That's a frightening thought. Bill Rotsler is just about the perfect TAFF representative. He is one of the most respected names in fandom, having graced the best fanzines with his cartoons and, more rarely, his writings for over twenty years. I asked Bill to write a column for EGOBOO partly because he hadn't had any writing in any widely-circulated fanzine for years, and the newer fans have never had the enjoyment of reading a Rotsler column. Besides being a talented artist and a fascinating writer, Rotsler is the life of any convention; at the SFCon I spent a couple of hours just listening to Rotsler reel off stories on just about anything. His sense of humor is always primed, as is his pen, and he does everything with the dash and flair that make him a stimulating person to be with.

Really, is there any question but that it must be ROTSLER FOR TAFF?

THE PRODUCERS: I made my first movie last week. It's sitting over there, on the table in the corner, on a little reel no bigger than a--well, than a reel. It all came about because I have a cosmic mind.

I was sitting in the lounge, imbibing, during one of Mayfield House's infrequent "Happy Hours," an hour or so before Friday dinner when we break a couple of cases of beer and invite the girls of Roth and Guthrie Houses to join us in a bit of relaxing frivolity. I was sitting there, I say, when Cynthia Weber came in. It was hard to miss her, since she was wearing a fire-engine-red pants suit. (I've hardly ever seen her wear anything but slacks. ...I don't really mean that.) Anyway, Cynthia (or "Cindy," as everyone calls her even though she prefers Cynthia) is a tall, slender dirty blonde (her hair is dirty blonde, I mean. Not that it's dirty. That's just a color, you see. Of her hair. Oh hell.) from El Paso, Texas, and she looks rather like a Pam Janisch cartoon--like Pam's cartoons on pages 9 and 10 of GRILS #2. The illos are, I think, supposed to look like Robin White, but Cindy doesn't look like Robin White. Neither do the cartoons, I'm afraid.

5
But I digress.

I began talking to Cindy, as is my wont, and she told me she had to make her final film for Communications 200. Cindy is a Communications major, and a fantastic film freak, you see. (I guess I didn't digress enough.) The final film was to be a chase scene, and she didn't want to make the usual old chase scene, with people running after one another or cars barreling along the highways and byways. She wanted an original idea. "Got any original ideas, John?" she said.

I rummaged in my cosmic mind. There are a lot of cobwebs there. "Hmmm," was my immediate reply.

In a couple of minutes, though, I had it. "How about a paper plane chase?"

Cindy turned to me with wondering eyes. Slowly a smile spread across her face. (See, I'm practicing my description.) "A paper plane chase! John, that's great! It's a brilliant idea!" (See, I don't shy away from printing my egoboo. She really said that.) We began elaborating on the idea, formulating all sorts of Big Plans, helped along by the mood of the moment and a few cans of Olympia. By the time we went to dinner, we were ready to become the Fellini of the Seventies. (Both of us, I guess. Or maybe one of us would become the Bergman of the Seventies. Don't confuse me.)

The next morning, Saturday, we began work on the monumental opus. I began by waiting for Cindy to get up, because I had been foolish enough to get up for the breakfast that she slept through. We spent the rest of the morning gathering materials we thought we might need or want. As soon as we finished lunch, we began shooting.

The film opens with a scene of someone's desk on the third floor of Guthrie (I forget whose; it wasn't Cindy's), with a window just behind it that looks out over an alleyway and some green lawn. On the desk are two pieces of 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x11 paper, one yellow, one white. As the trusting audience watches, the yellow paper folds itself before their very eyes into a paper plane and flies out the window. Moments later, the white paper folds itself also, slowly and carefully, and it too flies out the window. The chase is on!

Over hill, over dale.... Yes. We filmed the chase all over campus. I'd thought of shooting scenes of the planes flying past all sorts of landmarks around the Bay Area, which would have meant an enjoyable day's journeying all around the Bay, but our plans quickly became more modest as we encountered our prime trouble. Wind. Have you ever tried to take a light little paper airplane and throw it, outdoors, with a constant breeze blowing, in such a way that it will pass through the frame captured by a camera set up on a tripod? You haven't? Why, I wonder why not. It's not easy. In fact, it's downright discouraging after a while. You throw the plane, and it loops this way and that, maybe even comes back and sticks in your ear, but it never, never goes where you want it to. Except when you're taking a practice throw without the camera running.

We shot scenes of the planes chasing each other down the street, beside the lake, and in a park up on the hill behind Mayfield and Guthrie in the faculty residential area. The planes stalled, flew into the ground, and veered off the wrong way. They even went the right way sometimes, so we kept going. We did a stop-motion sequence of the planes chasing each other over a series of irregular stumps in the playground. We taped

them to the tops of our cars and filmed them driving down the street by Mayfield. (The yellow one was taped to the roof of Cindy's silver Jaguar. The white one was taped to the roof of my nine-year-old Peugeot. Yes.)

The final scene was Symbolic. We needed some Underlying Theme to be able to fabricate in detail if anyone asked us. So we had the planes flying into the garbage bin behind Guthrie, then Cindy did a hand-held-camera sequence moving up to the bin and looking in, where the spellbound audience suddenly sees the two planes lying together, one overlapping the other. Symbolism. Meaning. "Why, it's even got a bedroom scene," I said.

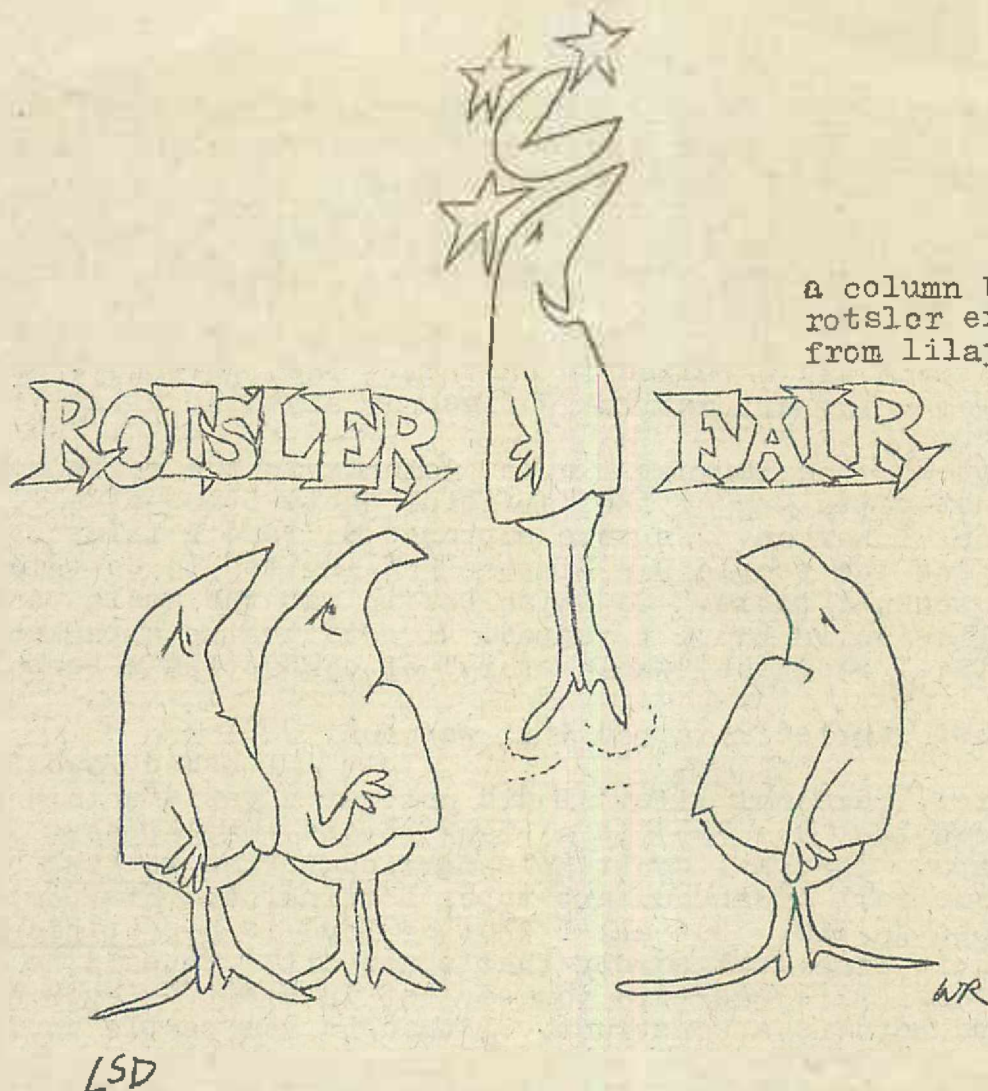
We celebrated that night by being very tired.

ROCK, NOTED: Our diligent BArea rock spy (me) has a Hot Tip for our many eager readers. Here's a name for you to remember: Sam McGowan. Last year, when the Stanford Coffeehouse had just opened up on campus, Sam used to work there a lot, both behind the counter and on stage, where he would beat away at the old piano and sing. Now, there's always somebody playing that piano or a guitar or something there, and nobody gets very excited about it; it's just part of the background. But when Sam played, everybody listened; they tapped their fingers; they stomped their feet. Sam has a fantastic ability to turn people on with his music. It got so that the nights he played there were special, and as he got farther into a music career he appeared less and less frequently at the coffeehouse, which has never had a whole lot of money. Somewhere along the way, Sam formed a soul band, called The Battery. It was a big band, with lots of brass, and it was one of the few bands I know of that could guarantee that any dance they played at would be a success. There is no way to sit still when The Battery plays.

Last winter The Battery played a lot of dates around Stanford, and I was told that they were doing their last performances before breaking up. So when I had a chance to hear them at a party on campus, I went. I met Sam outside the building before the dance, introduced myself, and talked for a while about The Battery and their plans. He said they were going to break up, but that they wanted to reform with fewer people, and better; I don't know how many of the old band will be part of the hard core. He also said that they would be recording this summer, probably with Mercury. I would recommend that you watch for this record. If the recording is anything like The Battery in person, I don't see how they can fail to become very popular, very fast. And, regardless of the success or failure of The Battery, I'm sure that Sam will make a big splash, and I intend to watch for any musical venture that his name is attached to.

EGOBOO: A few good fanzines have fallen into my mailbox lately. Not many, I must admit, but some. Ted gives Egoboo in his column to FOCAL POINT, recently revived by Arnie Katz and Rich Brown, and I'd like to second his recommendation. FP is not only a good, concise newszine, but it has other features that make it more memorable reading: conreports, Steve Stiles' TAFF report, and some of the material from the "unpublished" QUIP 13. Also highly entertaining lately has been Greg Shaw's METANOIA, which is low-key but very well written, and, of all things, it actually comes out monthly! Hurrah for Greg Shaw! I've also gotten a number of PAPAZINES, which are appreciated. Of course, I get sent all the crud, too....

--John D. Berry



a column by bill
rotsler excerpted
from lilapa...

IT'S A FREE COUNTRY, SO SHUT UP!

The SFCon was fun. Paul Turner & his lady Neola and I flew up on Friday afternoon and spent three days & nights talking to all the Benfords, the Busbys, Donaho, Ellingtons, Roy Squires, etc.

We really had fun. But when I got back I went into the hospital where they took my poor defenseless cock and ran a thing up it to do a peekboo at my kidney. I thought it was going to hurt, be sore, etc. & and that would be it. I didn't know I'd be groggy for two days, have pains like I'd lost a fight with a jaguar, vomit until I was sore all over, and be as weak as a kitten for several days. If they had told me I would not have gone, I guess. I went in feeling fine & came out ruined.

I feel right now as if I'll never use my cock again. For anything. Not even decorative purposes.

To prove that, today, Sunday, I was lying there waiting for a girl I know to come borrow my van to use as a portable dressing room in a vacant lot in Watts during the filming for a self-promo of their group "Black Magic." The phone rings. It's Linda, a busty black girl I know with a master's degree in fellatio. "My roommate Mickey and I want you to come get us so we can come up there and go to bed with you. Both of us." I passed, gracefully, regretfully.

Sigh.

Anyway, the SFCon was fun. John D. Berry (heself) said "You can't get a jury of your peers unless you're a middle-aged housewife." Gregory Benford (who never did give me a

satisfactory explanation of what a "continuous-volume joint" was--a thing in a story of his) said this section's heading, plus "A master's degree is a union card of the academic world."

I got to talk to the female Benfords. The more I see of those two ladies the more appreciative I am of them and the more I like them. (You, too, little shy Hilary! I saw you in there!)

When we arrived they gave me the key to the Busbys' room and I walked in on them. They were not, however, indulging in loosening up, marital duties, or anything at all interesting.

Except for the banquet & a few moments in the movie room with Hilary I did not go to any of the "official" activities at all, except for an art panel I was on. We were supposed to read & illustrate someone's stories but the people Don Simpson had invited to do this didn't get stories & weren't there. So Luise Perrin sat the whole panel to do some bad illos while Bjo & I rapped. I got to give a packed (and I think attentive) room the "whole story" of conducting a sensory voyage.

We just rambled & rapped & it was fun.

I asked Boyd Raeburn about his secret, personal life. I did not get a satisfactory answer. Have you noticed that Our Boyd is a blank beyond what appears in fanzines and Lilapa? Though I doubt he's married I know nothing of his life. He's some sort of accountant-type, I think, and his company sends him places on biz. But all I know of Boyd is his opinions on things. Which is fine, but surely that's not all? He said he didn't think his personal life was--did you say "of interest," Boyd? or "private"? Anyway, Boyd is a Construct. I thought you people would like to know.

On the way back from the SFCon we had that trouble with the air traffic controllers and while I'm all for the strike (if that's the only way they can make people listen) it was touch 'n' go getting back. Came back with Roy Squires, an old time fan who is a very very nice man, and a gentleman.

At the airport we ran into Dixie Donovan, a model/actress trying to make it into the bigtime. She has a fairly pretty face, an o*u*t*s*t*a*n*d*i*n*g body of the first magnitude, no acting ability whatsoever and dumb as a post. She sat with us and all eyes were on us...but none of us could stand to talk to her.

Yesterday and day before I was shooting stills on a film that Dwayne Avery is doctoring for some people who were eaten alive by a fast-talking producer-director, giving them an extremely bad film for \$80,000. Dwayne & I decided we could redo the entire picture for \$10,000 but it wasn't worth saving. Anyway, we were shooting sex scenes in bedrooms, in supposedly stalled cars on freeways, at the beach (same one used in "Planet of the Apes"), and in a fantasy underwater setting.

I brought this up because the gaffer (lighting man) told us he thought Dixie was a really smart girl, maybe even a genius. Everyone that knew Dixie broke up. It was as if you were told Nixon turned on, had wild sex parties, and used Harlan Ellison as a pen name. He said he thought so, too, until an after-film party got her drunk & she started opening up & talking. It casts aspersions & sundry dreck upon that gaffer's mind, however.

Dixie played Charmion in the sex film on Cleopatra & did Ruth in "Jezebel" should you see these epics.

THINGS THEY ARE AHAPPENING

Yes, suddenly those demi-dreams of action that are so much part of "my life in Hollywood" are in action again.

Bob Lemaire is talking to me about doing an art film in Tombstone, Ariz. about the town, for a film festival he's promoting there. A man wants me to write and direct a film on witchcraft. I'm to shoot stills on a BIG \$70-80,000 sex film on Pinocchio. (Yes, you read that correctly.) To shoot stills on another sex film, unless Harlan gets his way and I go on a 5-day trip with him and Three Dog Night, to New Orleans, etc., for SHOW magazine.

My new 1970 van came a couple of days ago & it's a beauty. Bigger and much better than the older one.

Those two girls

mentioned earlier are coming over tonight to ball me. Three days ago a model I know called up & asked if she could live here. Marcy Dean is her name and she's a songwriter/guitarist who is starting to get some breaks but is now broke. So she's hero.



she's hero.

The first issue of PRETTY GIRLS AROUND THE WORLD should be on the stands by the time you read this. It has Thea Mandel on the cover and Harlan will enjoy what I've written in there. The girl labeled "Gorgeous Grecian" was our dealer, Elinor Ellington, Sam Lillapa, Fuss Killian are mentioned. Sebastian Tombs is a photographer. Louise, the girl that used to live with me, is seen in the background of a shot of "Sun," and it was in that setting that I had my peak sexual experience a few hours after these pictures were taken. Other things mentioned are St. Fanthony's Market & Shawn Ashworth. I had fun. Costs too much, though: \$2.

Spent a couple of days shooting stills on a doctoring job Dwayne Avery was doing on an atrocious film. Got sunburnt. Shot orgies, including Neola seducing a man stalled in heavy traffic.

Been too tired to type but have LOTS of ideas for sf stories.

George Clayton Johnson & the Howard Rodmans came to dinner last night. George--I forgot to mention--became an Instant Star at the SFCon by dint of his last-minute-substitution for the speaker at the Banquet. Later, we were invited to Randy Garrett's, invited like royalty for some sort of confrontation. I don't care much for Garrett and opted to stay with the little old Apa gang. But apparently Randy & the Society for Creative Anachronism laid "traps" for Paul & George. But they did not play any of their silly games & just blew their mind.

10
Neola was fantastic. When their top sword more or less challenged Paul (not a direct challenge) Paul laughed at him, told him he thought it was just marvelous the way he got all those people to play his games with him, but that he, Paul, fought only for real.

I'll not bore you with details (mainly because I don't really care) but apparently the Society made a Big Thing out of it and the fact that "we" (me, too...I didn't even care enough to go) wouldn't play their games, yet were obviously not afraid, just confused the hell out of them.

But George Clayton Johnson seems to have been given the mantle of that late lamented convention-goer Harlan Himself Ellison. (Sorry about that, Harlan.)

That Society sure seems to have a Pecking Order, though.

Randy couldn't keep his hands off Neola, who just laughed at him. They were very confused by Paul, who has finally gotten rid of any jealous problems, who was just letting his woman be her own man, as it were.

I kind of wished I had been there, but Lilapa was more fun.

STEREOTYPES

I've been shooting stills on this exploitation film & the production manager is a studio makeup man & is married to Doris Day's sister, Marge, who looks a LOT like her. Doesn't act like her, though. But it's strange to see this older, slightly plumper version of Doris around a naked lady set.

HOME SWEET HOME

Wendy Dolan just came in, with her seventeen-year-old breasts hanging out naked (no, come to think of it, they're big but they stick straight out) and asked me something and I am reminded of a conversation earlier tonight, after Mitch Evans brought her over.

Wendy ran away from home...loved (typo but let it stand) lived with us...fell in love with Mitch...was caught, etc. Can't get along with mother... went to grandparents awhile...they wanted some peace, so back with mother, who put her into a foster home, instead of letting her marry Mitch. This foster home is something else! More like a boarding house. One woman in charge, a half-drunk slob, and a housefull of teenage girls. Well, three, but that's gotta be a lot!

One girl was just recently told by her mother that she wasn't her mother at all, but her sister and that her mother died when she was six. At seven her father raped her. At ten her brother raped her. At fourteen she was raped by a negro. At sixteen she's on smack (heroin). Wendy went in to tell her there was a phone call and found her out, with a rubber tube still tied around her arm.

The other girl was raped in Venice by five Hell's Angels, who broke her jaw. Later she was kidnapped and tied naked in a cellar and balled. Then she was tied to a bed and the guy that kidnapped her was selling her for \$15 a shot to winos.

Wendy goes to a virtually black ("predominantly black?") school and since she's chestal, pretty and white she gets a lot of attention...like being grabbed in the hall, pawed, hated, lusted after, etc.

I just heard Mitch in the other room ask, "Is it really true that we're a penal colony for the Andromeda Galaxy?"

You know what God thinks of money when you see the damn fools he gives it to. (FF)

MISCELLANY

As I type this there is a monster walking across the floor at me. It flashes red on top and is bouncing, crunching, and making a kind of donkey engine cum Wheaties crunch sound. It's a "Space Pacer" toy that "walks" and Alice Friedland was letting it walk on her bare breasts (and they are really Superior boobs) the other night. She must be a nut case, that girl. She sleeps with a car leasing guy once a week to obtain a new car free. She sees a married man on Wednesdays and Saturdays, hates to give or get head, and thinks prostitution is icky. The monster has passed by and Don Simpson is playing with it. Mitch Evans is making chocolate. His girl is nude in the living room looking at a new light show made out of starlike crystals with a Xmas light collection under the pile of them. Steve Langley just went home to a sick Sylvia. I'm waiting for a phone call about going to a big sex party tonight. (If I go I won't see Boyd Raeburn at Grennell's, but I think I'd be forgiven. Won't I?) I couldn't find a girl to take. I told my hostess and she went into one of those fantasies people have about me. "I thought you could get a girl in fifteen minutes!" That kind of number. Poo. I answered that I didn't know about this party until yesterday, that I had planned to go to DAG's & had no date, and that the one I got yesterday (Neola) turned up a day/evening movie job today & cancelled out & that everyone else was either busy, going to the Stones concert, not home or didn't want to go to a sex party. So she's calling some girl for me. I think I'd just as soon go see Boyd as anything. I don't think Boyd would take offense at that attitude.

Later: No date for the sex party so I went to DAG's instead. I don't think it's fair to go to that sort of thing without a girl. I got a solemn promise of a two weeks notice on the next one. I've never gone to a party so firmly advertized as such, though I've been there with some that turned into that. I thought it might be fun. Even a Learning Experience. So I put on some new gaudily striped pants, my new boots, a ruffled white shirt & went off to exotic Glendora where Bruce Pelz got me to design the membership card for the Captain Bligh Appreciation Society, for those "put off by their first mates."

W.R., WRITER

I've really been having fun. Did "The Gods of Zar" which has Robert Carr as hero and one of the villains is named Benford. Did "That Machine" (which I like) which is heavily Tuckerized: Boyd Busby, Terry Benford (hero), Dr. Lupoff, Dr. Donaho--Curran, Liebscher, Silverberg are mentioned...Christine Tsitrian is the heroine (that's my hooker friend)...Maggie Raeburn...Ellington is killed...stuff like that.

Doing it that heavily is a sort of childish thrill, I know, but it's fun. As long as naming the characters that doesn't screw up my image of them. Don't take any of it seriously, whatever I have "you" do.

If I sell them I may have created a "sexy SF" image, especially with "That Machine." The Phantom Dilitante Strikes Again!



EGOBOO NOTES: It is a kindness of John Berry's to include me still on the *masthead* of this zine as a co-editor (I try to return this kindness by giving him a place in one of my publications for his more serious and critical works) but in actuality I am merely a columnist in his fanzine. It was not always so, but the 3,000-mile gap rather forces the issue. One of us must function as editor and publisher, and who should it be...me? In any case, I stencil up this column, mail it to John, and the issue is out of my hands. John picks (or writes) the rest of the material, stencils it, runs it off (on Bill

Blackbeard's Gestetner, these days), and then mails it out. I have divorced myself from All That, you see. Which is why irate little notes to me about your failure to receive the issue which hasn't yet come out are completely and irrevocably for naught, don't you see. It is also why in some respects this column is probably going to read like a letter of comment on our last issue.

TAFF: Well, Leland Sapiro wouldn't run (he's too busy rigging the Hugoes again this year), and Harlan Ellison is running instead for the presidency of the SFUA, so I guess I must grudgingly throw my half of EGOBOO's mammoth support behind Bill Rotsler. It looks like once again I'm just one of John Berry's mouthpieces, but there--what can I do? Bill is the best candidate, after all. But you knew that anyway.

More important is this: fannish fandom (if there still is such a beast) has gotten entirely too lazy these years. We've become too willing to assume that the next guy will take care of things for us, and we've abdicated our responsibilities. The result is that last year, despite our overwhelming support (via fanzine sloganeering), Bob Shaw lost. And this year Bill Rotsler is going to lose, because while we sit around assuming that everybody else is gonna vote for him, the neos out in the hustings who subscribe to LOCUS are going to send in flocks of ballots. And Bill Rotsler is the one person on that ballot they've never heard of.

So this year, vote. Put your ballot and your money where your mouth is.

FOCAL POINT: The timing probably seemed a little off: last issue, with my regret over the dominance of LOCUS among fan-newsazines, came out the same week FOCAL POINT was revived. But I plead innocence. I wrote that column several months earlier, and it only just surfaced in print coincident to the sudden emergence of FOCAL POINT. Well, no matter; the good thing is that FP is back, and once again we have a choice. The first revived issue was just about everything LOCUS isn't--including well-edited. My eagle eye has discerned a slight drop-off in the next two, but that's to be expected in a bi-weekly which is dependent to a good extent upon the news available. In any case, I recommend FP, and hereby bestow Egoboo upon Rich Brown and Arnie Katz, the editors. Yes.

ROCK NOTE REVISITED: "Hey, Les Gerber," I said to Les Gerber not to long ago (for that was his name). "I'd like to review some rock records for AMERICAN RECORD GUIDE."

"Okay," he said. "Here's a record." And just like that, he handed me a record. It was, not to refine too much upon the event, Argent, on the Epic label. Now, I was moderately stoned at that time, so I neatly stowed the record and thought no more about it until I brought it home and looked at it. And I noticed that two of the people involved, Rod Argent and his co-producer and co-author (on most of the tracks) Chris White, were formerly of the Zombies. Indeed, they were, singly or collectively, responsible for almost everything on the second Zombies album, which Boyd Raeburn (you remember Boyd--he's that fellow from New Zealand) was recommending to us last summer. Well, I'd liked that album a lot, so I looked forward to listening to Argent. And although the sound is slightly different, it too is a groove and a gas, as they say.

Well, all this happened to me quite independantly of John's experience (you must remember that 3,000 miles separate us, though we be still One in spirit), so you can only guess at my emotions when I read his "ROCK NOTE" in the last EGOBOO and encountered that Epic line, "This month's Recommendation is Argent, on the Epic label."

VOID 29: About once a month I receive a querilous letter from some good fan asking why, if VOID 29 was indeed actually published, he never received a copy. Well, mah friends, I'm a-goin' to tell you. Listen carefully, because the story can only be told once.

VOID 29 was started in 1962. When I say "started," I mean that stencils were cut and some were run off in that by-gone halcyon era. About 150 copies were printed of each page which was run off in 1962. And those stencils are gone.

So when we began work on finishing VOID 29, New Years' weekend of 1969, we were limited to that print-run on the remaining pages. So only about 150 copies were printed.

That puts a specific limit on the number of copies in existence.

Now then, as the years have rolled by, each one a little more quickly than the last, I have discovered a vast impatience within me for the more trollish chores of fanzine pubbing. Like making up mailing lists, address-labels, and such-like stuff. I haven't maintained a decent (or indecent) mailing list since MINAC folded, six years ago. And that was out of date before I finished using it. What I do is, I freeload on somebody else's mailing list, whenever I want to Pub An Ish (as we say in New York). And generally speaking this works out just fine.

For VOID 29's mailing list I turned no further than VOID 29 co-editor, Arnie Katz. Arnie (the K, as we call him) was then publishing one of fandom's leading fannish fanzines, QUIP. We decided to mail VOID 29 out with a selected number of QUIPs. Don't ask me how the selection was made; I said, "Here are 150 VOID 29s, Arnie," and Arnie said, "Okay, I'll take care of it." And there my responsibility ended. There the buck (or "VOID 29" as we call it) was passed.

If you didn't get a copy and think you should've, I suggest you get Real Pissed at Arnie (who will just love you for it) and leave me alone, because my Hands Are Clean and I am Innocent.

However...

There's a possibility you received it and didn't realize it. Because, you see, it was mailed under another cover. We made up and added on a new outer cover, that said FANHISTORY. And that issue went

out with a whole pile of goodies that included not only OUIP but also the Fannish Worry Book and stuff like that. So maybe you received it and didn't notice it for what it was. Maybe it's there, down near the bottom of that pile of scuffed-up zines you've been using as a doorstep for this past year. Maybe you've had it unread all along.

Don't you feel ashamed of yourself?

NEW RECORDS: I don't feel like keeping a running list of records I've recently bought or listened to, but in response to Bob Lichtman's letter in the last issue, I thought perhaps I ought to explain my tastes a little.

Basically I come to rock music from a strong interest in jazz and a love of melodic music of the post-Debussy (1900-, roughly) period in classical. (I've been quite heavily into not only the acknowledged Masters, like Schonberg, Webern, Berg, Stravinsky and Bartok, but also people like Ives, Poulenc, Janacek, Martin, and the more obscure sorts.) So I look for two things in rock: an extension of pop music into something that transcends pop (Brian Wilson, Van Dyke Parks, Randy Newman; the Beatles) or rock music which approaches jazz on an instrumental level (of both complexity and interest) (Blood, Sweat & Tears was the first to do so, but many more groups have followed). It has taken me longer to get into quintessentially rock groups like the Stones and the Band, but I have (I keep coming back to the Band).

I've been into electronic music for an awfully long time--since 1957--but in recent years the essential sterility of what was being done in that area has turned me off. (Pierre Henry, who did such marvelous things in the original Musique Concrete albums, has two bummers out on Limelight and A&M, the latter with a blah British group, the Spooky Tooth. Not only sterile, but transparent hypes as well. Sad.)

Recently I feel things have begun amalgamating between rock and contemporary music. People like Terry Riley are the reason. His In C and Rainbow in Curved Air albums are an ongoing trip. Steve Reich's Violin Phase/It's Gonna Rain require getting into, but are mind-blowers.

Nonetheless, I keep coming back to the gentle, the melodic, the beautiful in rock/pop. The Beach Boys; Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young; Nilssen Sings Newman. Etc. The Four Seasons: Genuine Imitation Life Gazette. These are records I love, and I come to when I want to know I'll have good vibes from a record.

I'm now doing a regular column for the new revived CRAWDADDY--the title is "Opinion"--and as mentioned earlier, reviewing records for ARG. So I plan to circularize the record companies for reviewers' copies and cut back on my record budget. I remember how it was when I was getting jazz records that way--very much as Les says in his letter--but I don't think it will hit me that way this time. This time I think I will simply audition the records for the ones I would otherwise have ended up buying, and give away or sell the rest. It's cheaper than trying to buy everything that looks vaguely interesting.

Bob Lichtman mentioned the Beach Boys' last Capitol single, "Break-away/Celebrate the News." He's one of the few who have it or have heard it. (I sent a copy to Boyd last summer.) The B side, "Celebrate the News," is a major piece, but somehow the release was swallowed up without airplay or promotion, and has disappeared entirely. Their new single, on Brothers/Reprise, is quite minor by comparison, and has received some airplay, but very little. It seems not to have done much on the charts, and I feel said for Brian; I think he's looking for some way to regain the group's popularity, and he isn't finding it. Ah well. That's "New Records" for this issue.

DISCLAVE 1970: "I hear a cop pulled a gun on you," Terry Carr said to me when I called him up after returning from Washington, D.C. It was just the most recent of the wild rumors which have been spawned by our adventures in Our Nation's Capitol. Earlier rumors included the "facts" that Robin had a miscarriage, that there was a police riot (14 cops) outside the con hotel, and that Jay Haldeman had been run over. All are false.

What happened is this:

Saturday evening seven of us went out to dinner. The group included Jay and Alice Haldeman, Joe and Gay Haldeman, Gardner Dozois, Robin and myself. We drove to the Emerson in Jay & Alice's VW microbus, parking it at 14th & L streets, and walking the two blocks to 15th & K, where the restaurant is located. Emersons is one of those places where you can get a good steak and all the salad you can eat, and all the beer (or root beer, which was my choice) you can drink, for less than \$5.00. We all stuffed ourselves and had a fine time. Walking back to the car, we were just down the block from it when Robin let out an angry, anguished yelp and I saw a young man sprinting up the street with her purse. He was cutting across towards the opposite sidewalk before my nerves galvanized themselves. Roughly speaking, I had to work out a brief set of thoughts which ran like this: "That's Robin's purse--he's got Robin's purse! Hey, I ought to be chasing him. It's my duty to chase him!" And I began chasing him. Behind me I heard Gardner and both Haldeman men shouting and running. Not a cop in sight, and despite our "Stop, thief!" shouts, no bystanders chose to help. We chased the purse-snatcher at least four blocks before reaction set in. My breath was short, and my stuffed stomach was cramping, and I had thoughts like, "Jeesus, I really feel thirty-two" (I used to be a very good runner---I've run over a mile more than once) and "What am I running into?" The streets were suddenly quiet and dark and it was possible we were being led into a trap where we could all be mugged.

We lost him near a small park (Washington is dotted with them), after Jay tried unsuccessfully to get a taxi to chase him ("I ain't no cop, buddy," was that spirited citizen's reply). Gardner and the Haldemans ran up to a man sitting on a park bench (the only man in the park) to ask if he'd seen the thief, and that individual pulled a .25 automatic and told them, "I almost shoot you." We hastily pressed on, to no avail.

At 11th and K again, we found police cars in sudden profusion and discovered they'd answered a call on our purse-snatching. We were advised to return to 14th & L where the girls were. As we approached the intersection, an old man standing there said, "You looking for those girls? They're over at the gas station, they got the purse back." We crossed to the gas station, where we found everyone being very public-spirited--after the fact--and Robin resting in the station manager's chair. (She's in her sixth month of pregnancy.) The police had found her purse and all that seemed to be missing was a hair brush which might've fallen out. (She had only 22¢ in the purse.) Later, digging around for other things, she found two bottles of vitamins and some cosmetics missing. But not her prescription sunglasses and her papers, thank ghod.

Jay had been in the lead at the beginning of our chase, but had slipped and fallen, tearing his pants and skinning his knee (his leg stiffened up considerably in the next two days). Robin had started to give chase as well, but Alice and Gay had stopped her. Alice had done a lot of angry screaming ("I always thought if something happened I'd

make a lot of noise--and I did!"), while Gay had organized them both into getting to the gas station and phoning the cops. And that's the whole story. No police riot (someone must have misheard 14th St. and thought "fourteen cops" somehow), no miscarriage, etc. And the police were--once on the scene--efficient and polite. So there it is.

We rested a while in the Haldemans' room (JoAnn Wood passed around some very nice champaign) and then went down to the Official Party, where Alexis Gilliland immediately asked us what had happened and seemed to have a garbled version of it. We put him straight, and had not been there fifteen minutes when Roger Zelazny, sitting across the room, fell from his chair with a shock reaction which had Jay running to the desk for an ambulance. Fortunately, Roger was able to sit up ten minutes later, and was able to walk out to the ambulance when it came. He and Jay went to a hospital for tests, and about all I can say is that it would appear Roger is in poor health. He had not been drinking, and had been sitting quietly, talking with people.

Two such events in close proximity certainly fueled the rumor mill however, and after we'd joined a party in the Pittsburgh femmes' room, we were told about the ever-widening circles of rumor which were still spreading. Fortunately, the worst was over and perhaps this report will lay those rumors which remain to rest.

But how about the Disclave, you ask.

Well, it was a strange con for us, since we expect to be living in the area in another few months. We found the people we spent our time with (people like the Haldemans) Good People whom we'll be glad to have for "neighbors". The con itself seemed a little distended and unsure of itself--rather like this year's Lunacon--grown too large to pass itself off for what it had been in years before, and the programming both ambitious (a musical parody of 2001) and sloppy (people pressed into service who obviously had little to say). A decision is forcing itself upon the Disclave: whether to de-escalate to earlier informality, or to expand into a fully-programmed regional con. This year's was caught inbetween, to the unhappiness of most of those concerned with it. This seems to be symptomatic of many regional cons, and I don't know how it will resolve itself.

THE INVENTION: Many years ago (1951 or 52), fans in the St. Louis area created a hoax: an invitational convention to which only the cream of fandom was invited. The hoax took the form of an "Invention Report" on the mythical con, with an accompanying letter to those named as attendees asking their cooperation. A few egos were bruised, but the "Report" was a good one, and it was a better hoax than most of the sort.

Since then the notion of a genuine invitational con has been kicked about on many occasions. I am reviving it for open discussion in these pages. My idea is, first, a Midwestcon-type, no-program con, held at a suitable motel with pool, during good outdoors weather. The motel's cooperation would be needed only to the extent that parties were left alone. Second, the invitations, to avoid bruised feelings, would be tendered to the total readership of this fanzine, and to anyone who read it herein, including friends of recipients. (No fractured friendships wanted.) But no other public mention would be allowed, and no con-reports written.

Does this seem workable? What are your comments and suggestions? No action is contemplated for this year, but maybe next year ... What do you think?

--Ted White

D.N.Q. LETTERS



TERRY CARR: EGOBOO 10 came yesterday, and I loved it. Gad, Calvin Demmon and Poo cartoons and Bloch in the lettercolumn and Eavesdroppings on the back--it's like one of those fanzines I remember from the days when fans took some pride in their own writing rather than solely in that of their resident pro columnist. Goshwow, etc.

I spot my name in the creditees for the Eavesdroppings; I guess it must've been "Sex is God's way of laughing at the rich," though that was just something I once repeated rather than brilliantly and spontaneously making it up like most of my things. It seems to me, though I don't want to bring you down or hang you up, fold, spindle, or mitigate you, that you could have chosen some true bon mot of mine from the many I've uttered in your presence. I remember one Insurgents meeting just within the past six months where you arrived at least five minutes before I stalked out, and I must have said something memorable then. If so, you should've remembered, if you're truly a fine and enterprising fan editor. I bet if Piers Anthony ever said anything memorable you'd remember it. Shape up! Well, I'll tell you what, Terry. Next time you feel a witty day coming on (You know. You wake up, stretch, yawn, and say, "I'm going to say witty things today." Carol says, "I know," rolls over, and goes back to sleep.), you just grab a piece of paper and a battered stub of pencil and you write down all the great stuff that comes out of your mouth for one day. Send it along to EGOBOO. Of course it'll have to go through the Slush Pile, since you've never sold anything to this magazine before, but I'm sure you'll rise fast and far. Fast and far. -jdb/

Seeing the mixture of fannishness and revolutionary interests in the lettercol makes me wonder what kind of fanzine EGOBOO might turn into one day—one person talks about Rick Sneyry and another about the Stones. It's a little croggling, but I believe it presages a natural affinity between fannishness and general highness. Soon no doubt you'll have discussions of what music is best for reading various fanzines by (I like Dylan with QUIP, though for RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY I need something heavier, say Led Zeppelin) and trip reports by people who've been contemplating the inner meanings of Willis puns while on acid. In fact, I look forward to the day when a TAFF-trip report begins, "I dropped it at 6:00 p.m." It would save a lot of money on plane fares, too.

I thought Calvin's stuff was absolutely beautiful, in all senses. He is a beautiful guy. In fact he almost con-

18
vinces me to quit eating meat, but I'm afraid I'm still too much of this world. So I've decided just not to slaughter and/or devour Calvin.

The Poo cartoons were by Trina. Ted White's reference to Dick Lupoff's "frail wife and pitiful children" actually made me laugh, something I seldom do while reading Ted, despite his other virtues. And I enclose a more or less filled out Egoboo Poll; you'll note I couldn't think of ten fanzines worth voting for, but I tried. Will be interested to see the results.

(35 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn,

NY 11201)

NORM CLARKE: It's a rare occasion indeed, these days, when I find a fanzine in my mailbox; and it is of course a much rarer occasion when that fanzine is EGOBOO. As Ted White notes, "fannish fandom is not what it was." Come to think of it, the last "fanzine" I got (before today's) was DALLASCON BULLETIN, and the fannishest thing in it was a picture of Marion Z. Bradley. Whew.

Actually, I don't even get LOCUS, though I've seen it (which is why I don't get it, I suppose). However, anyone silly enough to oppose Rotsler (for TAFF!) has got to be a Loser, or the Charliest Brownest person I know. (I don't know Elliot Shorter; has anyone in Europe ever heard of him?)

Oh yeah, the good old Post Office.

Well, I was going to tell a Terrible Story about your USPOD, but I would have been lying. The story is that several pieces of mail, posted from Aylmer, were Intercepted At The Border; and the fans to whom they were addressed were obliged to permit inspection of the contents. "If permission to inspect is withheld, the material will be Disposed Of," these fans were told. They gave permission, but at least one of them wrote indignantly to his Senator (or whomever you guys write to Down There). However, as I said, if I were to blame the PO for this, I would be a liar. It was, in fact, your Customs people in Chicago (as in the old song, "Chicago, Chicago, that gobblin' town"). True enough, I had inadvertently left a return address off the envelopes, so I guess the Customs folks had every reason to assume that they were full of dope. ~~WOW!!!/YEAH/AT/PA/HAH~~

Old fanzines are good stuff. Even the bad ones are good, if they're old enough. Sense of wonder, goshwow, all that. Quite a few years ago, Les Nirenberg, who owned a Professional Fanzine, "paid" me for my contributions to it with boxes and boxes full of old fmz. I wallowed in them for weeks, gloriously. A few years before that, I had similar timebinding sessions when Boyd Raeburn was operating a Fanzine Delivery Service between Toronto and Aylmer. There is an upstairs room in this house: it is called either The Guest Room or The Junk Room, depending. It is just full of old fanzines and empty wine bottles. I like to go in there, sometimes, and get Lost.

And that reminds me: I can't fill out your Egoboo Poll form, because I am simply in no position to know which is the current best fanzine, who the best current writer, etc. I'm very curious to learn what was the Most Important Fannish Event of 1969, though. There is one blank I could fill in: the fanzine I would most like to see revived next is HONQUE. Yes, my very own genzine, the last issue of which disappeared into FAPA in, oh, 1968, I guess. Much as I enjoy other people's fmz, especially those occasional very fine ones (such as EGOBOO), the best ones of all are my own. Doesn't every fan feel that? (No, no, I don't mean that every fan thinks my fmz are the best.) The old urge gets almost overpowering sometimes; but not, of course, overpowering enough to make me actually Do Something. I would also like to see ~~WINDING~~ again, and SCIENCE FICTION FIFTY YEARLY, which must be just about due. (That's 50, not 5.)

Or *SKOAN*, or

FLYING FROG. It's good to see "Biff" in a fanzine again. We only see a little bit of him every year or so, in FAPA. Not good enough, Cal! Not good enough just hanging around FAPA, I mean; and I hope you will be a regular columnist in Johnny's frequently-appearing fan magazine. Or, failing that, will you contribute to HONQUE? Yrs. truly, Normie. According to things I've been reading lately, Calvin, the time is not far off when we will all be vegetarians, like it or not, because factories will be able to produce "meat" more efficiently than animals can. Already, much of the "meat" in dehydrated soup mixes is

soy protein, as are certain "bacon" snack-bits, etc. It seems quite inevitable that "analogues" (as these meat, etc., substitutes are called) will have all but replaced the genuine article within the next five to ten years, at the outside. Don't feel happy for the fortunate Moo-Cow, though: animals will not merely be left to live in peace. They will be eliminated, for they are competing with us for living space and for food (i.e., vegetable matter). We are living in the World of Science Fiction, gang. Of course, in 1984, the really rich and powerful people will still be eating Beef Wellington, etc. But you won't; and I won't. God dammit.

I enjoyed Jay Kinney's page. I like NOPE, and Kinneystuff in general.

Ted White, I have seen my analyst, and he tells me you are a Fascist Pig. But I forgive you. (This is a private comment, intelligible only to Ted and me and about sixty-five other people.) Con membership prizes, etc., don't stir me up very much, but it's always fun watching Ted bitch. Except when it isn't. Highod, is our own Steve Stiles now an Underground Comix Artist? I'm trying awfully hard to picture the mild-mannered Mr. Stiles drawing pictures of people with Repulsive Nostrils pulling their pants down and yelling "Up against the wall, motherfuckers!" Oh, I would like to see SAM revived, too.

A. Graham Boak. Boak, Boak. Gee, that's fun. Boak, Boak, Boak.

Bob Lichtman: whatever happened to Dec Dec Sharp? "Maxwell's...." doesn't bug me, but I don't often play side #1 of Abbey Road because both "Oh Darling" and "I Want You/She's So Heavy" are put-ons, and funny, but nothing to listen to more than once or twice. So much for comments to Bob Lichtman.

Les Gerber: whatever happened to Les Gerber? Good to see him again, too. Gee, Demon, Lichtman, Gerber---the former Adolescent Apex Crowd. Sigh.

The "Amazing Classic" in the Eavesdroppings must be "Ugliness is Nature's contraceptive." At least, I'm quite sure that I heard/read it before, and a long time ago, at that. It seems to me that Steve Stiles originated it, but Maybe Not. /Greg Benford thought it up, very recently. But maybe he stole it from Steve Stiles one cold day in 1903, hitting Mr. Stiles over the head and escaping in his time machine. -jdb/

Well, well. I have actually written a letter to a faned. Why, that's fantastic. Now all that remains to be seen is whether I will actually mail it. Let me know, huh? /I think you did, but I'm not sure because I lost it. -jdb/

(9 Bancroft, Aylmer E., Quebec, CANADA)

ULF WESTBLON: I thought I'd just drop you some lines, and thank you for sending me a copy of EGOBOO. It's one of my favorite zines and so far I've only read copies I've borrowed from Per Insulander. As a matter of fact, EGOBOO made such a big impression on us that Per and I (together with Torkel Franzen) started Sweden's first lettersubstitute. It's called DNQ and pubbed whenever we feel like it. Strange enough, though Sweden's fan history goes back to 1949-50, this was the first fanzine of its kind in our country and it seems to have been a success. I think the reason why it has never been tried before is that we live in such a small country. The fans know each other more closely than you can do in a country big as USA. So the need for a lettersubstitute hasn't existed (before). If you want to "gossip" you can do it on the phone. It doesn't cost too much to kill a quarter of an hour on the phone with any fan in the country.

(Studentbacken 25 C/103,

S-115 40 Stockholm, SWEDEN)

STEVE JOHNSON: A strange and remarkable thing has come to pass in the Northwest of late--- Portland fandom is again, after an almost absolute dearth of activity reaching back to the Portland Worldcon of 1950. The Society of Strangers, founded in late Spring last year if I remember correctly, now has a membership approaching 200. Not all are active members of course, and only a fairly small faction (estimating: 25?) are involved in outside fandom, but there is activity, including Norwescon III, plotted for

Memorial Day weekend this year. SOS also publishes a triweekly tabloid, STRANGE; three issues are out, #4 is due from the printers any day. Circulation is (guessing again, here) between two and three thousand; #3 ran to 32 pages. Material is mainly stories, verse, and articles, not all sf-oriented by any means, but there is a strong sf/fantasy editorial presence. (The circulation, by the way, is mainly street circulation in Portland.)

The resurgence in Portland has brought a few old fannish faces to light; Don Day, for instance, is still alive & well (he was at Baycon, come to think of it), recently retired from his job at the post office and apparently no longer interested in square dancing.

Living as I do 90 miles from Portland, I rarely see the fans up there more than once a month, so my view of what's going on up there is a necessarily limited one, as is most of fandom's. (The only outside group that's had much contact with the Strangers are the Seattle Nameless; Portland fans attended Nameless meetings several times this past year.)

If there's any one person who's responsible for this (and there is; surprisingly or no?), it's Mike Zaharakis--paper-hated by your co-editor, I believe; I enjoy his friendship. On his arrival from North Dakota--in political exile, no less /What is that supposed to mean? -jdb/---he contacted the various fans in Portland already (a handful, not in contact with one another) and went about proselytizing. If the group's activities continue to develop at the rate they have in the past half-year, and if it survives the Norwescon, the results will be most interesting, I'm sure, and unusual as well.

PS--Methinks

the experience of many current fans justifies the coining of a new acronym, though its usefulness may well be short lived: dafia, for doped away from it all. (How many fanzines has demon pot delayed or aborted?) /None that I know of. -jdb/

(1018 NW 31st St.,

Corvallis. Ore. 97330)

HARRY WARNER, JR.: It's good to hear about QAR's probable re-emergence and about a person with Bill Blackbeard's energy going to work on a big study of the comics field. But he isn't the only one who remembers E.C. Segar and Thimble Theater. When I used to read those original Popeye adventures, the first thing I always looked for was the smoking Segar with the big ash on its end that served as the artist's signature. The second thing I always hunted in the strip was the date, for reasons I can't figure out. Did I hope to catch the newspaper in the awful blunder of running the strip on the wrong day, or was it just the mild excitement of seeing how long it would take to find those numbers? Only after those two rites were accomplished did I get around to looking at the day's strip.

These people who are dropping FAPA demonstrate all over again the impossible situation that organization has created by its insistence on chronology as the criterion for admission and its determination to keep alive the prestige and quality reputation that membership really did represent a decade and more ago when it was by far the best of the apas. /I'm afraid FAPA's reputation has sunk a long way in the eyes of anyone who's seen a few mailings from the last several years. -jdb/ The membership has become so stagnant and has aged so much by now that the younger people really don't feel comfortable when they finally get in, and after the waiting list climb, they are still young but not so young that their initial fannish enthusiasm can carry them through this sense of alienation from us old members. I don't suppose there's any solution to the trouble, because most members won't consider voting in new members, and it would seem criminal to disband deliberately such a venerable fannish group.

There was a big hassle in Hagerstown a year ago about vegetarians. An organization of social agencies sponsors a "health fair" each year, where the health organizations, social security people, and some allied groups give away literature and show animated displays and give some simple health tests. The Seventh Day Adventists applied for permission to enter a booth which would feature information on meatless diet and how to cook palatably without meat. They promised no religious propaganda, no explanation of why they were pushing this theme. The organization got to fighting among it-

2

self and finally rejected the booth because the president of the local medical association threatened to withdraw all physicians' support from the fair. In the tumult, the fair finally took place with poorer participation than previously, so the group decided to convert it into a health and welfare fair, and that was an even bigger flop, and the Seventh Day Adventists have had their revenge by stationing little children with a charity appeal on both sides of every Salvation Army and Volunteers of America booth in town each yuletide, the best way at striking at the charity establishment. The Seventh Day Adventists have a big housing development at the bottom of a mountain near Hagerstown and are the healthiest people in the county. But I've never become a vegetarian because I feel as bad about responsibility for the death of vegetables as for my part in slaying animals. I doubt that I could get along solely on fruit and the kinds of vegetables that aren't killed by conversion into food.

Dr. Wertham has purchased a copy of All Our Yesterdays, although that information will undoubtedly be too late to do Ted White any good in the editorial he plans to write. I thought about writing to Wertham, and maybe to the foundation sponsoring him, in an effort to straighten out the confusion he and it apparently feel about the difference between science fiction fandom and comics fandom, and between fanzines and underground publications. Then I decided to remain silent, on the theory that the less accurate Wertham's findings may be, the easier it will be to refute him.

David T. Malone's theories don't take me into account. Piers Anthony has just finished pulverizing me for the low hate content of my fanac, and my personal life has been anything but "healthy and flourishing" in recent years. I'm behaving so badly at my job that I don't see why they put up with me, health problems have caused me to give up some of the mundane enjoyments that used to make Hagerstown bearable, and the nation's behavior in Vietnam combined with my inability to take the final decision of expatriating myself have completed the general havoc of my attitude and behavior toward my mundane hours. I glare on the street at total strangers because I happen to think at that moment of something like the congressman who explained to me in 1966 that he favored the system of not taking congressional action to declare war in Vietnam because it's so much easier to end a war quickly when the armistice needn't go through Congress. This neighborhood is declining and I haven't the energy to pack up everything and move away or to dig traps for the kids who try to raze the house or the adults who dump their garbage in the back yard. With all these troubles, I find science fiction and fandom virtually unchanged, a pleasant environment, and I don't have the heart to take my spite out on the few fans whom I actively dislike or the occasional event that seems wrong to me.

The Eavesdroppings sound almost as good and as revelatory about the speaker as the columns Walt Willis used to run.

I can't get too aroused by the way foreign fanzines occasionally reprint without getting permission. If I were an artist, I'd probably feel differently, because sketches are the most frequent victims. But isn't it possible that many fans over there simply consider this standard operating procedure, an implied compliment to the artists? Over here, nobody asks for the right to use quotes as interlineations or to ransack recent fanzines for material if he's publishing a newszine. I assume that the cartoons in question were complete with signature or initials for identifying the artist, since it would be less forgivable to copy sketches with no hint that someone drew them originally.

(423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md. 21740)

CALVIN DEMMON: I was awfully excited when I saw my column in Egofoo, and pleased with the way you handled it. Talk about Egofoo, well, my chest swoll all up & I must've read my own column three or four times, cursing stupidities, enjoying absurdities, etc. One thing that really embarrassed me, I remember now, was where I said "we want to have lots of children." That just isn't hip any more, what with the population explosion & all. We always intended to adopt most of our planned twelve children anyway. Did you, however, read "The Nonsense Explosion" in The New Republic? The idea was that the population explosion is a relatively unimportant issue that Nixon can talk about & spend a little bit of money on while the big problems--the war, pollution, etc.--remain unsolved. Nixon's

a lucky man to have such an easy problem, etc. Well, we're still going to adopt a lot of kids--one of these days.

I ran into the Trimbles at the park a couple of weeks ago. Imagine your surprise when you think of yourself as an ordinary guy, leaving the picnic for a minute to find a restroom to "take a piss," & then taking that piss & coming out & finding that you are not just an ordinary pisser but a fan again. I'd like the Trimbles whether they were fans or not, but the only way I know them is in the "fannish way." & Virginia Schulteis was there, too, just standing in that park in Los Angeles ("Griffith Park"), and a couple of other people, fans, & I just forgot myself completely and my mind reeled & there was a sniff of mimeo ink in the air, a kind of tension as if all were waiting for somebody to suggest a "one-shot fanzine," & then a bird fell out of a tree. Magical things happen to fans. I was in the park for hours without seeing a bird falling out of a tree until I turned into a fan, & then, smack! this bird falls out of a tree. Imagine being in the actual presence of Virginia Schulteis. That's what I like about fandom, you never know when it'll pop up.

(2338 Loma Vista Place, Los Angeles, Calif. 90039)

REDD BOGGS: Thanks for EGOBOO #10, which looks interesting--but it strikes me that the reason that "fannish fandom is not what it once was" (TEW) is that it cannot continue to operate forever as a retread. Fannish fanzines not only imitate their betters with features and departments ("Eavesdroppings") but actually mimic style and vocabulary to a slavish extent ("This has been an Andy Main Progress Report".../and that's NEWSBREAKS".../an Evil Communist Perpetrator" etc., etc.). I'd certainly like to see a big revival of fanzines of the quality of FANAC, MINAC, EYEEN, QUANDRY, and the like, but I don't think spelling it "bheer cans" puts us very far on the road. We need a new style, a new direction. I hasten to say I don't think EGOBOO a bad fanzine; it's just not very original. /I've never felt called upon to bring Bold New Directions to fandom. Certainly the "imitations" you describe were deliberate, and I enjoy giving EGOBOO a sense of continuity with a past that few fans seem aware of. I also found it amusing yesterday to leaf through a copy of INNUENDO #1, from 1960, and note how much of it was concerned with fanhistory and the glorification of past greats such as Charles Burbee. -jdb/

I'm horrified to learn from Ted White that Boston fandom is composed of bores and boobs. While my attention was directed elsewhere, WHAT HAPPENED TO ANDY AND JEAN YOUNG?

They started to talk to me about "the new life styles that are flourishing around us," and I was fascinated, but then I learned that by this gradiose term they meant the Rolling Stones, R. Crumb, and John Barth. I wandered away, and went into the bathroom in search of aspirins.

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RICH SNEARY: There is a long long time between November and February, but glad to see you none the less. Little sorry there was so little of you, but much of the rest was more than usually informative... I hope the near four months gap does not mean you are dropping out...particularly in the fashion of Main, Demmon, and Lichtman. There has always been a turn over in Fandom, with old Giants making way for new ones. Many have become diss-satisfied with Fandom, though it had changed less than they had. Always a little sad, for us who remained, to lose friends and people we found at least interesting, but there was the usual feeling they were going on to bigger things. These, and a few others of late, seem merely to be withdrawing more. It is hard for me to know how they are in person, as I never see them (or hardly anyone) nor correspond, so I can only go by the printed word. But they don't sound either happy or themselves. Demmon hasn't been the same since he took his trip, back East. If there is great understanding in such doing, it would seem the tree of knowledge bears bitter fruit. /I think all three of the people you mention would say they're much happier now than eight or ten years ago. I wouldn't consider the fact that someone's fanwriting is light and frothy a very good indication of his state of mind. I should note for everyone else that this letter came in response to EGOBOO '9, so Rick had not read Calvin's column last issue. Still feel the same, Rick? -jdb/

Tucker is also out of FAPA at his own request, though I didn't know this untill I had written to him to protest. It seems that one of the main reasons is that he has been having trouble with his eyes (not going blind, he asured me) and has had to cut out much reading. Especially the eye strain of reading many fanzines... And, while it would be easy enough for him to stay in, he said if he couldn't read the mailings, he didn't want to take up space--or something to that effect. A great loss. I wonder if fanzine, or to many movies, or something he drank, was the cause...

Harry Warner's remarks about Piser are interesting, and shed a little more light on the trouble. Apparently he thought what he was doing was so important that Fandom should be willing to take care of him... though this maybe a wish he didn't openly express even to himself. He did though write Ed Cox about coming to So. California and turning over everything to The Institute for Specialized Literature, Inc., if we more or less found him a place to live, and some one to take care of him. I had also refused to turn my collection over to him--though offered any special items he didn't get else were. I had no idea he had collections beyond that of Pelz and Ellik. -- A blessing to White and who-ever, who saved Ellik's, so that it could end up going to ISL Inc.

Yeah. "Hate" has been big time in Fandom, at times. Poor old Ted knows about as much about it as anyone... Except for a few, who have actually seemed to hate everyone. (Not that I mean Ted has or does hate a lot of people...more that his opinions have lead him to the middle of hatefull exchanges. Ted is not hatefull, of his own self.) -- It makes good copy though, as any City Editor will tell you. Hate gets a lot done in this, and other countries. Just think, were would Cuba be today if they didn't hate US.? What would Nasser have to show for being President, if there weren't Jews to hate...? How would Ellison know he was a big man.....

Ted's continued trouble with the N.Y.P.D. and GOVERNMENT, added to what everyone else is saying, leads to the thought that in a few years the rest of us may have to fence New York off. Make it a sort of Coventry, where people are sent but never allowed to leave. As in the cases from the Ellingtons to Shaw and White ...the good leave, which makes the concentration of bad, all the greater. The "nice people" are being evaporated off, and only brine is left. /But there are still good people in NY, and there are those moving to it as well as away. Witness Arnie Katz, who has no intention of leaving; Jay Kinney and Joe Staton, who recently arrived; and Ray & Joyce Fisher, who plan to move there. -jdb/ --- Though in fairness, if the average New Yorker skirts the law or outright violates it in minor things the way Ted admits to doing, it is not hard to see why the cops are mad at everyone. -- Maybe a small plague would help. If half the New Yorkers were to march leming-like into the Hudson, the place might have 50% fewer problems. /Sounds rather like The Firesign Theater's "Waiting For the Electrician or Someone Like Him." -jdb/

The same goes for California--though I would limit this to non-natives of less than 20 years residence... If only we could convince them that California really was going to fall into the sea, maybe they would all go home, and we could see the Sun more often. /You realize that if you did that, the next Westercon would have about half a dozen attendees. -jdb/

(2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Calif. 90280)

WE ALSO HEARD FROM Peter Roberts, Pete Weston, Avram Davidson, Rick Sneyary (again), John-Henri Holmberg, Dick Lupoff, Neal Goldfarb, Harry Bell, Felice Rolfe, Ed Reed, Leon E. Taylor, Rudy dei Hagopian, Bob Shaw, Neal Goldfarb (again), Ron Whittington, and probably others whose letters got lost in the morass. Oh yes, Jay Kinney said nice things about EGOBOO on his EGOBOO Poll ballot, and lots of people have sent in ballots (sometimes filled out). Thanks to Arnie Katz and Rich Brown (FCCAL POINT) and Dick Geis (SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW) for reprinting and circulating the ballots. And here, just as I finish up this issue, I find an airletter from Arthur Thomson in today's mail; I imagine next issue will have more ATomillos. :: Watch this space; it won't go away! -jdb.

eavesdroppings

AUDIN
THIS
DREAM
I'M
WALKING DOWN A BIG HUGE
CORRIDOR AND AFTER
MILES I SEE THIS BIG
GREEN DOOR-- I OPEN
IT-- AND THERE'S SOMEbody
FROM THE N3F
WELCOMMITTEE.



WOULD YOU GIVE ME ONE OF YOUR PAINT-
INGS THAT DIDN'T COST YOU ANYTHING?
....I'M A CRITIC, NOT AN EMPLOYMENT
AGENCY....FANS ARE JUST SCIENCE
FICTION WRITERS WHO HAVEN'T SOLD
ANY STORIES YET....THINGS GET SMAL-
LER AS THEY GO AWAY....I'M GOING
TO BED WHERE THE AIR IS PURE....
THE BENFORDS ARE LIKE SEXY TEDDY
BEARS....I DON'T HAVE ANY NAVEL;
I WAS ADOPTED....THE ENGLISH ARE
CLASS CONSCIOUS--I DON'T THINK THE
LORD GOD WOULD EVER'VE BEEN A SUC-
CESS WITHOUT HIS TITLE....I WOULDN'T
SAY SHE WAS PART OF A TRIANGLE--
MORE A HEXAGRAM, SAY....GOD IS
LOOKING FOR A SUMMER REPLACEMENT
....SHE GETS LOST EASILY IN MOTELS
....ONLY MIDDLE-SIZE WATER IS FLAT
....ALTHOUGH THE MOON IS MUCH
SMALLER THAN THE EARTH, IT IS
ALSO MUCH FARTHER AWAY....SHE
HUNG ON MY WALL FOR SEVERAL WEEKS
....IT TAKES PRACTICE TO BE DUMB
....THESE THINGS HAD MORE GRACIOUS-
NESS WHEN TONY BOUCHER WAS TOAST-
MASTER....THE HEADING FOR "FUNERAL
NOTICES" IS ALWAYS IN GOTHIC SCRIPT
BECAUSE DEAD PEOPLE WRITE THAT WAY
....MY LIFE IS A SERIES OF FIVE-
YEAR PLANS....SHE HAD TO USE A
STEP-LADDER BECAUSE
HER REAL ONE DIED
....MENSA, THE SOC-
IETY FOR THE PAIN-
FULLY CLEVER....PARTS
OF HIS HEAD ARE MOVING BACKWARDS
....I WAS A BNF FOR THE N3F....
FIRE IS JUST FAST RUST....HEY, RE-
MEMBER THE RAYGUN SEQUENCE IN MY
NEXT BOOK?....THE NEW WAVE OF FANS
IS BORING FROM WITHIN....HE'S SO
INSIGNIFICANT I WOULDN'T KNOW HIM
IF HE RAN UP AND BIT ME ON THE
ACHILLES TENDON.....bill
rotsler 2, george clayton johnson,
dick ellington, greg benford 4,
lance lawson3,ray fisher, sid cole-
man, felice rolfe, john d berry 3,
ted white, basil boothroyd, ben
solon, anon 6



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7th CLASS MAIL



if you see an "X" here, it's
time to write us again