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EGOSCAN is written and published by Ted White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St.,  
Falls Church, VA 22046, and is available for The Usual, or  
#11 by some strange editorial whim, but is not to be had for any  
amount of money. QWERTYUICPress, May 27, 1985. Member, fwa  
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TWO LATE  
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WELL, YES, This "mailing" is a trifle late; #10, which this issue accom-  
panies, was run off four months ago, and has sat around here  
for about that long, unmailed. The only copies to be distributed were  
those which Phil Palmer took back with him to British fans after his stay  
here, post-Corflu. Mea culpa, and what else can I say? This issue is in  
large part designed to a) force me to mail out #10, and b) explain the  
long wait.

The simple explanation is that I've had lots of other things to do.  
(That's always the simple explanation....) But it's more complex than  
that. While I feel myself no less a fan than ever, I have felt a growing  
distance between me and certain segments of what calls itself fandom. In-  
deed, I have felt a growing contempt for those segments of fandom, a con-  
tempt which so sours me that when I think about fanac in terms of any in-  
teraction with those segments of fandom, I immediately think of something  
else I'd rather do.

It amazes me that some notable fans are so morally deaf and blind that  
they can countenance an unconscionable attack on Avedon Carol as "necessary  
to get the mule's attention" (!), but will take incredible offense when  
someone expresses normal moral outrage over such behavior. I am amazed  
at the inability of these fans to read and comprehend simple English, and  
their eagerness to read "threats" into virtually every commonplace remark,  
and especially so in the case of someone asking them to keep their promises.

These people pollute fandom, and I really can't see the point of any in-  
volvement with them. To the extent that their activities dominate fandom,  
I want nothing to do with fandom. I would no more seek out their company  
-- in person or on paper -- than I would seek out the company of other  
bigots like the KKK or neo-Nazis.

This presented me with a moral problem when it came time to mail out  
EGOSCAN #10: should I keep these people on my mailing list?

I come from the old (and discredited) school of fandom in which you  
send your fanzine to the people you're arguing or feuding with. I suppose  
this ethical rule evolved when fandom was too small to do otherwise with-  
out looking like a jerk, but it always struck me as a rule which made a  
lot of sense. As various fans of my acquaintance began purging their mail-  
ing lists this year, I held onto the ethical rule and kept the names of the  
Fannish Unghodly on my mailing list (even though some of them claim they  
don't read any mail from me, it's amazing how often they refer to it for  
out-of-context quotes...). But perhaps the presense of certain mailing-  
labels on copies of EGOSCAN #10 is the reason for my reluctance to mail  
the issue out; I dunno.

What I do know is that some of them dropped me first -- I received only  
the first ETTIE, for instance, and Dave Locke didn't think it necessary  
to send me a copy of his new zine, the one with the pretty cover and more  
of his self-serving bullshit on Topic T... although it's the first fanzine  
he's published in the five years he's gotten everything I've put out -- so  
they've simplified my problem. After this issue, assholes like Locke and  
Causgrove are permanently Off My List.

But the question of a "next issue" of EGOSCAN is problematical, for several reasons. The Joy of Fanac is obviously lacking right now, and that alone might explain the long gaps between issues and the tone which unfortunately imbues too much of each. But there is More....

One factor is that I have been discussing with Rob Hansen the idea of publishing an International Fanzine -- one which would involve us alternating as editors and acting as co-publishers. It's a good idea, and if we can get it off the ground at all, it would take precedence over this rag. Since I find my sympathies increasingly with British fandom and I am so out of sympathy with the cretins mucking up American fandom, this certainly appeals to me.

But an even larger factor is that I have Come Out Of Retirement in the skiffy field.

It started modestly at Corflu this February -- the last place I'd expect to find myself reinvolved with proac -- when Terry Carr suggested I ought to write some skiffy, and added certain encouragements. But it began snowballing a month or less later when a Washington, D.C. publisher asked me to edit a new magazine. I declined the offer of a new editorship (what, read manuscripts again?), but accepted the post of Editorial Director and recommended Dave Bischoff for editor.

Right now Dave and I are putting together a brand new kind of prozine. Our first issue will be out in August, and we're pretty busy with it right now. It has me excited, because this time I am creating a conception -- both in terms of content and packaging -- which is brand new and unique, rather than picking up the pieces of an existing conception. Our magazine will be glossy, OMNI-sized (albeit less pages and less ads to begin with), and well-budgetted (we're paying 10¢ a word for sf), and will be bimonthly to begin with (and, we hope, monthly by next year).

In addition, we are putting together the foundation for a much larger publishing enterprise, one which promises to yeild a large variety of magazines. To be able to do this in Washington -- rather than New York -- is exciting in its own right; my office is only a brief Metro (subway) ride away.

And of course there's still my music. I've been jamming with a wider variety of musicians, improving my keyboard skills, and Barbara & The Bohemians has not only evolved musically, it's developed a band-within-the-band, Dream Control. We're behind schedule on our recording plans, largely because the equipment we wanted turned out to be unavailable until this month. Now that we can record digitally, we hope to start pressing albums soon. (I'd love to do Compact Discs, but they are not only expensive, compared with lps, the CD manufacturing plants are backordered due to increasing major-label demand, and small custom orders aren't being accepted now.)

It's almost anticlimactic to follow all of the above activities with the mention that yardwork also takes up a lot of my time, but it's true. In the last year I have begun the extensive re-landscaping of my surrounding property. This started with the reorganization of my gardens, and reseeding of my lawns, and this year has involved taking down a lot of trees (of the trash-varieties, like Mulberries) and planting in their place more ornamental trees (Japanese Cut-Leaf Maples). Much use of the chainsaw. I find the work goes quickly when I imagine the tree I am cutting is really the neck of one of those assholes who call themselves fans.

So that's the Complex Explanation.

CONSPIRACIES: Out of little acorns mighty oaks may grow (but don't tell "Pro-Lifers" that; they know that from the moment an oak catkin-flower is pollinated it is an oak, and you can forget the acorn stage

entirely) -- and out of tiny pieces of evidence an expert can construct an entire ediface of logic.

From a chance remark, a carelessly repeated joke perhaps, the expert can construct the most damning conspiracy. From a typo, the expert can infer an entire mindset.

Last issue I misspelled "pollution" and "Jackie Causgrove." "Polution" was a typo. "Cosgrove" was not.

THE 1985 PONG POLL: Is dated with a June 1st deadline. Ignore that. The deadline for the return of Ballots is now July 15th. I mean, why should you be messed up by my bad habits? You still have time. Get those Ballots in.

NCT CON REPORTS: I did last issue just before Corflu; since then I've been to Lunacon and Balticon and this coming weekend (as I write this) will be Disclave.

Corflu was great fun. I rode up to Napa from the Bay Area with Terry Carr and Dick Ellington, and that set the tone for the weekend: time-binding and good company. It was great to see Victor again (I met Victor at LACon and we fell almost immediately into the sort of comfortable friendship which has always characterized the part of fandom I enjoy), but I probably most enjoyed the company of Robert "Bob" Lichtman. That's rather odd, on the face of it, for Bob and I used to get on each other's nerves back in The Old Days, whenever that was, the sixties I suppose, although we were part of the same fannish crowd. Whatever it was about Bob that once irritated me (immaturity, I guess) is long gone and today he fulfills a unique function in any small group.

It's hard to explain what I mean except by example. So, by way of example, I'll refer back to the New York Fanoclasts of the sixties (the Old Days again), a hotshot group of up-and-coming fans and new pros, each and every one of us full of ego and energy. In that group Mike McInerney had as much energy as any of us (it was he who said, "Having a Fanoclast meeting every other week isn't enough -- let's form a club to meet on the alternate weeks!" and started FISTFA in his apartment), and probably as much ego, but he was quieter. In the course of five years or so we came to realize that Mike brought a certain spirit or mood to any group he was in: he was the cement that made the group cohere. When we packed half a dozen of us into my van for a cross-country trip from New York to California and the Westercon (by way of the Midwestcon), tensions could mount proportionately to the sleep that was lost while we drove non-stop, but it was Mike who could defuse a situation with a quietly droll remark. Indeed, it was Mike who could tell Arnie Katz to shut up with exactly those words -- "Shut up, Arnie" -- without, somehow, sounding offensive or goading Arnie into a retort. It had to do with the tone of his voice, which reflected an "inner tone," if you will. Mike was the one who kept us from killing each other (or at least from killing Arnie) on that trip. By the time Mike left New York City for San Francisco, we knew who, and what, we were losing, and after he was gone we missed both Mike and his contribution to our scene.

Bob Lichtman provides something of the same "tone" to a gathering, and I think that, again, it's tied somehow to the tone of his voice. Whatever, Bob's presense at both LACon and Corflu did much to make those cons enjoyable for me.

Which is not to say that Corflu wasn't a great con anyway. The effortless blend of new fans and old farts made this a con like the cons I used to go to twenty and thirty years ago. The size (around 100 fans) brought us all together as one. I hope many of you who have been at both west coast Conflust will be at next year's (here in Northern Virginia, at the

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Westpark Hotel in Tysons Corner, convenient to Dulles Airport, over Valentine's Day weekend...), and at the one to follow, in Cincinnati. (It was great to meet Phil Palmer at this year's Corflu, too -- although I don't feel I got to know him very well until his stay here, afterwards -- and I hope to see more of you Brits here next year.)

Lunacon was a different kettle of fish. I didn't think it was possible, after last year's, for Lunacon to find a worse location, but it did. I drove up again, listening to Compact Discs in my car, and I experienced a weird sense of deja-huh? as I drove through my old Brooklyn neighborhood (on the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway) for the first time in fifteen or so years. So grotty. How did I ever live in such squalid circumstances? How do most New Yorkers? One's standards and expectations plummet in New York City. The roads -- especially including the expressways, all built to sub-standard specifications thirty and forty years ago by Robert Moses -- are the worst-maintained in the East, and at nine o'clock at night still clogged with "rush-hour" traffic. The old traffic patterns rose from the basement of my memory; I coped with lane-choices I'd made twenty years ago.

But eventually I was in Queens and close to LaGuardia Airport. The LaGuardia Sheraton was the sleaziest hotel I've ever been in that bore a reputable name; I'm amazed Sheraton allows their name to be used there. But that hotel was a palace compared with the one down the street, the Travelers' Hotel. That was a "hot bed" hotel, where the rooms are more often rented by the hour, and two hookers were positioned by the front door to greet me on my arrival. Yes, I was booked once again into the overflow hotel.

I could tell you stories about that hotel -- it's two storeys high but has the slowest elevator (just one) in the world, and no stairs; its corridors sloped steeply; the room was stiflingly hot and the air-conditioner didn't work, but when I opened the windows I had expressway and airport noise to cope with -- but why bother? Lunacon was most notable to me for its asshole Fan Guest of Honor (I have now met Curtis Clemmer and I am Not Impressed) and its Chairperson who said she got into coediting a fanzine because she thought it would upset Moshe Feder (she used a more colorful phrase that dealt with Moshe's balls), both of whom revealed themselves in all their low-rent glory on a panel I found myself on. A disgusting spectacle. Redeeming Lunacon for me was John Jarrold, whom I met there and whose company I enjoyed considerably.

If Lunacon was a contrast with Corflu, Balticon -- back at its old haunt, the Hunt Valley Inn -- was even more so. Linda Bushyager pointed out -- at the one panel on which I found myself, at nine in the evening -- that Balticon now has the reputation of being a media-con. Somehow I'd failed to notice that -- although it's self-evident -- probably because I still remember the early Balticons at the Lord Baltimore. But it was borne forcefully home to me at that panel, when a Trekkie began prating on about how "Two thousand fans" -- all in costumes -- "took over" some midwestern airport after a Trekcon. "You give 'fans' a bad name," I told her. She roundly cursed me and stalked out, taking her entire group with her. Whew!

"You can't tell us who a 'fan' is," a male media-fan who remained said. "Anybody who wants to be a fan can be a fan. You can be a fan of anything!"

In principle I agree. In fact, it's clear that "fan" is a word which we've lost control over. That is, when that Trekkie spoke of being "a fan," and of "two thousand fans," she did not mean "fan" as I and most of us use the word, to mean us, sf fans, fandom. Her "fandom" is not our "fandom;" we are using the same words to describe different things.

In "our" fandom, we always differentiated between "fans" and "readers" of sf; "fans" were the readers who went beyond passive enjoyment of sf and became actively involved in what we once called (for want of a better term)

"organized fandom." "Fan" was synonymous with "active fan," sometimes written as "actifan." But in modern multi-fandom, "fans" is synonymous with "readers"/"viewers." It may imply a greater obsession than that of the average mundane movie-goer, but it simply means you like whatever it is you're a "fan" of. Thus, the mundane definition of "fan" -- as in "movie fan," and Hollywood "fan" magazines -- has invaded and supplanted our own definition of ourselves. And people who have little or no conception of "fandom" except for conventions where they hang out with each other are telling us that we have no right to think of ourselves in terms that differ from theirs.

\*Sigh\*....

AUTOMATIC BUG: Recently I bought a new car. Well, new for me: a 1971 VW Bug. This is my fourth (and probably last) VW Bug. I started out with a 1961 model, and I still have a 1967 and a 1970 as well. I've been driving VWs since 1971, so this "new" VW marks a sort of full circle.

I bought the car from Doug and Naomi Fratz; it was Naomi's before they married and it's been a second car that apparently sat most of the time in their garage. In the past four years they put only 6,000 miles on it. So it's a cream-puff, remarkably clean and "new" for a car fourteen years old. And that's why I bought it: you can replace the engine in a VW time after time, but when the body rusts out, the car is finished. That happened to my '67; I keep it for parts (it has a one-year-old engine in it). It will happen to my '70; the signs are there.

But when Doug first described the car to me, I was dubious. "It's got one of those 'automatic stick-shifts'," he said.

I've owned, and driven, all sorts of cars, from Fords to Jaguars. Most had manual ("stick-shift") transmissions -- 3-speed, 4-speed, or 5-speed. Some of the trucks I've driven had more speeds and even several ranges. But the cars with automatic transmissions had standard, U.S. automatics: descendants of Hydramatic. (One exception was a Buick I once owned; it had Dynaflo -- "Dynasludge" as we called it -- which is simply a set of torque-converters. It was very smooth -- no shift-points at all -- but completely lacking in acceleration. It also achieved about five miles to each gallon of gas, and even when gas cost 29¢ a gallon, that would eat up money....)

Test-driving Doug's VW was hard on my nerves until it dawned on me that I couldn't keep my hand on the shift-lever at all -- because as soon as you touch what looks like an ordinary stick-shift lever, the clutch is electrically disengaged. There I was, trying to get the thing "in gear," and the engine was revving while the car remained stationary. In traffic this can be hair-raising.

Basically, VW's "automatic stick-shift" is a three-speed transmission which must be manually shifted, coupled to a torque-converter. There is no clutch pedal. You can start in any gear, but if you use the top gear it pulls away from a stop in a fashion startlingly like that of my old Buick.

I like the absence of a clutch pedal. I get caught fairly often in start-and-stop traffic, and I appreciate the fact that in this car I don't get worn out pumping away with my left foot and ceaselessly shifting between first and second. And I appreciate the fact that the car lacks specific shift-points. The shift-point between 3rd and 4th in a normal VW Bug is between 35 and 40 mph; local streets around here are usually posted at 35 mph, and that used to annoy me, since it caused much back-and-forth shifting whenever the street hit an up- or down-grade (I almost always opted for 4th and speeding ten mph over the limit). Now that's no longer a problem.

So I'm no longer dubious about the pseudo-automatic transmission. It's made driving a VW a brand-new experience.

I SAY GOODBYE -- YOU SAY HELLO: Rich brown is no longer living upstairs in my Green Room (which is now once more the guest room); he's taken over part of the third floor at the Steffan house in D.C. So rich brown's address is now: 1808 Lamont St., N.W., Washington D.C. 20010.

And as of this weekend, Avedon Carol will no longer be a local resident; immediately following Disclave she moves to England and a new life as Mrs. Hansen. (I'll be going over in June for the wedding.)

Avedon and I have had our differences over the years; at times she's pissed me off (as I have her). But, having known her for about ten years now, I accept her, as I accept most of my friends, as an imperfect human being with many qualities I value.

When the most recent issue of HTT arrived, Avedon called me up to apologize for the things Dave Locke had quoted her saying about me. The quotes, which took up a page or more in HTT and were published solely to denigrate me and libel me in their context-shorn form, were extracted from letters written last summer to Eric Mayer. Locke quotes Mayer (without naming him) saying, "in all the time I've been in fandom she's never before sent me more than a two paragraph note," as though Avedon wrote him the letter(s) quoted more or less out of the blue. This was not true, and as nearly as I can tell Eric forwarded Avedon's letters to Locke and Locke quoted from them (without permission) solely in an effort to do a little dirt: to libel me and make trouble between Avedon and me. Certainly there was no relevance to the previous discussions in HTT's pages.

Oddly enough, all the strife and aggravation of the past year has made us closer friends. Avedon has also been a good friend to my daughter. So I had no problem at all accepting her apology for having unguardedly said things to Eric Mayer at a time when she still entertained the illusion that he was a decent human being. People say things to other people in ways they think will communicate most effectively; Avedon thought that if she was critical of me to Eric she'd prove to him she wasn't under the sway of the Evil Ted White Group Mind. She wasted her time.

This week she came over to run off VERGE, her "COA zine," and we spent the afternoon colating it. Tonight she'll be over to help me colate this zine -- the last time we'll do this together.

Goodbye, Avedon. You'll be missed here. Be sure you and Rob make it back for Corflu....

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BETTER THAN NEVER  
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EGOSCAN #11  
New Decade Productions Inc  
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## THE 1985 PONG POLL

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Well, here it is, 1985 at last, and now that we've lived through it, let's look back over the Orwellian Year of 1984. Yes, it's PONG Poll time again! As always, this Poll deals exclusively with the events and the event-makers of fanzine fandom. That means that if you don't think you know all that much about fanzine fandom, please do us the favor of ignoring this ghoddamned elitist Poll!

The deadline for the return of Ballots is June 1st (1985), and we hope we have your Ballot by then. As always, the results will be published in a special PONG Poll oneshot and distributed to everyone who returns a signed, addressed Ballot.

**The Ground Rules:** We will not count any Ballots on which the voter has failed to identify him/herself. Your specific choices will be kept strictly confidential, but a list of everyone who voted will be published with the results. We accept the votes of only one person per Ballot -- if there are other fans in your household or social group who want to vote, you may xerox or otherwise duplicate this year's Ballot; we'll accept facsimile Ballots as long as each one is signed. There are no restrictions on whom you may vote for, as long as that person was legitimately active in the category in question as a fanzine fan; if you feel yourself deserving in any category you may vote for yourself. "Joke" votes, for mundane political leaders or the like, will not be counted. And, please, vote for only one person (or collaborative team, if appropriate) in each category. A vote for two separate people (if you couldn't make up your mind between them) will be counted as half-votes for each, devaluing your vote.

### THE BALLOT ITSELF

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**FANWRITER OF THE YEAR** (based on the material you have read in 1984's fanzines, select the fan whom you feel to be the author of the best fanwriting you have read -- quantity is not the criterion; quality is -- and please do not consider reprints from an earlier year):

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**FANARTIST OF THE YEAR** (based on the art you have seen in 1984's fanzines, select the fan whom you feel to be the creator of the best art -- serious or humorous -- you have seen; again, quality means more than quantity, and convention-artshow art does not count):

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**FANEDITOR OF THE YEAR** (based on the fanzines published in 1984, select the fan or editorial team of fans whom you regard as the best editors; consider actual editorial skills like selecting, sequencing, and editorial presense):

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**LETTERHACK OF THE YEAR** (based on the letters of comment published in fanzines during 1984, select the fan whose letters pleased you the most; both quality and quantity may be considered):

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BEST NEW FAN OF THE YEAR (based on the fan who, in your opinion, produced material that -- while not necessarily outranking that of better-established fans -- showed the most promise and first came to your notice in 1984, leading you to regard that fan as the best new fan of the year):

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BEST SINGLE PUBLICATION OF THE YEAR (based on the fanzines, both regular issues and oneshots or anthologies, published in 1984, select one specific title and, if it's a regular fanzine, the specific issue number -- regular titles without issue-number identification won't be counted -- and if you feel your choice may be obscure and perhaps unknown to us, please add the editor's name in the parenthesis):

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FUGGHEAD OF THE YEAR (based on material you've read in 1984's fanzines, select the fan whose activities in fanzine fandom struck you as the most fuggheaded -- and since this year offered a rich field of candidates, please do not use this category to pick on local fans whose fuggheadedness lies outside the purview of fanzines, or to condemn a convention chairperson, or to comment on the recent Presidential election):

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THE #1 FAN FACE OF THE YEAR will be selected by tabulating all of the votes from the above categories: Each vote for the Fanwriter, Fanartist, Faneditor, and Best New Fan categories will count as single votes in this category, except that each member of a collaborative team will receive separate full votes here. Each vote received in the Letterhack and Best Single Publication categories will be counted as a half-vote here. And each vote received in the Fugghead category will count as a negative vote (subtracting one vote) here.

Please return this Ballot to the address below so that it arrives no later than June 1, 1985. We will publish the results soon thereafter.

--Dan Steffan & Ted White

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place  
stamp  
here

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THE PONG POLL  
1014 N. Tuckahoe St.  
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