

[illegible]

MAVERICK

When I got back from California, I almost immediately found myself the coeditor of two fanzines. I've already detailed why I am not coeditor of QUIP after all, but the second was this, EGOBOO, which is giving both Ted White and I frequent opportunities to don the cloak of the fanned. QUIP is coming out fairly regularly again; Arnie should have #9 stencilled within a few days...about as soon as I get him those illos for the Midwestcon report, actually. Then there is VOID 29. Even Robin White is talking about writing more for fanzines, and she's angling for the Best Fan Writer Hugo one of these years.... Ted and Arnie were intrigued by the fact that both of them were my coeditors--for awhile, there--so they are planning a fannish project between

them, and Arnie has several projects in mind with QUIP alone. Those of us making up the EGOBOO Fan Gestalt (and related services) seem to be a virtual hotbed of fannish activity. (We were offered the crown of Secret Masters of Fandom, but we refused...thrice.) You'd never guess that EGOBOO was minimum-effort fanac, would you?

A Fanoclast meeting these days fills with a good fifteen/twenty people, average. Rich Brown came a few weeks ago bearing two copies of his finished Fannish Novel, the one that was going to appear in QUIP 10, these couple of years ago. Mike McInerney is going to publish a fanzine, says he at the Midwestcon, and at the next F'clasts he is bug-ging me for the cartoons I forgot to give him for it. (I shouldn't promise people things like that--and when they get me to draw them, they shouldn't wander off before I get a chance to give them to them.) Andy Porter showed up last week with letters he had gotten on ALGOL, and he's preparing another issue now.

A while back (in March, to be exact), Arnie and I went over to Ted's apartment and Ted handed us each a long article for our fanzines--they had both been written the night before. Ted and I both write columns for PSYCHOTIC; Arnie and Ted both write columns for ARIOCH! Ted writes a column for YANDRO. Half of the Fanoclasts produce apazines. (We play miniature golf, too.)

What's that you say, bwana? A New York fan renaissance? Yes, I guess you might say that.

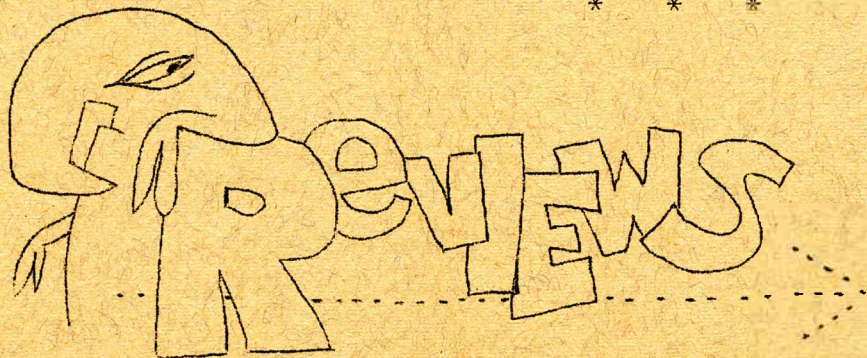
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AN INTERRUPTION FOR two brief policy statements:

Policy Statement #1: In addition to what it says in the colophon back there on the first page, you can get EGOBOO for one 4-hole, legal-length stencil per issue. Production supplies are always welcome.

Policy Statement #2: Because of postage costs and the sheer drudgery of collating, folding, addressing, and stapling copies of EGOBOO, I am going to be cutting people off the mailing list if they are chronic non-responders. If you plan to freeload, you had better be a damn good friend of one of us. The best way to get EGOBOO, of course, is to send us some ego~~boo~~ in return.

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THERE'S NOTHING LIKE starting a heading at the bottom of the page, is there?

ARIOCH! (3; June, 1968; irregular; contrib, loc, trade, old fnz, or 2/75¢; ninco; Doug Lovenstein, 425 Coolville Ridge, Athens, Ohio 45701; 70

pp.) Ariocho! is especially pleasing to me for its fine appearance; the artwork is mostly Doug's own fine stuff plus George Foster and Jack Gaughan, all electrostencilled. Doug's sense of layout is strong, and

he makes his fanzine much more of a visual package than most new fanzines. With its large size and irregular schedule, this issue reminds me forcibly of other examples of a particular genre of fanzine that Ariocho! seems to be approaching: large, three- or four-monthly fnz with a wide run of material and edited by a competent editor who never becomes a Legend or a leading light, but who can be counted upon to produce a good zine. Examples that come immediately to mind are Joe Pilati's ENCLAVE and Ben Solon's NYARLATHOTEP. It may be too early to classify Ariocho!, however, since Doug said at the Midwestcon that he planned to publish smaller issues in the future, with less dross, and not carry through his threat to publish a 100-page annish. :: The most interesting items were Ted White's "Uffish Thots," where he pointed out among other things that now that a truly monumental science fiction film has been produced (2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY), it is not being called science fiction, and Jack Gaughan's article letter talking about art in general and his own art in particular, in which more of his personality emerges than in any other single thing I've read by him. One thing, though: Doug, I wish you would learn not to interrupt your columnists. Even when the column started out as letters. A reprint of one of Walt Willis's "Harp"'s from an old WARHOON is also very fine, and Arnie Katz and Roy Tackett provide minor entertainment. The worst piece in the issue, some reviews of fanzines "from the first quarter of 2323," by W. G. Bliss, might have seemed at home in a lesser fanzine such as GENOOK or FAUN, but in Ariocho! it is only a black eye. There are a couple of nice touches when Bliss considers fnz from alien minds produced by non-printing methods, but the whole concept was clumsy and mediocre to begin with. I fear that old W. G. lacks a sense of proportion and style. :: One final note, Doug: your one and only lettering guide is not very attractive. It reminds me of the one and only lettering guide I use in FOOL, and that spurs me to get some better ones. Fast.

GRIMWAB (5; April, 1968; irregular; trade, loc, contrib; nineo; Harry Bell, 28 South Hill Road, Benshan, Gateshead, Co. Durham NE8 2XR, ENGLAND; 40 pp.) This may well be the last issue of GRIMWAB, says Harry in his editorial; lack of time and the usual reasons are given. But the fanzine bug is still chewing on Harry's epidermis, and I expect we'll see some sort of fanzine from him before long. I'm sorry to see Grinwab fold; it isn't a ghodawful great fanzine, but it is entertaining and the only faeanish zine being published by a young fan in Great Britain. (Actually two: Beryl Mercer is co-editor.) Harry's cartoons fill the fanzine, lending it a very personal air. His cartooning style used to be little more than a fairly good imitation of Aton, but it seems to have developed a distinctive flair. I wish he would take a page from Aton's book, however, and use more thick lines in his drawings; they are all hand-stencilled, and competently done, but they could perhaps use a bit more boldness. I notice that despite the distinctive cartoons, Grinwab looks precisely like a British fanzine in all the other particulars. It has white nineograph paper (never rag-content, such as Egofoo), yellowish covers, elite typewriter, and not a great number of pages. Why do so many British fnz fit this description? The cover of a recent BADINAGE was the first time I had ever seen ditto on an English zine, and I've never seen pica type. And how many British fanzines have you seen lately printed on multi-color paper? *sigh* Grinwab was the best of the lot, too. :: I hope that if further issues do not appear, Beryl Mercer will move her column to Badinage or someplace; it is easily the best non-reprint in the issue. Her long ramblings lend a great deal of personality to the zine, something which is missing in Harry's terse

editorial. The other items of most interest were a reprinted John Berry story about how he officiated at a Science Quiz for the Boy Scouts and told them about *Science Fiction* (first appeared in OOPS-LA 25, July 1958), and an amusing account of UFO-watching by Chris Priest, which was considerably better than the similar account I read recently in another British fanzine. Fugghed honors go to a mercifully short article on "The Art of Fandom" by one Ken McIntyre, who begins with: "I've done work at the request of such well-known names as Tony Thorne, Alan Hunter, Eric Benteliffe, Eric Jones, Alan Burns, Terry Jeeves,...." and goes on to list a total of 27 names, "...and many others...." The rest of the article deals with boring topics in a deadly dull manner; I rather wish Harry had included some of McIntyre's artwork so that we could see if he has any redeeming qualities --such as being able to draw. I don't recall seeing the name before in any fanzines, in spite of his imposing row of names. :: The lettercolumn is rather dead, but what can you expect when the editor hasn't published in a year? Grinwab has never been a highly commentable fanzine anyway, but at least it is an entertaining one. I hope there will be more.

BAYCON PROGRESS REPORT (3; June, 1968; last of three; available to members of the Baycon; offset; BAYCON, P.O. Box 261 Fairmont Sta., El Cerrito, Calif. 94530; 32 pp.) The Baycon Committee made the wise decision to offset this PR, after Donaho's rush job on the last on #2 turned out one of the worst pieces of multi-color mimeography I've ever seen. This PR is neat and reasonably attractive, with Bode front and back covers and a handful of Rotsler cartoons inside (unfortunately they are somewhat inferior Rotsler). The text gives detailed descriptions of the activities coming up and of the Baycon's rules on the Art Show, auctions, and the Business Meeting. The Hugo nominations show that Baycon, too, is not tied to strict rules: they have added an entire category, the Novella, so that the Hugos may parallel the Nebulas, and they have listed more than five nominees in three categories. This doesn't bother me in the least, and I hope this will successfully set a standard of flexibility for future worldcons. I do wish, however, that the Baycon had not admonished Hugo voters to fill in all categories and had issued the same plea for responsible voting that the NyCon III did--that is, don't vote where you don't feel qualified. I, for instance, am one of those backwards people who generally votes in the fan categories only, because I haven't read most of the professional nominees. :: The ads from 1969 bidders bother me. St. Louis has only two cartoonish one-pagers, while Columbus has a four-page flyer that accompanied the PR, with a "talk" format. Columbus's ad says very little of any interest whatsoever, but it seems to be saying something, and I'm sure many potential voters will think it informative. :: I notice one small ad says that "The Burroughs Bibliophiles will hold their annual Dum-Dum luncheon" at the con. My, my, what an appropriate name!

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JUST ROOM HERE to thank the following fans who have sent or given me their FAPazines lately: Calvin Derron (NEW CAT SAND), Dick Ellington (KIM CHI), Steve Stiles (OMAHA), my co-editor Ted White (NULL-F), Gregg Calkins (THE RAMBLING FAP), Bob Lenan (THE VINEGAR WORM), Boyd Raeburn (LE MOINDRE), Greg Benford (DOORWAY), Dick Bergeron (SERENADE), and anybody I may not remember offhand. They are appreciated.

-- John D. Berry

FANZINES THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT: Somebody named M. G.

Zaharakis sent me the tenth issue of his IN-SOMNIAC, a single-sheet legalength fanzine of sorts. The reason he sent it to me is that he uses its first page to totally misinterpret my column in PSY 25, to accuse me of "Dragging muck, personalities, and other useful schelek into the matter." /sic, and then some./ This, he tells me, "is wrong. You are using emotion to try to sway me." Whereupon, he announces that he, his wife, his "club" (in Minot, North Dakota? He has to be kidding!) and maybe even his dog are all switching their votes to Columbus. I was prepared to become disturbed over this. I was thinking to myself, "Mighod, White, you've hurt the St. Louis Cause!" But then I read the second side of the sheet. Mr. Zaharakis tells us he's been preaching LSD to his Sunday School class, decides Christianity is dying, and opines that "Man must worship something and it seems to me that Science is the logical thing." In a separate topic, he offers a "response to some queries about Vector." Vector, he tells us, "is a system...based on cells of 4-6 people (a Vect-omite) and these cells meet once weekly over coffee or an apa," and that "The cells get together to form a regional or area club which is a Vector. This club holds large formal meetings on the area level." You may be surprised to hear that "The theory behind the combination of cells and a large group is to give both a sense of identity to the individual and accomplish the things which a big club does best." (Long business meetings?)

Where have we heard these ideas before? (Stop chuckling, Tucker!)

IT'S EIGHTH FANDOM TIME (MAYBE): You're all familiar with the White Theory of Fandoms, right? (I went into it in SFFY only a year or two ago: Speer and Silverberg updated; 6th Fandom died in the mid-fifties, 7th Fandom 1958-62, interregnum since.) Right. But if 7th Fandom (true seventh, Grandfather Bob) died in 1962, what's been going on for the past six years? you ask. (I like the neatness of assuming 7th Fandom was born around the time of the Solacon and died with the Chicon III.) What about all those apas? What about the new fans who've come onto the scene since 1962? (What about my co-editor?)

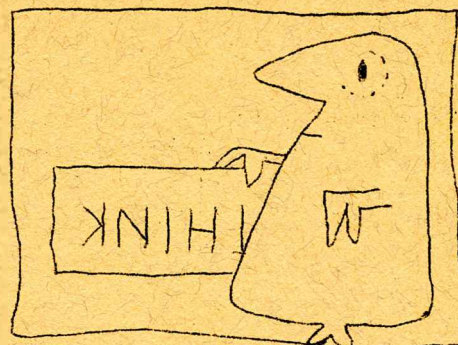
Right. Six years (maybe five) of the most chaotic period fandom has undergone. Split down the middle by the worst feud fandom has known. Apas proliferating right and left. Neos joining apas and never seeing a genzine. No sense of history among newer fans. A total decline in the quality of general fanac. Blech. Awful. Gahh.

And then, for reasons as yet unfathomed, Dick Geis rolled back the stone from the door of his cave, blinked blearily at the sudden daylight, scratched himself once, and tossed out the new PSYCHOTIC upon the land.

And Eighth Fandom was born.

I would not have said so at the time, much as PSY's reappearance delighted me. But I say so now, at the risk of being premature, at the worse risk of starting off the sort of landslide Silverbob inspired in (phony) 7th Fandom in 1953. Because in the six or nine months since PSY's rebirth, faneds and fanzines have begun popping out of the woodwork like termites run crazy! Suddenly old titles are being revived, from WARHOON to WRR, while young faneds laboring mightily in their at-

TED WHITE:



WHITE TRASH

tics are suddenly inspired to higher goals and better fanzines. CØSIGN, a competent but not terribly exciting Columbus clubzine, has suddenly, under Bob Gaines' return to editorship, blossomed into a vibrant and exciting fanzine. Doug Lovenstein, no older than Joel Nydahl was, has in three issues made ARIØCH! a better fanzine than the first half-dozen VEGAs were. John Ayotte's KALLISH is a fine job of a fiction-fanzine (pfgh!) turned genzine (hooray!). And, in common with the slightly more established zines like ALGOL, QUIP and FOOLSCAP, these new fanzines are a pleasure to look at as well as to read. Most particularly, the advent of promising artists, like Lovenstein and Ayotte, has brought about a return of style to fanzine appearances. I tell you, it's almost enough to make me want to revive VOID!

I'm not going to point to specific faneds and say, "Here's the next BNF of 8th Fandom," or "Here's the Focal Point Fanzine of 8th Fandom". That way lies madness. But I do want to bestow some egoboo of these fans, and on the fans grouped about them who are contributing to their fanzines. It is so refreshing to discover young fans who want to know about fandom's history before 1967, fans who are scouting up copies of THE FANCYCLOPEDIA, THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, or THE HARP STATESIDE. Once more the traditions are being uncovered and rediscovered, and once more fandom is slowly reknitting itself together from the shattered pieces. Groovy.

THE SPORTS PAGE: Some short time ago, I'm told, Los Angeles fandom started going bowling, and pages of fanzines (which mercifully never invaded my presense) were given over to bowling scores. I thought perhaps that in light of this I should tell you all about our newest enthusiasm: miniature golf.

It all started at the Midwestcon (say, I was going to tell you about the Midwestcon, wasn't I?) -- several years ago. Because it seems the Midwestcon motels all all located near Miniature Golf Courses. This year, as in previous years, we took our lives in our hands, crossed Reading Road, and invaded the Putt-Putt course. (In so doing, we unwittingly took the Last Night Midwestcon Party with us, to the consternation, we were later told, of all the other fans running about looking for us and the party.) A three-game ticket cost only \$1.20, and included a six-pack of Pepsis for inducement. You can imagine how many games we played...

Johnny Berry, Arnie Katz, Robin and I played, while Andy Porter kept score for us. According to Andy's arithmetic, I scored a three-game total of 163, Johnny 162 (the cad!), Robin 206, and Arnie 186. Par is 108, so you can see that none of us were that good at it. But somehow it caught in our blood, and the following weekend, in July 4th, Alex Panshin joined Robin and myself in hunting down the miniature golf courses here in New York City.

The first one we found, near Coney Island, was in dreadful repair, and I became quickly disgusted with it, as our scores show: Alex 52, Robin 56, myself 61. Par was 42, it says here.

Then, after driving around more of Sheepshead Bay than I knew existed, I found us a better course. This time the scores read Alex 54, Robin 55, myself 51, with a par of 51. Quite an improvement.

Sunday the 14th, Johnny came over to put together the first EGOBOO and Arnie came over to discuss several projects he and I have going. EGOBOO was done in surprisingly short time, and, after three fast games of Rich Uncle (won by John, Robin and myself in that order) and a brief dinner, we drove again to Sheepshead Bay.

We weren't in nearly such good form, any of us. Arnie 64, Robin 68,

Johnny 59, myself 60. All of us missed a number of easy putts, and once again I lost by one point to my co-editor on this rag.

The game's in our blood, now. We plan to form a group, including Rich Brown (the Fanoclasts' ace golfer) and Alan Shaw, to journey in rotation to the outlying courses in Far Rockaway, Long Island, and Westchester. We plan to select these courses by tossing coins. We will keep you informed as to who wins the tosses.

This has been a section for Bruce Pelz.

ANOTHER BOOK'S DONE GONE....: According to the New York Times, my Spawn of the Death Machine was published by Paperback Library on July 13th, but I found copies on sale the week before. Some people have liked the book; Lee Hoffman has, and Lawrence Bloch, author of the Tanner books for Gold Medal, said it was "a first-rate book from start to finish." However, there are some things wrong with it.

To begin with, Paperback Library, in its infinite wisdom, packaged the book as a sword & sorcery book, which it is not. Jeff Jones was told to put a sword into the protagonist's hand on the cover, but I will assure you that there is not one sword in the whole story. Then too, someone over there at P.L. decided the title would be richer, if clumsier, as The Spawn of the Death Machine, and thus the book has been re-titled, in letters which sprawl all over all the White Space in Jeff's painting. (Next time, make it black, Jeff!)

More serious are the typos inside. In my copy a number of lines printed too faintly to be easily read, but I'm told this is not true of all copies. I hope so. However, the date "1950" on p.154, line four, should be "1850", and the twentieth line on p.168 is a repetition of the thirteenth line on that page. The proper line (found nowhere in the book) is --

"Telepathy, you mean," I said. "They hear each other's

-- which is exactly opposite, by unhappy coincidence, to the line printed (which, unfortunately, does not read like a misplaced line).

I like the book just well enough that these flaws annoy me more than they might otherwise.

FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH: In the August EYE magazine, Stanley Kubrick Tells It Like It Is: "The most talented of all the science fiction writers," Kubrick calls Arthur C. Clarke, after admitting, "I've never been a science fiction buff, though."

The topic of Sex in Space is brought up: "...the astronauts being so well equipped for their voyage in space, sex is the only thing that's missing," EYE observes. Stanley replies: "Well, you obviously aren't going to put a woman on the crew. It's a problem they've never really gone into. What will deep-space missions be like, and how will the crew take care of their sex urges? It's very unlikely that they'll do it by providing a mixed crew."

Maybe Kubrick should read some other sf writers.

MIDWESTCON '68: It took eleven and a half hours of fast driving to get from Philadelphia to Cincinnati; we arrived shortly after midnight. Lee Hoffman had a room reserved, but I'd waited until only a week earlier to phone the North Plaza Motel, and had been told all rooms were gone. Nevertheless, I hoped that, as the year before, a few cancellations would open up. I was correct. The manager carefully scrutinized several arcane lists, and then looked up. "I think we can give you a room, Mr. White," he said, significance hanging heav-

