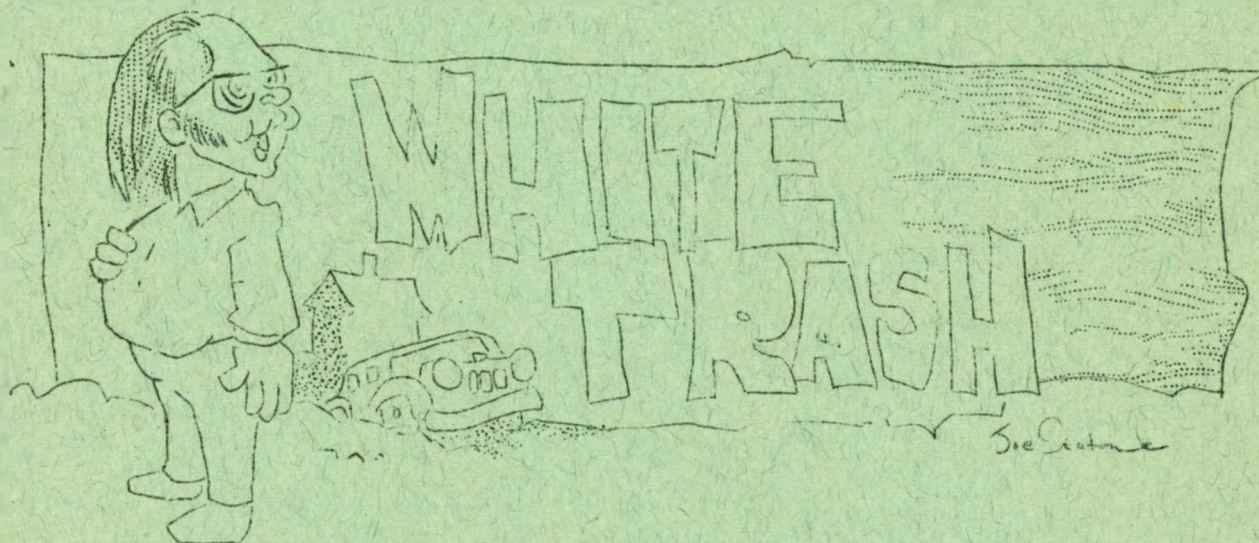


This Special Stopgap Issue of EGOB00 is brought to you by your trusty proprietors of fannishness (otherwise known as The Insidious Cartel of Insurgency), John D. Berry (35 Dusenberry Rd., Bronxville, N.Y., 10708) and Ted White (1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Va., 22046). EGOB00 is available for all the usual reasons, or \$1.00 an issue, if you're that foolish. The above logo is by Bill Kunkel (back from the Shadows again!), and the art is signed. QWERTYUIOPressed on October 15, 1971.



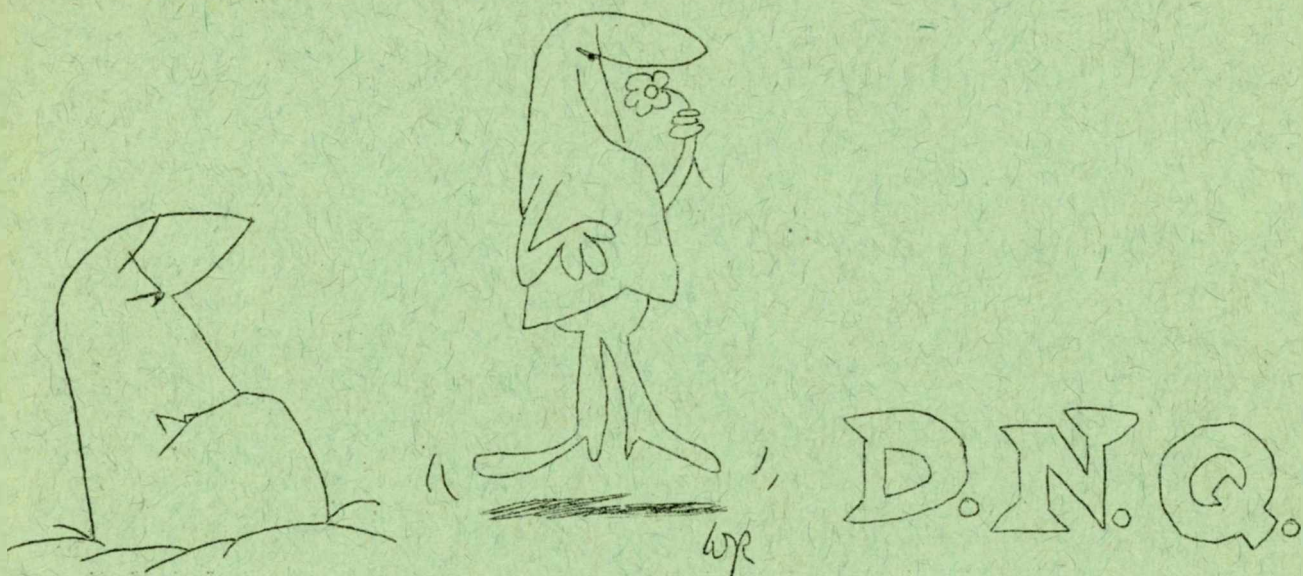
THAT'S ALL THE SPACE WE HAVE, FOLKS!: This is a stopgap issue of EGOB00, sort of an attempt to bring things up to date a little, and we're arbitrarily limiting ourselves to twelve pages, ten of which are already stencilled letters. That doesn't leave me much room, but there are a few things I'd like to get into print here before another year lapses (my, they do whiz by, don't they!) and issue fifteen comes out.

I should mention that the Move portended in the epic-delayed #13 did actually occur and life here in Virginia has much to recommend it. A lot less stressful, for one thing. We've begun infiltrating the local freak community, found the prices much lower than in NYC, and the vibrations better. But then, everyone says that, don't they? Ah, well.

My daughter, born last week in the pages of #13, is now thirteen months old, has been walking since she was ten months, and is cute as a button (blue eyes, long straight blonde hair--oh, she'll cut a swath in fandom before too many more years are gone by...). Better living through chemistry.

There are a lot of people who have quite kindly sent me their fanzines and I'd like to thank them for the courtesy even though I haven't had the opportunity to comment on half of them. Rest assured, I always ~~look for my name~~ read your fanzine thoroughly; please keep them coming.

--Ted White



CREATH THORNE: Overall, I would say that right now EGOBOO is the most enjoyable fanzine that I get. That is, I look forward to reading EGOBOO more than any other fanzine published right now. There are others that I like too: Greg Shaw's METANOIA; Katz & Brown's FOCAL POINT; there are fanzines that I respect for the amount of work that goes into them, such as Geis's SFREVIEW; there are fanzines that I wish would come out more frequently: WARHOON being the most prominent example in my mind -- but among all of these EGOBOO is a Favorite of mine. (Thank you, sir. -jdb)

I particularly like the longer issues that seem to have become the rule. Unless my time sense is off the shorter issues didn't come out any more frequently -- it's just that there's more to EGOBOO now.

I've been sitting here admiring the front and back covers of the last three issues. "Eavesdroppings" is fine; I'd like to see somebody bring back the tradition of ATOM cartoons on front covers, too. (What you really want, Creath, is for somebody to bring HYPHEN back. My own fantasy is to see "-" revived under the editorship of Bob Shaw--what a fine boost to the BoSh Fund that would be! -jdb)

On to the insides: I like your policy of bringing in guest columnists; Cal Demmon's thing really blew my mind -- the man is a genius! Were the Poo illos that went with his column reprints? -- if not, how about telling us in some future issue how you managed to get them. (Andy Main sent them to me. -jdb) Rotsler's column was pretty far out, too.

(Apropos of nothing: it suddenly occurs to me as I sit here free-associating that here is another example of the hippie culture picking up something from the sf/fan culture; Damon Knight used the phrase "far out" over a decade ago for a collection of some of his stories -- long before it became the catch-phrase it is now. And as Hank Luttrell was pointing out to me the other day, we had communes long before anyone else (excepting religious groups) only we called them slan shacks.)

Rotsler sure talks a lot about sex.

Congratulations on reaching the second anniversary of EGOBOO (I'm now reading through issue #12 again). How long

have you been publishing? I ask this question because recently (just last night, in fact) I acco-pressed together all my old fanzines I've published & made a little list to go in the front telling when they were published, how long they were, etc. My first fanzine was SPINA #1 for N'APA 'way back in March of 1964. Over six years ago. Altogether I've published 54 (count 'em) fmz; a little under half of those were small two-pagers for Apa L. Most of my publishing I did in one small period in my junior year in high school. Some (actually, most) of the early stuff is painful to read; but it's interesting because, if nothing else, I can see how much I've changed in a few short years. (I published my first "fanzine," I believe, in early spring of 1961. It was a monsterfilm fanzine, inspired by Forry Ackerman's FAMOUS MONSTERS, and at the time I had only heard of "fanzines," never seen one. I had an adolescent career in monster fandom, but it began to die when I, as an old monster fan and tired at the age of 15, discovered sf fandom by accident. I think that was in early 1966; it might have been earlier. My first two fanzines are not included in the total of "Deimos Publications," but everything of any importance since then is, including some awful crap. -jdb)

Moving on a few pages I see Arnie Katz talking about the good old days of 1964, too. Perhaps someday, if Arnie wdn't be offended, I'll reprint a letter in my files that begins: "My name is Arnold Katz and I would like to welcome you to the N3F...."

I think I might disagree with Arnie when he says that "surprisingly few" of the neo-fans of 1963 & 64 are still around. Most of those people were in TAPS in its first year. Looking at THE TERREAN #8, which is the earliest issue readily at hand (that means I don't want to go upstairs and dig around in my files) I see that while people like Rich Mann, Dwain Kaiser, and Larry Montgomery aren't too active anymore, people like John Kusske and Fred Lerner still publish actively in Apa45 & Lerner is prominent in convention fandom. Tom Gilbert is still on the w/l of FAPA, Len Bailes is heard from occasionally, & Lon Atkins and Barry Gold are both fairly active in LA fandom. (Being active in Los Angeles fandom is not the same as being a fan. Neither, for that matter, is staying on the FAPA waiting list. -jdb) And Joe Staton still draws quite a bit for fanzines.

The quote from Benford goes well with Arnie's remarks on LA fandom of five and six years ago. All I know is what I read in fanzines, but... the impression I've always gotten is that LA went through a golden age in the late fifties and early sixties, but that after that point the extremism and general nuttiness that seems to be endemic to southern California took over. At least, that was the image projected by the fanzines coming out of the area.

Cal Demmon and Bob Shaw next issue. I can hardly wait. It's just like waiting for the Willis issue of WARHOON.

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

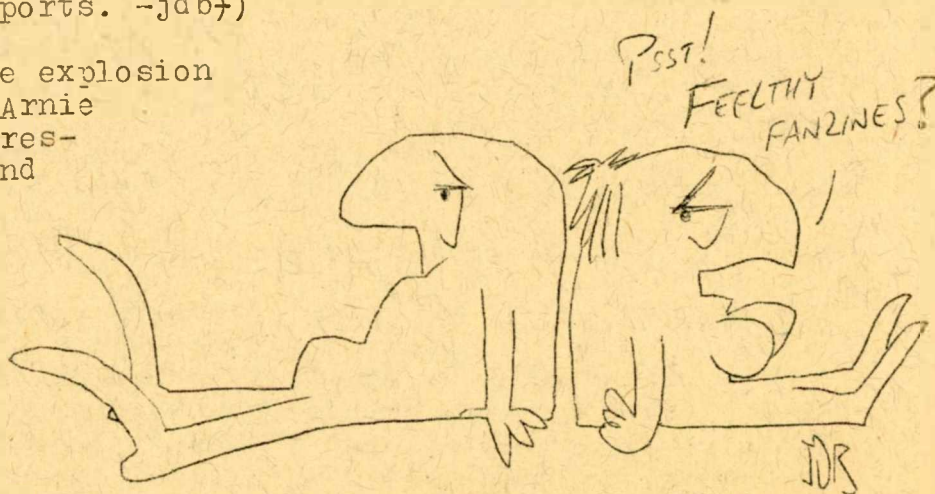
HARRY WARNER, JR.: You shouldn't have published that little travelogue just at a time when I was having violent arguments nightly with myself for failure to get up and go to Europe and Heidelberg this summer. It makes me more angry than ever to have missed all those fine sights. But I haven't been in particularly good health for several months, and on occasional days I've been in particularly bad health. Besides, the house got hit by a thunderbolt during a

summer storm and that put the final quietus on any lingering thoughts about setting a new world's record for obtaining passport and reservations and going at the last minute. Well, there's always next year, I keep telling myself, and undoubtedly I'll say that one last time when the actual truth will be that there is no next year for me.

About this failure of fans to recognize good writing in fanzines: isn't at least part of the problem the scarcity of good writing in fanzines today? I don't blame the fan writers as much as I consider the fanzines to be the real culprits. There are so many fanzines, so many of them are large, that there is a terrible strain on the people who are willing to write for fanzines. They're writing a lot, often the kind of writing they don't do particularly well, just to fill up space at fanzine editors' request. To compound the fracture of the old standards, fandom hasn't produced anybody in many years with the unique ability that some of the old geniuses possessed, to write very well and simultaneously to turn out enormous quantities of that good writing. Burbee, Laney, McCain, Willis, and a dozen others could turn out superb material in the quantities that today's outbreak of fanzines demands. But the talented fan today who writes only two or three excellent articles a year is hardly visible in the stacks and stacks of fanzines and he hardly gets enough praise to encourage him to try to increase that productivity, and so fanzine editors fill up their magazines with the usual one-page reviews of books and one-paragraph reviews of fanzines and fan writer awards go to people who do very little real article-writing for today's fanzines, like Bob Tucker and me.

And the most curious thing of all, I think, in the midst of this insatiable demand for material, is the decline of the conreport as a fannish art. You still read descriptions of cons, but not in the quantity that we once read them and most of the ones that do get published lack some of the energy and sheer zest for fanning that conreports used to exhibit. I don't know quite how to explain this. It occurred to me that so many fans indulge in pot or stronger things during cons that they have difficulty remembering clearly happenings when the time comes to write conreports. But this theory goes against what some dependable people tell me about fannish behavior during cons; there ought to be plenty who don't indulge enough to have hazy memories. (The partial replacement of booze by pot as a convention lubricator only means that mention of it must be censored out of most conreports by the writers (although some don't); I don't think it hurts fannish memory any more than do the tremendous drinking bouts that litter earlier fannish reports. -jdb)

I believe that the fanzine explosion is part of the answer to Arnie Katz' theory about retrogression in fandom. Poetry and fiction are being used out of desperation, from the need to fill up all those empty pages. I don't really mind, in one sense. I'd rather take my chances on a story which may be

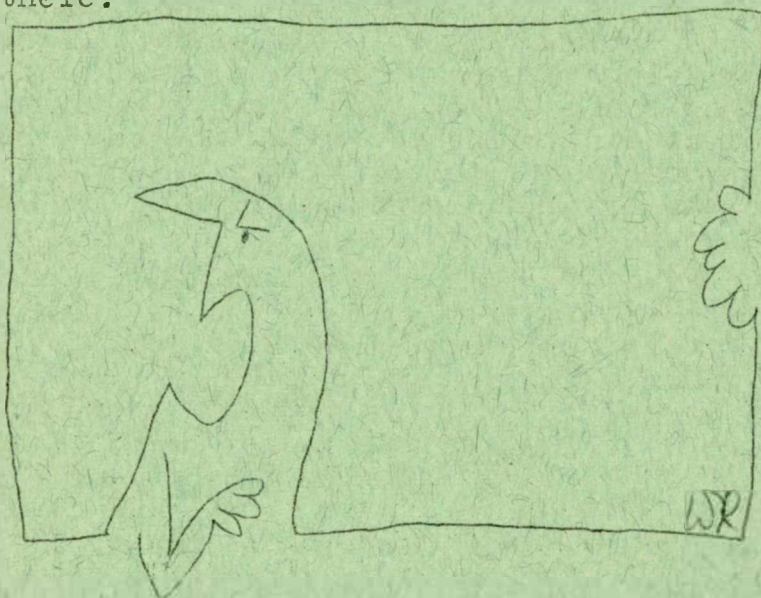


excellent, although it'll probably be awful, than to read six more pages of reviews of books that have already been reviewed in thirty other fanzines in the past month. As for poetry, I don't think I'm in a good position to decide whether most of it's good or bad. I've been going through some kind of critical change of life in the past year, which has left me almost incapable of reacting to poetry and has even diminished somewhat my enjoyment of some kinds of music. I think it is partly, at least, the effects of the national and world situations which leave me unsure whether there really are nice things in the universe like good poetry and music. I hope I snap out of it soon. (-So do I. -jdb)

The news about Fred Chappell and his novels is quite surprising. From the quotation Terry Carr provides, I would judge that he's still writing in much the same manner as Seventh Fandomites are traditionally imagined to have written all the time. It's quite remarkable how many of the young fans who came into prominence in the early 1950's, at about the same time as Chappell, went on to become big fish in ponds somewhere or other.

I believe this is the first extensive prose by George Clayton Johnson that I've read. The noncon report sounds just about as I would have imagined him to write, on the basis of what I've read about his in-person manifestations. I hope this is just the first of thousands of pages of GCJ writings in fanzines everywhere during the next twenty years or so.

I almost got the blind staggers too from being in that tie for second faciest fan with Bill Rotsler. Not, understand, because I got too big-headed from the results of a poll that had a rather small response, but because of the irony of it all. Here am I, a hermit who is known in fandom for the most part because of all these locs, and there is Rotsler, the most gregarious fan imaginable who is a triple-threat fan for publishing, writing, and cartooning, and we both end up in the same place. I'll probably have just about the same emotion when I wake up in hell and discover the identity of some of my associates there.



Ted White's description of the impromptu musicale in Brooklyn made wonderful reading. I don't want to sound like the people who want to keep the poor people in their place, and all that, but there must be a lesson here somewhere, as a demonstration how all sorts of different people can enjoy an evening without an Office of Economic Opportunity grant or a fire-bombing. If it happened that one evening, why can't it happen every evening and at other times during each day? Is there really any

point in the ratrace for everyone from slumdweller to millionaire to boost his income by ten per cent next year, when today's world provides such opportunities as this one for enjoying life?

(423 Summit

Avenue, Hagerstown, Md. 21740)

CORY PANSWIN: I feel brainwashed.

EGOB00 #12 showed up in our mailbox one day last week, just as though we'd done something to deserve it. I read it from Rotslerillo to bacover before breakfast and finished up feeling all warm and friendly and well entertained. But since it was full of good people writing in top form, I wasn't too surprised.

That afternoon we went over to the Q-mart to buy bacon and forget to buy toothpaste and see what new albums are out that we can't afford and so forth, and we saw Frank Lunney at the pizza stand. "Oh, hi," he said. "I can give you a copy of the new BEABOHEMA." Oh Wow, just what we need, I said to myself. The last BEABOHEMA was 46 pages long and I had trouble even skimming most of it. But we took the new issue home, and it was 25 pages long including six full page illos and lots of white space, and I read it from cover to cover and finished up feeling all warm and friendly and well entertained. Even the Perry Chapdelaine article was amusing. That was when I started to wonder.

So I looked back at EGOB00, where Ted was saying, "I calculate the period for saturation with Excess Sf Talk is two years, from first exposure. At this point, the faned starts talking about cutting back from those monster eighty-age issues, and going into more informal, uh, fannish, material..." And I looked at Frank's editorial, declaring that, "A fanzine should be fun to read, and for my sake, it should be fun to publish, rather than a pain in the ass," and that from now on he is going to try to be like NOPE and EGOB00 and FOCAL POINT and METANOIA. At this point the wheels started going around in my head.

The next day SFR arrived, and Damon Knight was fun and Charles Platt was all right, and then I bogged down in the book reviews, and when I struggled out of that I was in the letter column, and I thought I'd never get to the end. By the time I did, I felt I would be perfectly content if I never read another issue of SFR or any of the other, shall we say, Psychoto-mimetic fanzines.

Then came the moment of realization. I suddenly Knew what EGOB00 is all about and why you bother with fan history and a whole bunch more subtly interlocking little insights about the Hugos and all. My head has been turned around, John D. Berry. I am converted, saved, and, I suspect, brainwashed. Hallelujah!

(Open Gate Farm, Star Route, Perkasio, Pennsylvania 18944)

TERRY CARR: Do you know what I did just before going to Europe? Well, see, I've been editing the SFWA Forum for most of three years I guess it is now, and I finally pooped out and said I'd have to quit after the June issue. Naturally, since I was in the process of pooping out, the June issue wasn't ready till August -- and even then I had to rush like crazy the last week to type the last 35 stencils, and the night before we left I dashed over to Ted and Robin's and zipped all the headings and the cover and such onto stencil. Finished just in time. The next day, therefore, I completely forgot to mail off the stencils to Ted Cogswell, who was to run them off. So they sat here for three weeks while we were away, and occasionally in odd parts of Europe I'd remember, and worry and fret. Have you ever sat on the floor in front of Michelangelo's David and worried about the SFWA Forum? Have you ever done it while suspended a thousand feet above the Mont Blanc massif? Have you ever felt nagging guilt about

the SFWA Forum while staring at the stained glass orgy of St. Chapelle?

Boy, it was time I quit publishing that damn thing. I'll bet you've never even worried about that kind of stuff to do with EGODOO, let alone the SFWA Forum. (What was it like? Well, it wasn't precisely psychedelic, but it was mind-bending.)

(←I suppose I should point out here that this is mostly a personal letter rather than a letter of comment, so that all you eidetic-memory types won't go scurrying frantically into your files of EGODOO to find out what Terry's referring to. -jdb→)

Thank you for the nice egoboo about my fanzine review column in MINAC. It's funny that you could compare it with Ted's reviews, because though you probably didn't know it Ted's reviews and mine were frequently compared back in 7th Fandom, as Ted likes to call it. (I call it "1958 to 1962.") Ted's reputation as a fanzine critic has lasted much better than mine not just because of the quality of his reviews but because, as some others have said about other matters, history is written by survivors. Ted survived better than I did, and being a nostalgia-oriented person he's written a big batch of fanhistory about what he did in years past. (While reading Ted's column in the latest EGODOO it struck me that Ted may be the only person I know who can get high on nostalgia.)

Actually there wasn't that much difference, basically, between my reviewing and Ted's. Our criteria were similar, our tastes much the same, even our tones not too far apart, although I tended toward the colorful line or the quip when the opportunity came. Mostly the difference was in the level of knowledge we assumed for our audience. I liked to write to people as more or less equals in fannish lore, whereas Ted never seemed to hesitate to explain at length things that seemed quite obvious to me. He explained them concisely and clearly, and I discovered that evidently there was a huge fan mass who had never thought of the basic assumptions of fandom, because to them Ted's comments were revelations. Which shows that Ted was judging his audience better than I was.

Well, there was one other difference, I guess. Ted usually wrote about fanzines as isolated phenomena, critiquing each in a vacuum while I liked to look on them as part of fandom's continuing scroll of history. I liked Ted's approach, and agreed with it; but thank god he was doing it, because I really much more enjoyed my own approach, and he left me free to do it my way. If you still find my reviews fun to read now it may be because they were as much fanhistory as critiques. (←I suspect that one reason your reviews haven't been generally remembered as much as Ted's is that Ted has done fanzine reviews much more recently than you have, Terry. -jdb→)

I love the Rotsler cover, and think Arnie's stuff is probably the best he's ever written -- hoog, that's great stuff there. GCJohnson's charisma doesn't communicate so well on paper, I fear -- good talkers often repeat themselves, say ingratiating stuff and use deliberately highblown verbiage because the effect of spoken language is more fleeting than that of the written word, and when someone translates it into print it seldom works as well. Burbee's letter was a gas to see, though it was unsettling to find him saying GCJohnson tends to drown out less pushy types like Burb. GCJohnson is much fun, but if I'm ever in a room with the two of them and George upstages him I'll strangle George. Or maybe just invite Burb into a different room. Burbee is one of the greatest

holders-forth I've ever heard; when he walks into a room a hush should fall. Even from George Clayton Johnson.

Eavesdroppings has some classic lines -- do you know how good is that line "He looked like an early photograph of somebody older"? (Elinor Busby, wasn't it, who said that?) (No, it was Craig Karpel, in the paperback hip periodical, US. -jdb) But alas, it wasn't Greg Benford who said "The obvious is not necessarily untrue." I know Greg says that came to him in a dream awhile back, and I'm sure it did, but originally it came in a dream to Bob Shaw. Yes, actually and literally. He did a marvelous piece for HYPHEN years ago about how you know you wake up sometimes thinking you Understood All in your dream, but you can't remember? Well, it happened to him too often, so he went to bed with a notebook and pencil next to him, and when the nocturnal white light struck he woke up and wrote down his insight into the All. The next morning he found the solitary line in his notebook, "The obvious is not necessarily untrue." A great bit of writing, which is inevitably butchered in this summary, but you can see its impact by the fact that Greg read the piece and then ten years later had the same line come to him.

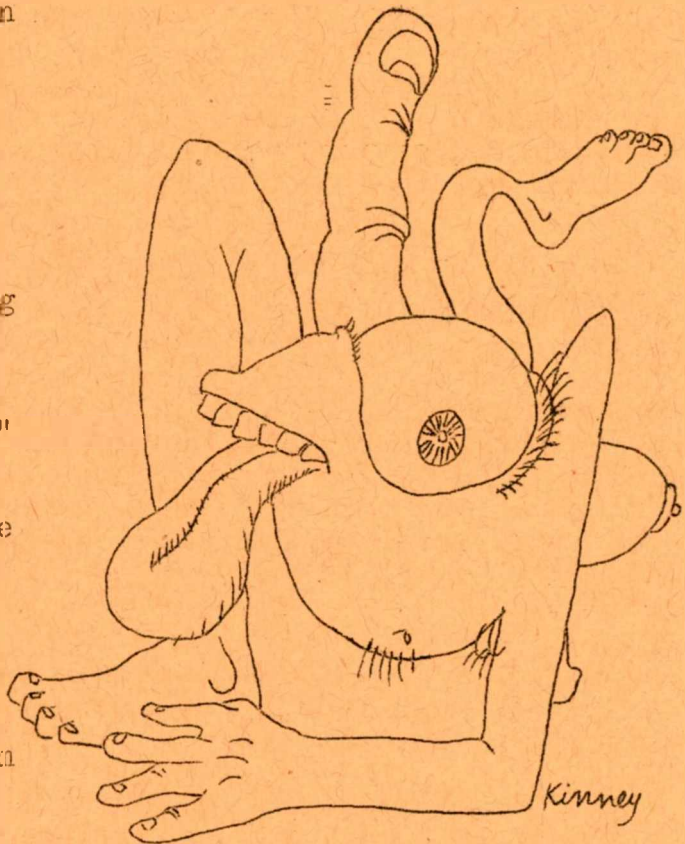
"The obvious is not necessarily untrue" is a pretty good statement of the All as I understand it, by the way. But then anything that obvious would be.

(35 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, NY 11201)

GREG SHAW: Your comments on the IGOBOO POLL are interesting. I feel slightly defensive, since I recall making 1 or 2 facetious entries in the "best humorist" category. But I think I can be forgiven, since I was just emerging from 3 years of gafia when I filled out the poll, and really aware of who was who. However, I seriously wonder if fandom can boast 10 writers who can actually be termed humorists. It's nice that Willis scored high, but really, when's the last time he wrote anything for a fanzine? Being as honest as I can, I think that Pierce, Sapiro, Anthony, et al. have given me as many good laughs in the last year as anyone in fandom. (I don't consider them good laughs. Bad laughs, maybe. -jdb)

By the way, I find it infuriating that the punch line of this section is faded so badly that all I can read is "--to the stars in your-----science fiction fans." (The full line was: "Go to the stars in your spare time, science fiction fans." That's what I get for using nearly-dry corflu. -jdb)

Arnie Katz writes a good piece here. Apropos of the above, I think Arnie is one of fandom's most underrated humorists. I always get a lot of chuckles from anything he writes. More seriously, I



disagree that our generation of fans has had a high rate of mortality. I have no figures on what percentage of the neofans who enter in a given period survive as long as 7 years, but looking back on the number of fans surviving from earlier eras it doesn't seem like it could be too high. You, me, Arnie, Hank Luttrell, Creath Thorne, John Kusske, Nate Bucklin, James Wright (?), Len, Dwain Kaiser and probably a lot more I can't think of offhand are still around and active to some extent. And we didn't really need Richie Benyo anyway....

(-Greg, how the hell do you classify me as part of your generation of fans? I had never even heard of science fiction fandom in 1963. -jdb)

I assume Arnie's theory of the devolution of fandom is meant to be taken somewhat less than seriously, but it's interesting in that it's practically the opposite of Ted White's theory later on in the issue.

And as for Ted, I find it fascinating that he had virtually the same experience with street music that I described in METANOIA 6. Could there be some arcane explanation? I'm a bit surprised that such a thing could take place in NYC, having convinced myself that only in relaxed, mellow Marin could it be possible. The "Egoboo For All" section is extremely well written and contains some real "food for thought." Good to see Ted writing like this, and good also to make this generation of fans aware that fandom's history, with all its cycles, is there in all its richness for anyone caring to delve into it. It gives a lot of needed perspective to be able to view what's happening as merely a part of a larger pattern.

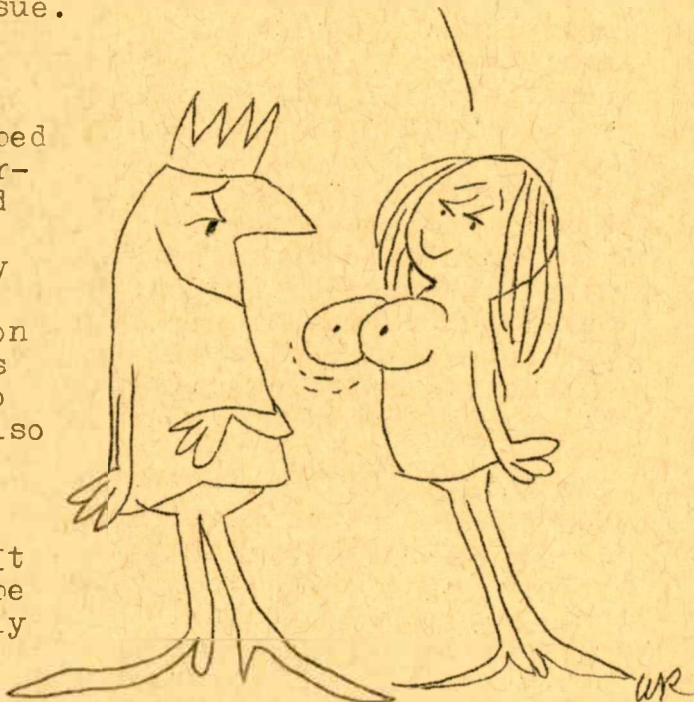
George's thing is beautiful and absolutely shames the report of the second non-con I wrote for MICROCOSM. It's this sort of writing that really elevates EGOBOO to the pinnacle on which I place it, in my fannish heart of hearts.

(64 Taylor Drive, Fairfax, Calif. 94930)

"Every fanzine needs its Devil's Advocate," said Bill Bowers in introducing a letter from Earl Evers in OUTWORLDS V. We'll let Earl fill the same need in EGOBOO this time around:

EARL EVERS: In the past week I've LOC'd about a dozen fanzines. (I let them pile up while I was pubbing ZEEN #4, now I'm going thru and LOC'ing one after the other in the true fannish manner.) Most of them were small frequent fanzines of the "Resurgence" -- MICRO-COSM, METANOIA, and the revived STARLING come to mind. Then, at the bottom of the pile, NOPE and EGOBOO. NOPE I sort of grooved on because it was half cartoons, and very good ones. EGO I don't know about.

WHY YES, YOUR MAJESTY—
I'M THE NEW LADY-IN-
WAITING... YES, I
CERTAINLY AM...



I found it readable enough, but there just isn't much I can say about it.

I think "faannishness" (~~-sic~~) in the old sense is dying. Or more accurately, that today's fannish fans are returning to the original spirit of faannishness -- light-hearted personal raps, without much concern for egoboo or other ego games. Most of the faans of the past have spent the last few years in apas, especially the small, closed, very informal apas; their fanac there has mostly been the "light-hearted personal raps" mentioned above. Now that there's a movement towards faannish genzines again, most of them are printing the same type of material -- raps of dope, rock, and the contemporary scene. More important, you don't see many ego games -- people are there to express their views and communicate with other people, not to make value judgments of other fans' zines or personalities. Not a fan poll or fanzine review column in the lot. Very little snobbishness or material running anyone down -- mostly, if people like someone, they say so, because that gives everybody good vibes -- the person that says it, the person it's said about, and the people who read it. But you don't see much material cutting people down, because that gives bad vibes.

Then there's EGOBOO, and all the same old faannish horseshit. For instance, if you're foolish enough to run an "egoboo poll" in the first place, you shouldn't bitch because people make a farce of it by voting for fuggheads for "best humorist." The whole idea of "egoboo" is a kid's game. It's just as juvenile as pubbing a sercon fanzine for recognition. If you want to run a poll just for fun, fine. (Although most fans would much rather have another fan praise their work in a letter or in his fanzine, tell why he liked something and all than just vote in a poll. (~~-The people who vote in a poll may never get around to writing that letter. -jdb~~)) But why take it so seriously you bitch because someone doesn't take it seriously?

You know what killed old-style fannishness? (~~-You did, two paragraphs ago. -jdb~~) When people started taking it seriously. Then they started putting lots of time and money and real creative effort into "faannish" fanac. The whole idea of "faannish" fandom was to break away from that sort of thing in "sercon" fandom. So now the thing has gone full cycle. You have light, happy, fun-to-do Re-surgent fanac, and you have zines like EGO full of ... well ... ego. Party reports full of "oh what a great group of people we were," till it reminds of stuff I've seen from the Claude Degler era, fans are slans. (I have an idea that several of the Noncon people are laughing up their sleeves at you and Johnson for laying it on so thick.) Even Ted White's piece is dripping with nostalgia, something Ted doesn't do that often any more. (He's usually dwelling in the present, vitally interested in everything and making it come to life. Oh well, I guess his impending exodus from NY after so many years is Getting To Him. Hopefully he'll snap out of it once he actually gets moved.)

As for all the standard trappings of old-style fannishness, how many Rotsler cartoon covers have you seen over the years? How many little pieces of faan fiction about the Secret Masters of Fandom telling a fan how to become a BNF? (Arnie's piece made me think of a very similar piece I wrote for YANDRO in 61. A piece so old and tired then it makes me wince to think of it. At least I had the excuse of being a neofan when I wrote it, though...) How many pieces of nostalgia about how Fan X, whom we all knew Y years ago has now written a mundane book, or taken over the Coprophagy Column for the Pornographic

