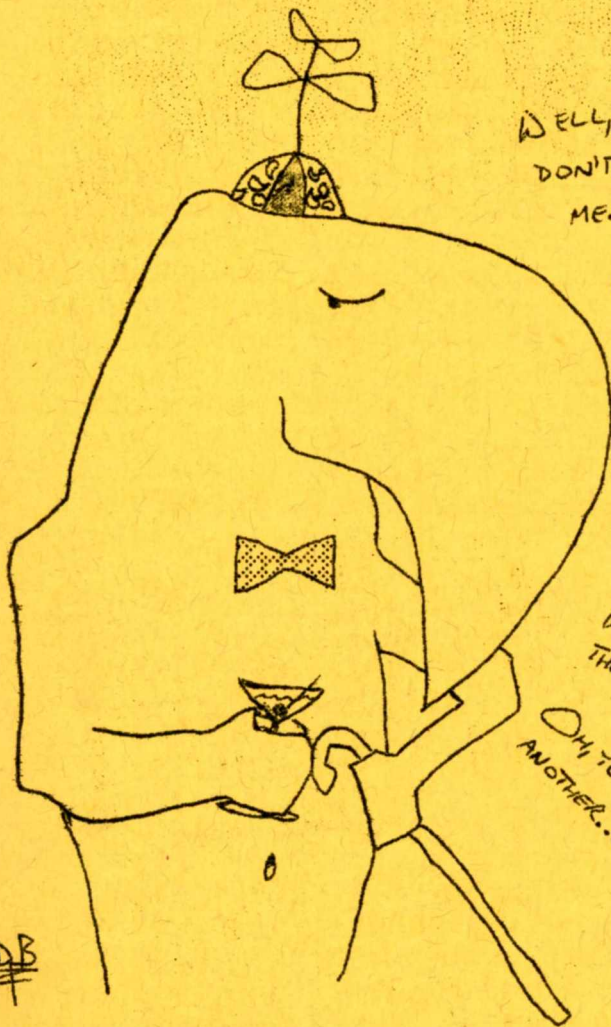


EGGBOO

"THE FREQUENT FANZINE"

NUMÉRO 10



WELL, NOW, YOU
DON'T REALLY EXPECT
ME...?

OH, REALLY!

WHY, I SUPPOSE I
COULD CONSIDER
REVIEWING YOUR
FANZINE....

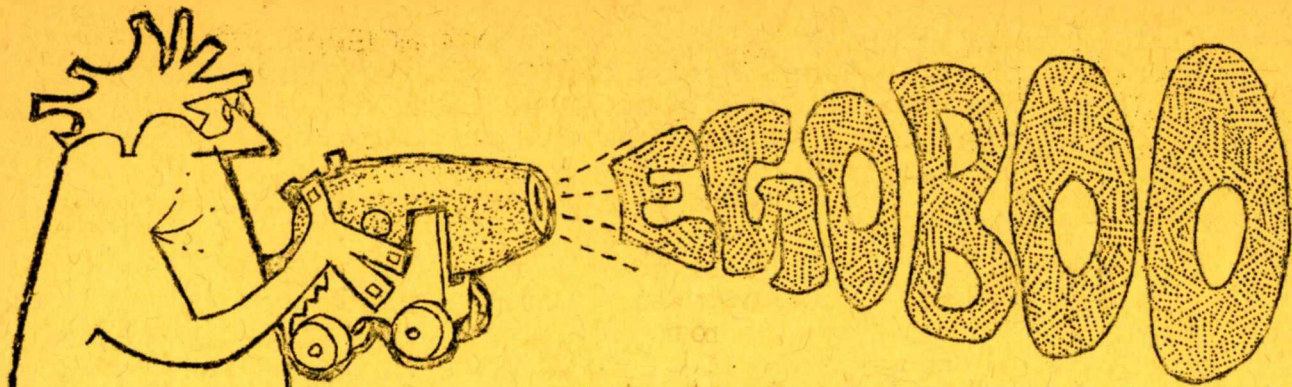
MY, HE'S PUSHY,
ISN'T HE?

WELL, YOU KNOW,
THESE NEGS TODAY...

OH, YES, I'LL HAVE
ANOTHER...

EDB

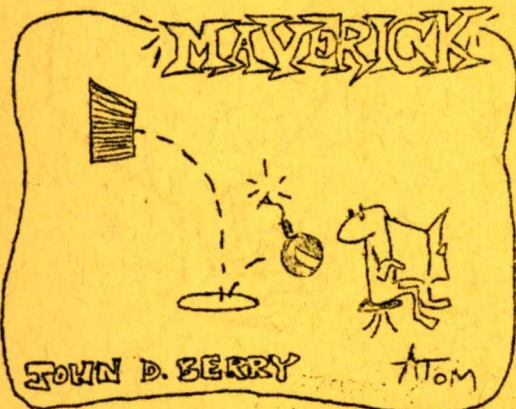
➔ WITH
WORDS!
and
PICTURES!
and
A HOST OF
OTHER ATTRACTIONS!



EGOBOO 10, The Issue You Never Thought We'd Reach, dashes happily over hill and dale to your mailbox from the hands of John D. Berry (Mayfield House, Stanford, Calif. 94305) and Ted White (339 49th St., Brooklyn, NY 11220). This wraith-like journal of fandom is available for Being Nice and Being On Our Mailing List. Applications for admission to the mailing list must be accompanied by a letter of comment, a fanzine we want to read, or \$1.00 cash (New Price). We've expanded

to 24 pages this issue (or 22 pages plus the ballot for the EGOBOO Poll--please fill it out), but I don't know whether we'll stay this big next time. We've almost got enough items this time to warrant a Table of Contents, but we won't give you one. Thank you, Calvin and Jay, for your contribs, and special thanks to this issue's Good Man, GREG BENFORD (Yay!), who obtained Calvin's column and provided the idea and many of the quotes for the backcover. We look forward to many more Good Things from Mr. Benford, folks. Artwork this issue is by Bill Rotsler (for TAFF), Arthur Thomson, John D. Berry, Gary Deindorfer, and either Art or Trina Castillo (the Poc illos aren't signed). This is Deimos Publication 45, and today is Feb. 14, 1970. Finished and printed Mar. 18, 1970. *sigh*

"The average woman won't screw in the daytime until she's 28." -Burb



ROTSLER FOR TAFF! Loudly we proclaim it; proudly, with our voices staunch and strong. Rotsler for TAFF! Once again the clarion call goes out across the land, and from their hiding places come the fans--young neos bearing their very first crudsheets as an offering, bewhiskered oldsters reaching deep into their musty pockets for their decoder rings--all thronging and pouring over the countryside to the Polling Places to vote in the TAFF election. Once again the Administrators glumly wish that someone else would care enough to fill

pages with TAFF propoganda. (Steve Stiles' comic-stripped Progress Reports are some of the best stuff he's published all year.)

We here at EGOBOO had a hard time deciding who to support in this race. First John & Bjo Trimble declared themselves candidates, then Bill Rotsler followed suit, and we had to choose between people we liked. But John & Bjo have had to drop out, for which our regrets go to them, but

now our whole-hearted support goes to BILL ROTSLER FOR TAFF! (We hear these rumors that our Good Friend and Confidant, Greg Benford, might enter the race, but we have it on good authority that he's being backed by N3F money, and we will not support such underworld corruption in fandom! Nossir!)

Actually, we use "we" in the editorial sense here, because we haven't the faintest idea what our coeditor thinks about all this. He may even now be readying a wholly new candidate to spring upon an unsuspecting fandom. Leland Sapiro, say, or maybe Harlan Ellison. But we hope he will not mind our plastering Rotsler for TAFF propoganda all over his fanzine. If he does, it will just be Too Bad. Too Bad, I say.

SPEAKING OF WHICH, a recent LOCUS (#46) has a series of Dumb Statements on the subject of TAFF. After announcing Rotsler's candidacy and the Trimbles' withdrawal, Charlie Brown goes on to say:

"Congratulations, Bill, now all we need are some people to run against you. Bob Pavlat? Fred Patten? Ray Fisher? Ted White? Ed Cox? Roy Tackett? Tony Lewis? Joni Stopa? Buz Busby? Jack Gaughan? Bob Tucker? David Gerrold? George Barr? Tim Kirk? Leland Sapiro? Mike Glicksohn? You? A lot of people feel they're not known enough. If only well-known people were involved, there wouldn't be much purpose in a campaign." Emphasis very definitely mine. In some unknown way, Charlie Brown has laid hold of the hidden truth about TAFF, undiscovered lo, these many years. The purpose of TAFF is to make you known. It certainly is a wonderful thing, isn't it, to find this out after all those years of foolishly believing that TAFF was an honor, a means to send a fan well-known and liked in his own fandom to a trans-Atlantic fandom that knew him equally well on paper and would like to meet him face-to-face? I find this all enlightening as hell. "Think about it, people," Charlie Brown goes on, still in LOCUS. "Fandom is willing to give somebody a free trip to Europe in order to help better international relations." Yes, definitely, think about it. Who do you know who's obscure and you'd like to give a free trip to Europe in order to make him known?

GOT DEM OL' POST OFFICE BLUES AGAIN, MAMA: A funny thing happened to John-Henri Holmberg's letter on its way to this issue's lettercolumn. I received it in an envelope from my mother, and in her enclosed note she said that the Bronxville P.O. had asked her for permission to open it, because they suspected that it contained "prohibited matter." She gave them permission, they opened it and found an innocuous letter, and she sent it on to me. But this disturbs me a great deal. I don't consider it the Post Office's business to screw around with my mail. (If I'd been at home and they'd asked me, I would have told them to send it back rather than open it, if they wouldn't give it to me unopened. What if there had been something "objectionable" in it? I don't want to get John-Henri stomped on, or myself, or fandom.) I mentioned this to both Ted and Arnie Katz when I was in New York over Christmas, and they each, independently, said, "Oh, they must be investigating any mail coming from Sweden, looking for pornography." That sounds a little better than if they thought John-Henri was an Evil Communist Perpetrator, sending subversive matter to his American contact-man, but I still regard it as Extremely Stupid that the Post Office should busy itself with defining which of our communications are permissible.

Maybe all of you UnAmerican Swedish Fans on our mailing list had better send your stuff to my California address from now on.

I've received a number of Swedish fanzines lately. I can only lay my hands on two at the moment, but I'm sure there must be more someplace: MENTAT 11 (May, 1969) comes from the Swedish SF Society, under the editorship of Ulf Westblom; and FORUM INTERNATIONAL 1 (July, 1969) issues forth from the Scandinavian SF Society, edited by Per Insulander. (Do you ever get the impression that all the Swedish fans just keep breaking up and regrouping and publishing a different fanzine each time they get together? The personnel on these fanzines seems essentially the same, with just a different person at the top each time.) Come to think of it, those dates are pretty old, but it doesn't seem as though the zines arrived all that long ago. I confess to not having read either of them thoroughly, but I've given them what you might call a heavy skim. FORUM INTERNATIONAL is entirely in English, smaller, and sort of an average-type genzine. The content is moderately enjoyable, but its main interest to me is in getting to know the Swedish fans involved. MENTAT is half in English, half in Swedish (bouncing rather indiscriminately from one to the other, too); my eye was immediately caught by the number of reprints. Most of the art seems to be reprinted. (Both zines show the influence of the very fine, fannish layouts that John-Henri Holmberg does, although both could stand improvement.) But there's no credit given for the art, and as far as I know no permission asked. Certainly the two cartoons from FOOLSCAP were lifted without my permission. I recognize illos from several current fmz, and even a couple from older ones (a Trina "Poo" drawing and an old Les Nirenberg cartoon). I don't really feel that plagiarizing a few odd cartoons is grounds for International Scandal, but it bugs me to see someone illustrating his fanzine almost entirely with swipes. (I trust the two articles reprinted herein, one from ODD and one from LIGHTHOUSE, were used with permission.) Hey, Ulf, how about asking permission next time? Most of us would gladly give it, if you asked.

At least he showed good

taste in what he swiped.

ROCK NOTE: A while ago, Bob Lichtman gave me two albums and several 45s that he'd acquired through his job with Columbia Records. One of the singles was by a group called Argent; I'd never heard of them before, but both sides of the record ("Liar" and "School-girl") sounded very nice, a blending of the "soft rock" sound with a kind of music reminiscent of the British influence of 1964-5. Just the other day I was in Town and Country Records, near Stanford, when I ran across Argent's first album. On the strength of the single, I bought it, and I found that the rest of the album is in much the same vein as the 45's two cuts. Nothing earth-shattering, but very nice. The liner notes are pretty damn confusing, and I don't have a Resident Expert like Bob or Ted handy, but it appears the group is descended from or somehow related to the Zombies, which accounts for Argent's similar orientation. This month's Recommendation is ARGENT, on the Epic label.

PROBABLY WON'T: A few remarks seem in order on the distribution system around here. There isn't any. It's a constant source of irritation to the neatness-minded elements in fandom, and sometimes even to my long-suffering coeditor, but the fact is that this goddam fanzine gets mailed out in very erratic batches, over a

period of perhaps several weeks. Every once in a while I think it's Mailing Time again, and I rummage about until I find a few copies of the latest issue of EGOBOO, address them, fold them, staple them, stamp them, and take them out and shove them into the mailbox, before my energy runs out and I turn my fine mind once again to everyday concerns. If you get your copy some months after the date in the colophon, don't worry; everyone else probably got his even later. This may not sound like the ideal distribution system for a Frequent Fanzine, but if you tell me to do it better I'll just make Big Plans to get the next issue out on time, which I do each issue anyway. Try viewing it from a cosmic standpoint, and then tell me about schedules.

Once there was a man who had big plans for twenty years. -CWD

THE STRANGE THING THAT THE MAILBOX DID IN THE NIGHT: A couple of weeks ago I awoke to find four cardboard boxes waiting for me in the morning's mail. Since I hadn't ordered any electric toasters, and the boxes were too big to be empty beer cans, I wondered what might be inside. I lugged all four boxes upstairs, where I peered at the topmost one and saw that it was from Andy Main. All of them were. When I opened them, what did I find?

Fanzines. Lots of 'em. The boxes contained Andy's entire fanzine collection, the result of ten years of collecting and pruning out the crud so that nothing but the best remained. There were complete runs of LIGHTHOUSE, VOID, MINAC, FLYING FROG, and JESUS BUG, as well as numerous issues of A BAS, OOPSLA, HABAKKUK, INNUENDO, Goojie Publications, and vast quantities of other Good Stuff. Lots of individual volumes are included, such as A SENSE OF FAPA, FANCYCLOPEDIA II, THE HARP STATESIDE, THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, and THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE. My fannish soul sort of went goggle-eyed at all this, and I daresay I missed a few classes that day while I pored through the piles of fantastic old fanzines.

A couple of days later, I got a letter from Andy, along with a bunch of artwork (mostly by ATom) from his files. "That's what you get for writing egoboo letters," Andy said. "I'm involved these days in an effort toward spiritual discovery and that kind of thing, and part of it involves a process of detaching myself from most of the various material possessions which have been weighing down my psyche." So he sent me his entire fanzine collection. It seems, though, that now that he's gotten rid of his encumbering collection, Andy feels that he can participate in fandom present without being burdened by the past. "Do keep on sending me your fanzine, by the way. I'd dig to read what's happening even if I don't hoard fanzines any more." I'm glad you're not disappearing completely, Andy, and thank you immensely for the fanzines.

This has been an Andy Main Progress Report. Watch this space for further developments.

NEWSBREAKS: Andy Main sold his car to Bob Lichtman, and now Bob is trying to sell his car to me. :: I will stay in the Bay Area this summer, for my Peace of Mind and because New York City is going to fall into a giant subway tunnel and disappear. :: Jim Benford does not type! It may surprise you to think that a fan could not use a typewriter, but then nobody in the Bay Area will admit to being a fan anyway. :: And that's NEWSBREAKS. --John D. Berry



Greg Benford came to Los Angeles the other day, along with his "look-alike" brother Jim, and my son Peter and I went over to the Hilton hotel to see them both. Greg and Jim are both engaged in the wanton destruction of the environment and in the insensitive Pig over-reaction to the demands of the people for the power that has been wrested from them at the cost of their own bloodshed--that is to say, Greg and Jim are "scientists"--and yet they have long hair and moustaches and beards, just like everybody else. During our conversation, Greg asked me to do a column for this fanzine, and pointed out that I had already written a fair amount of stuff recently which had not seen wide circulation and which could be used in such a column. "All you have to do," he said, "is to write some connective material to go between the little bits and pieces." The only point in mentioning this at all is to explain that what follows was never intended to stand apart from the context in which it was written--that is, this column is made of snippets from, essentially, my personal correspondence--and so it may seem a little jumpy.

(One of the advantages of having a B.A. in English and being an English Teacher is that you can be completely incomprehensible and not let it worry you because you have a Paper that says you Really Know Anyway.)

But I'm pleased with the opportunity to do a column for a fanzine, for a couple of reasons. The first is that I've been pretty busy for a few years, getting married, working, becoming a father, and I've not been able to keep up on fandom as much as I'd like, and perhaps this column will serve to break the ice, so that I won't feel so awkward in the future about writing for somebody's fanzine. I am in a peculiar position in fandom: I've been around for about ten years, have gone completely unnoticed by some, have made a lot of friends whose friendship I now value quite apart from any "fannishness" involved, and am even regarded as a BNF (unless I have been put-on) by some of the "younger fans." And yet I must continually re-introduce myself. Well: I'm 27, happily married (we're expecting another child in June), and, having dropped out of Law School because I couldn't stand it, I'm in the English Department of the Graduate School of the University of

Southern California, working on my M.A. and teaching some freshman courses. Okay. The second reason I'm pleased with the opportunity to do this column is that I've never gotten over the kick of seeing my name in print. CALVIN DEMMON. Ahahahahaha.

* * *

I'm also a vegetarian. I made a little oath to myself some time ago that I wasn't going to talk about being a vegetarian anymore, but everyone seems curious about it: as if I had suddenly grown (or lost) an ear, or something. Well, my vegetarianism is personal, and just saying that "I don't like to eat dead animals" doesn't get to it. I just found that I was feeling increasingly worse about eating meat, and I decided that this was my own way of telling myself something about myself, and I decided to try being a vegetarian. (I did it once three or four years ago for about six months but gave up because of the difficulties involved.) I have been a vegetarian for over two years, and have suffered not at all from it and am a lot happier about mealtimes. In addition, and I don't know if there is really a connection, since so many other things have happened too in the last two years which have made me happy, in addition I have for the first time in recent memory not been plagued with the numerous colds I used to get. I used to get seven or eight colds a year; if I have had one in the past 24 months it was so mild that I've forgotten it.

It's not nearly so difficult as you might think. I began by eating the same things I had always eaten, but substituting 7th-Day Adventist pseudo-meats for the meat part of meals. Later, upon consultation with a lot of people who know where it's at in nutrition, including a vegetarian pediatrician who lives in the neighborhood, I learned that the emphasis placed on meat in meals is largely due to some general misunderstandings about protein. You can get good protein, in all the quantities you need, by eating a variety of vegetables and fruits. Besides that, however, I continue to drink milk, and eat eggs and cheese--so I am a lacto-ovo-vegetarian, unlike the more militant ones who call themselves Vegans (at least in England) and will not eat dairy products because they do not believe in exploiting animals. I think it's okay to exploit animals, as long as you don't kill them.

There are certain compromises involved. I don't eat Jello, but I continue to lick stamps. I continue to use soap which I am sure is rendered from animal fat. I have not bought any new shoes since I started being a vegetarian, but I suspect that I will have to compromise there too when I get around to it: even Corfam shoes have varying amounts of leather in them, so far as I can determine, for lining and padding and the like. I buy Levi's even though they have leather tags on them. I buy meat for the dog and cats with money I earn myself. Wilma is not a strict vegetarian, although she eats less meat than most people in the U.S., and I buy her steaks &c whenever she wants them. At a recent conference at U.S.C. ("On Developing a Relevant Curriculum for the Study of English") I ate the first meat I'd eaten for over a year: I ate it because it was on my plate and I was responsible for its being there, through my stupidity in signing up for the luncheon, and I thought its waste would be even worse than if I ate it and derived some benefit from it. I am, as a vegetarian character in a John Updike story says, covered with blood and I pray for forgiveness daily. (I was afraid that the roast beef I ate at the conference would make me sick, but it didn't, although

it was of inferior quality and gave me little pleasure.)

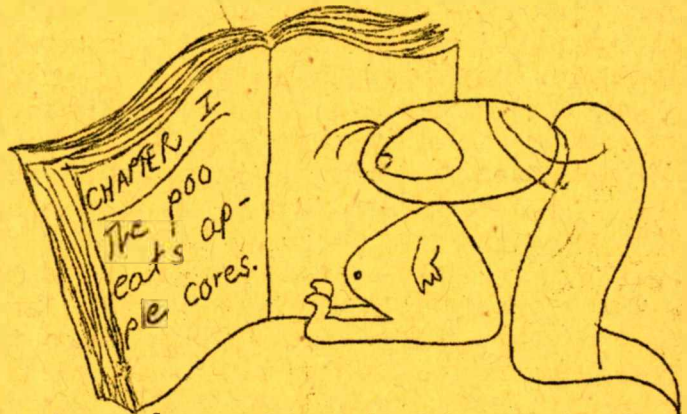
We have decided to raise Peter as a vegetarian. He is 15 months old, has never had any meat, and is strong and healthy and large for his age, as bright and alert as you could want. His pediatrician, who is not a vegetarian, approves of Peter's diet and says that he wishes he could give up eating meat (but he likes it too well) because the evidence continues to mount that it's not really as good for you as it is bad for you. He says that even if Peter decides to eat meat when he gets a little older, he will probably live longer because he will have had a good start. We certainly don't intend to pressure Peter about it when he begins to understand things, and I suppose now and then he will sneak behind the barn and come home with hot dogs on his breath.

* * *

As an English major, I have to read a lot of stuff I don't want to read, or I'm not ready to read yet. But I love books. There are only a few books I've re-read, and I tend to re-read books only if I've forgotten them completely. Thus my small sf collection suffices: it is all so forgettable that I can go through the whole thing once a year without spoiled pleasure. (This is a gross overstatement, but true.) On the other hand, once I really know a book, I never want to see it again. Such a book, for example, is the Bible, written by God.

I have a friend, Phil Jackson, a photographer, who always reads the last two or three pages of a book first, to see if it has a happy ending, because books affect him so much that if one ends unhappily, and he has invested his emotion in the characters by reading the whole story, he gets depressed sometimes for days. I understand this and yet am absolutely infuriated by

it when I bring him a book that I've enjoyed and say, here, read this, and he opens up the back and reads the end. Wilma and I were going to do him in by pasting the last few pages of a happy book into the back of a miserable, sad one where, say, everyone commits suicide in the end. But then we thought, gee, if he really is that profoundly affected we shouldn't fuck with him just because he's sensitive. So we have stopped speaking to him instead.



* * *

This is a note to Mr. Berry, who recently explained to me that he thought of himself as "John," not "Johnny," and that he hated it when people introduced him to other people as "Johnny." I sympathize, because I have a real thing about nicknames: logically, my nickname should be Cal, but I have always hated it and much prefer Calvin. There are very few people who call me Cal for long without my calling them on it; I permit my friend Phil to call me Cal because he simply cannot remember. What irritates me most of all is when upon meeting someone I am asked whether I like to be called Calvin or Cal and I reply that I go by Calvin and I am called Cal from then on. If I ever go completely crazy I will, before they carry me away and lock me up, go on a mad killing spree and horribly mutilate everyone in Los

Angeles who has ever called me Cal, except Phil. And then as a joke I used to call myself, in fanzines, Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon (after seeing the governor of California referred to so often as Edmund G. "Pat" Brown, which seemed to me nonsensical and terrifically funny). Although I have never called myself that In Person, and I never permit it to continue for more than a minute if I can help it, there are still people in fandom who call me Biff. Again I made one exception: Ron Ellik always called me Biff and I didn't mind it from him. Anyway you can see how strongly I feel about this subject, Johnny.

* * *

I think I live largely in the present. My memory, it has become increasingly evident to me lately mainly because of my association with Wilma who has an outstanding memory, is very poor, preventing me from living in the past to any reasonable extent. My future remains a vague blur. I have changed plans so many times in the past few years that I have quite given up on trying to predict what I'll do in more than the immediate future. Presumably I'll get a teaching job after I get my M.A., and presumably we will have some more children, because we both want to have lots. Actually my whole being reacts to plan-making in a powerfully negative fashion. I don't even like to make plans ahead to the next weekend, because I find that I am too often fixed up to do something that I thought would be a good idea when I planned it, but which I am no longer interested in. I like to get ideas and to act upon them at once; if I decide that it would be nice to go to a movie I want to leave the house immediately and go, right this minute. Wilma is a stabilizing force, and so is Peter: a wife and child take a minimum of an hour, and more like two, to get ready to go anywhere, and also now we have to plan for a babysitter enough in advance if we're really going to do something Big. I have always operated on impulse, never knowing what the day will bring, and I find that things work out happily that way. For example the other evening Wilma and Peter and I went for a ride, and we passed by an enormous new import store and we stopped in and bought some tea and a small wooden pig (I have a real thing for pigs and am even half-heartedly working on a novel whose central character is a pig); then we dropped in on a friend who had just bought a 1941 Cadillac Fleetwood and he took us for a mad ride through the city. A fantastic evening which could never have been planned. Similarly we got up the other week, looked around, and decided that we needed a television set again, so we piled into the Morgan and went out and bought one, practically the first one we saw. I went to Berkeley originally on an impulse, to New York for the same reason, to Law School for a year impulsively. If I plan ahead I inevitably break my plans. We did not marry impulsively nor decide impulsively to have a child, but these actions were shot through with impulse nonetheless. I also act impulsively towards people, and have learned to trust my immediate initial reactions to them: if upon meeting someone I decide that he is just great, I am always proven to be right, and if I decide that he is a big shit I am always correct in the end, even if I am persuaded along the way by others that my initial reaction was wrong. Thus it is obvious to me that I have the soul of a woman.

* * *

Mr. Berry, who seems to have prompted quite a bit of this, once described himself as the sort who is rather shy and quiet and compensates for it by sometimes being brash and rude. Hey, John, that's

*pardon me, miss,
you're stepping on my
pony tail...*



me too! Sometimes, though, I am brash and rude just because I am bored with someone's company, or feel that he just doesn't deserve the effort that observing all the little amenities is for me. One's rationalizations are without end. We have a friend, a girl who is about thirty-five, who is unmarried and apparently considers herself unattractive. She is painful to be around, because she sits quietly, making her unobtrusiveness obvious, and she sort of just sucks up all the life in the room. I was very surprised to learn from another friend the other day that this shy girl offers as her reason for being quiet and unresponsive that she does not want to appear that she is lonely: she says that if she made overt attempts to enter conversations and to contribute to them, everyone would know that she did it as compensation for being sad. But that she is sad is painfully obvious.

I was reading through a biography of the poet Theodore Roethke the other day, and came across a famous incident in which he was invited to the home of the very important American Man of Letters Edmund Wilson, for a party. He cornered Wilson off and said, "Let's leave all these idiots and go upstairs and talk about poetry." Wilson, the host, replied that he could not leave his guests, whereupon Roethke reached over, pinched Wilson's cheek, and said in a loud voice, "Why, you're all blubber!" I don't claim to be as good as Roethke at this business, but my memory is full of shameful incidents of the same sort, in which I reacted by unnecessary rudeness. (Wilson's immediate reply, "Get out of here, you half-baked Bacchus," wasn't bad either for the spur of the moment.)

* * *

Wilma, the Psychology Graduate, is fond of pointing out that there are new studies which show that children who never crawl--that is, who go from just lying around and spitting up to walking, with no intermediate stage--and there are lots of them, too--often turn out to be "bad readers" when they get to school, in numbers significant enough to point to a correlation. Further, experimenters have found that if they take these kids and teach them to crawl, let them crawl for a while at six or seven or eight years of age, the kids become better readers--better than other non-crawler-non-readers who, as a "control," are not taught to crawl, or are put into "advanced" reading programs. Thus the house stands erect with a new foundation underneath. This is especially interesting to us because all of Peter's contemporaries are crawling around like maggots, and yet he is perfectly content to roll around or just sit. (Well, this is an old note; he is now walking around like a maggot.)

* * *

And here's TONIGHT'S TV LISTING:

- (13) MOVIE - DRAMA
- "The Wayward Bird" (1957)
- A woman catches her boyfriend making a pass at her woodpecker.

I USED TO LIVE A
NORMAL LIFE...



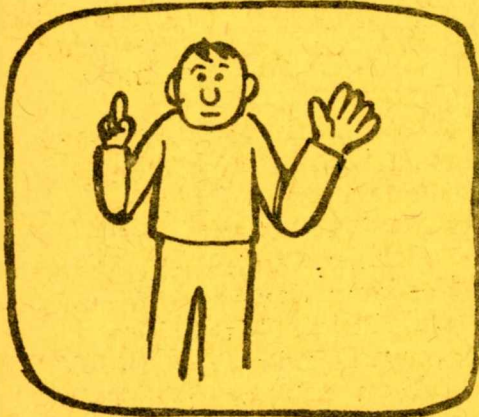
BUT ONE DAY...
IT HAPPENED!



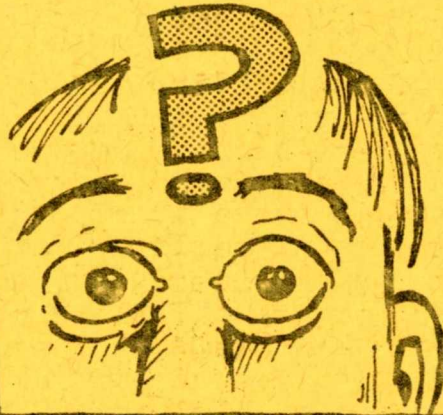
**THE
COSMIC
NUDGE**



NOW I KNEW THE
QUESTION!



BUT **WHAT**
WAS THE ANSWER



SO I STARTED
MY GREAT
SEARCH...



FIRST I TRIED THE
ROSI CRUCIANS...



BUT THAT WAS ONLY
ONE STEP...

THEN I BECAME
A **SCIENTOLOGIST!**



CLEAR THRU!

I EVEN BECAME
A **KRISHNA
FREAK!**



BUT THAT WAS ALL
KID STUFF!

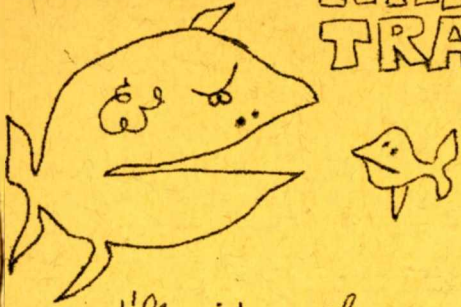


'CAUSE... BABY, I'M
FINALLY THERE!



TED WHITE'S

WHITE
TRASH



"Play it cool,
Desmond, I didn't
raise my son to be caught
and become a prophylactic."

ALL I KNOW IS WHAT Do you ever
I READ IN LOCUS...: get the feel-
ing that life
--fannish life, say--is passing you
by? I do. It's not like the Good
Old Days when VOID, or maybe MINAC,
was a hub of fanac. No. EGOBOO is
a splintered spoke of fanac, really
--fractured by the 3,000 mile gap
which seems to sunder our best res-
olutions for this Frequent Fannish
Publication.

Equally important is the fact
that fannish fandom is not what it
once was. We're still alive, but in
hiding, I think. The fannish flame
still burns--newer fannish fans like
Jay Kinney are still coming along to

keep the faith--but we are ourselves, all of us "fannish types," in
eclipse. We have been for several years now, in fact.

Shut away from the fannish mainstream as I am--I putter away in the
attic with AMAZING and FANTASTIC; they keep me locked up up there when
company comes to call--I find myself relying upon LOCUS for my know-
ledge of the outer world out there.

Which is a pretty pass indeed. LOCUS, for all that I like Charlie
Brown and am quite fond of Elliot Shorter, is the Voice of the Other
Fandom. It is the voice of Square Fandom...sercon fandom. Although
editing LOCUS has ~~radicalized~~ fannishized Charlie to an extent, his
ties lie with the bores and the boobs...the Boston fans, primarily.

Ever since the golden days of FANAC--the Ellik-Carr days and even
the solo Carr days--newszines have been falling off in quality, wit
and charm. Ellik alone was coy; Bruce Pelz brisk, and Andy Porter
functional. And the quality of fannishness has fallen off too; nobody
since the Good Old Days of the Berkeley Boys has really felt that fan-
nish about putting out a frequent newszine. Let's face it, it was al-
ways a contradiction in terms: fannish types don't meet weekly or bi-
weekly schedules regularly, and those who can and will aren't fannish.
C'est la vie.

Nonetheless, LOCUS is my lifeline to fannish happenings these days,
what I can read of them between the lines, anyway.

Two items in LOCUS 47 struck me forcibly between the eyes. One is
the front-page item about our discovery by Dr. Frederic Wortham--or
"Worthless," as we old EC fans used to call him. I intend to write
an editorial for AMAZING (July issue) about him, so I will do no more
than call the item in LOCUS to your attention. It is good for a few
chuckles or moans of exasperation, as you choose.

On page nine, however, under the heading "Tony Lewis writes about
Noreascon:" is the following item:

"Membership is now \$4 supporting, \$6 attending. These rates will
be in effect until 1 September 1970. At that time they may go up again.
Rates have been rising over the years on printing and postage among
other things and the con membership fee must, of necessity, rise to
match them." He adds, briskly rubbing his palms together, "A note on
the conversion of supporting to attending membership--the cost of con-
version is the difference between what you originally paid and the
PRESENT cost of attending membership. Not what attending membership
was at the time you joined."

How about that, inflation-fans?

I wasn't one of those who cheered when St. Louis and Columbus agreed, before the Baycon, to raise the attending con fee to \$4.00, but I didn't say anything. The fact is, at \$3.00 (or \$2.50, if you joined at the Tricon along with some two or three hundred other early birds) a member, the NyCon3 managed to come out ahead by well over a thousand dollars. And not only did we spend more money than we needed to on printing, first-class mail on Progress Reports, and other such things, we were so sloppy about billing some advertisers that I'm sure we never collected at least \$500 in money owed us. We weren't all that efficient, but we made an embarrassing amount of money. The extra buck struck me as unnecessary, but I didn't think it worth bitching about.

Boston is another story. They have already raised the membership fee twice over St. Louis--first to \$5.00 and now \$6.00--and they are threatening yet another hike. Why?

At its present level, the "Moreascon" (stupid name!) membership fee represents a 100% increase over that of two years ago. It is hard for me to believe that inflation has struck Boston that selectively; we've all felt a pinch at the supermarket in the last couple of years, but it isn't a quarter of what Boston is pitching at us, right now.

But of course the \$6.00 (or \$7.00 or whatever) fee isn't really appropriate at all. Why does Lewis say he's socking this new fee at us? "Rates have been rising over the years on printing and postage among other things..." I have no idea what those "other things" might be, but it really costs damned little to put on a convention--less than most fans imagine, in fact--and "printing and postage" is an inadequate explanation.

Nixon is pushing for a new 7¢ first-class rate, but it hasn't materialized yet; postage rates have been relatively stable the past couple of years. Printing costs? Aha. They probably have gone up, especially if you don't shop for a cheap printer. (But both Baycon and St. Louis found bargain-rate printers and the latter printer is equally accessible to Boston.)

More important, the costs of printing are not normally born by the membership fees; they come from advertising revenues.

Advertising rates for Progress Reports and Program Books have (quite rightly) doubled since the NyCon3. It is inconceivable to me that any con committee could not actually show a profit on its publications, providing it scales its advertising rates properly. In fact, with the increased amount of PR advertising in recent years, I see no reason why those PRs shouldn't carry all pre-con expenses with their advertising profits. Certainly they should pay their own way--and we should hear nothing about "postage and printing" costs forcing the membership fees up. There is no excuse for it.

I fired off an angry letter to LOCUS on this subject, but I haven't yet had a reply to it. I have no idea what excuses Lewis will offer for his profiteering now that I've shot his first down, but I will say here and now that I regard any additional increase as inexcusable and I think there should be a rollback, preferably to the St. Louiscon level.

Ah, but why exercise myself about the whole question, you ask. Well, I have to admit that I was getting bored, picking on obscure English fans and pros, and I enjoy a juicy issue into which I may sink my teeth occasionally. But I'm not really all that exercised about Boston. I have had a low opinion of Boston fandom for years--dating from their bid against us in 1966, probably--and this current nonsense simply reinforces it.

But what can you expect, when you give a Worldcon to a boob?

CONGRATULATIONS to Jim and Hilary Benford, on the birth of their first son. Well, Greg and Joan? What are you waiting for?

IT'S THE FANNISH THING TO DO: A propos of the above, I should mention that Robin and I are expecting the birth of our first child sometime in the middle of August. "August 17, give or take two weeks," the doctor said, which provides us with a month's leeway--and postpones our moving plans by an equivalent amount of time. Oh well. I knew I'd never get out of this place that quickly...I've been making plans and discarding plans to move for the last seven years; I've been living here for eight years now.

JAY KINNEY is a recent addition to the roster of Fanoclasts; Jay has moved to Brooklyn to attend Pratt Institute, and has revived his NOPE as a larger and more generalized fannish fanzine. It is a good fanzine; the most recent issue bridges the gap to the Underground with an R. Crumb two-page strip which was later reprinted in BIJOU Funnies. I have been planning to write something for NOPE for several weeks now, and perhaps this plug will help make up for the fact that I have not yet done so. (But I did finish writing a book I was writing last summer, if that's any help. It probably isn't.)

Jay is also the first artist to appear in FANTASTIC ILLUSTRATED, a new department in FANTASTIC which will feature most of the underground comix artists. Others include Berni Wrightson, Jay Lynch, Artie Speigleman, Steve Stiles, and Et Al.

CALVIN W. "BIFF" DEMMON has sold a story to FANTASTIC, his first sf prozine sale in years. Send us *more*, Calvin.

JOHN D. BERRY was recently voted the Andy Main Award of the year. In celebration, Andy Main sent him his (Andy's) whole fanzine collection--a rare batch of Goodies.

BOB TUCKER COME BACK, Dept.: Sam Moskowitz has been thrown out of FAPA for trying to use obvious reprints for his renewal credits. And does anyone know how Dave Van Arnam is getting along down there in sunny Mexico? It's a shame that after working his way all the way up to #1 on the FAPA w-1, Dave neglected to publish anything in fandom in the last year that would qualify for entrance credentials.

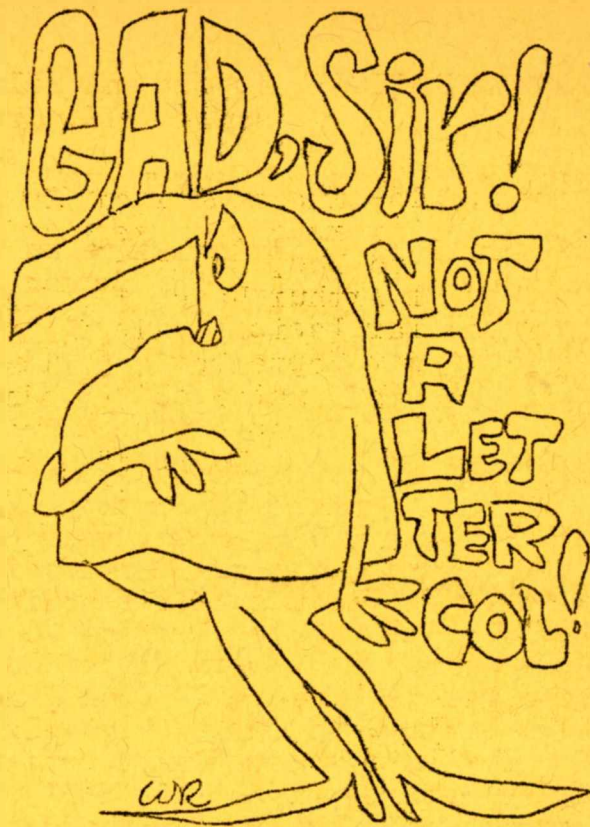
OVA HAMLET Dept.: Dick Lupoff informs us that since the ceiling in his living room fell in he has decided to quit IBM in June and move his family to Berkeley. "I've discovered I can sell anything I write," Dick said, when queried about his new means of livelihood. As if in proof of this, he recently took an Ova Hamlet short story (written for FANTASTIC) and turned around and sold it to Berkley Books as a novel. We are aghast, but hope the best for this obvious monster among men and his frail wife and pitiful children.

PAGE FILLER Dept.: The above items have been Page Fillers. And it is an indisputable fact that they have indeed almost, if not entirely filled one complete full page.

--Ted White

D.N.Q.:

ROBERT BLOCH: I was feeling pretty good until I opened EGOBOO #9 and read Bob Tucker's letter. Now not all of Bob Tucker's letters make me sick--or, let me put it this way; some of them make me sicker than others. But when I read this particular epistle and learned that in May 1970 we'll celebrate the 40th anniversary of the publication of the first fanzine, my first reaction was a cold chill, followed by a hot flash. Whereupon my teeth dropped out, my hairline receded to the back of my neck, liver-spots appeared on the back of my hands, and I experienced a severe short-circuit in my electric truss. Forty years, indeed--this is something to "celebrate"? I must admit that I haven't read fanzines for all that length of time; actually, I've only been exposed to the things for a mere thirty-seven years. But during that period I estimate I must have received on the average of close to one hundred fanzines per year; fewer in the earlier years, of course, but more during my FAPA days and during the time I served as fanzine reviewer for the prozine, IMAGINATION. Which means I've been sent somewhere between thirty-five hundred and four thousand fanzines, ranging in length from two pages to upwards of two hundred. Let's be conservative (a radical thing to be, nowadays) and say that the average length of each zine was a mere thirty pages. Thirty times four thousand comes out to 120,000 pages. Another conservative estimate would give us perhaps five hundred single-spaced words per page, for a grand total of 60,000,000 (that's sixty million!) words. Several of which were legible.



Any-
how, it would now appear that I've read sixty million words of fanzine contents alone, which can be broken down roughly as follows:

1,000,000 words of Rick Sneary material, 12 of which were spelled correctly.

58,677,000 words of Harry Warner Jr. letters.

323,000 words of captions to Rotsler illustrations.

All this in forty years. The same length of time it took Moses to lead the Chosen People from Nasser's headquarters to the Tel Aviv-Hilton. But he took time out to talk to God on the way, and all I've gotten out of my forty years' reading is a few commandments from Harlan Ellison. There is, I grant you, some resemblance between the two, but I think Harlan is a little shorter.

Anyway, you have given me something to think about, and I hate you for it.

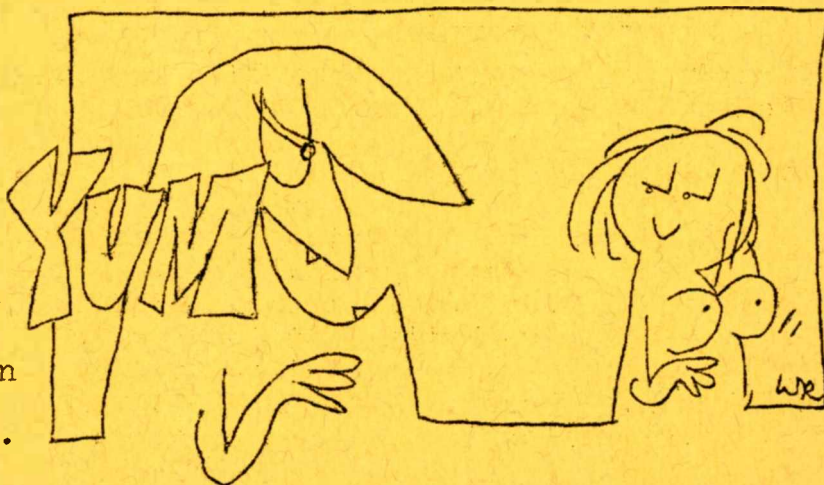
Dr., Los Angeles, Calif. 90046)

(2111 Sunset Crest

JOHN-HENRI HOLMBERG: If you should happen across your co-editor one of these days, you might ask him just how you are supposed to go about getting hold of a copy of VOID 29. I'm an

avid, old-time reader of VOID. (Well, I have a run of issues 19 through 28 and I reread them regularly, one issue every month. This way I pretend to keep up with US fandom, and I also prefer them to the occasional Arthur Hayes fanzines which are all I seem to get on any sort of regular basis. This is probably just due to the fact that I went crazy last September and subscribed to a dozen or so fanzines, none of which has materialized thus far. But I should have known better, of course: I used to employ this tactic myself. There's a Swedish fan named Kjell Borgström, and back in 1963 he subscribed to my first fanzine. I collected the money and folded the zine, starting a Swedish SF TIMES instead. After five issues he got free, Kjell subscribed and again I folded the fanzine. Then I started the Swedish FANAC... and after having received 33 issues free at local club meetings he gave in and handed me a sub. So I folded the fanzine. I'm now contemplating starting another genzine just for the pleasure of being able to fold it when Kjell has subscribed, but I'm afraid it'd be too much trouble. He's getting cautious, and it's not funny enough to warrant 35 issues of a genzine just to make him believe I'm serious this time.) [VOID 29 was sent out with QUIP 11; did you ever get QUIP 11? Arnie insists he sent you a copy of VOID, and I don't think Ted has more than a handful left. -jdb/

The thing with Sweden is, we never had a chance to appreciate underground pornography simply because we never really had any underground. A few years ago we went about our simpleminded tasks, unaware of our lack of underground, and then one day--zapowie or something--there was this red little book on all the bookstore desks, entitled LOVE 1, and it went smack in the face of the General Reading Public which this time made a great effort and mustered about 125,000 members instead of the usual 1,740 when novels are concerned. That book was it, hard-core pornography, with illustrations and written by some of the biggest names in Swedish literature. And they damned well knew that if anybody tried to censor that book, there would be one hell of a row with the critics, the authors' society and the press. So nobody did censor the book, and the writers made more dough on their 10,000-word shorts in it than most of them had made from their last five serious and difficult novels, and so Swedish pornography was born and a precedent was set. Along came Vilgot Sjöman and Ingmar Bergman and a couple of other of our most famed and respected literateurs, and what had not been detailed in LOVE 1, they detailed in films and books.



Another precedent; and now nothing can be censored since everything has been given free reign once. [That sort of logic doesn't seem to impress our censors. -jdb/ So there's no need for any underground; it's all in the newspapers --the largest Swedish daily publishes pictures that would be unthinkable in most US magazines, and the Swedish magazines--well, try getting some of them through US customs.

As for AMAZING and FANTASTIC, you might tell Ted that I for one am very happy with his way of run-

ning the magazines. I stopped buying both of them around 1963, except for an occasional issue every year to see if they'd changed in any way. This summer, or April, or something, I started getting both again and have even taken the trouble to buy all back issues since Ted's name got on the masthead. I know, incidentally, that I'm not the only one: Mats Linder, for one, is one of my closest friends in fandom (or out of it, for that matter), and he hasn't bought an issue of either magazine since Ghod knows when. The other day I noticed that he has all AMZs and FANTASTICs since June, but has stopped buying GALAXY and IF instead.

I don't know if the sort of features Ted is publishing will really sell any magazines these days, but I do know that to me they are attractive, interesting and pleasant. Even if there's not one story in a magazine I want to read, I'll buy the thing anyway if I know there's a good editorial or an interesting lettercol or just some fairly acceptable book reviews inside.

Who the hell is this guy Meyer, anyway?

Who the

There's one good thing about Sweden that I suddenly realize as I read Ted's trash, and that is that we never had this pro problem. Mostly, I gather, this is because there are no pros in Sweden, but at least that makes it impossible for them to sneak off to closed-door parties at the cons. (As I type that, I realize that there are no parties at Swedish cons, either. But this will change, I hope. For the con I'm arranging with Mats Linder next May, we plan an official party just to slam it down their throats that there should be parties at cons. We'll be running the con around the clock, with programs from 11 to 9 in the evenings, with film showings from 9 to 11 every evening, and with beer, dance music and informal stunts from 11 in the evenings to 6 or 7 in the mornings. Then four hours off, and we're on again. It'll be one hell of a convention, for Sweden, if we can only get enough girls--and the people we rent from to realize that music throughout the night is quite in keeping with a "serious, literary conference.") Give me more information on the con, please. I may be in France in the spring, in which case perhaps I could make it north for the con. -jdb/

Anyway, I'm glad to be a Good Guy--or am I? Do you send copies to the Opposition too?--and I'd be even more glad to keep on being told so, so I hope this will suffice for the next EGOBOO.

(Norrskogsvägen 8, S-112 64

Stockholm, SWEDEN)

A. GRAHAM BOAK: It was strange to see Ted pleading so desperately that he is a fan not a pro--even to the extent of insulting the other pros. (Come to think of it, anything more likely to show him up as a pro....) Why? -jdb/ In British fandom, such a pathetic outburst would not be necessary: pro or not, people are accepted as fans on the strength of their personalities.

in Ted's case it would be necessary.

Ah well, maybe

However, British fandom is so split by other arguments ("New Wave" vs "old guard," old faan vs young fan, etc.) that any fan-pro split would go unnoticed anyway.

It may be just a temporary mood, but I find myself more and more separated from "fandom" as a concept, an organization. I'm glad that others are not--otherwise I'd be unable to meet my friends even once a year

at conventions. Also, I'd miss such things as reading SFR, SPEC, CRABAPPLE. But after a year's enthusiasm, the pendulum is swinging away from such ideas as "trufaanishness." I can only generate mild amusement.

"If I didn't have so much to do, I'd gafiate."

Somebody once called it "maturity," but I can't entirely agree with so facile a description. I'm just fed up a little.

(7, Oakwood Rd., Bricket Wood, St. Albans, Herts., ENGLAND)

BOB LICHTMAN: Your editorial section this time is rather lacklustre, as if you didn't really have much to say besides that you were tired of format. Probably 2/3 of the readers will already have read about the Sunset Scavengers in my write-up three or four years ago in FAPA. I think you need to write fannishness combined with relevance in EGOBOO and not just filler. [When I have something of "relevance" to write about, I will, but I'm also content with humor for its own sake. -jdb/

I stopped here a minute and re-read the last paragraph. It comes on pretty strong, and I think what I mean by it is that it's time for another cycle of what we had in the early 60's: intelligent and humorous-when-appropriate discussion-zines. HABAKKUK and KIPPLE but not centered on politics. Centered on the new life styles that are flourishing around us, on the changes of head due to psychedelics having been a part of many people's lives now for over five years. A journal of discussion and communication, but not ponderous. You've been mentioning doing an "underground" fanzine, and I think you should stop talking about it and start doing it. Start it circulating just amongst fans and your friends at first, then if it develops into an ongoing thing, try circulating it through places like Kepler's Books as an accomplished magazine, not an experiment. [That's about how my own thoughts run. I'm working on the zine now. -jdb/ I totally agree with Calvin that you could do it, and do it with excellence.

Ted's list of albums is city-vibe oriented. Al Kooper had for many of us a fragile moment of success with the first Blood Sweat & Tears album, but everything he's done since then, including his production work on others' albums, has been heavy-handed, jarring and repetitive, from my standpoint. Of the albums he lists, only the second record of The Band has held my respect. I also have the Moondog record and the Stones' second greatest hits record, but not all the Moondog satisfies me and I'm presently in a place with the Stones, since Altamont, where I can't honestly appraise their music. I think it's excellent examples, by and large, of rock and roll music, but there is such an uptight energy running through it that I find it very hard to bear. I've also heard the other records he lists and even owned some of them briefly (due to my job with Columbia I get lots of free records and also trade for lots of records so I can "try out" anything; I also feel very non-attached to records because of this and recently sold over half my record collection) and can't say I got off on any of them.

But the Band's record I feel is some sort of cameo masterpiece. As Ted intimates the Band's development is fairly circular and self-contained, but I think they're producing fine music of a particular type, and I certainly stand in awe and respect of the fact that the second album was recorded on a four-track home studio in a house they were renting in Los Angeles, using

the bathroom for echo when needed, etc. I look forward to further productions from them with anticipation.

The records that have come out recently that I've gotten into most have included the third Quick-silver Messenger Service record, Shady Grove, on which Nicky Hopkins' presence and good energy transforms an already excellent group into an exceptional one. The record is marred by less than inspired mixing here and there, but is all in all their best yet. The Grateful Dead's double live set has been keeping people here pretty high, but I find that, altho' I like it very much, I still prefer their second album, Anthem of the Sun. The trouble with some of the tracks on Live Dead is that they are not actually as long as their inspired live performances, but are too long to work, in some ways, as album tracks. "Dark Star" is perhaps the most bothersome track that way. I have a 2½ minute single of it here--the only single track they've done, incidentally, that isn't on one of their albums; it came out shortly after the Anthem LP--which is very succinct and works, and I've heard them do it for an hour or so in concert. The 23 minute track on the live album just doesn't fall down in place right for me, for some subjective reason. And of course, Abbey Road has been a very heavy record for us all. I've had a copy since the day it came out, and now have retired it and gotten an English pressing for over the long haul. The record said some very heavy things to me on an acid trip, and only the presence of the "Maxwell's Silver Hammer" track mars it for me. I find myself playing Side Two much more than the first side because of "Maxwell's." Over the long haul of the last half of the year, finally, a Beach Boys single, their last work known to me, "Break Away" b/w "Celebrate the News," has been a very high five or six minutes. They have now been dropped by Capitol and while they've talked of restarting Brother Records, I don't know when or how they'll go about it without Capitol's distribution system. They aren't so hot anymore that other labels will court them for distribution privileges.

Mostly, Ted, I'm not in it much for city blues and "hard" rock (except for Creedence Clearwater Revival, the revolutionary/subtle Top Forty fave-rave group, which really stoness me) at the present time. I'm listening to a lot of Indian and other ethnic music, some classical music (particularly Baroque), a scattering of electronics (Terry Riley's new record, A Rainbow in Curved Air, notably), and not too much else. (112 Lundy's Lane, San Francisco, Calif. 94110)

LES GERBER: If Ted feels sorry for himself because of his trouble in keeping up with new rock albums, believe me, I sympathize! I am now getting about 20 per week, due to my having had the stupidity to take on the (unpaid) job of pop music editor of The American Record Guide. (On top of that, I review several records of classical music per month, and pick up from half a dozen to a dozen classical records a week--sometimes more--for my collection. How do they all get listened to? They don't.) What makes it all worse is that a few labels producing good rock records don't send their releases to the ARG, and I am all torn up inside over whether to write to them for their records or leave well enough alone. Of course, I don't have to review 20 rock records per week--aside from many other reasons, the magazine doesn't have room for 80 rock reviews every month--but I do have to pass a few on to other reviewers and at least sample all the rest of them!

I didn't like the Moondog album as well as Ted does, but I certainly was glad to see him getting some well-deserved



exposure. Considering the size of the orchestra (and the quality--several of the members are noted concert artists), I'm not surprised the record was so short; it must have cost a fortune to produce. As for Terry Riley, I didn't hear all of In C (caught part of it one day on the radio), but I reviewed his latest album containing two compositions and found it avant-garde wallpaper music. For instant music high, I recommend Steve Reich's Come Out, an electronic piece contained on Columbia's budget-label Odyssey ("New Sounds in Electronic Music,"

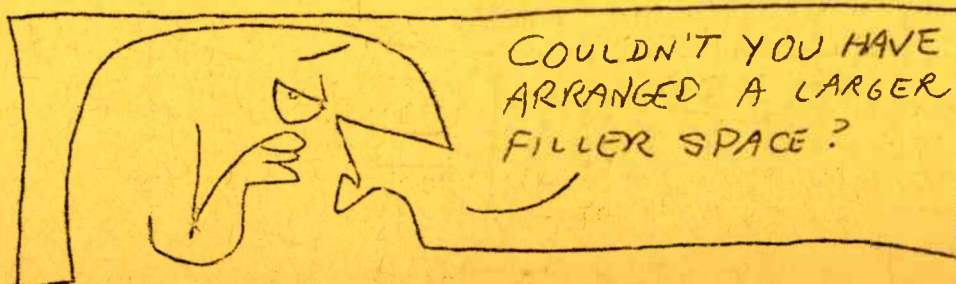
Stereo 32 16 0160). I used to run a series of electronic music concerts at a local Staten Island coffee house and the teenagers would ask for Come Out every time; they said it was better than good grass.

The Stones' Through the Past, Darkly is hardly a must for Stones fans. Only two of the tracks appear on LP for the first time; all the rest are reissues, and some of them have even been on two previous albums. I love the two new cuts ("Jumping Jack Flash" and "Honky Tonk Women"), and I thought all the songs were up to the Stones' best, but I was still infuriated by London's chutzpah. The really new Stones album, Let It Bleed, seems on first hearing to be one of their best.

Ted's account of missing the Fanoclast meeting reminds me of two similar experiences I've had. #1: I too was once stung by a yellowjacket. It was among the unpleasantest experiences I've ever had. #2: I too am planning to get out of the city. I can understand why Ted is pleased to take over his ancestral mansion, having once spent a most pleasant morning there having breakfast with his parents. I remember it as a beautiful house located on a fairly large and attractive plot--although, to be honest, the thing I remember best is the bookshelf on wheels attached to an inside closet door. We too are planning to leave the city, not so much from disgust with New York as from a growing realization that city life is simply not a congenial environment for human life and development. If I had my way I would like to be increasing my sensitivity, instead of having it systematically deadened by rubbing against too many bricks and people. We're probably moving upstate, someplace quiet and with some space to run around in.

(130 Arnold St., Staten Island, NY 10301)

IN THE INTERESTS of brevity, and because even with the increased page-count this lettercol has to stop somewhere, I'll just mention that we got a long letter from a new fan, Larry W. Propp, who seems literate and friendly and would probably like to receive more fanzines (1010 West Green, #335, Urbana, Ill. 61801), and short notes from Leon E. Taylor and James E. Rhoda (members of The League of Silent Fen). Keep those cards and letters coming, folk.



ONE MORE TIME: Since I finished the last page, Ted's column arrived and proved to be shorter than expected, and lots more letters arrived. I find myself with one more page than anticipated, so I'll take this space to print one more letter. This fine letter from one of our many loyal readers was chosen for its superior literacy, grace, and over-all erudite quality and mainly because it's short:

DAVID T. MALONE: Thanks for a good issue of an interesting fanzine.

Speaking of hate, I'm glad I've found somewhere else where the subject can be discussed other than in magazines that cater to the vitriolic substance. The amount of hate expressed by a fan while within fandom varies directly with the fan's ability to take personal offense at the hate expressed by another person (heavy tome, that). This ability, moreover, varies directly with the amount that fandom means to a person. A low hate content can thus be taken as indicative of a healthy and flourishing mundane life, while a hate-filled writing style (one "Faith Lincoln" springs to mind here) will be typical of a fan with what are euphemistically labeled "hang-ups."

An interesting juxtaposition is the difference between a hung-up fan and a hung-up pro. A fan will flail his arms in all directions striking whatever comes within his range. A pro will show a truly trufannish ability to you must have left out a phrase here, David! -jdb/ about any issue--except where his sacred writing is concerned and there he will react much like the fan. Hence the buzzing lettercolumns in fanzines that contain killer reviews, hence also the SFR lettercolumn. Hence, also the superior quality of fanzines like QUIP, WARHOON, EGOBOO, L'ANGE JACQUE, and hopefully soon, my own fanzine dmsff.

Unfortunately, some very talented and occasionally even interesting people have hang-ups. Like Harlan and Ted White. And Dick Geis (depending on his mental mood).

But that is why fandom is interesting.

On the above:
what good prose! What solid prose! What extraordinarily uninteresting prose!

(Bacon Road, Roxbury, Conn. 06783)

ROOTSLER
FOR
TAFF

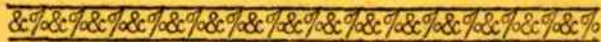
FAVES DROPPINGS

ALL NEW! PLUS AN AMAZING CLASSIC!!

THE STAPLES IN THIS FANZINE ARE STERLING SILVER! RIP THEM OUT AND BE RICH!



ROTSLER FOR TAF



LOS ANGELES FANDOM IS MADE UP OF PEOPLE WHOSE ACTIONS I CAN PREDICT BUT WHOSE MOTIVATIONS I DON'T UNDERSTAND....IN LA, A LOT OF YOUR FRIENDS HAVE GOT TO BE FANS--THEY WOULDN'T BE YOUR FRIENDS FOR ANY OTHER REASON....SCIENCE FICTION SHOULD START LIVING IN THE 20TH CENTURY--IT'S STILL LIVING IN 1959ANY EXCUSE IS A GOOD EXCUSEIT WASN'T GOOD ASSOCIATION, BUT IT WAS FREE....HE DOES NUDE MURALS FOR THE WPA....I SPEAK IN CLICHES BECAUSE I HAVE REDUCED LIFE PHILOSOPHICALLY TO A SET OF CLICHES....SHE'S AN N3F GROUPIE.... HIS NEXT BOOK HAS HALF A MILLION WORDS, NO TWO ALIKE....HARLAN ELLISON IS THE RALPH WILLIAMS OF SCIENCE FICTION....WELL, DO YOU EXPECT HIM TO BE A NORMAL MAN?....FIVE YEARS OF GOOD COSTUME BALLS DOWN THE DRAIN....COLUMBUS IS INHABITED ENTIRELY BY THE SIMPLE PEASANT FOLK....SOMEDAY I'LL HAVE TO STAPLE NIEKAS ON THE RIGHT SIDE AND READ IT....UGLINESS IS NATURE'S CONTRACEPTIVE....IN 8 MONTHS SHE MANAGED TO SLEEP WITH ABOUT 2/3 OF THE MALE NY FANS. KNOWING FANS YOU ARE UNDOUBTEDLY AWARE THAT THIS ISN'T AS EASY AS IT MIGHT APPEARI HAVE SEEN THE FUTURE AND IT IS SCRUFFY....SEX IS GOD'S WAY OF LAUGHING AT THE RICH....GREG BENFORD HAS YET TO FULFILL THE LITERARY PROMISE HE SHOWS IN HIS SHORTSTHE WORKERS IN THE CLOCK FACTORY ARE STRIKING FOR SHORTER HOURSI HAVE THREE FANZINE ARTICLES ALREADY OUTLINED--NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WRITE THEM DOWN....WE'RE PUBLISHING THIS FANZINE FOR THE AGES.....perpetrators and passers-on: don fitch, jim benford, pete weston, greg benford 6, chuck hansen, terry carr, john d berry 4, arnie katz 2, felice rolfe, darroll pardoe, bill donaho, anon 2

FROM:
JOHN D. BERRY
MAYFIELD ROOSE
STANFORD, CALIF.
94305

1st CLASS MAIL

RICHARD BERGFORD
11 E. 68th ST.
New York, N.Y. 10021



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