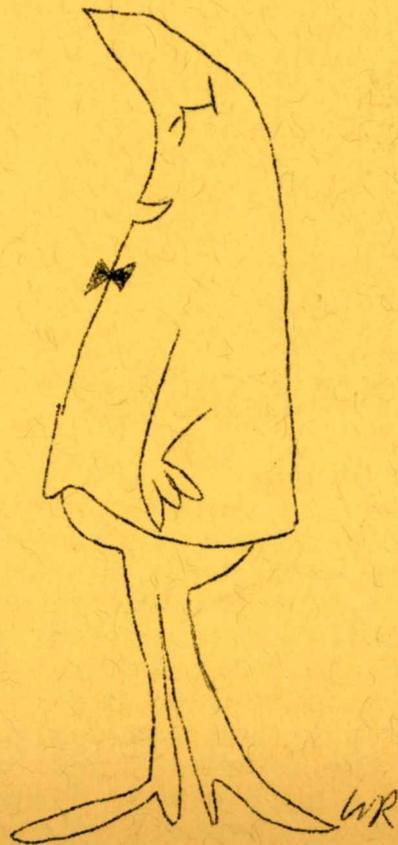


EGGBOO

#12



HAVE YOU USED
GRASS VERY
EXTENSIVELY?



pages, mind you--each. What surprised me was that they were good, or at least the first one was, and the second was worth the instant it took to read it. Dick remarked that not too long ago, he had gotten a letter from Ray Thompson, the other fan in wherever-the-hell-it-was, Nebraska, where Peatrowski came from, and naturally when he replied Dick asked what had happened to MOTE's editor. The answer, according to Ray Thompson, was that Bob Peatrowski had quit fandom and taken up archery instead.

There are other things in this issue of EGOBOO, but I'm sure you can find them. It's quite simple. If you have any questions, we have uniformed attendants at every entrance.

TRAVEL TALES: A few months ago Wilma Demmon asked me what I had thought of the various European countries I went through last summer. I didn't answer immediately, because she wanted a real answer, not just another fillip of polite conversation. When I got my thoughts organized, I wrote my conclusions down, and now I'm going to print them here, since I think the rest of you might be interested, too. This doesn't begin to mention all the fine people whose hospitality I shared last summer, or all the little incidents that happened to me, but then it wasn't meant to; that'll have to come later. Here I just tried to describe how I thought the countries I'd seen would be as places to live. So:

Now, Wilma, I am finally going to try to answer your question about countries in Europe. For living for any length of time, I most liked Holland, London, and Scotland. Luxembourg is a great place, and I loved hitching through it, but I have a feeling it would soon exhaust itself if I lived there. It's definitely a land that should be seen, though. Holland is really neat, and Dutch is an easy language to learn. I stayed a couple of days in Eindhoven, an industrial city in southern Holland, to visit someone, and I liked the city a lot, but actually it's very much like America and is probably not the best place to live. I have a feeling there are lots of lesser places that would be nice to live in that I haven't seen, but my vote goes to Amsterdam. How to describe Amsterdam? I'm sitting here drinking Heineken beer, but it's not giving me too much inspiration. Amsterdam is full of spindly little streets and wide thoroughfares, none of which are straight, all of which end up in squares and plazas of one kind or another. It's got the look of the 17th Century trying to squash itself into something as congested as modern New York--even the ancient mansions are very narrow and rectangular-looking, all lined up with no space between them along the banks of the biggest canals. I dig this congestion, though. It's all old and history-laden and it's got all the little nobs and furls that give a bunch of buildings Character, instead of concrete-faced Blankness. I hit Amsterdam in a lousy mood for exploring, so I only stayed a weekend, but I fixed it firmly in my mind as a place to go back and live for a while.

I felt the same about London, except that I was in a good mood there so I spent lots of time. I didn't begin to exhaust the possibilities, though. I got the feeling that living there for a year or so would be a wonderful experience; the city is full of fascinating places and things, and there are circles of good people that I have a toe-hold into by virtue of the fans I know or know of. London struck me as a place to run around in, not one in which to stay put. And one to come back to, after making expeditions to the rest of England. For all its good points, I disliked much of England because of the funny attitude of the English common

folk. They sort of revel in ordinariness; dash and flair are the antithesis of English life. I've never much liked "muddling through." This feeling disappeared, though, in Scotland and Northern Ireland. Scotland has a rugged character all its own, like a sharp old man who's been all sorts of interesting places and done fantastic things. I wish I'd had time to go north into the Highlands, but all I saw was Edinburgh and the countryside on the way there (with a lorry driver through the hills) and on the trainride to Glasgow and from there to Stranraer for the steamer to Belfast. The hills around here on the Peninsula, when they're wet and green, remind me of Scotland. Edinburgh is positively the friendliest city I've ever encountered. I arrived in the middle of the city with no idea even if I was in the middle of the city, and immediately I found a traveler's information center. From there they directed me around a few blocks and down a series of streets and steps to a lodging center where they set me up with a room in a private home. It was a gas. While I was waiting for the bus that would take me to the proper area of the city, an old lady in the queue asked me where I was from and where I was going. She gave me directions, and when I got on the bus she must have instructed the lady collecting fares to tell me when my stop was, because the fare-lady did. I have a sneaking feeling that the old lady even paid my fare, because the collector never collected it, but perhaps she just forgot. Anyway, this is typical of the way people there are. I stayed with two different ladies who rented out rooms, and I saw the annual Edinburgh Military Tattoo, with lots of pipers and brass and Canadian Mounties parading and stuff. (The hit of the Tattoo was a band from British Columbia, which was essentially like a very good American college football band, dressed up like Beefeaters; the British had never seen anything like it, so they ate it up.) My most poignant memory of Edinburgh is my first night there, when I sat on the steep, grassy hillside beneath the battlements of Edinburgh Castle and listened to the faint, ghostly sound of bagpipes floating out over the night from the castle. (One of the bands was practicing.) I love the Old Town, which is the castle and surrounding area sprawling down the major hill, honeycombed with winding streets and stairways that open out into enclosed courtyards that are only reachable by the stairs--one coming down into the courtyard, one coming up. Across a small valley from the castle--the valley is full of parkland and the railroad tracks--rises another, lower hill, on which you find the Main Drag, Princes Street, and the New Town. (Wide, 18th-Century boulevards in a grid pattern constitute "New" by Edinburgh's standards.) I loved walking all around the city, by day or night, and going to any of the many high points in the city and looking all around. The only bad thing I have to say about Edinburgh is that almost everything closes down on Sunday; I had to pay outrageous prices at a touristy restaurant in order to cash a travelers' check the Sunday I spent there.

The only reason I don't include Northern Ireland in the list of places I'd like to live is the turmoil between Catholics and Protestants. The land is lovely: rolling, green, Irish hills, and a close, small-scale feeling which is nice to someone used to the impersonality of an American urban area. Walt Willis says that everyone in Northern Ireland either knows everyone else or knows someone who does. Belfast is full of red-brick, two-family houses, and the countryside is also reminiscent of the Peninsula when it's wet and green. I stayed with the Willises in Donaghadee, which reminded me strongly of a combination fishing/resort village on Cape Cod, except that the Irish Sea is a lot rougher and more

open to the ocean than is the Vineyard Sound. You can run out on the hook-shaped jetty that encloses Donaghadee harbor, by the lighthouse, and look back on the land as the wind blows your hair away, and you can turn around and look across the Irish Sea to Scotland. If you were outside of Belfast or the other major cities, you might be able to avoid the disturbances, in which no one is really right, but I doubt it because the whole country is so small. In Belfast, I drove with Bob Shaw through one of the riot-torn areas (Falls Road), where I saw barricades on most every sidestreet and English soldiers walking around in groups of three or four with guns resting on their arms. I only missed the worst rioting by a couple of days, and since Walt is high in the government, I was thoroughly saturated with the news and opinion while I was there. (Since I came back to this country, I've seen practically no news on Northern Ireland at all, and what I did see betrayed the markedly different outlooks of American and N. Irish news reporters. Our press reported events as "Another riot in Belfast, folks, claiming so much property damage and such-and-such among the injured," whereas the N. Irish press reported specifics and regarded each event as a unique item that should not be lumped together under the simple sub-heading, "Riots.") I'm sorry that I didn't get a chance to see the Republic of Ireland, except for Shannon Airport.



I OWE CHARLIE BROWN an apology. In EGOBOO 10, I attacked a statement of his on the subject of TAFF. Well, it wasn't really all that fuggheaded a statement, but I was feeling like writing a diatribe at the time and I took the first convenient target. It wasn't all that bright a statement, either, but the whole thing really wasn't worth calling in the troops for. For that I apologize, Charlie.

Besides, now I have much bigger targets. I could stuff my mouth with shrapnel and yank the lanyard over the results of the TAFF race ("If you wanna see me do mah thang, pull mah strang!"), but it would be futile. It's a shame that someone like Bill Rotsler could lose that honor, though. No, what really seems to call for some comment is the results of our very own EGOBOO Poll. (Yes, yes, I will write up the full results and publish them; just you wait.) The results weren't all that outrageous, really; I'd expected a far less worthy batch of winners, given the heros and ghods of today's fandom. But there were a few things that impressed themselves on me, and I want to talk about them.

It seems that fans today have no concept of good writing. The Fan Writer category is virtually a popularity contest, despite the fact that there were ample other categories in which to vent your all-around enthusiasm for one fan or another. (The #1 Fan Face category is the obvious one, but several new fans didn't even know what this meant.) It could once be said about fandom that

it was a society without class or prejudice, for the most part, because the sole important factor that determined your position in fandom and the esteem that you received was how well you could write. There were exceptions, of course, for artists, but that was sort of a separate class; if you didn't write, you weren't in the mainstream of fandom. Most of the best artists have been at least competent writers, too. Most of the best editors have been good to excellent writers, with few exceptions indeed. Now, however, an awful lot of new fans don't even know that there are critical standards for writing, and if they are dimly aware of this, it has never occurred to them to apply those standards to fandom. Oh, no indeed. If they had, would Dick Geis have ranked third as Best Fan Writer? Would Richard Delap--for Christ's sake, all Richard Delap writes are reviews--have tied for sixth place? And Piers Anthony taken ninth? Are you kidding?

As if to buttress this failure of standards in the general field of fanwriting, there is the monumental ignorance shown in the Best Humorist category. This isn't apparent if you look at the top five; even though I've never thought of myself as a great humorist, I have written some in that vein, and all the others listed are known for their humorous writing. But you should have read the ballots! An awful lot of fans nominated the most outstanding fugg-heads they could think of as Best Humorist: J.J. Pierce, Leland Shapiro, and so forth. Sometimes they were serious. But even if they weren't, it implies a lot to think that they used those ballots to take a crack at idiots rather than using them to give honor to those writers who have excelled in fandom's highest-developed form of writing. Many other fans simply left that category blank, which is perhaps how deserving fans like Walt Willis and Bob Tucker got in there.

to the stars in your science fiction fans.

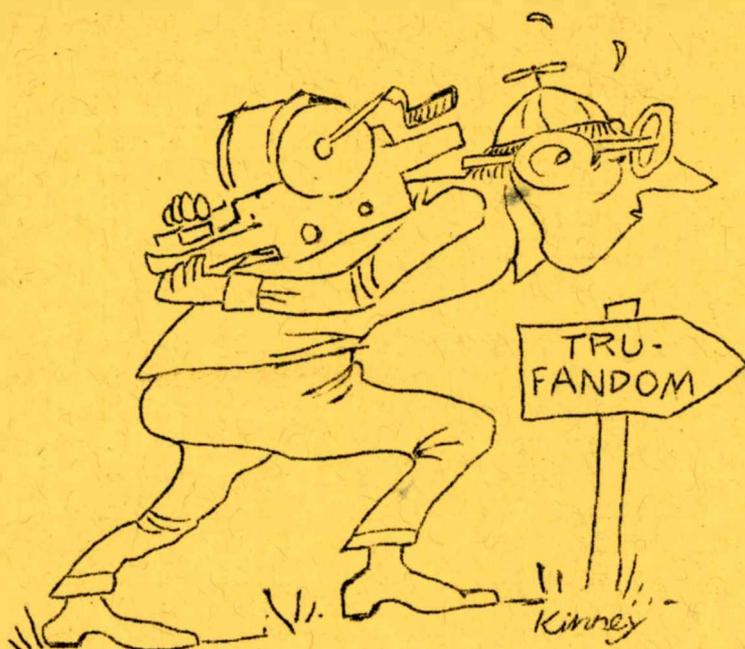
RUN SILENT, RUN QUICK: I'm about to tell you what we'll have Next Issue. Now normally I would never do such a thing, as I think most of you know. Ballyhooing Coming Attractions is about as entertaining a way of filling up space as printing ads for comics collectors. But this time we really do have something coming up; EGOBOO is in the unusual position of having too much material on hand for one issue. So, next time you will see a newly-arrived column from Calvin Demmon and a short article by Bob Shaw. In addition, of course, to another installment of "White Trash." (That is a Hint to my co-editor.) I hate to hold things over to "next issue" with a fanzine with a schedule like ours, but I'll make real efforts to get EGOBOO 13 out pretty soon. Somehow when I take a lackadaisical attitude toward fanac I seem to get a lot more done.

In-
cidentally, for those of you who are interested in such things, there are back issues of EGOBOO and FOOLSCAP available. (I've been trying to remember to make this announcement for months, now.) Say 25¢ each for anything except FOOLSCAP 6, which'll be 50¢ (it was a big issue). I won't tolerate members of the League of Silent Fen--those who pay money but never say a word--to use this as a cheap way get EGOBOOs, but anyone who's on the mailing list and has showed some real interest is welcome to back issues. I have copies of almost everything except FOOL 4 and maybe the first three EGOBOOs. They are all stored at Stanford for the summer, but by the end of September I'll have access to them again. First come, first served, unless you offer me a hundred dollars or something.

--John D. Berry

KATZENHAMMER

ARNE
KATZ



I published QUIP for four years. Four years, if you will pardon the expression, that's not too many. At least it isn't too many in the real world; four years in the microcosm is nearly two fan generations. How many of those who were neofans with me in 1963 and 1964 are still around? Surprisingly few. As I pointed out to fellow survivor Hank Luttrell at the '68 Midwestcon, our bunch was not a hardy one. Why, the co-founder of QUIP, Len Bailes, is today an embittered old fringe fan who occasionally takes pen in hand to tell us that the magic has gone out of fandom. I remember a Len Bailes of far different aspect. I can still see him at our very first convention, the 1963 Lunacon, all goshwow and running pell-mell after such professional titans as Randall Garrett.

It was a different fandom than today's to which QUIP #1 was sent in 1965. In L.A., marriages and friendships ruptured at each swing in fortune in the Diplomacy games that were then the rage of the LASFS. Edgar Rice Burroughs fandom was in full swing--ERBdom was to win the Fanzine Hugo at the Tricon. Apas were the big thing in 1965 fanzine fandom. I don't think there were even a dozen reasonably frequent genzines when QUIP started. Today, all this is as if it never was. Diplomacy is played at safer distances through the mails, low brows and juveniles have forsaken ERB for Roddenberry, Shatner, and Nimoy, and the emphasis in fanzine fandom is once again on genzines. A veritable torrent of new genzines courses daily into the inadequate mailbox of Apartment 3-J, each one filled with the Essential Serious Constructive material for which every fan eagerly faunches. Fanzines crammed to the bursting point and beyond with articles on Hip Culture by rustic teenagers a year or two out of date, capsule reviews of "2001," and hymns of praise to Piers Anthony, sometimes not even written by Piers himself.

While mulling over the four years gone by since the first QUIP,

the outline of a New Theory of Fandom outlined itself in my mind. I call it the Devolution Theory of Fandom. Let me explain. When I was a raw young neo, everyone knew that amateur poetry was No Damn Good. Twenty years of sermonizing on the evils of fan poetry had accomplished a feat which would have brought a tear of joy to the eye of Laney himself; the virtual eradication of this fannish blight by 1965. Oh, poetry persisted in a few of fandom's mustier corners like YANDRO (it once occurred to me that the apparent sole criterion for YANDRO material is that it should exactly fit a blank spot on a corresponding Coulson stencil), but was otherwise rarely seen. Then poetry began to appear again. Now fan poetry in all its shallow, hackneyed glory is a major category of fanzine material once more. Eight or ten pages of leaden verse in a single issue of a fanzine is not uncommon. The shadow of Orma McCormick lies heavy on fandom 1970. Perhaps because fan poetry was almost dead in 1965, the most virulent derision was saved for amateur science fiction and fantasy stories. Why, amateur sf was as much a hallmark of the abject neo crudzine as the cover which depicted a spaceship, jets blasting, being grabbed by a space serpent (or maybe a giant hand). Parodies and faan fiction pieces were considered usable, but non-professional sf was verboten. Today amateur sf, including the special category of closet stories abandoned to fandom by good-natured pros, infects much of fandom. I mean deal-with-the-devil yarns, imitation Conan stories, and, occasionally, amateur "Star Trek" scripts. Similarly, sf crossword puzzles, bibliographies of hack writers no one reads let alone enjoys and Science Fiction Quizzes are all with us once more.

Briefly, my theory is that fandom is retrogressing. I point to the spate of fanzine revivals as one more sign of this phenomenon. As fandom devolves, those who found some particular period of fandom congenial are stirring to activity. Soon, I predict, those rustic teenagers I mentioned will plunge backward to found Discussion Fandom all over again. The retreat of fandom will be in high gear.

Armed with this new insight, I have hit on a way for John to finance future issues of EGOBOO, once fandom has backslid sufficiently. I will have him introduce, for direct mail sale to fans, a low-cost publishing outfit I've discovered. We are going to let Terry Carr in on this with us, and next issue EGOBOO will present his article on the subject "The Hektograph, Fandom's Salvation." Watch for it.

* * *

"So you finally got here."

"Yes, I just got in from the coast."

"I guess we can begin now."

"I heard a rumor about you, Katz."

"About me?"

"Right. I heard you've become a Dirty Pro."

"In a manner of speaking, yes."

"'In a manner of speaking'? What does that mean?"

"It means that I'm not much of a pro. Just Assistant Editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC."

"That sounds like high-powered stuff."

"It isn't really. Believe me, there's more egoboo than cash involved."

"So what happens to FOCAL POINT now?"

"What should happen to FOCAL POINT?"

"Well, you're going offset, of course."

"No, the only offset in FP is on the backs of the pages that are gestetnered."

"How about changing the name to FANTASY CRITIQUE and having thirty pages of capsule book reviews every issue?"

"I think we'll stick with FOCAL POINT and fans like Harry, Greg, John, Steve, and Jay for contributors, thanks."

"But if you don't change the name, those display ads I've done up will be worthless!"

"Display ads?"

"Sure. Display ads listing everyone who's had so much as a letter in FP for AMAZING, IF, the Worldcon Program Book, and The Sunday New York Times! How else are you going to get the circulation up to 1000?"

"Who needs that?"

"You do, so FANTASY CRITIQUE can win the Hugo it will so richly deserve."

"Now wait..."

"Vote for FANTASY CRITIQUE!"

"Now stop that! Do you think that readers are so stupid that they'll allow such transparent self-advertisement?"

"They always did, the last place I worked."

"That was a different scene, I'm afraid."

"What the hell are you doing now, Katz?"

"Making a phonecall. Hello? Geis? Dick, I'm sending him back. No, he just didn't work out. Thanks anyway. That was Geis; I'm sending you back."

"I could have made you the Secret Master of Fandom."

"Uh-huh. Good-bye."

--Arnie Katz



"Fannish gothic"

BOOK REVIEW BY TERRY CAIRN

A number of you will remember Fred Chappell, a fan who wrote some offbeat and/or funny stuff for SPACESHIP, GRUE and other fanzines. I remember him best for his Goldfish Bowl column in GRUE in which he once satirized Sam Moskowitz so beautifully I was surprised Sam didn't go away immediately.

Well, he's gone off and become a writer. Oh, not like thee and me, writing quaint little visions of imaginary futures; Chappell wrote mainstream books don't you see, and has been getting some excellent reviews. He's a Promising Young Serious Novelist at the age of 34; "Mr. Chappell writes with power and passion and with flashes of humor," says Orville Prescott in the New York Times, and allowing for critics' bombast this seems to be true. I did no more than glance through his first two novels, It Is Time, Lord and The Inking, but his third one is titled Dagon and is as Southern Gothic as Capote or Tennessee Williams at their most southern and gothic.

It's about this conscience-tortured young minister who's inherited the family farm after his mother's death -- his father having died in some manner years before. He goes there on a sabbatical with his wife, intending to spend a quiet couple of months writing a paper on the worship of Dagon, since the figure of the mutilated pagan god has captured his imagination. He discovers torture implements in the attic, murders his wife in a trance and thereafter spends his time in the grubby cabin of a squatter family whose teenaged daughter, homely as sin, has him captivated. He drinks, he stays drunk, he wallows in his degradation, and eventually he's sacrificed to the pagan god worshipped around those parts (which seems to be what happened to his father too).

I didn't read more than half of it, despite the fact that Chappell really does write very well. There's a scene where the hero accidentally gets himself caught in manacles up in the attic on a hot day; he spends hours in the dust-carpeted, baking hot attic before his wife finds him. She gives him water to drink while she goes off to find the hacksaw: "The first gulps turned the thickness in his mouth into a slick coagulant film and he spat the water out. It dropped in the dust with a sound like rope dropping." Oh, that's nice, that's right, about the sound of a rope dropping; I read lines like that and turn green.

But the book as a whole, what it is is, it's a downer. I got to

the middle and realized that it was all going to be about this silly ass torturing himself with guilt and sin and degradation and licking that noseless girl's toe-jam. Horror stories are one thing, but disgust stories are something else. I skipped to the end and found that he dies and has a lot of fun for two pages in the afterlife, "wallowing and sporting upon the rich darkness that flows between the stars"; this is evidently what passes for a happy ending in Southern Gothic circles.

It really makes you think a bit about a culture -- Southern -- that produces this kind of thing not just as a novel but as a genre. Oh boy.

Chappell betrays his fan background in the book not only by dedicating it in part to Richard McKenna but also by things like this:

A bitter sleep, immediately shot through with yellow sick dreaming. He was still himself, but somehow impersonally so, huge, monolithic. There was no one else, but there were momentary impressions of great deserted cities which flashed through his consciousness, gleaming white cities with geometries so queer and dizzying as to cause nausea. And when the cities remained stationary they were immediately engulfed by a milky-white odorous ocean. This same smelly chalky sea water was attacking him also and he began to dissolve away; he was becoming transparent, he was a mere threadlike wraith, merely a long nerve, excruciatingly alive. Somehow he perceived a voice in the milky substance, talking clearly and with immense resonance. "Ia, ia. Yogg Sothoth. Nephreu. Cthulhu."

It's complete right down to the horrific ocean associations: H.P. Lovecraft goes scūth. I think it's Cthulhu to whom the hero is sacrificed at the end, though I only skimmed.

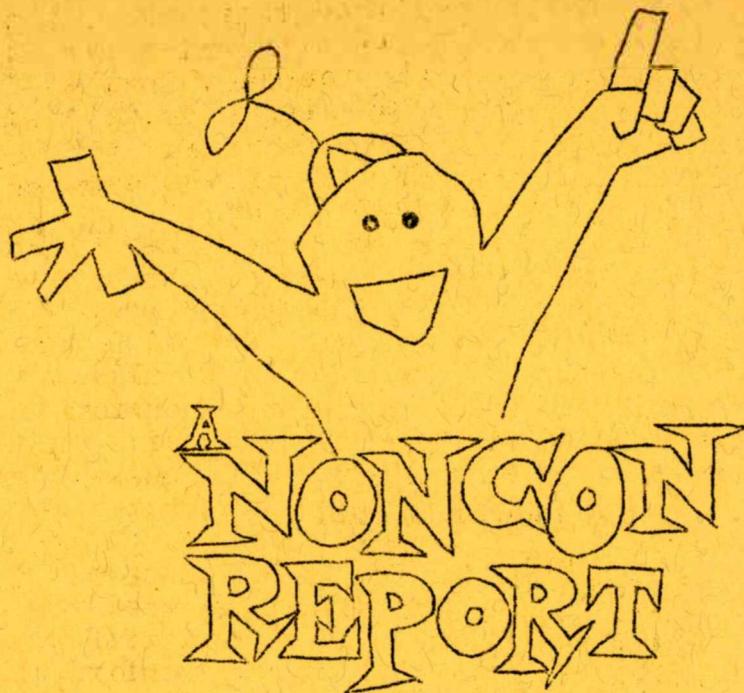
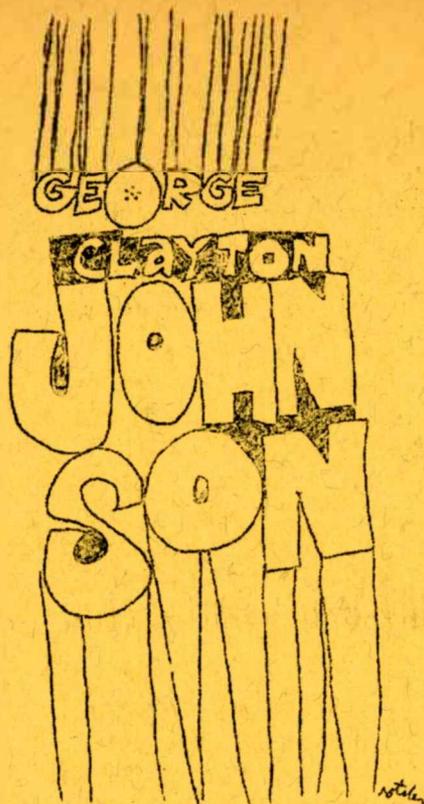
Well, if Bob Bloch can do it, why not Fred Chappell?

--Terry Carr

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Something irreducibly unwelcome, Patrick reflected, attached itself to all Graham's frequent requests for sexual reports. It had only the most distant connections with prurience--and who said prurience was a bad thing anyway?--but one was bound to have trouble in expelling the idea that there could be nothing merciful in acquainting a man like Graham with a situation involving another's amatory success, however flawed, partial, precarious, minor, brief and rare such success might be. On the other hand, any despatches at all from that firing-line, so far removed from Graham's daily and even yearly life, might easily prove useful to him at such time as he might arrive there on active duty. And talking about the old nonsense, while nothing like as good as performing it, was better than just thinking about it.

--Kingsley Amis, Take a Girl Like You



:::George sent this to me, figuring that EGOBOO was the best way to distribute it. It's his own special kind of "conreport" on the non-con held in the BArea over July 4th weekend. The whole thing is really addressed to his friends who were there--and you're all getting this--but it's also entertaining for the rest of EGOBOO's massive (but small!) readership, and it certainly gives a fine glimpse into the mind of George Clayton Johnson. The mentions of Lilapa occur because most of the fans there were in Lilapa, but attendance wasn't limited to Lilapans (I'm not one; neither is George). It was just a big, beautiful party. I can hear George talking now.....:::

Dear Lilapa and Environs:

Maybe you'd like to see the weekend through my eyes. First a mind-sweetening trip by Rotslerback through Big Sur stopping frequently to immortalize Neola's beautiful and slightly sacred bod on moompitcher film -- her proud jugs cleaving the early morning inshore wind in a way to make you proud to be an American. It was a time of great human warmth tooling up the California coastline with Paul Turner and Bill Rotsler spelling each other at the wheel of the Van while the rest of us sprawled in sybaritic splendor on the great mat of furs which has turned the honest simplicity of monocoque metal vandom into a trap for people who like to sprawl in sybaritic splendor on a great mat of furs. Thus, with my reason already destroyed and in a state of mindlessness (having forgot my mother tongue) we arrived at Donaho's pit of sin. To be swept into a weekend that could only be compared event-wise with the convention weekend at the Hilton Inn and any evening that I stay home with my family.

Donaho at home with his friends instantly leaped into my mind as the prototype for the giant who lives at the top of the beanstalk. The mace and other assorted cutlery on his mantlepiece re-inforce the image but when he talks the image is shattered like a glass goblin. This Giant is smart and there is no fee-fi-fo-fumming to be heard in the land.

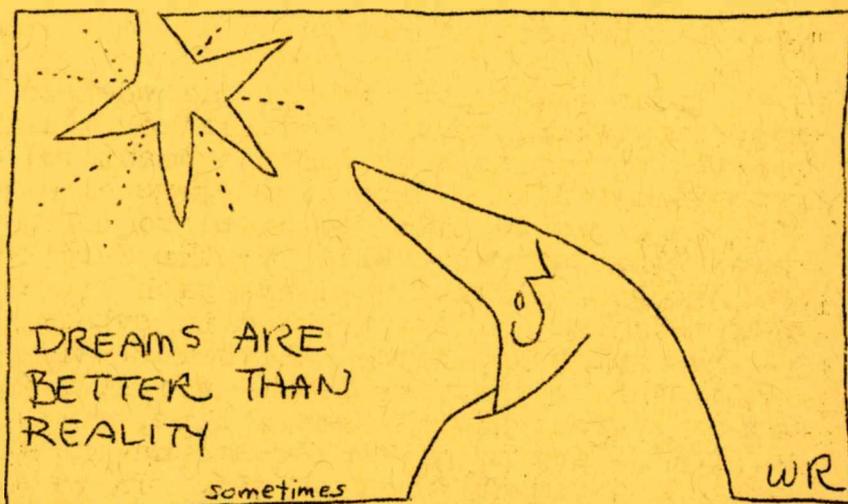
Dan mootches about doing things wearing a maroon bathrobe that has seen better days saying just enough to show that he is on top of all that is going down on the premises and anywhere else you want to talk about. Chuck sits about thinking of Kenneth Rexroth (who needs to be thought about) and the room is aflood with folk all of whom have the light of sanity in their eyes. One or two of whom I have never clapped my kind and godlike eyes upon before.

My life became a giddy round of hot boilings in the cannibal pot hip to hip with the proud and lonely few who held fast to the one true faith -- heat is neat. I met people in the sauna bath and we furtively performed perversions that felt good all over. I swam, drank, ate, smoked, touched, thought and prayed but mostly I talked. If I talked fast it was because you guys have high comprehension rates and your nods, frowns and gasps made me talk even faster. On a few occasions your frowns, nods and gasps encouraged me to shut up and although it hurt to close my mouth I am grateful for the brutal spirit of the whole bummer.

I twice dined at the Khyber Pass where we were served by the wily Pathan on his own grounds. The head wog on one occasion deponeth to me as follows: "You have a beautiful group of friends." That was when I was with Jim and Hilary Benford, Paul, Neola, and Rotsler. When I went back later with Elinor and Buz and Donaho and Marie Ellington I thought I detected a studied indifference under the professionally scornful sneer of the waiter. Perhaps that is why he is called the wily Pathan and not a dirty hippie like you and me.

I saw Jim and Hilary Benford's home. Their front door is flanked by white columns and when I suggested they paint them different colors I heard a visible wince. Sorry, whoever.

The house is dandy and Jim has got a pistol grip nozzle on his very own water hose. With this deadly stream of high-pressure water, shooting from the hip with casual elegance old Jim can hit the metal clothes pole four out of four. No matter how hard I concentrated and with all of the veteran skill for which I am pitied I could not control the scatter and all I did was wash the pole limply which perhaps accounts for why he is an Atomic Physicist and I am merely Captain Tarzan. Hilary runs a clean and sunny environment around there as buoyant as her name. Good work Hilary. However, when I observe her feeding the kid I am compelled to observe that cleanliness isn't everything. (Leer!)



Jim and Greg are truly Heinlein's children straight out of his juveniles. Hilary and Joan are the two women you would expect Heinlein's children to marry. Both are cope-ers. Both are smarter than hell. Both are very nice and sensitive and smart and (surprise!) they are very close friends. They were close

enough so that when one snagged her man and learned there was another one as good as the first left over she introduced the brother to her friend. If that is not the ingredients of a Heinlein story I will inevitably be wrong. Synopsis: Two alert kids who are instant allies against the world and devoted readers of future oriented fiction decide to become physicists. They hang in with the grueling training and dedication to purpose that it takes to become a Doctor of Philosophy in the realm of Atomic physics. One of them writes his Doctorate on a phenomenon that instantly becomes a doorway into a realm of reality that will alter the future of man radically and may be one of his greatest tools for conquering the hostile universe. While all this is going on they fall deeply in love with the finest women they can find and prepare to live their lives meaningfully. While all this was going on, slipping up so softly you couldn't see it happen the world was transformed into tomorrowland and who was better equipped to live in tomorrowland than kids who were devoted readers of future oriented fiction? Who spent their time unravelling the carefully hidden secrets of the universe and hanging out with people who live their lives on the leading edge of society. Yes, gang, for all your hippo-weirdy ways you are involved with the thought and the experience that will be the norms of the onrushing future. I point with pride to the clarity merchant to science fiction fandom, Bob Lichtman. His chosen profession will be one of the biggest industries of the future as will mine and Bill Rotsler's and Paul Turner's and Neola's and Greg and Jim and Joan and Hilary's and isn't it interesting that all of us rank with the leading people of our field and each of us is living a little bit more in the future than anyone we know in our individual arenas and isn't it the truth for all of us that most of the people who are dear to us are fans? And at the leading edge of fandom may be a tad of slandom and a skipper is a father to his crew. (A little synthetic Heinlein there.) At Joan's house we broke out Donaho's "Group Therapy" game. While everyone else enjoyed themselves shamelessly, Bill and Marie and Elinor and Buz and Ken and some others dug into each other's minds kindly. The game had started the night before in which we did such things as -- "choose the person who likes you the least and tell him how it is his fault" or "Choose the member of the group you are afraid of and tell him why." While the rest of us watched with our black COP-OUT cards ready to tell him if he was being honest -- waiting to heap our collective scorn on the copout. Marie won all the games except for those that Ken was in. Being the youngest he had the least to hide and the most aggressive directness in telling it like it is. In these sessions I got to know Donaho better. I was astonished at the understanding he had of his own specialness. I think you are a very good person Bill and if it takes being the giant at the top of the beanstalk to make you evolve socially then I choose being a giant next time instead of a green monkey. At Donaho's the next day a friendly anarchist named Neal joined the game. By this time Bill and Elinor and Buz and I had shaken all the shit out of the game. We discarded the board and the counters and the rules and keeping only our wits about us proceeded to play with what was left. Neal made this the most naked session we had undergone. (Anarchists are like that.) Of course he is also a wobbly and I saw him in the corner plotting with Ellington to help loose a little of their brand of sanity on the world. "Your honor, they conspired to encourage each other." The special point of the weekend for me was none of the foregoing. The special part for me was the living fact of Marie Ellington who I find desirable and female to a disturbing degree. Both to look at and to

talk to. Somebody is going to be very lucky with Marie. I think she reflects some very nice things about her parents and I honor them for it.

Hank Stine came through the weekend with flying colors. According to my informants he has become a much groovier person in the last year. Fortunately for me the transformation had been wrought before I met him because he has always been a groovy person to my knowledge. I especially like him because he taped an interview with me and provoked me to say wise and thoughtful things which doesn't hurt a fellow's image any.

Lupoffs, do not have your house-warming without me or I will be in a state of enwoundment.

Andy Main and Gordon Eklund and John D. Berry project three different kinds of spirituality all of which appeal to me. When I was talking I found myself very sensitive to how I was coming across. Usually, though I do give a damn, I rise above fear of judgement and just sail blithely into the eye of any emotional hurricanes that may be in the vicinity but with each of these three I felt it important that they understand me. John gave me a copy of egoboo where I saw the great name of George Clayton Johnson printed in diverse places. Thank you John for egoboo received and welcomed. I think your description of the paper airplane race and the filming thereof is a gas. You write beautifully and with class.

If anybody wants to check out Greg's back yard they will find a spot from which the Earth seems round. I slept on the lawn and was never so aware of the great mass of the earth beneath me.

I want to thank all of you gratefully for letting me come share with your Lilapa family. The vibes around there are fantastic. Please ask me again. The one sour note of the weekend for me was Neola's bout of illness. Sorry about that kid. However by the time we all got back to the great city of LA on the banks of the concrete river she was much improved.

Rather than to send this to a specific person I will address it to Egoboo with an invitation to print it in the next issue.

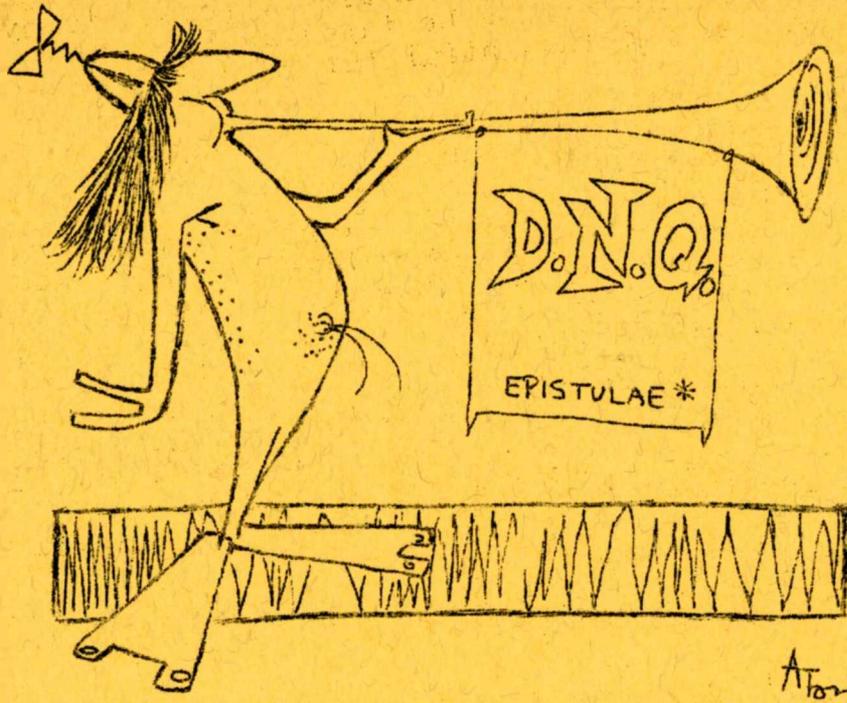
--George Clayton Johnson

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I was going to regale you with a description of my adventures of the last few weeks, including a trip to LASFS where I saw the fans in their natural habitat. They performed as usual, with much ho-humming and bugging out on the part of the more intelligent members. There was a fabulous, 2-hr-long panel on comic books, featuring Grown Up Adults talking about Superman and Green Arrow, Boring Monologues from selected panelists, A History of Comic Books, commentary on Whither Comic Books?, and lots of other things dear to the hearts of those who love science fiction.

Whilst enduring the comix panel I looked through Mr. Pelz's conreport on the Westercon and noticed lines like "Calvin Demmon was lying on the floor acting infantile..." "Jim Benford came running by and slapped me lightly, almost losing a heel because I took a few steps after him with my Great Big Broadsword before I regained control..." and similar witticism. I gather this conreport will appear in SAPS, where it will be devoured by happy grandmothers.

--Greg Benford, FLYING FROG 12 (July, 1963)



WILLIAM ROTSLER: I am thunderstruck. I am also awestruck, amazed, astounded, thrilled and other publications from the same era. A column. By me. Me. (An instant replay on that thunderstruck business follows.) The fact that it was culled from the secret and semi-secret files of the apa of the Secret Masters of All Known Fandom is irrelevant. It left home and grew up to be a column in EGOBOO. Fantastic.

You also say egoboosting things about me, which shows that you are kind, perceptive, charming, witty, melancholy, exquisite, irresolute, immitigable, and all-knowing.

Whether or not EGOBOO is a good fanzine (#11) is something I am not qualified to say. (Oh, I am, but I'm being modest for "modesty is one of my many virtues.") There is so much about me in it, you see. In the same mail was FOCAL POINT which says that I won the Best Cartoonist category. That's very nice, but no great surprise. I mean, I've won those things before and the novelty is not really there. (I dig it, you understand, especially winning over a Super Fine Cartoonist like Tim Kirk who is destined to Do Something Great.)

But what really amazed me was trying for #2 Fan Face with Harry Warner. "I'll be a son of a bitch," was my reaction. My mother wouldn't like that reaction but my mother is not a fan. The very fact that I would be considered is amazing (an overworked word this time, but what-the-hell?) but to tie Harry Warner is really staggering. If I were not sitting down I'd stagger. (I was sitting on the john when I read it so you could literally say I shit, but actually I was doing #1. Yes, you read it here first: Rotsler often sits down to pee. Mainly because I don't often wear clothes around the house--it makes brushing against Neola, who also never wears clothes, much more fun--so I can sit down & read, too.

Meanwhile, back at my

column...why don't you call it STUFF...? That's an omnibus word. I will send you some headings. I might even send you a column to go with it. But while I write a lot for Lilapa I don't always write things fit (or interesting) for publication. We Secret Masters of All Known Fandom have our housekeeping duties, you know, for fandom is a far flung international organization and all far flung international organizations need care and feeding. So we discuss things like word rates, loosening up, acid, the secret sex life of Boyd Raeburn, loosening up, what prozines must be allowed to die, whither fandom, sex, what ---- said to ---- when they ----, starting writing careers during sf slumps, the new virginity, and likely things like that.

As you know (you are a Prominent Faned and they are required to Know Many Things and Walk By Night) I have been compiling QUOTE-BOOK for 10-11 years now and my eagle's eyeball is always out for a goodie. So could you tell me who said the following (culled from #11's backpage):

I don't have any navel; I was adopted.

I don't think the Lord God would ever've been a success without his title.

I wouldn't say she was part of a triangle--more a hexagram, say.

is just fast rust.

Fire

[Lance Lawson (a nonfan friend of mine at Stanford), Greg Benford, Greg again, and me, respectively. But the second one isn't complete; it should be: "The English are class conscious--I don't think the Lord God etc." -jdb/

(2925 Hollyridge Dr.,

Los Angeles, Calif. 90028)

CHARLES BURBEE: I am sending a copy of this mag to your co-editor. It isn't much of a mag but I did type it out and mimeo it, and it is a 'fanzine' for jazz and the thing is I'm trying to sneak another issue of your mag out of you without paying that outrageous \$1. /The mag was THE BLUE NOTE, done for the South Bay New Orleans Jazz Club. -jdb/

On the other hand, any mag with a column by Rotsler is tuned up for immortality because Rotsler is the NEWEST TRAIL-BLAZER we have. Even if he does steal a line I put on tape back in 1959 or so: "Things get smaller as they go away." But, hell, if it fit into the conversation at the time.....

I think I met that fella George Johnson. Darned if he isn't colorful as hell. But he does have the effect of drowning out the less pushy type, like me. But, he makes listening a pleasure.

Thank you for EGOBOO NUMBER ELEVEN. I liked nearly all of it. It is the best fanzine I have seen this year. It is the only fanzine I have seen this year. It arrived in a spate of fanzines on the same day--FOCAL POINT was the other half of the spate. I even enjoyed FOCAL POINT, even though they sent me a jumbled-up copy with two or three pages repeated and a couple more obviously missing. Maybe they figured I wouldn't read it. Maybe they figured I wouldn't notice, even if I did read it. Maybe they figured I wasn't worth a properly collated mag.

3722, Anaheim, Calif. 92803)

(PO Box

JOHN-HENRI HOLMBERG: It isn't you they're after; it's me. At least one other letter of mine sent to N.Y. was held in custody at the post office; this was for Robin Shuster, and she had to open it at the counter to get it, too. Probably they suspect me of filthy thoughts, because I can't really believe that I'm supposed to be spreading communist propaganda; I'm reactionary enough to be struck off John Boardman's mailing list. (Which suddenly strikes me as somehow Funny, since this spring I'm majoring in Marxism which is part of the M.A. Philosophy course. Although I prefer Nietzsche, who is however not considered a philosopher in Sweden. I guess this is because he never became a professor; the only existentialist philosopher we get to read is Heidegger, who is unreadable but who unquestionably did get a professorship. Sartre is too off-beat. Besides, he never even majored.)

My letters get constantly more undone although at first I suspected that the new letterhead would make me class conscious and force me to write thoughtful, aristocratic epistles on the ways of all flesh and the awfulness of present-day Swedish socialism. Others do that, however (the June issue of THE INDIVIDUALIST will feature an essay on "The Myth of Scandinavian Prosperity," I note; this will probably be the Old Thing about the people dying in the slums of Stockholm and the patients kept waiting for weeks on end in draughty hospital corridors, all of which is perfectly true but rather dull and out of context--I'm no vigilante for the Great Society, but Swedes get medicare in a working manner and the two or three people who die in the slums of Stockholm do so of their own volition; there are several institutions to feed and sleep them for nothing if they just go there), so I keep writing junk mail. Unhinged, since I'm recuperating from the con I see you want me to tell you about.

Well, it ended five days ago and I'm still sick. Others have told me that it was a pretty good con, though, so maybe you'd have enjoyed it. We called it Fancon 70 and had an attendance of about 150 people which is twice as many as any previous Swedish con. We also had reporters. ("Flying Saucers Become History of Literature," one headline read; I knew they'd get that in somehow.)

Otherwise we kept the program pretty well, got on the radio, stayed up nights, and grossed about \$1,200, about \$120 of which was a clear profit. Ted might note that we had to charge \$4 admission, but then Swedish cons aren't held in hotels but in rented convention halls, and our program booklets carry no ads since nobody seems to want to pay for ads.

We're getting Big in Sweden, which sort of annoys me. We even have a pro problem now, although a limited one: we have trouble with Sam J. Lundwall, who will be known to all and sundry as an intrepid LUNA columnist. He published a bad book on sf last winter, and right now he's become editor with a small publishing house planning to bring out sf edited and translated by Sam (pro writers should note his knowledge of English, which is glaringly obvious in his LUNA writings--and those I guess are edited).

The thing that bugs me though is that Sam now expects to be treated as a big shot and revered as Gernsback incarnate. I see nothing wrong in trying to make money out of sf--I've been freelancing sf articles for about a year, I hope to have an anthology out next spring, and I've found a backer for a "literary magazine" that will stress sf heavily--but there's something pretty sick about the way Sam expects every-

body to fall to his feet after one lousy book in which he gives off plot synopses of two Heinlein novels he's never read.

If any pro should happen to get access to my letters, I might offhand give him a word or two of caution on the presently expanding Swedish sf market. There is one publishing house called Lindqvists which brings out one pb sf title each month. Don't sell to them. Lindqvists pays \$180 for novel translations, which means that no translator of any merit will touch their mss, in turn meaning that they don't ranslate books, they slaughter them. Lindqvists also print books of 150 pages of text: no more, no less. If a book is longer, the translator is required to cut it himself. If it's shorter, he's required to pad it. This publisher has already done a Jack Vance title, two Cliff Simak novels and Mike Moorcock's Final Programme. They are also on the brink of destroying whatever minute respect for sf some critics may once have felt in Sweden. The very existence of the publishing house is a disgrace; that any writer or agent should be willing to sell them good novels to butcher must be only on account of an unfamiliarity with their procedure. Besides, they pay less than \$200 for translating rights, which is ridiculous.

Then there is Sam Lundwall, to whom you might sell. However, the house he's with is not a very big one, and their one selling title thus far is Hitler's Mein Kampf, which they brought out about three weeks ago.

There is also some talk of reviving the long-defunct Swedish sf magazine HAPNA!, which used to be a monthly printing pirated stories from F&SF. Sam will edit it, if it should ever get off the ground, and Sam is certainly all right: his prospective publishers aren't, though. If the magazine gets going, my word of caution is: demand payment in advance of publication. The publishers are Bröderna Kindberg of Jönköping, and if you want some first-hand knowledge of their business morale, ask Joseph Ferman about them. Or Harry Harrison.

This has been a word from your notorious legal advisor. Be sure to tune in next letter for further news on Swedish Amateur Mafia and its legal activities.

Oh--a short rerun. There is considerable interest in sf in Sweden right now. Several book publishers of repute are watching the field closely: one, Norstedts, will bring out a couple of Vonnegut titles this fall as a test, and the largest house, Bonniers, will follow if the Norstedt trial and the series Sam Lundwall will edit make any profit. For this reason, if no other, the Lindqvists series should not be encouraged: there will be a good market for sf here in a couple of years, unless unscrupulous publishers manage to pull the bottom out of it before it's off on its own. Lindqvists is trying: a writer selling to them is helping to destroy his own chances for a fair payment and good presentation. And this concludes tonight's message.

This has been the special Science Fiction section of that serious constructive journal, EGOBOO. -jdb/

(Norrskogsvägen 8, S-112 64 Stockholm, SWEDEN)

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Jay Kinney, Redd Boggs, Bob Shaw, Peter Roberts, Harry Warner, Steve Johnson, Jerry Kaufman, Ed Reed, Pete Weston, Neal Goldfarb, Steve Grandi, Gloria Lee Ptacek, & Dave Burton, some of whose letters will be printed next issue.

STREET CULTURE: The days are long and yellow and often humid, and I find myself walking down Fourth Avenue more slowly, cataloguing the tawdry sights with nostalgic eyes. It was eleven years ago this summer that I first came to this city; eight years ago last February that I moved to this apartment, this neighborhood--to Brooklyn. It doesn't seem long, really. But I spent my first twenty years living rooted to one spot, and all too soon I shall return there, probably to remain there the rest of my life. So I have only this interlude--a year in Baltimore, eleven years in this city--to look back upon. A third of my life: I feel fantastically nostalgic.

A tree--two trees, actually--took root at the edge of the front steps that lead down to the front basement door. It's tall enough now to block my view of the street from the window next to which I am typing this. I like that: I grew up with green around me, and the street is so barren of color. At night, when I come in from outside, the streetlight casts moving shadows through the leaves, and reminds me of moonlight. And I feel this sudden stab of nostalgia.

Last night I heard the sounds of music and went to the back door. There's lots of music in this neighborhood. On a hot summer night the people stay on their stoops and the street until almost midnight, and clusters form around guitar-players and portable tv sets and dogs and girls jumping rope. Up the block are the bongo players, some of them improvising on the hoods of abandoned shells of gutted cars. Most of the music is Spanish: soft, then strident.

But last night it was rock. I went to the back door and heard quite clearly both an electric guitar and an electric bass, what sounded like live drums (the acoustics are quite different), and, amazingly, a singer who sounded like a recording. The music stopped and I heard applause, whistling, cheers. It had to be live--and not simply a record player turned up full blast for a party.

Robin was lying in bed, undressed for the night, reading. "I think I shall investigate," I told her, putting my own clothes on. It was about 9:30, fully dark, and still hot and humid. The air conditioner in the bedroom was on. "It sounds like it's coming from the next block," I said. A toke and a Pepsi, and I went out the front door, turned down the street, and made my way past clustered groups of people.

Forty-eighth Street is very much like 49th. I strolled past clumps of people, anchored to doorways, steps and fences and wafting back and forth like Spanish moss on a lazy evening. A larger bunch had formed itself midway up the block, filling the sidewalk and spilling over the parked cars. I heard no special sounds, but I gravitated up and across that street to the fringes of the crowd. There were perhaps one hundred people--middle-aged men and women, young couples, teen-aged kids, and little children--in that crowd. The group of musicians were in a tiny fenced-off front yard--the kind that's a couple of square yards of concrete, bounded by a low fence and three garbage cans. The address was 337--almost directly opposite my house. There were four

WHITE TRASH

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musicians. Two guitars, drums, and a singer. And they were not playing. I edged along the street-side of a parked car. All four were "Spanish" in the local sense--one of the guitarists quite dark. The drummer ran a couple of paradiddles and the guitars twanged electrically for a few odd notes. Then, suddenly, they were launched into a Creedence Clearwater number, the left-hand guitarists playing the guitar line, the right-hand one laying down the bass line. The singer's voice was thinned by the microphone and amplifying equipment, but was still effective. The drummer was quite good. The piece ended. Applause, whistles, cheers. A ten-year-old ballad followed. The kid could sing all right. More and heavier applause. A man shooed us away from his car, a lemon-yellow-with-black-stripes musclecar of recent vintage. I moved up to the next car and stared covertly at a teenybopper girl with long hair, a huge beret, and a startlingly pretty face. The musclecar leaped out of its parking space with a shriek of tires and bolted up the street to come to a shuddering halt at the red light at the avenue. People kept joining the crowd, then peeling off from it. The group took an awful long time between numbers. Then, in the middle of the next piece, three guys wheeled up a two-piece speaker-amplifier set, much bigger than those in use. I wondered how many kids on that block owned big, fancy equipment like that. I waited until they plugged the new stuff in. It didn't change the sound much; just made it louder. The music followed me the rest of the way up the block. Each front yard I passed had people in it. All were staring downhill at the rock group. I wondered what they thought of their free and unasked-for concert. Oh well; it was too hot to go back inside...

I told Robin about the group and she got dressed and we followed my previous route around the block and up 48th St. It was now 10:00, and I was wondering how much longer the music would continue before neighbors registered their complaints. As it turned out, the concert lasted until a little after 11:00, when the group announced their last piece, played it, and finished to a rousing round of applause. We shared the rear deck of a Ford convertible with half a dozen others, while cars coming up the block slowed to a crawl, and occasionally double-parked for ten minutes or more.

It was good, journeyman rock, the kind every competent second-rate band plays. Most learn each new hit record--this group played everything from the Beatles to Tom Jones to the Three Dog Night's version of Randy Newman's "Mama Told Me", plus a lot of Creedence Clearwater--and remember all the classic "gold" from the past decade. Most are proficient at tight group sounds, but very weak on solos. Listen to the brief solo guitar breaks on early Beatle records or those of the surfing-period Beach Boys, and you can hear the kind of solos the two guitarists in this group took. And yet, it was good, solid, danceable rock--and the singer was fully as good as many who sell records. Not too many people did dance, except the kids. One young teenaged couple did dance during one piece: they demonstrated how close you can dance the new dances without--just!--touching. But mostly it was little kids--the ones who dance naturally--like a little boy of seven or eight who was awfully good, but whose friends kept trying to tease him and trip him up, and a couple of pre-pubescent girls who also danced solo on each up-tempo piece. Watching the crowd was a gas. It was one of those "spontaneous" things for which no one had taken (or been given) time to prepare. I saw a lot of older people digging it. Lots of cars slowed or stopped. There was a good feeling in the crowd. We were all neighbors.

We stayed for the last piece, and walked home happy. I knew I'd miss this sort of thing when I moved. There's an awful lot wrong with this city, but there is a certain spirit of life here that's unique. Partners in adversity, perhaps: we all have to cope with this place. But that concert last night, the good vibes it brought to the block, to the people, it was something extra that made us all feel good and alive and happy to know each other. Yes, I shall miss it. I'll miss the Street.

EGOBOO FOR ALL: I think I believe in cycles. I'm almost sure I do. Especially fannish cycles.

It took fandom something like ten years to discover fannishness (in the person of Bob Tucker) for the first time. Since then we've run through cycles of fannishness and non-fannishness. I suspect they tie in rather closely with the tidal influx of new fans which seems also to occur cyclically.

The first thing that a new fan wants to do when he discovers fandom is to communicate. And since he knows next to nothing about fandom, he chooses a topic for communication which he does know: science fiction. Thus, in the last several years, the rise of fanzines geared almost exclusively towards sf. Many of these are crudzines, but all of them spend extensive periods of time and amounts of paper reviewing books, magazines, individual stories, and etc. The remaining space is devoted to broader topics, like the New Wave and the Second Foundation. Or maybe the latest sf movies. Stuff like that.

This is natural and inevitable. Sf isn't an intrinsically dull topic--I've been known to discourse upon it on occasion myself (although not in these pages, of course!)--and some of this material is good and much more is passable. The only thing is, it's all of such a sameness after a while. Unless, of course, you have a tame jack-ass to bray for you, which several of the better fanzines do.

This sameness has begun to work upon the very producers of these fanzines. This too is inevitable. 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-page issues, and going more into informal, uh, fannish, material...maybe a personalzine of a dozen or less pages even.

This has happened before. The first time I was aware of it was the mid-fifties, when HYPHEN's bacover carried each issue a drawing of a lighthouse, sending its fannish rays out over the dark waters of what was then considered Seventh Fandom--the death and dissipation of Sixth. HYPHEN was then the only regular fannish fanzine (although Gregg Calkins' OOPSLA joined it later) in a sea of non-fannish zines. Fandom was undergoing a disintegration, little clusters of semi-autonomous fandoms springing up in various localities or around odd little genzines like Guy Terwilliger's TWIG, and communication between them all a chancy, some-time thing.

Well, true Seventh Fandom, following upon the heels of the 1958 Solacon ("South Gate in '58" having come true at last), was fannish and brought the diverse pockets of fandom back again into general communication. (It was a good four years; it climaxed with the '62 Chicon III and the Tenth Anniversary-Willis Fund.) Then again stagnation, decay, the '64 Pacificon Boondoggle, one of the worst feuds to split fandom down the middle, more stagnation, and, then, the Influx. New fans by the score, and still more new fans with each succeeding year.

Various fanzines have held up the fannish standard--even HYPHEN among them, in the mid-sixties. EGOBOO is only the latest, and probably far from the best. But at the moment there are few other fan-

nish fanzines around. (Only FOCAL POINT springs to mind at this moment.)

But I see the signs. I pry the staples from the fanzines that come to me and I cast them into mysterious and propitious hexagrams, each of which speaks to me with the hoarse whisper of fannishness. Yes, the Day is coming, yet again, and let us rejoice for this and make merry! Once more Jophan climbs the winding stairs of the old and sacred Tower to again touch the handle of the Enchanted Duplicator.

SPEAKING OF FANZINES: I want to thank each of you who have been sending me fanzines in recent months. I'd like to try to explain my position on the receipt of these fanzines, because some of you have checked off boxes that ask questions, make demands, or cry out plaintively.

First, I enjoy receiving the little devils. I really do. The first thing I do when I find one in my box is to rip it open and look for my name. This is a reflex I developed a dozen years ago, and it hasn't yet shown signs of ill-health. I hope you'll continue sending me your zines--even in light of what is to follow--or, if you haven't yet, that you will, if you send a copy to John.

That brings me up to the second topic: trades. EGOBOO is neither frequent nor large, but it is the only fanzine I can offer in trade. And here I am treading on John's heels, for he publishes EGOBOO now, and your trade copy to me should not be at his expense. What I am asking, you see, is that you send us each a trade copy. Perhaps that is extravagant of me, but that's it: I have nothing else to offer. Perhaps once or twice a year I publish a FAPAZINE. I rarely print more than enough copies for FAPA, and I don't maintain an outside mailing list. (If you happen to visit me and ask for a copy, you'll more than likely get one, if one is available. Or a copy of AMAZING or FANTASTIC as well.) I put so much of my primary fanzine-pubbing energies into my prozines now that rather less than usual is left. So I'm really asking a special courtesy. You're under no obligation to oblige.

Our third topic is acknowledgement; the fourth is contributions. They are intertwined. I would like to write a letter of comment on each zine I get. I can't; I haven't time or inspiration, pace Philip Jose Farmer. So I respond when something jars me into responding: a combination of impetus and circumstance. Frank Lunney sent me four or five issues of BEABOHEMA without eliciting a single note from me; then the dam burst, and I all but filled the last issue on my own. It happens that way, and I can't forecast it.

When a fanzine arrives with "Contribute?" checked off, I'm flattered, but rarely able to do it. There are fanzines I want to contribute to--top on the list is Jay Kinney's altogether excellent NOPE--to which I've not yet successfully done it. I'm presently writing five thousand words a month for the editorials of AMAZING and FANTASTIC, all my book reviews go to those magazines, and what remaining wit I have goes into the letter columns and my column here in EGOBOO. Despite this, I've been writing recently for CRAWDADDY, and periodically something in a fanzine bugs me into writing a reply which makes an adequate contribution to its pages. So, when I contribute to a fanzine it is as likely as not to be on the same chance impulse which lies behind a less formal letter of comment.

The obvious solution from your point of view is to publish a fanzine to which I cannot resist a reply. Failing that, send your zines to me anyway, and when lightning strikes, you'll receive something from me by return mail.

In any case, please do send me your fanzine(s). --Ted White

