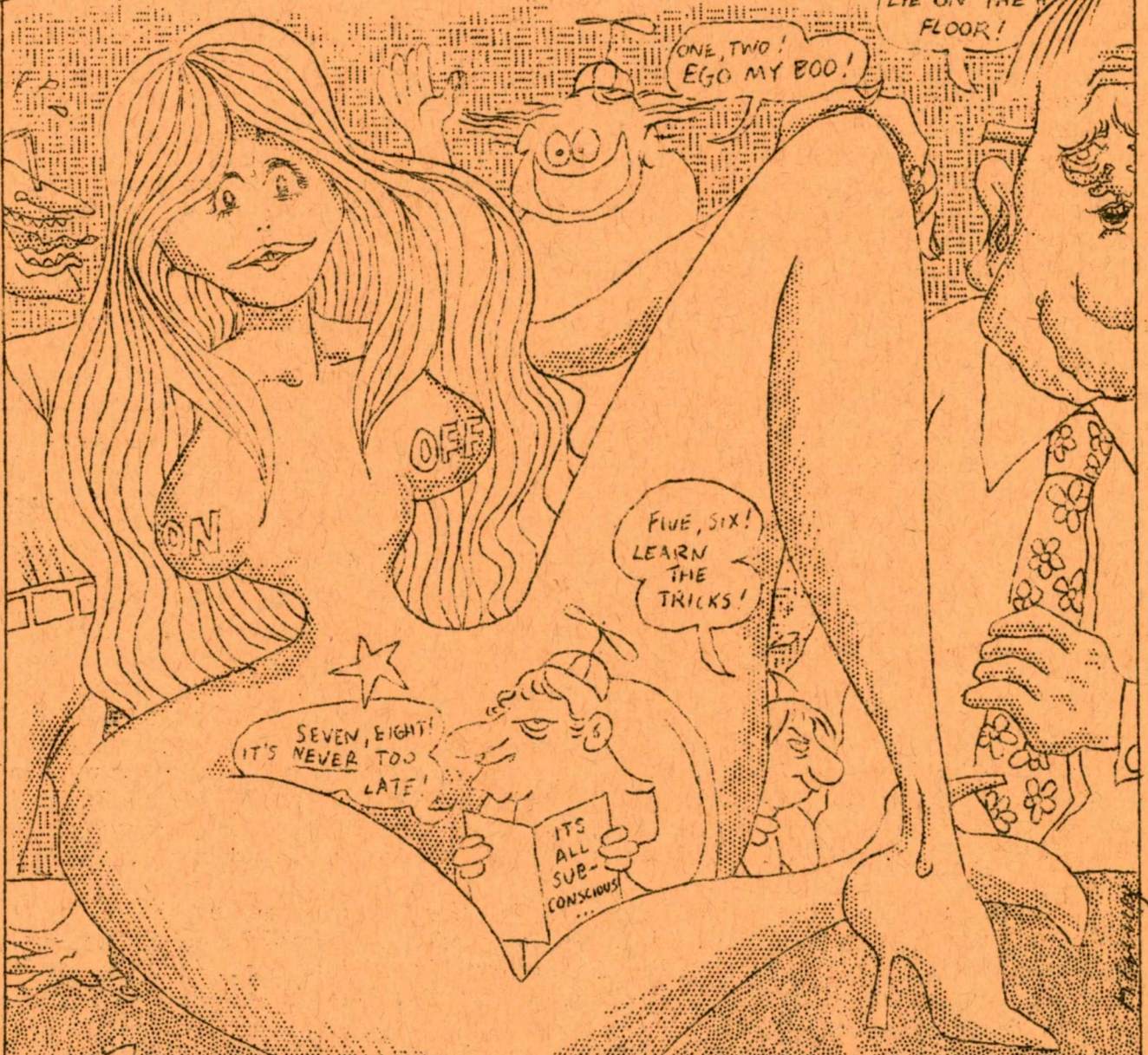
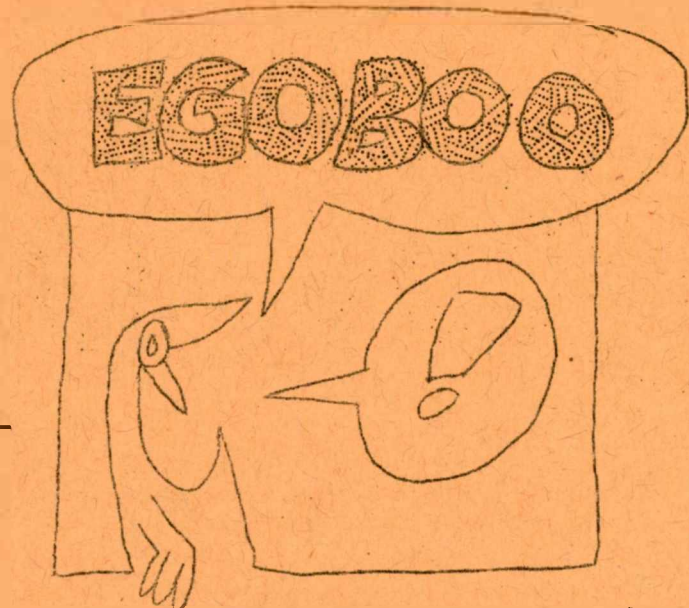


EGO BOO #13



The COZY FANZINE

EGOBOO Lucky Number 13, also known to our host of admirers as The Fanzine of Lofty Mental Altitudes, is all yours from the generous hands of John D. Berry (Mayfield House, Stanford, Calif. 94305) and Ted White (1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Va. 22046; yes, gang, the Move has been Made). If you send us egoboo, we capitalize it and send it back in the form of EGOBOO. You can also obtain this rag for letters of a commentary sort, your fanzine in trade (to both editors, please; and mark it "trade"), or the princely sum of \$1.00 cash money. This issue, for a change, is mostly produced in Ted's Brooklyn apartment in the Last Days before he & Robin move out, and the issue will mimeographed on the thundering QWERTYUIOPress. Artwork by Jay Kinney, Bill Rotsler, and John D. Berry. This is Deimos Publication 49, and today...why, Today Is... *gasp* October 8, 1971! (I thot it was 70)



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MAVERICK JUST LIKE NEW! Yes, this is the brand new year-old EGOBOO. (Perhaps we should really call it FANHISTORY....) We're not generally in the habit of publishing vintage fanzines, but in this case... well, we've been delayed, and there's not much more to say about it. I failed to publish the issue last fall, or last winter, as things piled up and time flew away, and then in March I went to France for six months. I sent the stencils to Ted, but not the mailing list, so the whole thing has sat, unpublished, ready to go, for over a year. Now it's fall of '71,

EGOBOO has passed its third anniversary, I'm visiting Ted & Robin in Virginia and we're publishing the issue. We're also publishing the next issue, simultaneously (or almost). The bulk of this issue is timeless, we feel, and no less interesting now than when it was written, but you will encounter a few obviously-dated references. Oh well. You all like time-binding, don't you?

STUFF AND FANAC: (The following was originally begun for Ben Solon's NYARLATHOTEP, when he was going to Publish Regularly and he asked me to revive my PSYCHOTIC column in his pages. I like my opening paragraph so well that I'm leaving it in, but it needed this bit of explanation.)

A familiar title, but in a new setting. Since this column has been lifted from the pages of Dick Geis's SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, I find myself having to address myself to an entirely different audience (albeit a more responsive one, I hope)--an audience whose composition is mostly unknown. So much time has slipped by since NYARLATHOTEP las trod the quivering earth, smothering lesser fanzines in a pile of green pages, that the original mailing list must by now have been reduced to a pitiful handful of grey-bearded 7th Fandomites tapping their canes on the floor, while around them whole new fannish generations have come and gone. Well, perhaps I exaggerate a little.

But, mark my words, by the next issue you fickle fans will forget all the golden words woven like an intricate tapestry into the threadbare pages of this fanzine. Yes, you will.

Eschewing references to the slush covering Northern Ireland and what subjects to write about in a fanzine produced in Chicago, Illinois, we shall plunge on. Actually, the editor gave me an assignment when he commissioned me to write this column, and the egg-shaped hills of Northern Ireland do figure into it, although covered mostly with sunshine rather than slush. I was to write on Irish Fandom, a probing, insightful article based on my own first-hand observations. In the interests of furthering the cause of science, I boarded a plane and set out for Northern Ireland. It was not without difficulty that I negotiated this difficult journey, and I often felt that malevolent fannish forces must be pursuing me along the way. First my plane landed me in Luxembourg, which any fan worth his salt knows lies in the country of the Mundane, and far from any fannish source. I persevered, however, and after countless days spent crossing trackless wastes, passing by such distractions as Amsterdam, Paris, and the Glades of Gafia, at long last I spied from afar the Tower of Trufandom and knew that I had reached my goal.

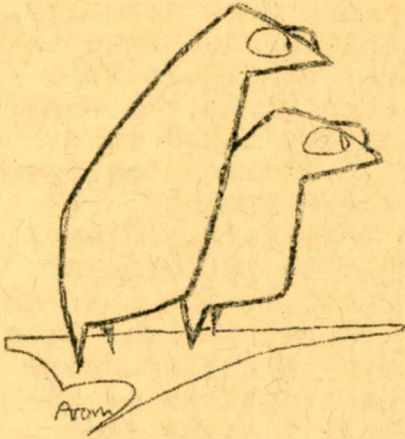
How can you describe Irish Fandom in a handful of words? The only words equal to the task are all proper names: Walter A. Willis, Bob Shaw, James White, Madeleine Willis, George Charters, Sadie Shaw, John Berry. My stay in Northern Ireland, coming as the culmination of weeks of traveling about the Continent and the British Isles, and being also the most thorough contact with fannish fans I had had since setting out, assumes in retrospect a unique kind of aura and a special place in my memory. The hospitality of both the Willises and the Shaws, the delvings into the past with the very fans who made the history I had only read about in yellowed pages, the loveliness of Northern Ireland itself--all were wonderful.

My introduction to Irish Fandom came my first day in Northern Ireland. I left Edinburgh, where I had been reading blaring headlines about rioting in Belfast and Derry, and where I had found on a church the lovely platitude: "Religious differences are not as disastrous as religious indifferences," and I took a steamer across the Irish Sea to the land of puns and shamrocks. In Belfast, I called Walt from the bus station to tell him when and where I was arriving.

I am unnerved by European telephones, not the least because they vary from country to country. I am always afraid of making some terrible gaffe or causing the telephone to blow up in my face or something. I suppose much of this is a holdover from childhood, when for years I was terrified of telephones and would not make a phone call by myself. When necessary, I negotiated the British telephone system fairly well, perhaps because the instructions were in my own language or something rather like it, and I had no trouble reaching the quiet voice at the other end of the line that said, "Yes, this is Walter Willis."

When the bus arrived and I descended from the upper deck where I had been gazing loftily out over the Irish countryside, a quick scan through the waiting people showed that I could not, after all, instantly recognize WAW from the many ATOM cartoons of him that have graced years of HYPHENS and other fanzines. Sometimes ATOM's caricatures capture the essence of a fan better than any photograph, but sometimes they are recognizable only if you already know what the subject looks like. Even so, as I struggled out of the bus behind

everyone else, with my battered knapsack preceding me down the stairs, it was no trouble picking Walt out from the crowd: the tall man with bushy hair who was smiling at me quietly as one can do who is meeting for the first time someone he has known only on paper. We shook hands and piled into a typically small British car and set off for Donaghadee, and my main reaction was wonderment that I was sitting in a car moving along the roads of Northern Ireland, with Irish greenery and old Irish houses passing by and Walt Willis in the seat beside me.



Staying with the Willises for several days was a high point in my memories of that summer, although I fear it was more of a low point of my energy after four or five weeks of constant traveling. My only regret is that I was probably not as interesting a guest as I should have been for that reason. But Walt and Madeleine were excellent hosts, despite the pressures caused by the turmoil in the country and Walt's position in the government. (As Walt said, "If you're not confused then obviously you don't understand the situation.")

We talked of fandom old and new. Walt let me read a file of SLANT, the precursor of HYPHEN and undoubtedly the wittiest magazine I have ever seen set in printer's type. He spent one afternoon going through old files of correspondence from the days of Sixth Fandom and told me the story behind the break-up of that group in British fandom, a tale that would have been in the next installment of his column in QUIP, "Dusty Answers," if he had written it. I chortled over a funny but unprintable Eric Frank Russell letter. I made some mention of Boyd Raeburn being asked to participate in a panel on fannish history, and Walt said, "So Boyd Raeburn is considered an old-time fan now?"

"Yes," I replied. "Whole generations of old-time fans have sprung up after him."

I met the rest of Irish Fandom, too. They claimed that they don't get into really fierce pun sessions these days the way they once did, but hints of brilliance kept creeping into the conversation from odd angles. Why, even I contributed something to the language, when Walt and I managed to come up with several variations on the word "stump." If one stumps around, he does so in much the manner of a peg-legged pirate, with a steady thumping sound and a dour look on his face. To stomp, one does it like crushing a bug, with mighty echoing strides. Stamping involves a dainty anger. From there we went on to "stump," whose meaning I forget, and still farther into unlikelihood.

My last two days in Northern Ireland were spent with Bob and Sadie Shaw in their house in Belfast. Between the Willises and the Shaws, each of whom have a different but equally elaborate concept of that late-evening British pseudo-meal "supper," I felt as though I had tasted every pastry and similar food available in the whole British Isles, washed down at the Willises' with tea and at the Shaws' with Bob's homebrew --and I loved every minute of it. (Bob introduced me properly to Guinness, which one can only find in its truly natural state in Ireland, and furthered an education I had begun a little earlier in England in the appreciation of the pub as an artform.) From Walt's brilliance to BoSh's subtle wit was merely a journey from one pinnacle to

another. Along the way I encountered George Charters and his passion for outrageous puns and Max Brand; James White, who, despite his worry over the barricades going up around his neighborhood, presented as hospitable and witty a face as any of the other Irish fans; and John Berry, whom Bob and I had to track down to a Belfast police station where he was on emergency duty before I could shake hands with my namesake and prove that this meeting of John Berrys would not precipitate the collapse of the delicate bonds that hold together the universe. (After we left John, BoSh told me that John had seemed terribly subdued under the strain of recent days; he had seemed so exuberant to me that I can only assume that he rebounds off the walls when in his natural state.)

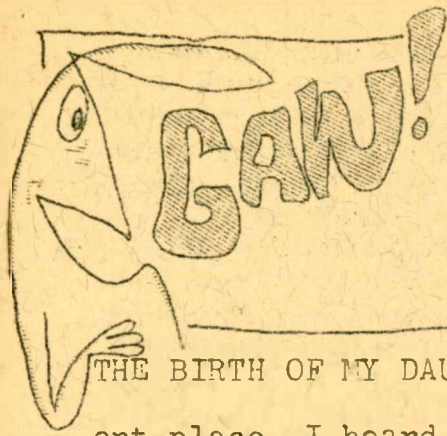
I know I've forgotten innumerable things in this brief account, but Irish Fandom will not suffer noticeably from the lack of a few details and incidents by such a comparative newcomer as myself. I wish, though, that I had had a tape recorder during our conversations. Now, of course, we have an opportunity to import a part of this brilliance to this country, if only for a short time, through the fund to bring Bob Shaw to the worldcon in Boston next year. I, for one, look forward eagerly to seeing BoSh next Labor Day and delighting again in his keen wit and engaging personality. Perhaps he'll smuggle the rest of Irish Fandom into his suitcase and bring them along.

FLAT NOTES: Although this time we were Smart and have left the space for the date blank until the last minute, you might still detect a certain discrepancy of dates within this fanzine. The old-time readers will accept this as normal, but for the benefit of the innocents among us, let me point out that Ted & I began work on this issue when I was in New York in September. When I left, the issue was unfinished, and Ted was going to finish it up and mimeo it before he moved to Virginia. Aha. Both of us should have known better. Ted has had a lot more things to do than publish a fanzine, and so he sent back the stencils via Greg Benford for me to publish. So this issue of EGOBOO will not be published on the mountainous QWERTYUIOPress at all, but more likely on good old Bill Blackbeard's Gestetner. And lemme tell you; next issue will be out in two weeks, and it'll contain....



MERRY CHRISTMAS and variations on a theme, since I'm sure I won't get another EGOBOO done before the High Holy Daze.

INSTANT EGOBOO: In an idea I'm swiping from Terry Carr, who borrowed it from Richard Bergeron, here is a capsule list of the items I particularly liked in recent fanzines. Economical, isn't it? In order of preference, then: (1) "The Infinite Beanie," Terry Carr, FOCAL POINT 15-6; (2) "Big Bear Journal," Calvin Demmon, FP 12.5; (3) the tv schtick in "the fannish i," Terry Carr, WARHOON 27; (4) "Midwescon," Ted White, FP 10; (5) "Birth of the Giant Baby," Jerry Kaufman, OUTWORLDS V; (6) Grant Canfield's art; (7) "How I First Met Bob Shaw, Ate Pizza, & Found God," Ted White, FP 12.5; (8) conversation with the newsdealer in "Thoughts While Typing," Greg Benford, FP 16; (9) Greg Shaw's biography of Chester Anderson, STARLING; (10) "The Kumquat May," Rosemary Ulyot, ENERGUMEN 3. --John D. Berry



-----TED WHITE

WHITE TRASH

THE BIRTH OF MY DAUGHTER: Many years ago, when I had a different wife and was much younger and lived in a different place, I heard a radio broadcast--over WBAI, the Pacifica station --about something called "Natural Childbirth." It spoke glowingly of reconditioning pain signals into pleasure signals, and I sopped up a pretty distorted notion of what it was all about. But it seemed to me then, as it still does, that a system which incorporates the husband into the birth process was a good idea and had at least that much to recommend it.

Years passed, and I was living with another woman and we spoke, none-too-seriously, about having a baby, and I said that I thought that breast feeding was better than bottle feeding. At that time I wasn't aware of its physical advantages--like conferring some of the mother's immunities--but I was raised on the bottle, and my earliest memory (within two or three weeks of my birth) was that of my mother trying to breast feed me, failing, and of my own anger and resentment. It seemed to me that this was one trauma that needn't be passed on to our child. (My mother had been given shots--without her permission--to dry up her milk. 1938 was a year in which bottle feeding was The Thing.) The woman to whom I suggested this was not awfully receptive to the idea. In fact, her reply was "No!" As it turned out, we didn't stay together that much longer, and we didn't have a baby, and that, as it turned out, was Just As Well.

In the five years I've known Robin we've discussed both notions to a considerable extent, both of us agreeing upon them in principle. But of course neither of us knew that much about either subject. This year we found out.

Robin conceived in November, 1969, discovered she was pregnant in early January ("So that's why I felt so lousy all Christmas!"), and suddenly these were no longer abstract questions to discuss and agree upon. They were concrete possibilities and it was time to find out about them.

Robin's aunt loaned her a copy of a book called Thank You, Dr. Lamaze, which is something of a bible in natural childbirth circles. Robin's aunt had had both her children by the "Lamaze method." We began talking with other couples of our acquaintance. Denny O'Neil's wife, Ann, had used the Lamaze method and swore fervently by it. So had Hilary Benford. And Anne Goodwin. We bought Elizabeth Bing's book on the method, and began shopping around for an obstetrician and a hospital who would go along with the method.

And immediately encountered hostility. Robin's H.I.P. doctor--paid for in easy quarterly instalments and the only one available--told her "Natural childbirth is for animals." Since he treated her--and all his patients--like so many cattle, I don't see why that should have been a valid objection, but it was. I told Robin to use him for her monthly checkups (he was, after all, already paid for), and we'd see who we could find to deliver the baby.

Ultimately our inquiries all focussed upon the New York Hospital, its obstetrics clinic, and its Lamaze classes. At an unghodly hour

early in the morning of June 23rd, we appeared at the clinic and signed in. It was the antithesis of the H.I.P. clinic in Bay Ridge in every respect. The Bay Ridge Medical Center is new, clean, attractively decorated, and air conditioned. The New York Hospital clinic is located in the basement of an old building which is undergoing rebuilding and consists of a series of halls and rooms with broken walls, open ceilings, bare pipes and dangling wires. I took one look around and wished I'd stayed in bed. However, the personnel at Bay Ridge are bored and efficient in exactly the same way the Nazis were efficient: they route their patients on "traffic" plans and treat them all like faceless units. It is galling and dehumanizing. At the New York Hospital clinic, on the other hand, the personnel had time to smile in silent apology for the heat and the mess, and to give us each an opportunity to behave like intelligent adults. It was refreshing, and we left feeling far better than we had on arriving.

In addition to biweekly visits to the clinic, we began a six-week course conducted for two hours every Thursday evening by Polly Sites at the hospital. This was the classic Lamaze course. Its function was two-fold: to educate us about the birth process, and to teach us specific exercises for dealing with the actual labor. These exercises were divided into the physical exercises the women learned to tone up their muscles (which Robin, trained as a dancer, took easily in her stride) and breathing exercises which would be used to cope with the actual labor. The course also included tours of the nursery floors to look at recent newborns, and to the labor and delivery rooms to see where we would be carrying out our Lamaze program. One of the theories behind this is that fear of the unknown only magnifies the pains of labor--and that learning beforehand the facts and locale would do much to put our minds at ease.

During the course--and about a month before the baby was "due"--Robin had her first false labor--a four-hour series of contractions which simply died away without progressing into the frequent contractions of real labor. But they shook us up. From then on, Robin had occasional "twinges," back cramps, etc., several of which had us timing and wondering, but to no consequence. Finally, when the "due" date came and passed, we began to feel as if the boy had cried Wolf! just once too often.

Then, on Monday, the 24th of August, a doctor at the clinic suggested that inasmuch as Robin's cycle was longer than most, a fairer estimate of the due date would be the 27th. Further, her cervix was already between one and two centimeters dilated (a dilation of ten centimeters is required for birth). He predicted the baby would come within forty-eight hours. And that night, sure enough, the contractions began again...only to subside around six in the morning after we'd both spent a sleepless night in anticipation. (You're advised to sleep through early labor if you can, since you need a lot of energy for later. But we simply couldn't. Sheer nervous anticipation, I guess.)

Tuesday night I took Robin out to a Chinese dinner. Each day we took long walks together. Both of us felt the whole thing was pending, like a storm cloud on the horizon and the heaviness of the air, but still nothing was happening. "I don't believe I'll ever have this thing," Robin said more'n once. And I remembered how I used to cope with stage fright when I was in my highschool dramatics club--by pretending each night was simply another dress rehearsal. I had the feeling I'd walk through my part and speak my lines in the same way whenever we had the baby--if we didn't have too many dress-rehearsals (false alarms) beforehand.

Then it finally happened. Thursday, around 2:30 pm, Robin was looking at the three-week-old kittens in their box, felt something wet running down her legs, and discovered that the amniotic sack had broken. We looked at each other in wild surmise. Was it really at last happening? "But--I don't feel any contractions," she said. "Should we wait for contractions?" We reread the sheet of instructions from the hospital. If the "waters" broke, we were to call at once, it said, and not wait for the other "signs" of labor. I called the hospital, gave them Robin's clinic number, and was told to bring her in.

"I feel foolish," she said. "What if they just tell us to go home again?" But I was pretty certain they would not. In our class we'd been told that if labor didn't occur within twenty-four hours after the waters broke, it would be induced, which is now easily done. We were both tired of waiting and wanted to get on with it. One way or the other, I assured her, we'd have a baby within 24 hours.

We took the subway into Manhattan, but rather than change to a crowded uptown line I suggested a taxi for the rest of the trip. It may or may not have been a mistake--I didn't want to see Robin forced to stand, packed in among rush hour crowds (nobody offers a seat to pregnant women on the subways any more--least of all women who've had children themselves!)--but the taxi ride was something of an experience and Robin felt unpleasantly jolted by it. Nonetheless, we got to the hospital safely.

Then began a comedy of errors. I was sent out while Robin was examined and prepared, so I went to a phone booth to call her mother. The phone was one of those new, "one slot" phones. It allowed me to exchange perhaps twenty-seconds' worth of conversation and then cut me off, collected my dime, and pretended to be dead again. Annoyed, I called the operator. It rang and rang. And rang. And rang. For well over half an hour, that bloody phone rang and no operator answered. I called information and they couldn't get an operator either. I finally gave up, wasted a second dime and resumed the conversation--45 minutes later. I was pretty pissed when I got back to Robin.

She was moved to a labor room on the top floor, where we spent the next seven hours reading books, talking, yawning, and waiting for something to happen. Nothing did, until about five minutes before midnight. Then she yelped. "It felt like a rubber band twanging inside of me," she said.

"What's that mean?" I asked. "I don't know," she said. "I never felt anything like that before." But within less than a minute she had her first real, serious contraction--one which forced her to begin using her breathing techniques. And they came every few minutes thereafter, averaging every two or three minutes. The real labor had begun.

But it was nothing like the way we'd been taught to expect it. Not only had we bypassed the entire first stage of labor (the contractions every half hour and gradually less), but these contractions lasted unequal lengths of time, were spaced irregularly, and had very little indeed to do with the "clockwork" timing we'd been told about. And they lasted seventy to ninety seconds, too.

At the beginning I checked my watch and counted off the seconds by tens as taught, but after an hour or so I stopped. It was too intellectual an approach and really divorced me from Robin, centering my attention too much on the watch. Later I held it for her to watch, since she required an object to concentrate upon (we also had a Mike Hinge poster which we'd put up, and some Art Decco and Peter Max stuff Mike had given us), while I concentrated on her, giving her a cloth

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to suck when her mouth was dry, reapplying chapstick to her lips (the second breathing exercise is a rapid panting through the mouth), occasionally some mouthwash, wiping her face with a wet cloth, etc. And coaching her. This was part of what we'd been taught: that the husband is there to coach, to provide both moral and physical assistance. Bound up in the middle of a contraction, a woman loses track of things. She may forget what she's doing. If she did, I was there to say "Keep your eyes focussed. Watch the second hand. I want you to tell me how long it took." (This motivates the attention to something outside the contraction.) Or, "Don't stop--keep panting," or, if she was still panting after the contraction had subsided, "breathe through your nose now." By taking responsibility for this, for calling the signals, I left her free to concentrate on the things she needed to concentrate upon. Later, when the contractions were rougher, I held up my hands, fists with thumbs up, and she grabbed my thumbs and I had her grip them as tightly as she could. (As long as you return the grip, nothing will break or sprain.)

The time passed amazingly quickly. A nurse would pop in every half or three quarters of an hour to listen to the baby's heartbeats, check everything, and offer some encouragement. All the nurses on that floor seemed familiar with "Lamazing it," as they called it, and seemed to prefer Lamaze method patients. (One of the doctors told me his own wife had both her two children by the Lamaze method.) There were several changes of nurses during the twelve hours or so we were there, but they were all warm and helpful. By four in the morning, things were getting pretty rough, and Robin said she kept having urges to push. Pushing before the dilation is complete is a major cause of pain and laceration. The Lamaze method teaches a breathing technique ("blowing") for coping with this urge, and as Robin would start to cry out, I'd say, "Blow! Blow-blow-blow-blow!" panting right along with her. It wasn't until afterwards that I realized that these urges to push were coming three to a contraction--the so-called "three peaks" of the "transitional stage" of labor that precedes delivery. Actually, I was feeling rather discouraged by how rough the labor was for her. I'd heard of women all but loafing their way through a Lamaze labor, and this was a far cry from it. Robin was tired and almost tearful and I felt the frustration of someone who has put his wife in a position which is turning out to be too much for her--and who could no longer do anything about it to help her except to persist as before. I was also tired. The more traditional form of waiting quietly with a book began to appeal to me. I expected we had another three to five hours to go, and I wondered if either of us would make it.

At that point--about five o'clock--a nurse came in to check Robin, did so, and then announced, grinning, "You're going to have your baby in ten minutes!"

We were astonished. Adrenalin poured through me, wiping out my exhaustion as though it had never been. I laughed, squeezed Robin's hand, and said, "Hey, do you hear that? Ten minutes!"

"I don't believe it!" she said, and for the first time in hours, she too was smiling.

The nurse pulled the buzzer and I ran down the hall to put on a scrub suit--white pants and shirt--and then be fitted with a mask, hat, and paper bootlets over my boots. Then I was running down to the delivery room where Robin was already waiting, legs in stirrups, draped in white. She was blowing--holding off another contraction and waiting for me. I moved in next to her and looked down at her. The doctor was ready. "On the next contraction, you may push," he said. It came, she pushed, and once again the teachings were confounded. I had

expected it would require several pushes--up to ten minutes' worth--to bring the baby out. To my surprise, the nurse gestured for me to watch, and I saw that already the baby's head was out! One push--and that was all it had taken. (Robin told me later that it had not even been a difficult push; "I knew exactly what to do, I did it, and it wasn't hard at all!") What I saw was a purplish doughy mass which I made out to be the baby's face, its features all there, but hardly in any order. Then, as the doctor eased out first one shoulder and then the other, I gave a running account to Robin in a rather breathless voice. The baby was quite purple, and covered with a yellow cheesy substance (which protects its skin during its period in the womb). The doctor eased the baby out, Robin asked, "What is it?" and the doctor turned it around. "A girl," he said. "It's Arielle," I said, feeling very strange and joyful, as if announcing a visitor at our door. We'd picked names for both girl and boy, and it seemed at that moment as if they both existed--somewhere--and the girl had simply come first.

I don't remember what Robin said to that, but I shall never forget the expression on her face. Her eyes were wide and glowing and she was smiling deeply. "I'm so glad," she said, "it's so good." And later she said, "The only word I can use to describe the way I felt is 'sublime'. It was all worth it." Her hand groped out from under the drape and found mine. I held it, and stroked her face. A few moments later the nurse brought me the baby, well wrapped in a blanket, and asked if I wished to hold her. I took her and held her for Robin to see. She had her eyes open--and in fact we were told later she'd opened them before being fully delivered.

One of the many advantages of the Lamaze method is that the child emerges into the world undrugged. Lamaze babies don't need to be slapped to start them breathing, and they are often quite alert immediately after birth. Arielle was.

They brought her down to the third floor while I was downstairs phoning both sets of grandparents. When I went up, I found her already in the four-baby nursery adjoining the room where Robin would be. She was next to the window, and her eyes were open and tracking. I stared back at her and began talking to her, babbling almost, cooing, feeling almost transcendently in love with her, with Robin, and indeed with the whole world. It made a good beginning for fatherhood, one I hope I shall never forget.

Officially, Arielle Broneta White weighed in as seven pounds, nine ounces. People who know babies assure me she is beautiful--and I am fully willing to accept their judgement. She was born at 5:18 on August 28th, early Friday morning. She began nursing at her mother's breast (trained by advance preparation for nursing) at ten that morning and took immediately to the task. No problems there, either.

Robin had "rooming in," which means she was allowed to have the baby with her and take care of her herself, throughout the day. Fathers had their own visiting hours, 7 to 9 each evening, and on each day I held my daughter with pride and pleasure. Very quickly I discovered her nickname, Kitten. It's a good name to grow up with, and her 'real' name (Hebrew for Lion of God) will await her pleasure.

So how do I feel, now that the first part is all over? Triumphant, I guess. Vindicated in my beliefs. More than that, proud and pleased to be a father at long last, with a daughter of my own. Proud also to know that I played an integral part in my daughter's birth.

Perhaps some day she'll find this brittle old fanzine and read these pages. If so, I can only hope that she too will find the experience of giving birth with her man as sublime.

--Ted White

WHOLE HOG

THAT COLUMN BY CALVIN DEMMON

The response to my last column in these pages pleased me more than practically anything in recent memory. Except: the birth of our second son, Casson Hardy Demmon. John Berry asks, "Where did you happen upon the name Casson? I've never heard it before, and the only place I can think of that I've heard the shortened form, Cass, is on Mama Cass." Well, John, Casson was named after one of my two grandfathers--the other one, not Calvin Wheeler Demmon. In an odd way, Casson's first name shows that our faith in America is not dead--that, in fact, we share some of the optimism about things that are happening lately that Terry Carr expressed in an AMAZING or FANTASTIC article some time ago. Casson's great-grandfather, you see, my mother's father, was a dealer in horses, a man name of Kasson Peter Hardy. But we decided that, even though we have seen Jerry Rubin in person and listened to him speak and found him enormously amusing, this is America and not Amerika. So our son is Casson, not Kasson. (Wilma has never heard this logic before, but I think I can get away with it because she doesn't read fanzines. Ha to you, Wilma!)

* * *

What follows, is the Journal Of My Novel. I've been writing stories since I was seven (but hasn't everybody?), and I still have my first one in my files: it's about a sad little puppy, a sad little boy, and the nice Santa Claus who unites the two. Well, finally finished, twenty years later, is the first draft of a novel which I have worried over in my head, and in notes and in library researches, for well over three years, though the germ of the thing has been there since my first highly-praised effort. (In this connection, let me recommend "Novel Bites Man," by Dan Wakefield, in, I think, the August Atlantic or Harper's.) It was a lot of work. I do not expect my novel to see the dark of print. But, in chronological order, these are some

of the things I wrote about my writing to other people, as I worked on it, and as I pretended to work, and as I did no work at all.

...(To Ted White) One of my professors here, name of Mr. Israel (I don't know his first name, but his name taken in this way, as it appears on his office door, sounds, I am sure much to his boredom, like a sort of Jewish Mr. Universe), used to be an editor at Putnam's, and worked with Phil Dick on The Man in the High Castle and with Heinlein on Stranger in a Strange Land. I say "one of my professors"; actually he's just going to give me 4 units of graduate credit this semester for my turning in to him stuff I write. What an easy way to get through college: making things up out of your own head.

...(Later, to Ted) I still think of myself as a writer, during those unguarded moments when one thinks of oneself, and I have one or two "irons on the fire," as we writers say. But your recent achievements make me feel silly. You just went ahead and did it. I can't conceal my admiration and envy, and my (quite natural) feeling that I could do it just like you did if I only had your....well....talent.

...(To Professor Willard Marsh) Wilma has been amazingly understanding about my decision never to Study Law again, especially since she says she's always wanted a lawyer in the family. It's even more amazing because we're going to have our first baby in August (and we already love the little dear); I had always heard that women in her condition became very security-conscious and slapped their husbands into suits and sent them out to join the ad agencies. But she is even willing to go back to work after the bl. event. (I meant that to stand for "blessed," but I suppose it could also be bloody--/Andy Main/ and I watched a baby being born once and were impressed most of all by the vivid colors, colors you never see in those black and white pornographies they show in high-school biology.)

...(To Terry Carr) I have to apologize for not answering your nice letter of some months ago, and to explain right off that the novel I mentioned to you isn't coming, under separate cover or anything. Shortly after I wrote to you, Phillip Jackson and I discovered we didn't want to collaborate any more, because we were getting on each other's nerves. We decided we'd rather ditch the novel than ruin our friendship--although as a matter of fact it was for all practical purposes too late and we can barely stand each other even now. The trouble was that both of us wanted to be boss, and we both thought the other a terrible writer with terribly silly ideas. We have, anyway, three chapters and an outline, but there is no hope of the thing ever being finished, or at least not for a long time.

...(To Avram Davidson) Practically the only writing I do nowadays is on the backs of envelopes or in the margins of magazines. (Stuff like "Who the fuck does he think he is?" and "Oh, be serious.") But I am still working on my monumental novel which will set the world on its can. Gathering information like mad from all available I then stuff it in a special file folder over here on my left. Any day now I'm going to begin the actual "work" of "writing," aha, or that is, when I get just a few more things looked up and straightened out.

...(To Les Gerber) I've been writing lately; sporadically, but even that is better than nothing. I've got four or five stories out

in the mails waiting for rejection; and recently got a very pleasant note from Ed Ferman at F&SF with one of my stories, which he didn't buy but said he almost did and would be glad to see more. (God, two plain-clothes cops just came to the door and scared shit out of me asking for Wilma, but turned out they only wanted to question her because the upstairs here was burglarized and she may have seen the crooks.) And I'm taking another g.d. Creative Writing class, which is forcing me to do more work that I would normally. And I am about 1/10 of 1% into a novel, which I will definitely write, because it is Great and I know exactly how to do it.

...(To Professor Marsh) For a while last semester, though being overjoyed with my teaching assignments, I was terribly depressed about the Academic Thing, especially after a brief brush with a professor who wanted the whole class to write Publishable Articles for the magazine of the Modern Language Association or something as a requisite for getting an A or B in his course (I dropped the class next day). I got to feeling like Wm Carlos Williams:

We go on living, we permit ourselves/ to continue--but certainly not for the university, what they publish/ severally or as a group; clerks/ got out of hand forgetting for the most part/ to whom they are beholden./ spitted on fixed concepts like/ roasting hogs, sputtering, their drip sizzling/ in the fire/ Something else, something else the same.

But not any more. I'm writing a novel about a Pig.

...(To Ted White) I think the main thing that's happened is that I've found out I can write. I recall that when you were working on your novel with Terry that you said you were finding that out too, for the first time. I've never been able to write more than two pages of anything before, and that was always sort of Automatic Writing anyway--the "Biffables" & the like, & the first couple of things I had in F&SF; for them I used to just sit down & write whatever came into my head, having no idea where I was going. Now I'm getting Very Big on Plot & Structure, & getting much better at the other sort of writing too.

...(To Professor Donald Davie) As you are aware, I have not yet written the paper on Ford Madox Ford that I promised you for the "Incomplete" you, most graciously and kindly, gave me at the beginning of this year. My purpose in writing to you is to ask to be let out from under Mr. Ford, and to be allowed to write about somebody else.

While I am certainly not anybody's best student, I have managed to make it this far without any serious blotches on my academic record. Moreover, although I'm not much of a scholar, nor is it my ambition to become much of one, I do write all the time, and I have what might pass for a consuming interest in Literature. That is, it's not just



writing Any Old Paper that's got me stopped here. Somehow I can't get my head ringing, nor my typewriter bell either, on Mr. Ford's frequency.

How would you like a nice fat paper on Kingsley Amis?

...(To Greg Benford) So far as I know, I haven't sold any stories to Ted. I sent him one a few months ago and haven't heard a word from him--not unusual at all, as we have Drifted Apart and the last letter I got from him was, I remember, when I was in Law School, and it was full of anti-labor propaganda. So I can't join the SFWA yet. Also Mr. "Ferman" at F&SF keeps consistently rejecting my best stuff with nice little apologetic notes, yet publishing little stories of absolutely no value in place of mine. And I've been in a "writing slump" for a while. So, and the fact that I still haven't got the slightest lead on a job for when I get my M.A., I am applying for, and thinking seriously about, a job as a driver for the San Francisco Municipal Railway. I will give up being a "writer" forever and just keened into the wind from the front of a cable car. I'll let you ride for free, of course, but no other scientists.

...(To an Important Hollywood Contact) And now for something about myself, so that you will see that I am at least a little more than a starry-eyed fool who thinks Hollywood will be his oyster. First of all, as you know, I am already a writer, and have been for several years. I actually write regularly, and have enjoyed some success at it, however small. But now I would like to try to break into the Big Time. I know I can't expect to just step right in at the top and begin writing for Mission: Impossible or Laugh-In, so I will have to get involved in the Whole Scene somehow at a lower level: maybe on an insignificant job where I can be around and find out what's happening and meet some people, etc. I ought to be waiting around in the wings when Rod Serling breaks his typewriter. So maybe you know if Sheriff John needs somebody to dust off his birthday cake. Maybe George Putnam needs somebody to wash his flag. I'm not particular.

...(To Peter Israel) I have pursued the Hollywood lead I mentioned to you. Sitting on my office floor now are five genuine tv/movie scripts, from Actual Productions. I am to study these for the format, then write a script of my own. This agent will then either welcome me into the folds of successful Hollywood types or will tell me to go peddle my self. One writer I met is, after two years trying to make it and succeeding only briefly, at last writing a Motorcycle Picture for AIP, is making what seems like a lot of money after living on beans for two years, and is quite sure, on the basis of one interview with me in which he did all the talking, that I will be a fantastic success. "It's easy," he says. The money they pay will drive you insane, he says. I'm ready, I say. He says, you must struggle for a couple of years first so that you will not feel guilty when they start paying you four million dollars a second. Well, I have been struggling for 27 years, so I will not feel guilty. If I have to go crazy, let it be behind money. I told him. So I have my work cut out for me now, and I am abandoning talking pigs for the next two weeks.

...(To Peter Israel, again) On 2 May Wilma and I went to USC to a film festival and exhibit (saw "Metropolis" for the first time and some interesting computer-animated cartoons, or "cartoons," in-

cluding one which gave me a great idea for a story which I will write Real Soon Now). Afterwards we went to my mother's house to get Peter, who was being babysat. So we were driving home along Slauson Blvd at about 12:30 a.m., and we stopped at a red light at the intersection of Budlong, and a white 1969 Thunderbird (according to the police) smashed into the rear of our car (a black 1964 Morgan), went up & up, over the top, tearing off the convertible canvas, crashed down on the hood in front (all the time knocking us spinning across the intersection) and stopped about a hundred feet down the road. We all had to go to the hospital, especially Wilma, because she's pregnant. We have been thrown into utter chaos, because now we don't have a car, Wilma has to go to the dr. often for checkups to see that she (& the prospective baby) are okay, she has to stay off her feet so I have to do all the cooking and housework, and besides that I had to finish up the end of the semester (got my thesis approved, typed it myself, finished my paper on Ford Fucking Ford; the Kent State Strike, lucky for me, convinced my freshman class, with a little encouragement from me, to cancel all work except Work For Peace, aha). Oh, hey, and I don't think I told you this, but I sold "Space Chicken" (about the vegetarian in space) to a science-fiction magazine. That's two sales this year; my career is booming.

...(To Avram) Shit, Avram, I can talk to you about everything but "writer's block." In no possible way could I be called a writer in the way that you can be called a writer; I am virtually a poseur. And yet I write, and I think about writing, and I call myself, even in my private heart and head, a writer. But I write very little, especially lately. On the one hand I have in the past two years written more stuff that pleases me than at any other point in my life--on the other hand, though, "she had warts," as my mother says. I promised myself I'd have my novel finished in first-draft by June 1970. That's this month, of course; instead I have no more than fifteen or twenty pages, plus a lot of notes: no more than I had in December, or November, or....

...(To Avram) You'll fall out of your chair, Uncle Avram, when I tell you what I'm up to. Remember it's all your fault--you started me on this "pro writing" thing, by buying my goopy stories for F&SF. I am holed up in a hotel room in downtown L.A., in fact at this very minute, working with small skill but great joy on My Novel. Yes, I have taken the summer off--couldn't get a job anyway, what with the bottom having fallen out of the M.A. market, and my back still in odd shape from our car accident so I shouldn't do physical labor (not that I ever wanted to). You see, we got much more money for our classic Morgan car, which was destroyed utterly, from my insurance company than we could ever have got on the open market, because it was in very bad shape from not having been maintained properly. But when that sucker smashed our Morgan flat, nobody could tell if it had been maintained or not. So I actually got about \$500 more than I paid for it in 1965. We can live on the money left over (after having bought an old Dodge Dart to drive up and down the hill in) for about three months (we had figured six, but we've already discovered our folly --there's another mouth to feed, etc., etc.: even though we've been living below the poverty line for years, we have had to raise our standards). And so here I am at the Civic Center Hotel, formerly a Filipino brothel (not me, haha, the hotel), in a \$20/mo. room with a view of a brick wall, trying to work 8 hours a day but generally working about 4 (because we have to go to the God Damned Doctor all

the time), about 16 pp. a day, and I have Over A Hundred Pages Already. More, by seven or eight times, than I have ever written on one subject. And you know what, Avram? In spite of all the difficulty, in spite of the fact that I haven't got the foggiest notion what is going to happen next in My Novel, it is--other people have had these problems too and gone on to ecstatic richness--an utter piece of shit.

I taped to the wall the only pro fan letter I ever got, which you forwarded from The Magazine, from a "Barry Kendrick or Kendnick" in Gastonia, North Carolina, in 1964, to impress the manager, if he snoops in here or comes to get some bedbugs for the other tenants. Before this manager took over, there were forty girls working right here, probably many of them in this very room, washing up afterwards in the basin on my left, and there were five or six murders in the after-hours club in the basement. Now there is a new green rug in the lobby, the marquee is painted yellow, the Music Center is right up the street, and I suspect, though I am on the third floor and restoration has only proceeded as far as the second, that one day they will come in here with cleansers and paint and carpets and clean the place up and kick me out, struggling writer or no. Maybe a plaque on the door:

In this room Calvin Demmon wrote the first 100 pages of his novel, "Pig," on the money he got from nearly being killed by a drunk. Plaque donated by Bunker Hill Redevelopment Association; no cooking in rooms.

I play around in here far too much with snuff and cheese sandwiches, and I do far too little writing--so I still have half a writer's block. Yesterday I found my hero meeting me, and taking an instant like to me; I have no idea how to write around that one. I have already killed off several people, perfectly nice ones, who got in the way of the Action, including John Trimble, but I can't bear to kill myself. I keep my friend Phil Jackson, who has a metalworking studio in a store below, in line by threatening to write him into my book as a homosexual murderer. The power of the printed page, Avram; he lets me park my Honda 90 in his studio so's I don't get a ticket during the daytime.

* * *

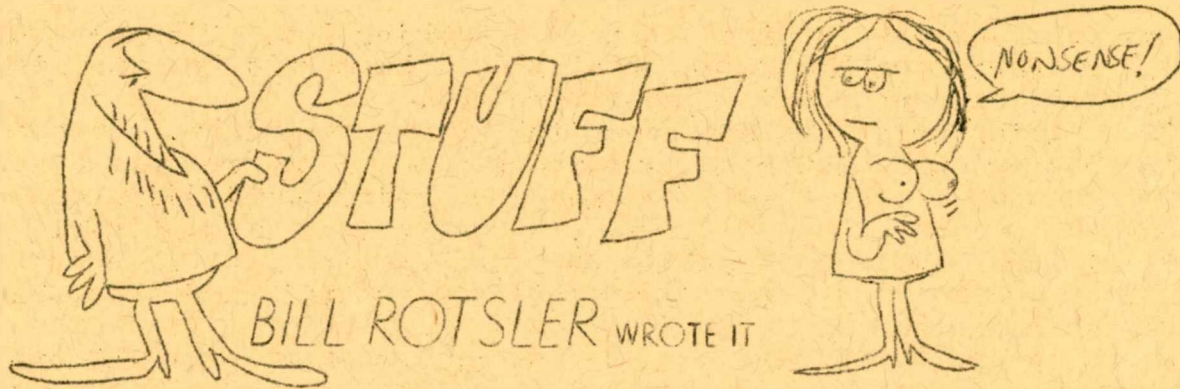
And now the novel is finished, in first-draft, and I am depressed about it, because it is not as good as I would like, but it is not bad enough to kiss off. But now, the novel is finished, in first-draft.

--Calvin Demmon

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I came home and told the Nelsons about it, and Ray confided to me one of his lifelong dreams - he wants to get a Mynah Bird and teach it to say, "This, too, shall pass...." A great conversation piece, I thought, a Mynah Bird that would sit in the corner of your living room while you were entertaining guests, and say at intervals, "This, too, shall pass...." We just might do it; you look out.

--Andy Main, FLYING FROG 3 (May, 1963)



GO FLY A KITE

Dawn. The South Rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. I am crouched in the trunk of a Galaxie 500 Ford feeding out quarter inch nylon line down a road through pine trees. The line feeds out and I call a halt, then jump out, slam the trunk, and jump in the back seat.

"Go!" I say and a world's champion barefoot water skier hits the gas. A thousand feet back an Austrian named Bill Moyes, dressed in white satin shirt and pants, takes to the sky, flying in a bright red nylon kite, a triangle-shaped "lifting body" about 12 feet across.

He goes straight up until the line is angling up at about 75°, dropping the short water skis he used to race down the pavement on. A camper comes over the hump in the road as we hit fifty, but it immediately pulls over. We go racing down the road and do a wide, sweeping turn into the road that leads to the parking lot by the very edge of the Rim. The bright yellow line snags on a tree and as I'm reporting it it snags on another.

Bill Moyes kicks loose and goes sailing off the cliff.

It's a mile straight down. He's barefoot.

At this writing I haven't seen him since.

But to go back to Monday morning. Nick Cinardo, the man who owns the still photo shop that does all my work, phones me, asking if I'd like to go that night to the Grand Canyon and shoot Bill jumping off. There's no money now but a little later, but it's a big adventure because the Forest Rangers don't want him to do it and he expects to get arrested.

I say yes and that night I'm looking at a film of Bill doing all sorts of tricks with his kite at fairs and the like. Then we all meet at the Van Nuys airport and take off in two planes, a six-passenger Cherokee Piper and a four-passenger Mooney driven by "Robin" Robinson, who just won an Academy Award for the Special Visual effects in "Marooned."

It's dark and the first thing that happens is that the Mooney's battery goes out and he can't land, so he might as well go on with us leading him in with radioed instructions. He sticks with us all the way with no nav lights, no strobe; no landing lights.

It's a three hour flight, boring, except for passing by a HUGE thunderstorm that looked, alternately, like the Horsehead Nebula in movement, or that part in Fantasia.

We land at the Grand Canyon Airport and it's about 12:30 at night. We're trying to be very quiet & inconspicuous. Nick, Moyes & others had been up the previous week but had not been very cool about their intentions and the Rangers ate them out. There is no direct law involved, nothing that says Thou Shalt Not Fly a Kite Off the Grand Canyon, but they want to keep it a place where people look but do not do. I agree with them, but find it hard to think of a barefoot Bill Moyes hurting the Canyon.

We pack up and take a hire car to the parking lot. Silently we split up. I start down the steep trail in bright moonlight with Nick, Richard (a film student), and Ed, the director.

It's a tiring trip down but beautiful in the moonlight. At one point I'm resting on a flat rock with about a 500 foot drop off the edge...barechested...with moonlight and great raindrops falling on me.

About 3am we are at my drop point, the edge of a great bluff. The trail zigzags straight down from there, then around a big John Ford type bluff to the Colorado. I'm three miles down trail and about 2500 feet straight down from the Rim.

They go on and I sit down to have one of the most beautiful experiences of my entire life.

The Grand Canyon by moonlight. It's the first time I've seen it, except for movies & seeing it from 39,000 feet. And it's true...you can't really describe it.

But seeing it from down there instead of the Rim is magnificently different. Up at the Rim it's just a magnificent hole cut in the flat floor of the land; down below it's fantasyland.

At one point on the way down I just had to stop because it had become Jack Vance country. The moonlight made everything in tones of pearl, gray and black. The rocks are truly incredible and the wind was moaning through bare and twisted trees. There was a hint of a High Castle on the opposite wall and "things" were surely afoot.

But now I was alone.

I wandered the blufftop, looking down into blackness and half-seen canyons of unimaginable size. The bluffs reached up in massive, magnificent castles and temples and indeed, some are called Shive Temple and Diana Temple and Vishnu Temple. Another is Walhalla Plateau. (Yes, with a ".")

I stood at the very edge of drops hundreds of feet high and felt the gentle winds and heard the faint whoosh of wind below. I looked at the moon peering brightly through broken clouds and sat on a lump of rock and wrote a poem outloud. I can't remember it now but it had something in it about "standing on a bare spire of rock, where Time and Eternity meet."

It was a magnificent experience and walking down the trail by a moon only two days out of full was easy. It was followed by a physical experience second only to the time I almost died of zinc poisoning

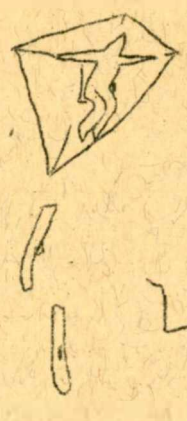
Bill was supposed to come over that rim, or maybe that one, and circle that spire (another camera position), then come along the bluff I was on and around its end to go between two rocks very close together, then on down into the bottom, ditch the kite, change clothes which the other crew had carried down, and try to get out without being arrested.

The sun comes up. It's gorgeous. But I must now set up my camera. And it doesn't work. Something is wrong. I've set up literally less than a foot from a cliff that must be 500 feet high. I work frantically. Finally--I don't know how--I fix it and take a shot of the dawn to be sure it's running.

Then I wait. And he doesn't come. To get the proper view I must stand within a certain area. For two hours I scan the Rim repeatedly until I'm beginning to hallucinate. You know those wiggles you see when you look at sky? They're beginning to spook me, thinking they are Bill's kite.

Finally when two hours have passed and I haven't sat down and been very alert I decide he's not going over. So I pack up.

Now it's an Arriflex, plus a HUGE zoom lens, plus battery pack, plus accessories, plus a bit of food and a pint of water. And the world's worst pack, a terrible Japanese thing whose straps have no



padding and immediately roll into ropes which cut off the circulation in my arms.

It weighs about 40 to 50 pounds. And I must now walk three miles back. All of it up and some of it Up and more of it UP and some of it U*P!

For the first two hours plus it's hot, rising at least to 90° if not a hundred. Then I am glad it gets overcast. Then it rains on me. And I'm sweating. I've had no sleep and only six hours the previous night. The pack has problems--it must be handled delicately. It has sharp protuberances. It must be hidden so that the Rangers won't know. I walk very slowly. Very. Just one foot ahead of the other. I'd slipped and fallen a couple of times going down and my hand is cut. I have only a pint of water because someone said they always had water at the Rim. They don't and I had to get dribbles from the others. When I rest I have the tendency to go to sleep. Twice I do, once on that flat rock for a half hour or maybe 20 minutes. I rest a lot. It is very discouraging to walk steadily and with great effort for ten minutes and be within rock throwing range of where you last rested. (Zig-zags, you see.) I am exhausted. That man I first met in the Army that slips rocks into your pack when you are not looking is back. I curse camera designers that never seem to think of weight, ever. I certainly am 44 years old, all right.

Then I guess I got my second wind. I realized I walked better than twice the distance I had between the last stops. I walk up towards a nice looking early forties woman who is resting on a rock near a couple. She looks at me as I plod along and as I get closer I steal and rewrite a thing I saw Cosby do on "I Spy."

"I have a proposition for you," I say. "I've saved your life." (She looks at me in startlement.) "You are the mother of three of my children." (She's going into panic now, with open mouth. The couple is staring.) "I saved you from the white slavers ...and now I must ask you a favor." (She's moving her mouth, but after all, I'm talking in such a normal tone.) "Carry me," I say.

She stares, breaks into laughter and falls off the cliff. (No, I'm kidding.) She almost falls but she's choking. The couple is staring, but they are from the Dummy Clan. There was no laugh track so they didn't know it was funny.

Anyway, I'm still plodding along. I'm dead tired and wondering how I got into this and hope they are going home and I am absolutely insensitive to the beauties of Nature. Then two teenage boys come running down the trail, one leaping across the narrow point of a zigzag and they come flopping, laughing, careening towards me. There is enough room to pass on the trail at that point if everyone is walking. I can see there is Danger so I quickly step to the right, my foot slipping on a slanted rock and twisted my ankle.

It's not really a very bad sprain, except I must walk another mile (and it's *U*P* at this point) with my 200 pound pack. It is not a



pleasant experience. The only thing I can salvage out of it is that I won't have to walk down there again. I couldn't. And damned sure I couldn't walk out. I meet Bill Moyes and the water ski fellow, Garry, going down to help out the lower camera team with the gear. They hope to try again the next morning.

Finally I get to the top and no one is there, so I lay down and cover up and let it rain on me. I'm asleep about fifteen minutes when someone kicks my foot. (No, the other one.) It's the rest of the crew, except for those on the bottom. There are ten of us, including the two pilots, who are also used as camera men.

We spend the rest of the day fixing camera equipment, because virtually everything is busted some way. Then I give a crash course to a guy who had never handled the Arriflex before & knows little about camera work. I school him on the camera, make him go through the drill several times, then write instructions. I buy postcards which show all the pertinent points. I am up until 1 am doing this.

At 3 am they wake us up and we start about assembling gear and I am drafted to take the place of the guy who replaced me. We launch Bill then find the trunk has jammed on the tag end of the line. We cut off the line and gather up the 1000 feet and zip back for the skis. Bill is nowhere in sight when we get to the Rim and we can't find Robin at his point, either.

Garry starts down the trail. He's going to gather up the film as he gets to it and if they arrest the guys with cameras at least the film is out. I go to sleep in the car for a few minutes until Robin arrives. We cruise around and get breakfast & the trunk fixed. (Have to take out the seat.)

One by one we gather up the men from the various spots. The Rangers are really hunting now. We all laugh because most of us told different Rangers that we were out shooting the dawn, and wonder how their notes will compare later. One guy got very, very serious with a questioning Ranger and said he was shooting the various colors of the rock as the light hit them and went on and on with the fever light of a fanatic glowing in his eyes. The Ranger glazed over and went on.

Finally all but the bottom two camera men--Nick & Ed--are out. And Bill. And Garry. The pilots are worried about the weight in the hotter air of day so we finally get the Mooney off and fly through a vast stretch of American desert. We land at Needles and it's 106°. The pilot and I try to keep each other awake. We get to LA and it is solid smog. We land and his airplane goes blooey and quits.

At this writing I have no idea what happened down in the Canyon bottom, so tune in next week.

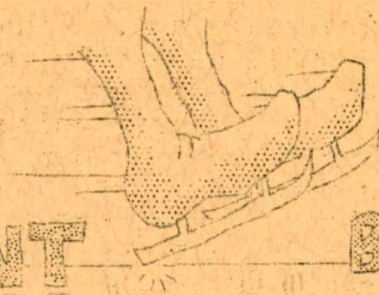
(New info received yesterday: they were all arrested and fined heavily; most of the film the director exposed angrily in court was dummy film brought for that purpose; Japan carried the feat as front page news & it was ignored completely here.)

--Bill Rotsler

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DEPARTMENT OF SNEAKILY BURIED CREDITS: Our cover this time is the product of a highly prized team of experts. The logo was drawn by Wm. Rotsler and stencilled by T. White. The illustration itself was drawn and stencilled by J. Kinney, Esc., of the Brooklyn Kinneys and not of the Kinney System (we have had queries). The mimeo, despite various notices elsewhere to the contrary, is by the good old QWERTYUIOPress again. Wouldn't ya know it?

BY A
SPECIOUS
CORRESPONDENT



BY
BOB SHAW

"Write something for EGOBOO," John Berry says. Let's see now-- what do I write about? No ideas spring to mind, but at least I'm writing for a fanzine, which should be more sympathetic work than what I do for the sports pages of the local papers every week.

I blundered into sports writing several years ago when I applied for and got a job as a feature writer with a weekly journal called "Ulster Week." Unfortunately, the paper folded up two days before I was due to start and my appointment was shifted to a sister publication, the "Belfast Telegraph," which had no vacancies for feature writers. So instead of being a features man on a weekly--which was a job I rather fancied--I found myself, with no previous journalistic experience (unless one includes HYPHEN), as a general reporter on a daily paper which has a readership of one million and a reputation for solid, in-depth coverage. One of the more depressing aspects of this was that I was expected to report sport.

"I'm putting you onto hockey," the sports editor told me the first week.

"I've never seen a hockey match," I replied brightly.

"Don't worry about that--it's almost the same as soccer."

He was gone before I could explain that I had never seen a soccer match either, and the next Saturday afternoon found me standing glumly on the touchline of an incomprehensible game upon which I was expected to write two hundred words of penetrating analysis. A few minutes' study convinced me that I would never understand hockey, and as the curtains of fine cold drizzle billowed across the field, numbing my face and hands, I wondered if there was a Pulitzer Prize for the shortest stay in journalism.

Then, just as my despair was at its greatest, I heard an elderly, experienced-looking spectator announce from below his umbrella that Antrim weren't using the left side of the field enough. I took out my notebook and wrote, "Atrim not using left side of field enough." The words looked quite impressive. I eyed the clump of umbrellas gratefully and moved a little closer. A few minutes later I overheard, "The Portadown defenders are not working together." I put that down too, then after some consideration crossed it out and substituted, "Portadown defence lacking in cohesion," a version which I felt had a more authoritative flavour.

By the end of the match I had perhaps a dozen similar comments, plus the names of three goal-scorers and the times at which the goals occurred. I joined the lot together, phoned it into the office and made my way to the nearest bar where I had several hot whiskies to settle my nerves.

On the following Monday morning the sports editor came up to me and said, "Nice job, Bob--I thought you said you knew nothing about hockey." I smirked modestly into the dusty mechanisms of my typewriter, exulting over the fact that if my luck held out I would not be required to learn about hockey, ever.

That was five years ago. I have been reporting hockey constantly since then, and still have only the vaguest notion of the rules of the game. In that time I have not even learned to recognise the Northern Ireland teams by their colours, and have never turned to the back of the paper to read my own reports. But when I quit the newspaper two years ago the sports desk asked me to continue working for them on a free-lance basis, and I do it every Saturday--using my own system. I have even built up a minor reputation as a sound, reliable hockey specialist, and papers from England and the south of Ireland approach me to cover games for them in addition to my original paper. Sometimes, when at a game, I am being paid by as many as five different papers, including--on occasion--the prestigious "Sunday Times" and "The Observer."

Some people say there's a lot of hack work in science fiction but, by Ghod, it can't be anything to what goes on in sports writing. I should worry, however. I make money, and the country must be full of people who say to themselves, "Good reporter, that fellow Shaw--the stuff he writes agrees exactly with what I was saying at the match."

The only trouble is, I still haven't thought of something to write for EGOBOO...

--Bob Shaw

:: ::

ADDITIONAL
WHITE
TRASH

I'M MOVING: As some of you know by now, I am moving to Virginia. I am doing it at the end of this month (September) and that is two weeks from now. Very soon now I shall have to begin packing, I think.

But I know that I am moving, because Steve Stiles is taking over my apartment here, and Steve has already made all the necessary arrangements with my landlady, paid his deposit, etc. ("I know you'll be a better tenant than Mr. White was, Mr. Stiles..."), and has notified his present landlord of the move. So I don't really have much opportunity to back out, even if I wanted to.

The Fanoclasts will continue to meet here, however, and indeed they won't miss a single meeting. The Fanoclasts are a well-oiled machine. I have this fantasy about the Fanoclasts and this apartment. The group has been coming here for seven years now, and habits have become well ingrained. I can see the day Steve moves out. He'll turn the place over to another Fanoclast, of course, and meetings will continue, uninterrupted. And when that fan moves, another fan will continue to host the meetings. Etc. But I can imagine the day when no fan will be willing or able to take over this apartment at the right moment, and a non-fan takes it. Comes Friday night, about nine o'clock, and his bell rings. He answers the door, and it's Andy Porter. "Hi, am I early?" Andy asks, strolling in. He heads for the kitchen while the tenant watches with a perplexed expression. He puts his Pepsis in the fridge about the time the bell rings again. It's three more fans. "Hi," they say, "Are we early?" Another fan comes in and says, "I just bought the new Stones album; ya wanta put it on?"

This happens every other week, for several months, and the aghast tenant moves out. And it happens again and again for a succession of short-term non-fan tenants. Finally the inevitable occurs: a fan again takes the place. The meetings go on as usual.

I call it The Curse of the Fanoclasts. --Ted White

dnq - letters



REDD DOGGS: I rise to protest Ted White's statement in EGOBOO #11 that "fans in the St. Louis area" concocted the hoax called the InVention: a mythical con which was attended by invitation only. Knowing Ted, I suspect he made the misstatement doliberately, in hopes of hearing hot protests. But you want "a sponse of continuity with a past that few fans soon aware of." I'll give you that past, by Foo. As I happened to say in print only a few weeks ago in Ruth Borman's ROQUAT #77, in Apa L for 4 June 1970, the InVention was invented at 413 East 18th Street, Minncapolis, in April 1952. Ostonisibly, the InVention occurred on 1 April 1952, but the tendrill session actually took place on 6 April, I believe: the following Sunday. (1 April that year was a Tuesday.)

The InVention was largoly the brainstorm of Rich Elsberry, in whose house the other perpetrators met. These people were Hal Shapiro and one Shay (I believe his first name was John), up from Kirksville, Missouri, where they were stationed at an air base, John Grossman, who was attending art school in Minncapolis, and me. Yes, I Was There. I can tell you that it was a fino, bright spring day in Minnesota, and that Hal and John (?) ogled all the girls on the street in their spring drossos as we drove across town to Elsberry's. Feel the sponse of that long-dead past begin to creep over you and roll you around gently?

John Grossman was one of the most talented artists ever seen in fandom, I believe. His fanzino work was good, but his portfolio of artwork--which he showed me one day--was wondrous to behold. At last call, he resided in San Francisco; the last address I had for him was 228 Filbert Avenue, and he was making much money as a very successful commercial artist. He has been out of fandom those 18 years and more.

Els- where in the issue, I was struck by your account of the movie you made with one Cynthia Weber. This was amusingly described, but the background of the whole business is so incredible that I found myself leughing and weeping at the same time. A film about a paper plane chase qualifies as a project for a class called Communications 200! I should point out that, despite the high curso-number, Communications 200 at Stanford is the elementary film-making course. None of the lower-numbered courses involve actual student production of films. -jdb; Not only that, but this apparently took place during a spring term in which thousands of students all over the country were trying--not always successfully, as I can attest, having run off some of their manifestoes and leaflets on my Getsetner--to communicate their feelings about the Cambodian invasion. We made the film in March. -jdb; I don't really want films about paper plane chases reconstituted out of existence, but the waste of time, energy, and materials in such a project rocks me a little. It makes me feel sympathy, at least momontarily, for the radical view that all the efforts of art should be directed toward revolutionary purposes.

I'm sorry I forgot about the SFCon and didn't remember about it till some weeks after it occurred, when I read about it in FOCAL POINT. But as recompense, I missed George Clayton Johnson.

Ted's account of the hectic events at the Disclave and the wild rumors that followed was interesting and instructive. I wish him luck in trying to scotch the rumors. I remember the rumors that followed the Battle of the Mozzanine at Pacificon II, and our vain efforts to set the record straight. Of course Ted should be warned that he can't possibly be an accurate witness to the events he chronicles because he was a participant in them. According to Dick Lupoff (in defending the inaccurate Lupoff account of the Battle of the Mozzanine) a participant can't be a good observer merely because he was involved. An ideal witness, in Lupoff's view, of the White Chase would be one of the casual bystanders (despite the fact that they weren't sure what was going on). [I don't think the Dick Lupoff of today ought to be held strictly liable for all his opinions of six years ago--unless of course he upholds them. -jdb]

Events of the White Chase indicate one thing: the propaganda spread by the FBI, the cops, and the government in general about crime in the streets has effectively alarmed and divided the people. Everybody's frightened--which makes a more difficult situation than the one postulated by the propaganda. We are in far more danger from people who are Worried About Crime than from the criminals themselves. Ted and his friends were Helping Combat Crime--doing their "duty," as Ted calls it. The bystanders and the taxi driver who refused to help were cringing away from possible violence, and the citizen who pulled a gun on Ted's friends in the park was Protecting Himself from Dangerous Thugs. And all this ranting around on account of a purse containing 22¢. [It was a purse of considerably more value to Robin. -jdb] Everybody defending themselves against the criminals in their own characteristic ways. A purse-snatcher is not likely to be a violent fellow or he wouldn't choose such a minor way of being a criminal. Ted & Co. were indeed more violent, and possibly more dangerous. What might have happened if they had rounded a corner and encountered a peaceful citizen carrying a purse he had just retrieved from his car, where his wife had forgotten it? They were also in more danger than the criminal, who probably chucked the purse aside when he found it contained little of value, and went into the nearest bar to cool off.

Rotsler in his column seems to indicate he still leads a hectic life. The title "Pretty Girls Around the World" reminds me of The Secret Museum of Mankind, which used to be advertised in old pulps with a drawing of leggy women in a row and the legend, "Female beauty around the world." When I finally saw the book, I was disillusioned. I don't suppose this new magazine would disillusion me, though.

In the letter column, I'm more impressed by Rick Sneary's sad comments about Main, Demmon, and Lichtman than by your defense of them and their present lives. Nevertheless, Rick may be wrong, and you may be right. Main, Demmon, and Lichtman are worthy individuals, and probably will get along all right, and probably don't need fandom. But, as Rick implies, that's too bad, because we need them, if they don't need us. Rick's "tree of knowledge bears bitter fruit" is a lovely epigram. However, supposing something has gone wrong in the lives of Main, Demmon, and Lichtman, it isn't so much knowledge that's hurt them, for only Demmon, I think, is continuing his studies, as something below knowledge: a creeping awareness of the frustrations of life in the 1970s: facing the draft, making a living in a coldly bourgeois world, finding one's self without a mouth when he must scream. If they're happy despite all this, they are indeed superior people--or else they don't understand the situation.

(PO Box 1111, Berkeley, Calif. 94701)

JAY KINNEY: I enjoyed your account of Europe. My parents and younger sister have spent 2 months of the summer in Europe (England and Scandinavia mainly for 1 month and Israel for another month--and we ain't even Jewish!) and my sister and mother are coming home in about 4 hours and I'm supposed to be cleaning up the house (and boy does it need it) and so what am I doing? Sitting at the kitchen table stinking of sweat (I really should take a shower one of these days) and writing a LOC. Drugs have obviously destroyed my mind.

Arnie's "Katzenjammer" was good to see, though his rewriting of the dialogue thing to fit FOCAL POINT was a trifle forced.

Liked the Carr review though book reviews in EG0E00 is not necessarily a welcome thing. But at least it was Carr doing the reviewing and it had fannish overtones rather than SFish.

The convoluted quote from Amis was a monster. Did you ever read his Anti-Death League? That was good...though judging from that quote Take a Girl Like You isn't too hot. [Actually, it's pretty good Amis; I extracted several more quotes, most of which are better, but that was the only one that fit the space. The best Amis I've read is his latest, I Want It Now. Great stuff. -jdb]

It's a very hot day and as I write this I have been sitting here drinking glass after glass of the only liquid in the house--milk. If it were beer this letter would be incoherent by this time. As it is, I'm sitting and feeling healthy and wholesome. Would Rotsler approve?

Speaking of Rotsler, boy that fucker continues to amaze me. He's one of those continuing demi/heroes I hold out before myself and say "JAYOLD KID? HE'S LIVING THIS INCREDIBLE LIFE AND AT HIS AGE TOO! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE DOING WHEN YOU'RE THAT AGE?"

Of course then I reply to myself: "AS A MATTER OF FACT? I'LL PROBABLY BE SITTING AROUND DRAWING ARCHIE COMICS FOR A LIVING, 16 HOURS A DAY." Then I get depressed.

Burbee in your letter column?

Harumph.

Ted's piece on his neighborhood was very pleasant--more pleasant, in fact, than I could manage if I were to write about his neighborhood. Not that anything has ever happened to me on my bi-weekly excursions there...but I'm always just a wee bit paranoid. But when you come right down to it I'm less paranoid in unfamiliar neighborhoods in N.Y. than I am in Chicago... New York--I get this feeling of teeming life with a sense of history and time running thru it. In Chicago it's a different story. Chicago is a Car-City with terrible public transportation and vast stretches of vacant lots and shadows at night. In Chicago when I'm walking along at night I don't know what the fuck to expect--I could easily get shot just because of my hair or something. In N.Y. if I get mugged it's probably going to be for a good reason--the guy needed the money. No, I don't love the Midwest at all.

(215 Willoughby Ave.,

#1212, Brooklyn, NY 11205)

PETER ROBERTS: Like Calvin Demmon, I find that people regard vegetarians as Something Strange, if not pitifully handicapped. When I go into the nearby refectory, the staff scuttle up to me, whisper: "You're the vegetarian, aren't you?" and then rush around warning the cooks, servers, and person on the till. I am slipped extra eggs, given particularly large portions of required vegetables, and have odd pennies knocked off my bill, all accompanied by a sorrowful gaze and a whisper of: "Here's the vegetarian coming!"

People usually display a lot of interest in vegetarianism, nonetheless. I became one simply because I never liked the idea of eating animals which I saw every day happily milling round in the fields. Fish seemed different--I've always enjoyed eating it (unlike meat) and didn't see enough live sea-fish for it to prey on my conscience. For some time, in fact, I didn't eat meat, but still consumed fish. Full vegetarianism was finally precipitated by a straightforward lack of money; I enjoy cooking with spices and like to experiment with recipes. Meat therefore became unlovely, expensive, and superfluous. Still, I feel awkward when someone asks about my beliefs whilst staring hard at my suede jacket and boots. I'll just have to wait until they eventually wear out, I suppose--they're too bloody expensive to throw away (so much for true sincerity, Roberts...).

A1-

though I happen to be attached to the final "r," people keep on calling me "Pete." Pete to my mind is a jovial, rotund person--heavily extrovert, a buyer of drinks, and a slapper of backs. But good ole Pete just isn't me. However, you never know, the lessening of my dangerous introversion may have been the direct result of frequently being called "Pete".... At school I had the unhappy nickname of "Dobs," bestowed on me by an eccentric, Urdu-speaking Latin master in memory of Lord Roberts of Afghanistan. I didn't like school much as a result and still wince at the rare encounter with a reminiscent classmate.

(87 West

Town Lane, Bristol, BS4 5DZ, ENGLAND)

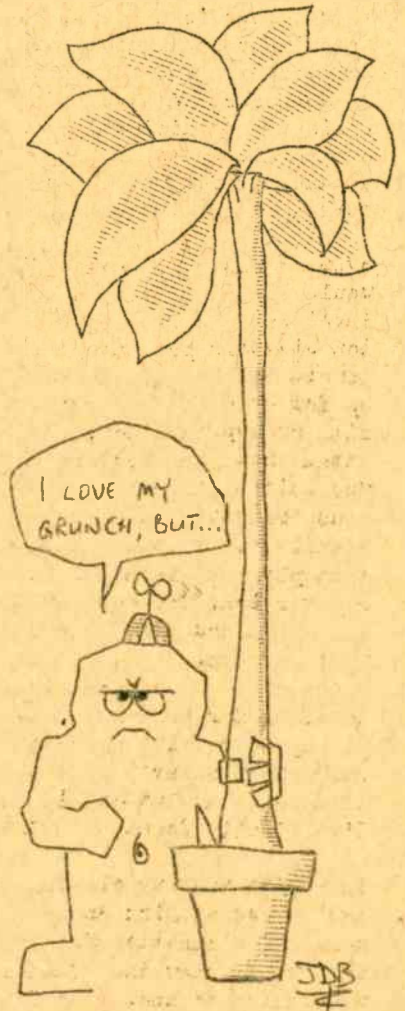
STEVE JOHNSON: Rotsler's sex life sounds marvelous, but if you want to print some real fannish "hot stuff" why don't you print the reminiscences of a young neo who masturbates while gazing at Krenkel nudos in AMBA or even better old Dick Flinchbaugh abstracts in SFR? Because he probably couldn't write as well as Rotsler. -jdbj

Oog, my letter must have been written a long time ago. Things in Portland have certainly changed since then. Membership in the Strangers went over 200, the Norwescon was held, the club has fragmented (predictably) and is trying to get things together again with small, "vector" groups all over the city. STRANGE (title changed to THE STRANGER) has reached #9 and is little recognizable as a fanzine anymore, if it ever was; but it does show where much of Portland fandom is at--the street scene, politics of life, mysticism, porno, and stf & fantasy. But I can't pretend to be an expert on the situation--I doubt if anyone outside Portland is, & I'm 90 miles south, getting up there very infrequently.

Lots of things are more important than publishing, and smoking dope is doubtless one of them.

(1018 NW 31st, Corvallis,

Oregon 97330)



JONI INGHAM: Pardon my fannish ignorance, but why is there all this bitching about fannishness/fannishness vs. sercon? Any why must one be of one camp or the other? [Religious wars.

-jdb]

(21157 Kingscrest Dr., Saugus, Calif. 91350)

HARRY WARNER: The 11th EGODOO is just as fine as the previous editions. The Rotsler contribution is the highlight, of course. It brings all sorts of nostalgia for the years when the carbon-copied KTEIC used to arrive every second or third week, running each time to dozens and dozens of pages with just this sort of material. If I ever go to fannish heaven, the journey might result from the fact that I really did resist the overpowering temptation to keep some of those KTEICs for myself. I sent every one along to the next person in line and so nothing but the memories remain. Of course, Lilapá is just as unattainable from my standpoint and I wonder if anyone will be able to find the bulk of the things Rotsler has distributed in it, a dozen years from now. Even though there's no central depository for fannish archives, there really ought to be some sort of interim arrangement solely for the fanzines with the smallest circulation. Anything published in editions of less than thirty copies, perhaps, could be totally lost as the years pass. It wouldn't be necessary to have a formal organization or a lot of red tape, just a general understanding that it is now traditional to send a copy of any low-circulation item to a trustee, to be held until fandom acquires its high rise museum-archives-rest home complex. Preferably, the trustee would be a dependable fan who lives in or near a large city where there are lots of other fans who would descend upon him in case he suddenly became an undependable fan.

Your movie sounds splendid. Moreover, I was rejoiced to find the reference to a tripod. Progress is all right in its place, but it would have been very disturbing to find the cult for the handheld camera extending even to a film involving a chase between two paper airplanes. On Independence Day, one of the Washington television stations presented Griffith's AMERICA in its newest reconstruction, and I found myself frowning toward the end at the way the handheld camera was dominating even the older movies, when it turned up for some of the battle scenes. If the film shows in your area, don't miss it; it's inferior Griffith as a production, but it's notable in this form for inclusion of some footage that had been omitted from the versions available most recently which seem to have been based on the way the film was edited for release in England, and for the fact that it's almost all on tinted stock, with enormous effectiveness. The colors not only follow the old silent movie tradition and create the emotional effects that black-and-white doesn't provide; they also seem to reduce the excessive contrast that plagues almost all modern prints of pre-sound movies. There's another nice innovation in this new version, someone reading all the narrative titles, so they don't interrupt the action. THE GOLD RUSH has also been released for television in this form, and I understand that INTOLERANCE will be next.

Someone in the letter column was asking about Andy and Jean Young. Jean is still in Iowa, as far as I know. She remarried and seemed quite happy. I was getting Christmas cards from her up to the last year or two. But Andy's whereabouts seem to be a total mystery. Every time I run across an article about science in a newspaper I glance through it for the names of the authorities quoted, but Andy's is never there, and this makes him seem even more totally vanished. But I've finally found R D Swisher and I'll bet Andy turns up one of those decades.

I've finally grown inured to the way old familiar people come and go in fandom, and I no longer feel as unhappy over their loss as Rick Sncary does. My problem is a different and inescapable one. It's the growing sense of alienation from these people who come and go because they're increasingly distant from me in age. I know that fandom is less age-conscious than most subcultures. But it's still somewhat unsettling to know that I'm doomed to have increasing difficulty in seeing things from the same aspect as the newest big name fans, while in the old days I could feel fair confidence that I looked at things with much the same viewpoint, no matter how much I might differ from other fans in details of preference and opinion. Just one example: music. I can't get used to the fact that almost none of the people who come and go in fandom today have an interest in serious music, classical music, whatever you want to call it. Only a minority of fans ever did like serious music but at least the possibility used to exist that the next new bnf to come along would be as wild about it as I was. Now it's almost automatic to pay attention on to rock and folk, or if the rare young fan comes along who doesn't reject serious music totally, it turns out that he's interested in only one tiny fragment of the total corpus, perhaps baroque concertos or the most modern aleatory creations. I don't mean to imply that the young fans are wrong in this attitude toward music; I'd probably be the same way if I were in my teens or early twenties again in today's world. It's just unhappy to know that more basic differences between me and today's new fans are coming into existence through the fault of nobody but the god who created time. [Do you really think that young fans care for nothing but rock and folk? Perhaps you're right, but what you say certainly doesn't apply to me. I have pretty catholic tastes, and I enjoy most types of "serious" music, from Tchaikovsky to baroque trumpet voluntaries. Why, even the few branches of music I generally can't stand, such as country & western songs, I can appreciate when I'm in the mood. I think perhaps there is little discussion of "serious" music in fanzines because rock is a live, current, accessible genre,

whereas to most of us "serious" music is less of a participatory sport. Most of it is also very old, which doesn't detract from my enjoyment of it at all, but which does make it a little silly to discuss the intricacies of Beethoven's 5th in breathless tones. -jdbj

I recognize one of your eavesdroppings this time as dating as far back as at least the middle 1950's, the one about things getting smaller as they go away.

(423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Md. 21740)

RICK SNEARY: It is very good to see a column by Cal Demmon; as someone once said, it's been too long. That this suggests something of a return to regular fanzine writing is even better. I can think of no new writer of the past ten years that I have missed more than Calvin. (That's rather involved, maybe, but means that there are older fans I miss more, and newer ones I haven't missed, yet...but Cal is great.) He shouldn't take it to heart that he has to reintroduce himself. While the condition is worst the last few years, with the different circles within Fandom knowing less and less about each other, there has always been a turnover of faces. And New Fans still think that anything they don't already know about can't be very important...just as they did when I was a neo. :: It would be, I feel, very difficult to prove that the added good health attributed to vegetarians is a result of not eating meat, rather than the fact that they watch their whole diet carefully... :: Never knew he felt so strongly about being called Calvin--please change the "Cal" in the first line of this--as a Richard who didn't like to be called "Dick" and dubbed himself "Rick," I can understand. Not that there is any reasonable cause for not liking one name or another, but some of us do. I'll try to remember.... :: Young fans have also for a long time tended to be shy, brash and rude (even Ellik was). Some grow out of it; some like Ellik n make a profession out of it. My own reaction was usually so pleased that anyone would talk to me at all that I would listen politely as possible, throwing in key phrases whenever it seemed needful to show interest. It gets you a grant reputation from friends' mothers, and you become an expert on all sorts of dull subjects....

Bloch, as usual, has a way with words. I've only had 25 years of fanzines--which is easier to measure by the foot than the page. Looking back at it all, it does seem a bit much. I once calculated that I had written over a million words, but not for publication, just in correspondence and LoCs. Actually, some of those 1,000,000 words he says he has read of mine must have been his own, and he couldn't tell the difference.

A small curse of jellies on all Swedes who can write better English than I can.

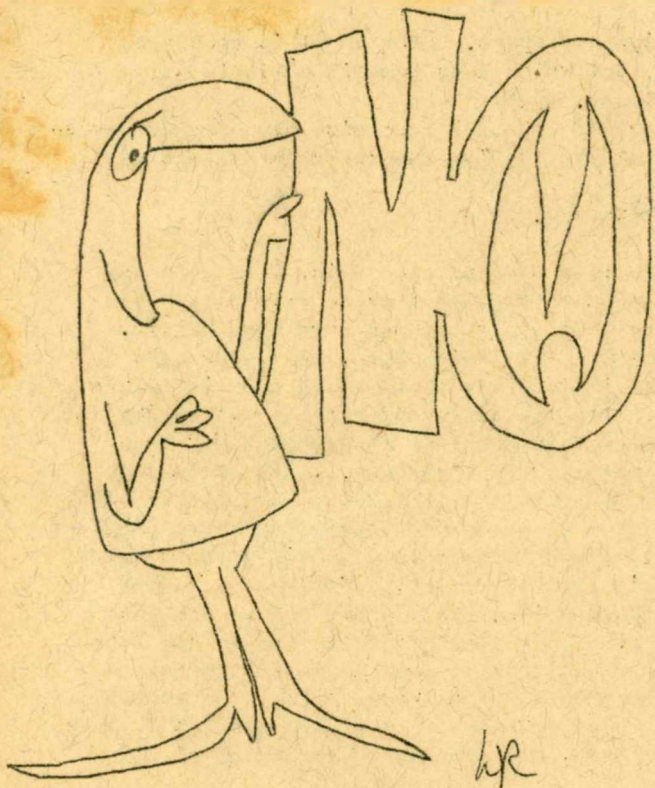
(2962 Santa Ana St., South Gato, Calif. 90280)

A SHORT, PITHY REPLY TO REDD BOGGS: I can't think of anyone but Redd Boggs who would single out a parenthetical comment to take issue with and do so quite so contentiously. For the record, I wasn't aware of making a misstatement in attributing the Invention to "fans in the St. Louis area," inasmuch as Rich Elsberry was a Poplar Bluff fan, and I, in my Eastern Ignorance, have always regarded that as the "St. Louis area." And the "con" itself was to have taken place in St. Louis. However, I bow to Redd's superior knowledge and wonder what the hell difference it makes.

His interpretation of the Purse Snatching Incident strikes me as more pernicious, however. Redd has developed the convenient habit of casting his gaze upon events from afar and making grandiosely sweeping statements on the subject, usually in proof of his own moral superiority to those who were participants. In this case he overlooks the fact that Robin's purse may have contained only 22¢, but also contained a lot of personal stuff which was irreplaceable--like prescription sunglasses, etc. He is also blissfully unaware that her purse was handmade, distinctive, and one none of us would have mistaken another purse for. Finally, the "violence" done to a pregnant woman by ripping off her purse is something I find less easy to condone and applaud than Redd does--but then, I was only her husband. As for the purse-snatcher being "not likely to be a violent fellow," oh hah ha, Redd. Tell us another. Or, maybe, fuck yourself. ---Ted White

A FOOTNOTE TO THE ABOVE REQUESTED BY JOHN D. BERRY: Most Washington, D.C. purse-snatchers, muggers, etc., are junkies. Most junkies who turn to this source of income are not known as "non-violent" sorts. It's my assumption that a worldly-wise, hip, knowing fellow like Redd (Luis Zamora) Boggs would know this, and to state it would be entirely redundant. But John suggests other readers of this high-class rag may be more naive, and that this should indeed be pointed out for their edification. --TW

WAIF (That's "We Also Heard From," fans): Steve Grandi. One letter, that's not very many.



EAVESDROPPINGS

BOB TUCKER HAS THE POWER TO MOVE THE WHOLE CON INTO THE KITCHEN.... COUGHING IS LIKE LAY'S POTATO CHIPSINSIDE EVERY FANZINE IS A SILVER LINO....I'VE GOTTEN BACK ON GOOD TERMS WITH HIM--HE'S NO LONGER TRYING TO SUE ME....IT'S THE 18-YEAR-OLD BODIES WITH THE 12-YEAR-OLD MINDS THAT ARE EASY....MY EYES ARE GOING THROUGH SOME HEAVY CHANGESTHEY WERE TRYING TO TAKE OVER FANDOM AND NOBODY WAS PAYING ANY ATTENTION....DICK LUPOFF IS THE ONLY ONE AROUND WHOSE PROSE IS BIODEGRADABLE....THERE'S A LOT OF, WELL, TRUTH IN SUSPENSION BRIDGES....YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR IS ETCHED IN STONESTEVE FABIAN HAS A 1947 VIEW OF THE WORLD....REWRITE IMMORTALITY!THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS ILLUSION; IT JUST LOOKS AS THOUGH THERE IS....MY WHOLE LIFE PASSES BEFORE OTHER PEOPLE'S EYES....BAYCON WAS FANDOM'S WOODSTOCK....WHAT'S THE POINT OF TALKING IF I CAN'T BE IMORTALIZED?....SHE'S SHORT BECAUSE SHE'S SPENT ALL HER LIFE BENDING DOWN TO PICK UP SMALL BOYS....IT'S A PERVERSION IF IT KEEPS HURTING....IF YOU DO IT WITH THE N3F, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?....NONFANS CALL IT RELIGIONBEFORE FANDOM WAS, I AM....YOU'VE BEEN DOWNWIND OF TOO MANY FINE MINDSRAY PALMER DISCOVERING RICHARD SHAVER IS LIKE DICK GEIS DISCOVERING PIERS ANTHONY....EVERYBODY BELIEVES THAT FAT PEOPLE SEE INTO THE CORE OF REALITY....JUST SAY TO YOURSELF, 'THERE IS NO BODY-MIND DUALITY,' AND STEP INTO THE POOL....EPISTEMOLOGICAL RIP-OFF!....THERE'S MORE TO SEE WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE OUT..... sources: carol carr, ted white, andy porter, miri knight 2, dick ellington, bill rotsler 2, f.m. busby 3, george clayton johnson, bill donaho 2, greg benford 8, john d. berry 5

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