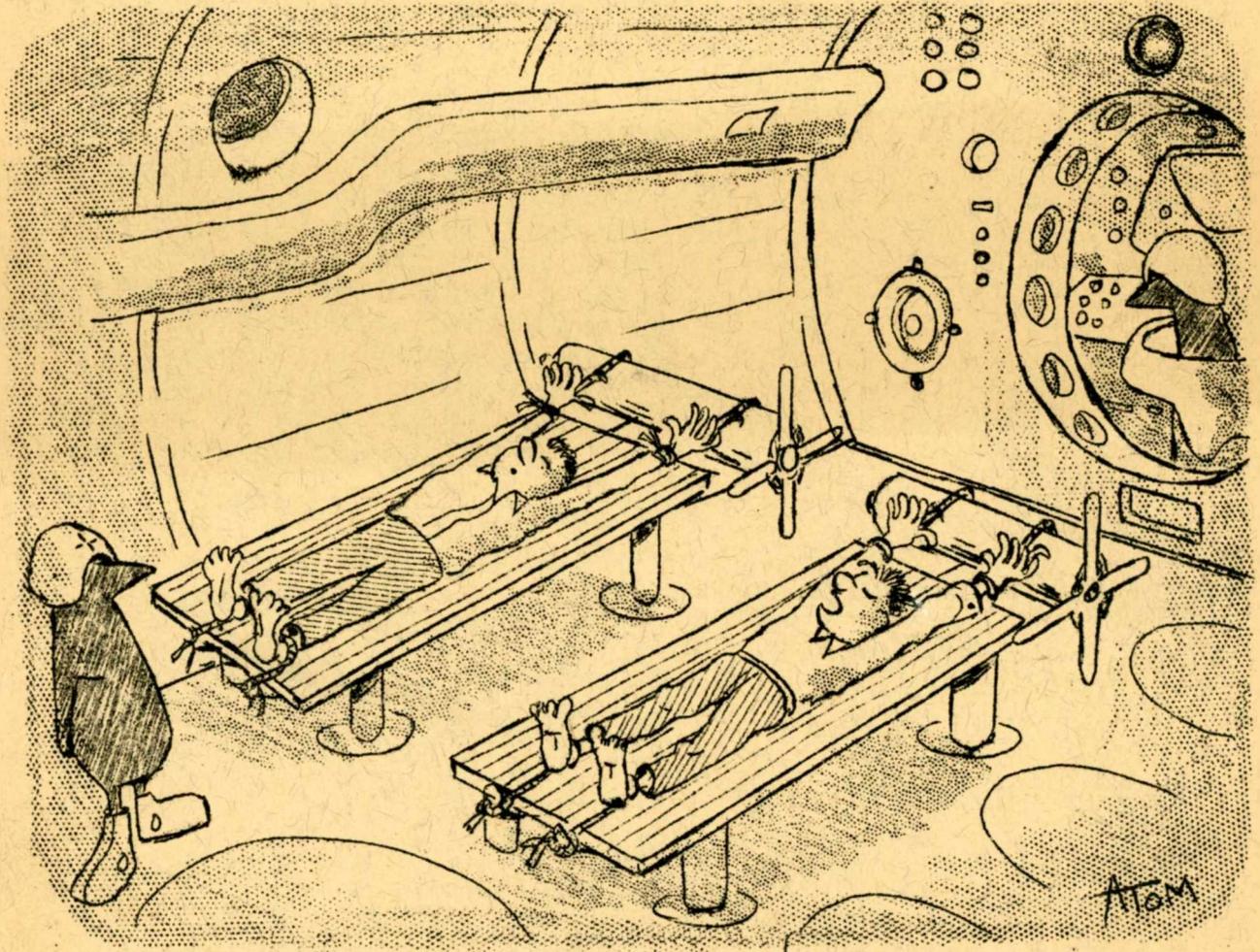


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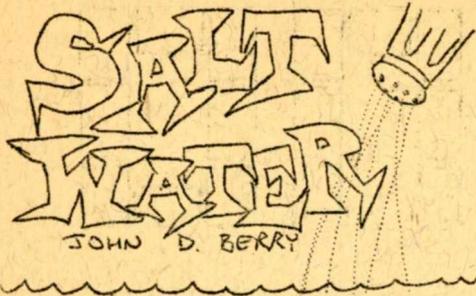
1972



"Tell me again, how he told you that they were acceleration  
couches, Ponsonby..."

Salt Water, an editorial column by John D. Berry...on page 2  
Uffish Thots, another editorial column by Ted White...page 6  
Whole Hog, just a column by Calvin Demmon.....yes, page 9  
Stuff, just another column by William Rotsler...also page 13  
DNO, the letters from Our Readers.....to be found on page 17

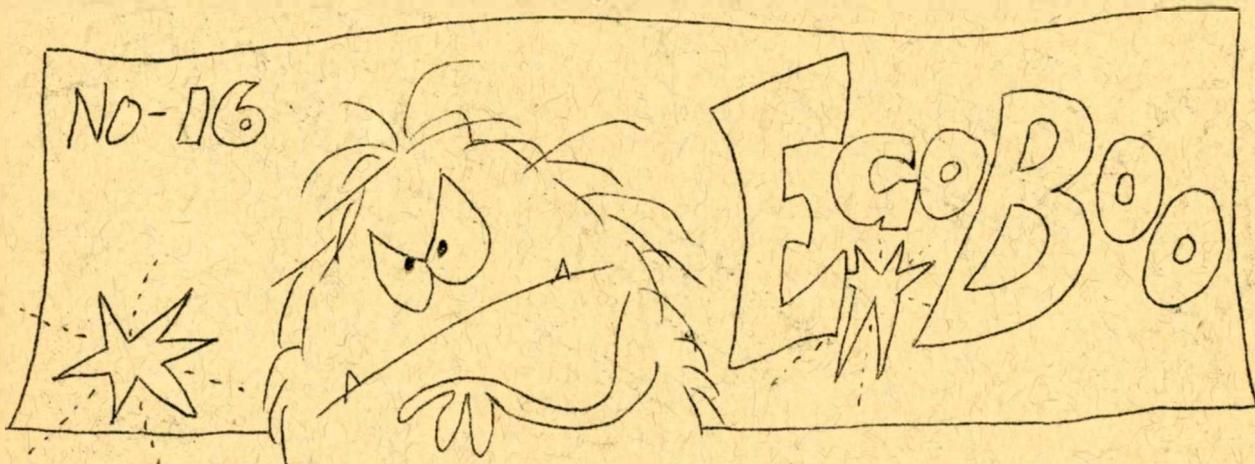
6th Fandom Lives!



THEY DO IT EVERY TIME: You won't find any more account of my six months in France last year in this issue. It has seemed for the last few issues that I've spent my whole column talking about things long past; if I do that too much, you'll all get the impression that EGOBOO is so timeless that it dwells forever in some golden time of an earlier fandom. An Instant Vintage Fanzine. This is not true. Why, this time around I'll only spend half of my

editorial remembering things past.

You know, the question of impressions has cropped up a lot in the history of EGOBOO. Fleeting, subtle impressions are more important to the way fans regard a fanzine than the actual content of the issues. For the first four issues, we maintained a very frequent schedule--something less than biweekly--and for a year afterward people kept thinking of EGOBOO as a frequent fanzine, despite the fact that the schedule had become about quarterly. (Of course, EGOBOO can never be late, because we have no real schedule anyway.) Then we let a year slip by between stenciling an issue and publishing it (13),, and some of you decided that EGOBOO must be dying and nothing could shake that idea. Steve Stiles recently admitted that "each time I get an issue I think it's the last." It's hard to argue with something like that, since it's based on nothing concrete. We've gotten a fair number of letters on the last issue, but they trickled in so slowly that for quite a while after mailing the issue I felt we had sent it out into a vacuum. People keep muttering "great, great" to us, but they don't



Ha! We fooled you! You may have thought you'd found your way into 1959, but in reality this is EGOBOO 16, a product of the hurly-burly world of 1972. EGOBOO is brought to you by its dedicated, hard-working editors, John D. Berry (35 Dusenberry Road, Bronxville, NY 10708) and Ted White (1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Va. 22046). This issue is stripped to its barest essentials, two editorials, the lettercolumn, and our two columnists, Calvin Demmon and Wm. Rotsler. A distillation of purity hitherto unknown to modern fandom. (Brewed according to an ancient formula of the ancients.) EGOBOO can be had for a letter of comment, a fanzine in trade, any form of egoboo you wish to give us (please don't deliver in plastic baggies), or, if you must, \$1.00 in cash. But of course your copy is free. This issue is, as usual, published on the redoubtable QWERTYUIOPress, and today is Friday, August 4, 1972. The artwork is organically hand-stenciled, from the original works of Bill Rotsler, Jay Kinney, Bill Kunkel, Arthur Thomson (ATom), and, at the top of this page, John D. Berry. Backover lighthouse by Ron Archer. This is Roach Press Publication #73. It is also our Fourth Annish. This fanzine is equipped with the latest anti-SMOF equipment and is guaranteed to last the lifetime of the paper, except in California where this warranty is good for ninety days or the first major earthquake, whichever comes first. EGOBOO cannot be transported into the Boston area, where fannishness has been banned, and the proprietors will not accept any responsibility for Tony Lewis. [ ] [ ]

salt water--II

write us any letters. Why don't you write us a letter on this issue? We publish pretty regularly, even if we don't have a schedule, and if you write us a good letter it will always be printed. Really. EGOBOO isn't a goddam monument; it's a fanzine.

It's also a fanzine that's been around longer than either of us can quite believe. This is EGOBOO's Fourth Annish. Actually, last month was the exact fourth anniversary of our first issue, and I came down to Virginia from New York to publish the issue, but we didn't get it finished. Here I am again, sitting at this very moment in Ted's office in the big old house in Falls Church, publishing another EGOBOO.

It certainly is a wonderful thing.

SAN FRANCISCO: From last November until June of this year, I lived in San Francisco. I came back to the West Coast after half a year in France as a student, and a couple of months of hanging around New York in the fall; when I got back to California, I knew I wanted to live in San Francisco, so while I was staying with Joe Rolfe in Palo Alto I looked for a place to move into in the city. My original dream had been of living in the center of things, where everything was happening, in the midst of a creative community of people. That wasn't exactly the way it happened, though. I found an apartment through a rental agency, in a part of town I hadn't even known existed. You find out about a lot of different areas you've never heard of when you're looking for an apartment, especially when you're consulting a rental agency's maps. I had wanted to live in North Beach, which was much too expensive, or in the Sureka Valley/Noe Valley area, snuggled up against the eastern side of the central hills in San Francisco, but this too proved too expensive. The only other area I knew was the Haight, which had a reputation as being very tough and unpleasant these days. (It lived up to its reputation. Later, when I was living in the city, I went over to the Haight a lot, and I found it to be characterized by broken glass and an extraordinary amount of dog shit on the sidewalks, and by a handful of young panhandlers left over from 1968.) I discovered a bunch of apartments for rent around Alamo Square, a tiny park two blocks on a side that sat in the middle of the northern part of the city, not far from the Haight and Golden Gate Park to the west and, a little farther, Market Street and downtown on the east. Alamo Square was on or near to several bus lines, which would run down to Market St. or out to the ocean or up to the Marina near the Golden Gate, and not many blocks away was where the freeway ended in the city streets. The Square itself was on top of a big hill, so that everything sloped down from it on all sides, and there were dramatic, windblown trees on the hilltop. There was also occasional broken glass and paper and dog shit in the grass of the park. The area was mostly black, being as it was a quiet corner of the Fillmore district; one block west ran Divisadero, a major street crowded with eateries, barber shops, liquor stores, and a few old jazz clubs, and one block east of Alamo Square, Fillmore St. ran down the hill into the dirtiest, most broken-down ghetto I've seen in the city. On the Square it was pretty quiet; there were a lot of old Victorian houses, and on the other side from where I lived the nicely painted and restored houses kept finding their way onto postcards. On my side, things were crummier. I lived in a big, square, six-storey apartment building, painted white and done up in the style of San Francisco fifty years ago.

Until I moved there, San Francisco had always struck me as a play city. All the residential sections I had seen had been entirely too clean and white and well-defined, like a model railroad set that had

been fitted together perfectly. At night, there was a feeling of unreality to the classier streets of San Francisco. But of course San Francisco is really only a city like any other city, as I saw when I moved into one of its poorer neighborhoods. I settled in and started to get the feel of the place. Down the next block was a little Mama-and-Papa grocery store run by an Armenian couple who always had a pan of baklava on the counter; their prices were high, but for small things I preferred to give them my money rather than paying the giant Safeway a few blocks away. On a good day, Alamo Square was full of sprawling kids and people walking dogs and the occasional game of touch football; San Francisco is a windy city, though, since it's open to the north Pacific, so with Alamo Square the top of a hill, it was seldom warm enough to stay there long without a jacket, even on a hot day. San Francisco has a temperate climate in a much purer sense of the word than any place on the East Coast; it never gets cold enough to snow, but even in the summer you'll always need a jacket by evening.

While I was living in the city I published a weekly fanzine with Calvin Demmon, HOT SHIT. It was always a casual, sloppy thing that we would write up in one night and send to only about fifty people. We could never have stood the work of publishing it as a real big-time fanzine, sending it out to most of fandom and all that, but it was infectiously easy to get together on Monday nights and do a four-page fanzine. We used to quote parts of letters and report the strange incidents that happened to us and make up sheer fantasy, and we kept at it because we kept getting letters in response every week. Terry Hughes used to write us a letter on every issue, and sometimes a letter to each of us. In the course of publishing HOT SHIT, Calvin and I got to know each other better, and we also got to know Grant & Cathy Canfield, who lived near me and got our fanzine xeroxed. (It was Cathy who got it xeroxed, actually, but each Monday evening after writing HS, Calvin and I would go over to Grant & Cathy's and deliver the issue and sit around and talk. Grant & Cathy are both articulate people, and talking to them was fun. We all became very good friends in the course of that six months, so I guess publishing a fanzine can accomplish something useful after all.)

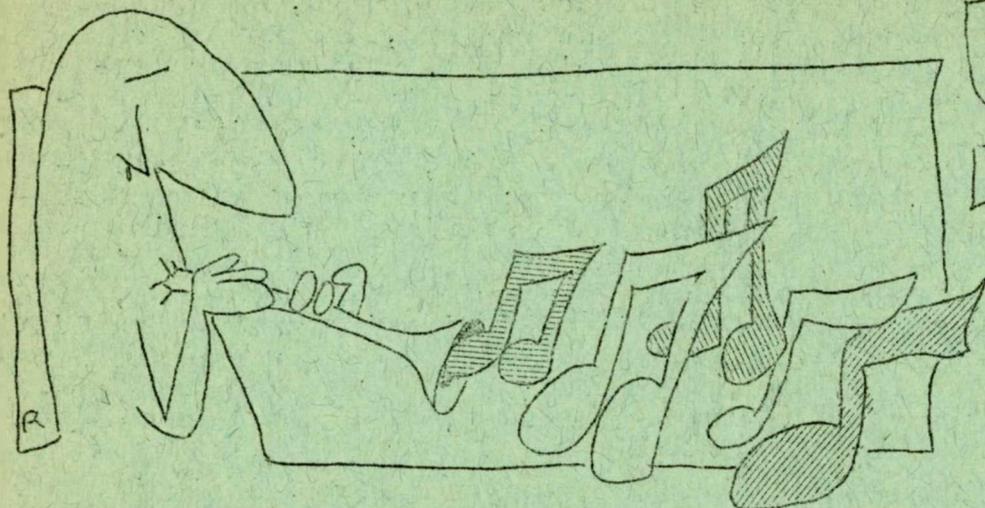
One of the things that became almost a regular feature of HOT SHIT (which had no regular features) was "North Beach Nights." This was the heading I used for telling about my evenings in North Beach, which I used to go to a lot when I felt lonely and bored. There are always lots of people swarming the streets in North Beach, plenty of head shops and boutiques to poke into, and two places that I particularly liked: City Lights Books and The Old Spaghetti Factory. You've probably heard of City Lights, which is both a bookstore and a publishing company run by the poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti; they were the ones who published Allen Ginsberg's "Howl," and they continue to publish avant-garde stuff. The bookstore is a lot of fun to browse in, since almost any kind of far-out book you might want is probably there, somewhere. The place is a tiny corner building just down the street from all the topless joints, but with an upper floor and a larger basement the store is really quite large. In the basement are a few chairs and small, round tables, where an unusual collection of people sit and read.

Some of the same people would be found a few blocks away in the Old Spaghetti Factory. It's a restaurant, but it's also an Experience. The author of the San Francisco Underground Gourmet calls the Spaghetti Factory's inventor "Madman Kuh." In a big, rambling building with wooden rafters, you find a jungle of tables of all sizes, set amid a lush accumulation of years of...well, basically, kipple. Old beer signs

litter the walls, strange statues and figureheads abound, an artistic collection of old crutches dangles from the rafters, and any spare chairs are hung on the walls over everyone's head. Patrons are encouraged to leave their own momentos, and all the lower walls are covered with graffiti. The furniture is not consistent, but it's all colorful and highly decorated. So are the people, who fit no definitions. A lot are freaks, but original freaks; there are plenty of students of all types; middle-aged businessmen sometimes bring their friends from the East Coast there; and Beautiful People in expensive clothes will sometimes occupy a table. The variety is astounding, and it seems as though everybody exhibits his wild side in The Old Spaghetti Factory. I love the place. For less than three bucks you can get a spaghetti dinner of any one of several types, or you can have the specialty of the day, which is never the same twice. The specialty could be Hungarian goulash, or Quiche Lorraine, or something prosaic like Roast Beef, or something nobody has ever heard of before, including the cook. With a big glass of Anchor Steam Beer, a naturally-carbonated beer that is unique to San Francisco, this makes a fine meal, and the atmosphere of The Old Spaghetti Factory is a good food for the soul.

San Francisco is a pretty neat city, but any city, or indeed any place where you live, is really characterized by your own circle of friends, and I just didn't have that many friends in the city. Calvin & Wilma and Grant & Cathy made Monday nights just great, and any other times during the week that I saw them, but they all worked regularly, while I was leading a grasshopper-like existence, and I had trouble filling my days. Writing is a solitary activity that can't occupy all one's time--and I was always pretty lazy about writing anyway. I used to spend a couple of days each week down in Palo Alto, thirty miles away, visiting my friends in the town and at Stanford, and I often hitchhiked over to Berkeley for variety. I don't like sitting still in one place for a long time unless there are a lot of interesting people there. In the course of the six months I lived in San Francisco, I left for the East Coast twice and spent over two months' time in traveling. It was that same wanderlust, plus the expense and futility of living in San Francisco when most of my friends were somewhere else, that decided me; I would move out. It took a month, because I had to give my landlord a month's notice that I was leaving, but at the beginning of June I stored all my belongings with the Canfields and headed East once again. I've been traveling and visiting here in the East ever since, and at this writing I don't know if I'll return to the West Coast soon or not.

INSTANT EGOBOO: Remember that? It's kind of hard to keep up such a thing when you delay an issue for a year, but here once again is a brief acknowledgement of some of the things that I've particularly enjoyed in recent fanzines. (1) Rich Brown's account of his days with FOCAL POINT, in BEARDMUTTERINGS #2; (2) Ted White's "Uf-fish Thots: On Abortion," in ASPIDISTRA #4; Jonh Ingham's "Now that we've hijacked it, how do we fly it?" cartoon in GRANFALLOON #15; (4) Joe Staton's cartoons for BEARDMUTTERINGS; (5) the first issue of HIGH TIME, from Chris Couch & Terry Hughes; (6) THE INCOMPLETE TERRY CARR; (7) METANOIA, in general; (8) "Wendy & the Yellow King," in KRATOPHANY, by Judy Mitchell & Mike Hason; (9) "The Weigh of All Flesh," in GF #15, by Arnie Katz; (10) Susan Glicksohn's article on becoming Duchess of Canadian fandom in OSFIC QUARTERLY #1; (11) GATES OF EDEN #1, from Gary Deindorfer; (12) Steve Stiles's cartoons in LOCUS. Hooray for all of you!



# UFFISH THOTS

BY  
TED  
WHITE

**APOLOGIA:** I suppose it's a mark of my Advancing Age and mental ossification, but I have in recent years fallen into a very bad habit: one of irritation at much of what Redd Boggs writes--especially when it is in comment on something by me or mine. I'm not convinced that some of this irritation is not justified but one recent episode is surely a blot on my record as a fan: the long-running (if only because of the length of time which lapses between issues) argument over the site of the InVention.

You'll find the facts, carefully researched in typical Warner thoroughness, in Harry Warner's letter, later on this issue. But the error of my ways was first brought to my attention by Alan Shaw, who, on the occasion of my last visit to New York City, pulled out his copy of the InVention Report and Set Me Straight. My thanks to Alan and Harry and my abject apology to Redd Boggs. I hang my head in shame: I Was Wrong. \*Sigh\*... is this the first sign of approaching senility? Has my memory played me false before? What horrible blunders will I commit next? Oh, and woe.

**FREAKOUT ON NBC:** I watched NBC's "Chronolog" on Friday, January 28.

It's one of those two-hour, once-a-month things like "First Tuesday" used to be, or CBS's "Sixty Minutes." A so-called magazine format, with "articles" on various topics, both serious and frivolous.

The first half (or "hour") of this particular "Chronolog" was serious. It included one of the most thorough documentaries on environmental lead poisoning I've ever seen. This was followed, by way of an encore, with a piece on the way horses are maimed in order to turn them into "Tennessee Walking Horses"--a really ugly piece of business, and the comments by the owners and trainers just underlined the emotional calluses the business creates: "This is just an industry like any other...I don't see nothing wrong with what we do"...

Well, anyway, by the time the second half rolled around, I was really looking forward to the lighter side of the show, the part they'd announced as "the humorous half." It was a feature on the latest Southern California craze, Alpha Wave stimulation.

The basic bit is that you can buy, for anywhere up to \$300.00, a device which will pick up your brain's alpha wave rhythms and convert the signals into an audio signal--a sort of high-pitched warble. Supposedly you can control your alpha rhythms by listening to the audible signal, on the feedback principle. I suppose this struck the folks at NBC as pretty funny stuff, more or less along the lines of "Look what those nuts in LA are up to now!"

The use of signal-converter devices to allow one to "hear" his own alpha rhythms and control them was only relatively recently demonstrated in the laboratory, but if NBC is to be believed it's already the newest "religion" to hit the coast. The usual gambit appears to be a "guru" who makes and sells these little black boxes--on the side, so to speak. Once you have yours, you join his happy congregation and, at a signal from him, you, ah, "turn on" your alpha device. Then everyone sits around and coaxes his alpha waves up into a nice strong pattern which indicates a cessation of conscious thought. It's marvelous--using the signal feedback one can achieve a state of pure mindlessness.

I was watching this and thinking to myself, "This will be the next drug craze" (until recently I thought sex would be the next drug craze) and in my mind's eye I was trying to envision a LASFS meeting at which everyone donned his alpha device (it looks like a narrow, 'hippie', headband with a few trailing wires that lead to the little black box) and the fans all sat around like zombies listening to the warbling chorus of their alpha waves--sort of the ultimate in non-communication. At this point the scene shifted to a guru, his own alpha device on and audible, talking slowly, quietly, ritualistically, to his congregation (maybe a dozen people), who, at his command to "turn on" did just that. "Far out!" I said to myself. It was almost exactly as I'd mocked it up in my mind only a moment earlier.

But the kicker was yet to come: A girl's face in extreme closeup filled the screen and she gave a blissful testimonial for the little devices. Bubbling with nearly incoherent rapture, she punctuated her sentences with "Oh wow!"s as she described the sheer wonderfulness of it all.

She was on the screen for only a minute or less and I don't suppose there were many viewers beside myself who recognized her. I recognized her. I knew that chin, that nose, that expression, that voice. I was so dumbfounded that I just stared at her, cataloguing each feature to convince myself that I was not mistaken.

She was a fan, a Los Angeles fan. Her name is Sylvia. She was my first wife.

I tellya, I dunno what this world is coming to.

A STATEMENT OF POLICY: It's a pretty pass indeed when one has to apologize for having the friends one does, but it seems to be coming to that. A year ago and more, Ted Pauls mounted the first attack on "fannish fandom" in the pages of ENERGUMEN. When he, thank ghod, dropped the whole thing a Boston fan named Richard Harter picked up the pieces and managed, through what must border on total ignorance of fan-history and fannish fandom, to continue the attack.

His basic complaint is that we fannish fans stick together. We write stuff for each others' fanzines, you know, and we tend to hang out together at conventions, and we generally disport ourselves obnoxiously in our refusal to accept the plain and simple fact that we are passé, obsolete, and totally irrelevant to modern fandom, book reviews, and all that. (I suspect the fact that various among us think Tony Lewis is a shit may also figure into it somewhere.)

It's a bloody shame, you know. Clearly anyone who is turned on by the Old Ghods--Willis, Tucker, Burbee, you know the type--is fair game for attack, despite the fact that for the most part our only crime is to try to amuse and entertain ourselves in a witty, literate fashion. Harter is so incensed by it all that he feels AMAZING and FANTASTIC are just another aspect of our nasty "fannishness," and he has called our refusal to publish Ted Pauls' book reviews "A Holy War".

Well, if you can't beat them you might as well join them, that's what I say. So I'd like to announce that next issue we're making some changes in EGOBOO. To begin with, we're throwing our twenty-four-page format right out the window! Yes! Next issue we plan on somewhere between 84 and 126 pages. They will be copiously illustrated with electrostencilled Mike Gilbert illos, and we're planning on an offset portfolio of the Best of Robert F. Gilbert, and offset front and back covers by Mrs. Margaret Dominick (who is probably better known to you by her obscure signature, DEA)!

Inside, we're going to feature the BNF's of fandom! No more of this shit by White, Berry, Dermon and Patsler! No sir! Our lead article is by Norman Spinrad and is called "How I Refused To Suck John W. Campbell and Lost A Market For My Stories" and it's hot stuff--so hot that no fan-ed would touch it while Campbell was alive! And we've got an epic fantasy novel by Darrell Schweitzer that runs over fifty double-spaced pages, with illustrations by D. Bruce Berry! We're going to try to get it all in one issue and that's why I can't be sure of the final page-count.

Then there's "A History of MIT and Computers" by Norbert Weiner, fanzine reviews (eighteen pages!) by Buck Coulson, and "An Exegesis of The Thongor Novels" by Lin Carter, plus a special Crossword Puzzle which uses all your favorite professional authors' names! And a lot more, besides!

We're going to run off a thousand copies of this issue and every issue to follow, and we've gotten the LACon membership list from Chuck Crayne so that we can get a really good audience for our fanzine (namely, the audience that does the Hugo nominations), and I really think that we stand a real chance of putting out the Number One Fanzine. That is, if all you people out there in fandom-land will pull together with us on this!

BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS: This issue we are running a few extra copies for a Worthy Cause. Bruce Gillespie, the proprietor of SF COMMENTARY, has sent us a small list of Australians he thinks we should send a copy of this fanzine to...around forty people, in fact. EGOBOO has its regular readers Down Under, of course but it seemed to us that his suggestion was a good one, and for that reason about forty Australian fans who have probably never even heard of this fanzine before are now holding a copy in their own hands and muttering phrases like, "But, but, where is Brian Aldiss's letter?" or "I don't see Franz Rottensteiner in here anywhere" and "what kind of a fanzine is this?"

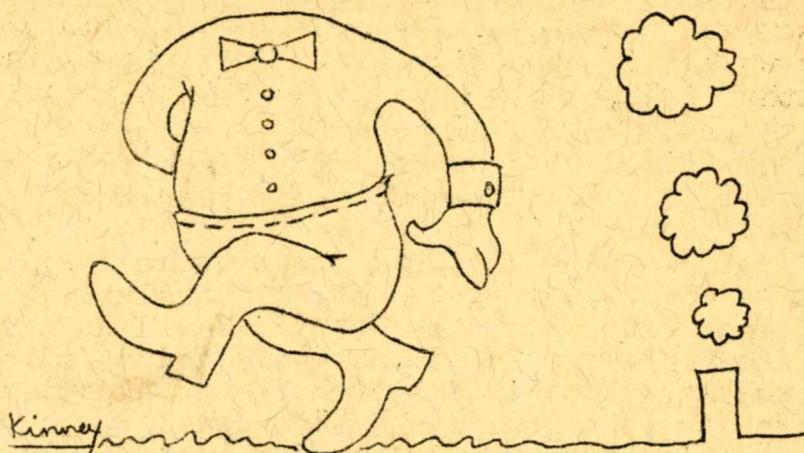
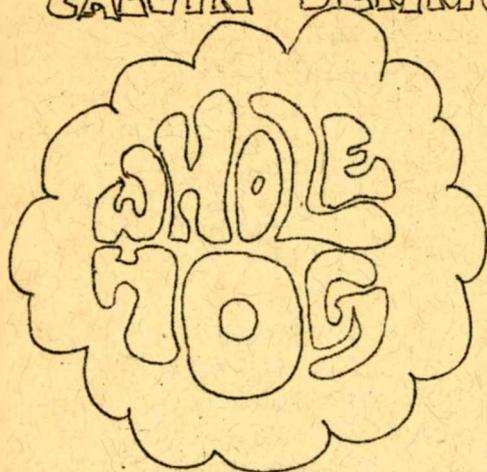
Under the circumstances perhaps I'd best explain to these new recipients of this fanzine that this is a one-shot deal: we're sending out these extra copies just once, just for this issue. You can't sit back and expect the next one to pop up in your mailbox just because you received this issue. No, you have to do something if you want to see any more issues. You can send us money (where was it I saw a recent listing of "fanzines received" which tersely listed EGOBOO and \$1.00 a copy?) but let's face it, we really don't expect you to. We know that a dollar is a ridiculous sum for a brief fanzine and we're not pushy about it; we would really prefer letters of comment and your participation in the advent of EGOBOO.

You'll find little or nothing about science fiction in EGOBOO, but I hope that at least some of you will enjoy what you do find here.

OUR COVER: Is the second time Atom has cooperated with 'us' in producing a fake-HYPHEN cover. (I say 'us' in semi-quotes like that because last time around it was VOID and Terry Carr and myself.) Anyway, in times of No HYPHEN, a fake-HYPHEN is better than none at all...

--Ted White

# GALVIN DEMMON'S



:::Once again, Calvin's column is culled from the pages of HOT SHIT, this time from the issues published after the last issue of EGOBOO. (I underestimated our staying power when I said HS would undoubtedly be dead by the time that issue was published.):::

MY FANNISH BELIEFS: I believe that Walter Breen is a tortured genius. I believe that F. T. Laney scored with lots of women. I believe that fans have "something in common." I believe that wherever I go in the world I will always have a welcome, because I am a fan. I believe that FAPA was once the place to be, but that it has fallen victim to the times. I believe that in fifty years everyone in fandom will be famous & there will be college courses in "fanzine appreciation." I believe that the hand that cranks the mimeo rules the world. I believe that many of today's fans will be tomorrow's pros; conversely, I believe that Harlan Ellison, Ray Bradbury, Rog Ebert, Dave Van Ronk, Avram Davidson, and Ted White used to publish fanzines. I believe that Henry Kissinger is a spy for the krauts.

BACKYARD FUN: Our Food Conspiracy's Cheese Chairlady and her husband and child are moving to Europe. They sold us their geodesic dome.

It's small, and it wasn't expensive. It's sitting out in the backyard now, looking like one of the parts left over from Spaceship Earth. I like it. The kids like it. It's great for climbing on. Peter calls it his "big toy." "Hey," he says, "would you open the door and let me go outside in the backyard so, I can play with my Big Toy?" He's into very complex sentences now, though he's still not 100% intelligible. Casson is heavy into language, too. He calls Peter "Baby." "Baby, hit me," he says. This isn't helping him much now--Peter is only too happy to oblige--but it'll be a sure-fire winner when he's about nineteen. Next we are going to start a small commune in the backyard, and get the toilet fixed.

What turns a sober, respectable, hard-working middle-class American father into a crazed, bright-eyed, fast-talking ripoff artist? Fanzines, booze, and dope, that's what. The last time we did HS Mr Berry & I drank a lot of Rhinegarten. Then we we finished with the fanzine and the wine, we decided we'd call up Ted White; Mr White didn't answer. We tried to call up Les Gerber but couldn't get his number from information. We finally called up Terry Hughes. He was asleep. "Are you drunk?" he said. We assured him that we were perfectly sober. He seemed like a regular fellow. Then we called up Grant and Cathy Canfield and

whole hog--II

told them we were coming over. When we got there our Staff Printing Person was there too. Grant & Cathy have a dope-smoking machine; you have to see it to believe it. Suddenly the room was filled with a clear, healthy light, and we had interesting discussions. Grant told us about Wyatt Earp. I told him about Raymond Chandler, and recommended Chandler's Philip Marlowe novels highly. Somewhat later we left. I dropped John off & went home. Wilma was still awake. She said, "I really like the look you get in your eyes when you are Utterly Ripped."

LOOK INTO MY EYES: It's time now to explode another literary myth. How many times have you read this? "He looked deeply into her eyes." Well, anybody with half an eye can see that this is impossible. Look into the face of your neighbor or husband or wife-- or even the nearest "fan." You can only look into one eye at a time! And what if he or she is looking back at your other eye? You might both think that you're not looking at each other. This is a HOT SHIT exclusive.

This has been a peculiar week for me. I've quit drinking again, & took up smoking briefly once more to ease the transition into sobriety, but decided that was a cop-out & stopped smoking too. In the past few years I have stopped eating meat, buying records, drinking, smoking, and entertaining any hope of ever make any money. I don't miss meat, but I could sure use a drink, a smoke, and some spare change. On the other hand, the federal govt is going to subsidize us in our search for a house to buy--and the federal govt is at the same time seizing \$2.34 from my bank account because I refused to pay the telephone war tax. I went to the bank to see if I could get the \$7.50 service charge for processing the seizure waived, and the bank manager said, "Believe me, I know exactly what you mean, these taxes are killing me too." I got a 15% an hour raise at my Saturday job, and was put on probation for excessive absence. In somewhat the same vein, Les Gerber sent me a personal check for One Zillion Dollars.

JOB NEWS: My boss is a bigot. He makes Archie Bunker look like Eleanor Roosevelt. (They looked a lot alike already.) His bigotry comes to him naturally (as it does to everyone); some of his favorite ethnic jokes, which he tells over & over again, were told to him when he was a child, by his father. The first day I started to work for him he began a diatribe against black people. I knew it was now or never, so I cut him off & told him about Wilma & the kids. He looked like he had just eaten shit--but he has yet to tell another Black Joke in my presence, & I've worked with him for more than a year. That is to say, he's not just a simple bigot. Neither am I. He's a likeable man, & is often unexpectedly nice--as when he gave me a hundred bucks as a Christmas bonus.

Some weeks ago I wrote here that I'd discovered how to deal with him. I made a joke about somebody driving the piledriver across the street up his ass, and it made him laugh. Since then I've polished my technique, and I've got him rolling with laughter in the palm of my hand. I know his secret. He likes Bad Word Humor--& Bad Words can be the easy, slangy names for ethnic groups, or they can be pee-pee-ca-ca words. Two examples: Yesterday he gave me a felt pen, saying he had bought it to mark his tennis hat, but had found it wasn't waterproof. "How'd you find out?" I asked him. "Did you piss on it?" He was still muttering "piss on it" happily to himself ten minutes later. Last week he handed me a note with some stuff written at the bottom in his own pri-

whole hog--III

vate shorthand, which nobody can read but him. I pointed to the middle of the note, picked a squiggle at random, & said, "Hey, you spelled motherfucker wrong." He laughed so hard, and was so happy, that he let me go home early.

Though I am desperately looking for another job, and I'll take nearly anything that comes along; though his politics (he's somewhat to the right of the decimal place) and his biases make me uncomfortable, still, I like my boss. I'll miss him. It's going to be tough working with anybody else. I'll have to bite my tongue.

I hope I have to bite it soon.

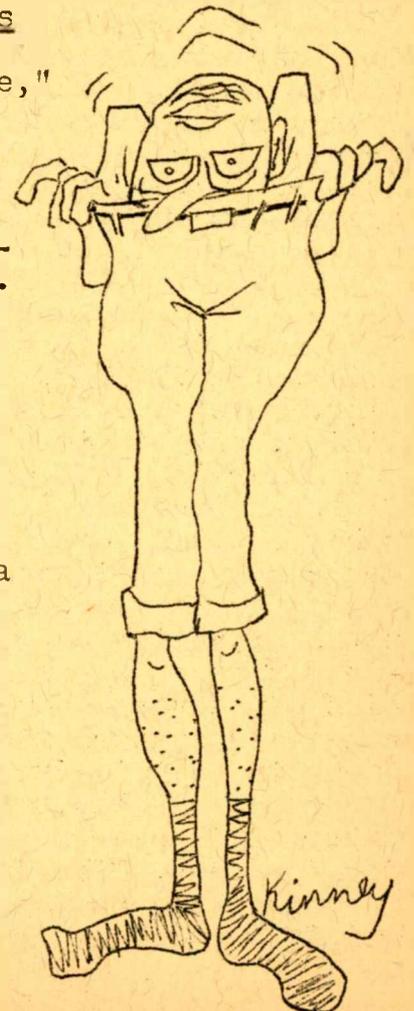
BOOK NEWS: Rabbits, Their Use and Misuse. 400 pages. The latest in a series of ecological works showing how to live well without destroying the environment, just rabbits. "First catch the rabbit," he says, then make a house, a car, or whatever you need following the simple instructions. (If you don't believe it, you can start with a handkerchief or a kite.) I don't know how to get out of this.

ARE YOU NUTS? Do you ever wonder if you're not "completely normal"? Has it ever occurred to you that you might be stone crazy? Thousands of people have gone through life asking themselves these questions--now, you can get the answers you need! This informative book gives you honest, straightforward, easy-to-understand answers to questions like these: What is the difference between paranoia and nymphomania? Do crazy people have "abnormal sex life"? What is the "Terry Hughes syndrome"? How do you get rid of those annoying bats in your belfry? But hurry, supplies are limited. Extra! With each order! A beautiful "certificate," in a "leather-like" presentation case, making you an honorary citizen of the United States!

A STORY FOR NORM CLARKE: My son Peter, age 3½, watches just one tv program, Sesame Street, but he watches it faithfully. It is inculcating him with middle-class values, including the alphabet. He memorizes sentences & phrases from Sesame Street & uses them in his everyday conversation, so that though his chatter is still partially unintelligible, it includes a lot of sophisticated constructions. He has a runny nose this week, & it runs all over his face & dries. Yesterday he said, "Wait a minute. There's something I don't understand here." Wilma asked what it was. "I'm very puzzled--I can't figure it out," he said. She asked him again. "I think I've got glue on my face," he said.

MORE FOR NORM CLARKE: Peter goes to a swell Nursery School on Thursday and Friday mornings, where he plays with little boys and girls of all sorts. Casson goes with him sometimes, too. This morning Wilma was getting them both ready. "The big boy's not going to be at nursery school," Peter said. Wilma asked him which big boy he meant. "He has a big face," Peter said, "and he looks like he's shouting like a man."

I wish I could write like that.



whole hog--IV

BOOK REVIEW: "Scum of the Earth." 202 pages. A detailed biochemical analysis of the various genres of scum living in and about the earth's surface. Defines "edible scum" and tells how to make tasty scum-loaves, scum-weinies, and lipstick. There is a lot of scum around going to waste; we might as well use it up. (As the author says, "We are scum, and we might as well make the most of it.") The appendix is filled with pictures and plans for building a viable community completely out of scum, and is printed on scum-paper which is loaded with vitamin E but may cause a "hollowing-out" effect in the bones. But worth it when you think of the money you'll save.

Peter and Casson went on a field trip yesterday with the Nursery School. As it was Casson's first big trip away from home without one of us along (after all he's only 23 months old), Wilma gave Peter instructions on how to take care of him. "Be sure to hold Casson's hand, Peter. Otherwise he might get lost."

"Yes," Peter said, "he might go in the street and get hit by a car."

"That's right," Wilma said, "and then you wouldn't have a little brother any more."

"Then we'd have to get a new little brother," Peter said.

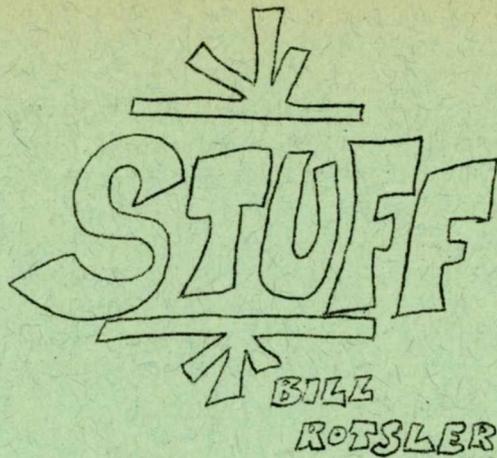
"No," Wilma said, "we wouldn't be able to get a new one."

"Then," Peter said, "we would have to go out in the street and get Casson."

FSEE: In my desperate attempt to get a better job, I have been taking examinations right and left. A month ago I took the Federal Service Entrance Examination. Today I got my results. There 60 "verbal ability" questions and 35 "quantitative reasoning ability" questions. I got all 60 of the verbal ability questions right (which would be no surprise to regular readers of HS). I only got 24 of the others right. I scored "97.3%" overall. I think this means I am eligible to become a Federal Narcotics Inspector, but I can only arrest one person at a time.

MOVIE REVIEW: Greg Shaw makes a lot of money writing about rock music. He doesn't have a job--he just writes. In the hope that I can cash in on some of the action I am working on the following movie review. BANGLADESH, a concert by George Harrison, Bob Dylan, and friends. Color. The sound quality was a little poor at the drive-in, and it was raining, but I think I got a pretty good idea of what was going on. George Harrison blew a very sophisticated little riff which really took off and before any of us knew what was happening we had passed the stratosphere. Just then a stewardess came by and offered us some canapes. Then Bob Dylan hijacked the plane to Cuba with his effortless harmonica, apparently lacking all skill and yet managing to slip in a few wry jabs at the Establishment. There were a lot of loose ends in the performance --it was never explained, for example, why the screen went blank at one point for several hours, but the audience's gently rhythmic stomping set up a nice counterpoint to the "Squish-Squish" of the theatre manager attempting suicide in a number of locations behind the screen. The popcorn wasn't bad, though I think we've all had enough straight B-flat popcorn this year & many of us remember 1967 ("The Summer of Love") with fondness. The JuJubes were stale. When we left the theatre, the starving child on the poster was still starving. (I don't know how Greg Shaw makes any money this way.) I think I'm out of my depth.

--Calvin Demmon



## GONE WITH THE WIND, IT AIN'T

Today we did a sad and nostalgic thing. It was also rather exciting and certainly an interesting event. Probably not much by some people's thinking, yet by film buff standards...

As you know, if you are one of my avid readers, Paul Turner & I are readying our next film, a sort of bargain-basement "Spartacus"--Roman gladiator epic. We plan to build an arena & some sets at my ranch. Today, in a second-stage meeting with our distributor & moneyman, he suggested we go to MGM and see what props & sets they had available, not only for the Roman film but other films.

The auction last year decimated the prop & wardrobe departments to the point where they'd have to rent if they were to do a period picture. Great sheds and barns, once bulging with everything you could imagine, now stand empty. Totally empty.

One lot is completely gone, bulldozed over. Gone is a western town, a European street, docks, fishing village, an enormous cyclorama background sky, the gorgeous 1890 street of "Meet Me in St. Louis" with those beautiful buildings. Gone are the huge steps from "Julius Caesar" and German barracks and airplanes and "Showboat"'s showboat.

The lot we did go on was #2 which has the Andy Hardy street, all weedgrown and deserted looking. Nothing is kept up because it, too, is just waiting for the roar of the bulldozers. A midwestern "anywhere" town square, a European street, a castle, a monastery, a Spanish (or anything) cluster of buildings, churches, a railroad station, lots of huge marvelous gates, villas of several different periods, all of which you have seen again and again.

There is a small bridge you've seen a hundred times leading to a farm house you've seen seventy-five. Many big fancy houses--this side 17th or 18th Century, the other 15th or 16th.

There is a huge complex of "New York Streets," all very real, all very, very deserted. Paint peeling, windows broken like a riot just happened, huge plate glass windows shattered, rags flapping in 4th storey blank-eyed rectangles, "marble" becoming peeling paper. Bits of equipment just stand there as if someone yelled "Lunch." A light stand here, a wiggle of thick cable there, a box over by the phony fireplug. Bits of intricately-carved ornamentation from a cornice lying in the street. Blank windows looking very blank indeed.

Somewhere a door swings in the wind. There is no sound, only the very faint hum of traffic. No cats, no dogs, no people, no Last Man on Earth even.

Here and there a sudden surprise--a cluster of odd props or a hundred feet of 17th Century London street or a beautiful arch with a hole punched through it. Here and there odd little forests of dead trees or a millhouse. The mill stone is 300 yards away next to a submarine "sail" and the waterwheel down at the end of 47th Street by a peeling watertank,

stuff--II

a subway entrance and a pile of cabin parts.

Across the lot, against the south wall, is the flat storage. You go through a large open barn that has opera boxes and stone walls and a 40' rocket part that says UNITE STATES. On the other side is a ship's side. Just the side. The moat is dry and full of leaves, and a shiny new Coke can. You go up the gangplank and through the cargo hatch and you are in flat storage.

There's a pile of Corinthian capitals. Beyond is a log cabin, folded up like some giant breakfast food prize. Stone is plaster, or paint board, or fiberglass. A gorgeous abbey entrance is buried behind parts of a jungle hut. A brick wall that is fantastically real is a half-inch thick.

We stop to talk to a guard, the only one there. "Thirty years I've been here. It used to be there were more people on this street than in Culver City." He sighs and agrees with us it's sad. "I don't even have a cat to chase off," he says.

Neola finds a place she wants to live. It's on the other side of a pond. "That's not real water," we tell her, "that's studio water. Very special." She runs up stairways to elegant, dusty, leaf-covered balconies to find nothing beyond, or to look out over the fence to Culver City sub-suburbia.

Paul and I look at details: huge steel beams, heavily riveted, reveal themselves as 2x6's around phone poles, studded with wooden hemispheres traveling as rivets. Stone becomes cast plaster or plastered/painted wood. Giant bolts in a huge gash are cast plaster. A stone bank entrance reveals the way the studio artisans, perhaps a quarter of a century ago, simulated beautiful stone. We peer at the way the interiors of things are made and how we might also construct such things.

For a moment we convince Neola that the acre of ivy that covers a Middle Ages arch & wall is plastic. On cue a bird flies through.

Standing in a Spanish passage, looking at the construction of a barred window, I am machinegunned by Neola as she jumps from a door and rat-tat-tats me.

John Barrymore and John Gilbert and Clark Gable live there. "Combat" fought there. "Seize them!" was a favored cry. I go behind a flat to pee and find myself looking at a 20' dragon with no head and no tail.

Spencer Tracy, Mrs. Miniver and Andy Hardy. Over there is a pair of Chinese roofs, just lying there, waiting for "The Good Earth" to be remade.

But it never will be. Nothing will be made again on that lot. There are holes in everything, bricks missing, glass broken, whole walls falling over. We find a 12' Nazi eagle, complete with swastika, standing in a shed, 2 feet thick and arrogant as hell. There are signs in German and Spanish on buildings here and there. On the main street of the little town a window is boarded up and it says, "For Rent, Will Remodel to Suit Tenant."

But we are thinking of how we might do a film there, even if, as Paul said, we felt like ghouls doing it. A man flipping through realities or time periods, chased by something. Neola suggested it would be a great place to take some acid and play with costumes & props and that gave me another idea for a flick. Use it as a movie studio, with a gun battle or chase or an acid freakout scene.

At one point, walking down a completely deserted street, I said, "Suppose the whole world ended and we, in here, were the only ones left."

Paul seemed to find that quite possible. "Because all this is unreal anyway and nothing could touch us."

But something did touch us.

stuff--III

Sadness. The Passing of an Age. They sold all those magnificent props & costumes and most of them passed right out of the business, into the hands of private collectors, never to be seen again.

So today we did a sad and nostalgic thing. We walked through time. No gangster cars careened down the street. No carriages thundered across that bridge pursued by the King's Men. No Zorro leaped from that balcony. That train would never move again. It wasn't even real enough to appeal to the railroad buffs that bought the locomotive.

But it was fun, too.

### THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME GIVES BAD DIRECTIONS

Today we took the Universal Studios tour. After a fashion, anyway. A phone call got us permission to go on the backlot and look for Spartacus/Roman sets for our film. And we had the van to drive, which is unusual, since they rather discourage the wandering of cars. But there the three of us were, dressed in lace and fancies, wandering all over western towns and European streets.

The first thing that struck us was that Universal was alive. Things were happening, there were people and cars and little white signs to indicate where various stars were to park. The streets were neat and well cared for, the flats in the scene docks were in good shape and obviously in constant use. It was truly nice to see a studio functioning, moving, happening, after the dead-but-not-buried MGM lot.

Once we got past the many sound stages and onto the back lot there was no one. We visited a Norman castle with Tucson Territorial Prison over the gate. We wandered through a European street complex I had seen on TV only the night before. We encountered the Hunchback in a lonely little square on the far back corner of the lot, a poor out-of-work kid who is hired to scare the tourists in the trams that come through, brim full, every two minutes. We asked him where the Spartacus set was because we hadn't been able to find it and he said he'd take us there and climbed in and took us about a block and pointed out the Norman castle, which we had seen, but which was not Roman. We got him back just in time to catch the next tram.

Earlier Neola and I were doing the maze and found ourselves back in the square with the Hunchback and he said, "Look out! Here comes another tram!" Not to spoil his schtick we scampered like kids to hide out of sight.

At one point we drove up the hill to where they let the tourists free for a while to wander among painted up and phony props, wagons, sets, but soon got free and drove past lakes where they have wave machines in operation, through a lumber camp, a western town, a Spanish town, a New England town, a midwestern something.

Everywhere we stopped and got out and looked at how they built things and how the finishes were and how things fit together and why this was done that way and why so-and-so was put there.

But the very best part was the walk through the scene dock where we fondled and fingered and eyeballed hundreds of flats--stone walls, brick, ancient rock, stainless steel walls, fireplaces, gazebos, columns, statues, cornices, submarines, warehouses, log cabins, arches, great doors and doorways, and all the knickknacks of architecture of the history of man.

Paul and I really learned. We saw how some things were built with plaster, how other were painted, etc. We found that many were foam rubber with a plaster coating and others cast foam painted or with a plaster covering. On the way out I spired the plaster shop and we went in.

stuff--IV

There was no one there at all. Completely empty, but filled with finished busts of everyone from everywhere, plaques and emblems and walls. We saw the big flat molds from which they could make various walls of "stone," "brick," etc. We saw the limber unpainted rubber castings and the walls where they had finished samples of just about every kind of construction.

Since the tours are going constantly they have semi-dressed the streets and sets. There are a few baskets, a few pots, some gaffer's equipment, a bit of grip stuff, a large prop stored here for "dressing." A submarine conning tower roams a lake, the modern streets have many signs, the windows are "live."

This is the studio of Frankenstein and Dracula and the Hunchback and 9/10ths of the Movie of the Week shows. But it was living, the way studios all used to be, and it was a pleasure to be there.

Of course, once again I got my great urge. If I had a camera I could have shot Neola all over the place. It's perverse fact of my perverse nature that I get a kick out of shooting nudes in places where they are "not supposed to be." Maybe I'll go back. I did Neola at MGM but maybe I'll get another girl for U-I.

#### THE LIVING SEA MUSEUM

Ted Perry, an old friend, the fellow I went to Hawaii & the Pentagon with in 1964, called me the other night. Asked me if I wanted to shoot Capt. Jacques Cousteau and musician Walter Scharf for publicity for the Living Sea Museum they are building in the inside of the Queen Mary. (They are filling the ship with water?) (Yes.) Scharf has done the music. Well, I was delighted. Cousteau is one of my minor heroes so I said yes. Paul volunteered to go along and help.

So early the next morning there we are, not at the Queen Mary where it should be shot, not at the seashore, not even in any place very photogenic, just the Living Sea Corporation's office in Santa Monica. Then I find out it is for an album cover. This spurs me to hunt around, finding props, places, etc., because pubfoto is one thing, album covers another.

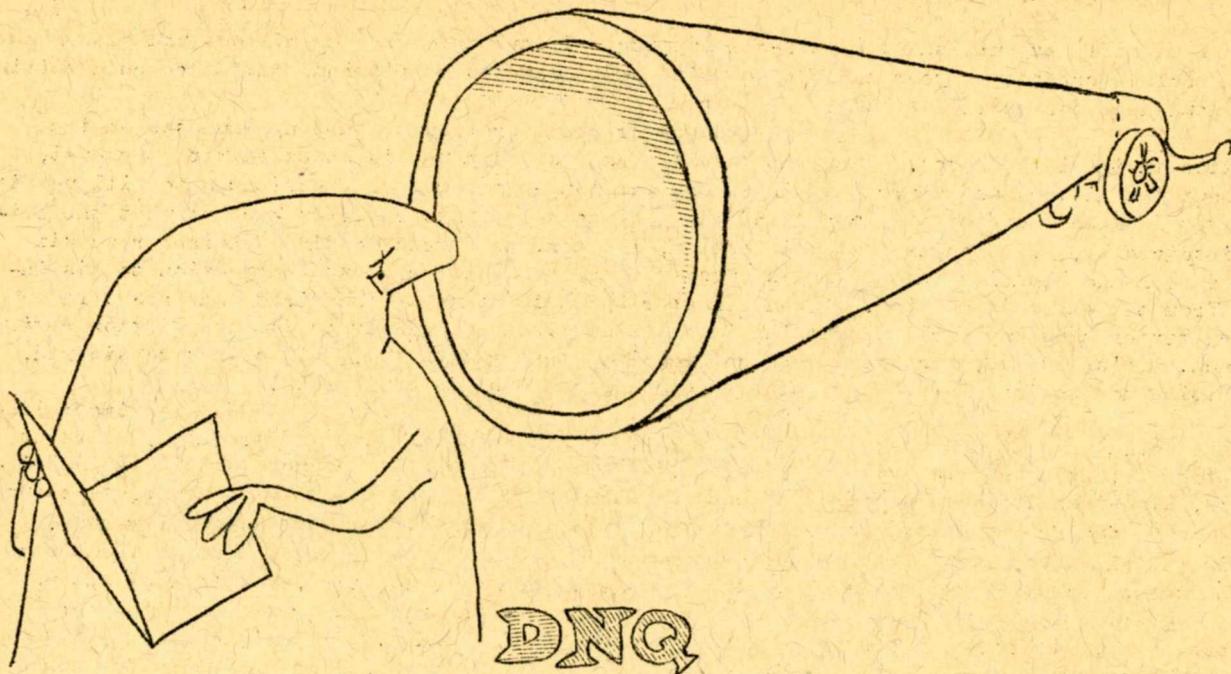
The Captain (as they call him) is late. Ted tells Paul & me many stories about him, but the most revealing thing was a statement by Ted that he had been determined not to be impressed by him, since Ted writes/ghosts all that you see the Captain's byline on, plus what he says on the TV shows. "But it didn't work," he said, meaning that he was still impressed. He said, "He's just like you think...only maybe more." And this not from a yes-man but a very great cynic. So wow.

Finally he arrives and is rushed, quick, very, very charming, and quite handsome in that lean, hawkish way. He really looks at you, though he doesn't spend much time on any one person, since he has to catch a plane. Ted says he flies more than anyone, does not apparently suffer from jet lag at all, ever.

So we shot them in front of the building, where there were a lot of fern trees, and in an office, where were charts, sheels, etc. It was furiously fast and Paul shot b/w and was very helpful. Tomorrow we'll go to a cocktail party & turn the stuff in.

--Bill Rotsler





GREGG CALKINS: This is ridiculous, writing a loc on a fanzine the same day that it arrives...even the fabled Harry Warner doesn't do that, I don't think. Actually, I've taken a vow not to write locs at all on fanzines that don't mention my name, however amusing they might be otherwise, and I was doing very well until I came to the bacover and found my name listed as a source (in no order). My initial glow of flattery soon led to the burn of frustration, however, because upon searching the list of eavesdroppings for my own immortal lines it soon became quite evident that I could well have been the author of all of them. Well. Who are these other supposed contributors, names of doubtless non-existent persons of whom none of us have heard, Rotsler, Demmon, and the like? Are they passing off my terribly witty bits of banter as their very own? Just in time, my native sanity and sense of fairness comes to the fore and I realize that they probably mean no harm by their being...after all, is it truly plagiarism if they write down my immortal thoughts before I get around to them?

Aside to Ted White: That was a nice red herring you threw them about nobody running fandom, babe. You and I, of course, know the Real Truth, but naturally keeping the Secret Masters secret is the whole ball game.

Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon--I refuse to think of him any other way--is still one of the fine young humorists of new fandom, even if he is shockingly aged in this most recent episode (I remember him when), and I, personally, recognize him as the new Burbee. Now if only the old Burbee would go away, but he seems to be currently entering the initial stages of a rebirth of fannish interest. He knows better, too. No, seriously, I see from these pages that Calvin W. "Biff" must work in perhaps even the adjacent building to mine--that bit about the pile driver happened only a few weeks ago--and if that is indeed the case I suppose I should do something about it. Take a dope bum to lunch, or something like that. Flying frog's legs, no doubt. I will have to go over to the IEM building one of these days and see if they know him in the lobby.

LeeH's bit made me realize how similar this issue of EGOBOO seemed to QUANDRY...not a bad flavor, either. Q definitely influenced OOPSLA! (or whatever it was) and I was very much aware of it--thank god; have you ever seen my first issue?--but I have to go along with Lee that our Goals and Purposes and Policies were pretty nebulous. Oh, I had one goal, stated from the first: I wanted to be as good a fanzine as QUANDRY had been. After that, though, the rules were indistinct.

Anyhow, I enjoyed your fanzine ~~TTTTT~~ EGOBOO and I hope this loc will ensure my receipt of your next 139 issues. (If there is a 140th please contact me for further instructions.)

(150 Las Juntas Way, Walnut Creek, Calif. 94596)

HARRY WARNER: This letter got WAFFed last issue because I had lost it. But now that it's been unearthed, we'll let Harry fill up a lot of our lettercolumn this time. -jdbj

You encourage me mightily by publishing a year-old fanzine. I intend to gird up my loes and gather unto myself the courage created by your example to write some comments on fanzines that have been sitting here unacknowledged for nearly as long.

But you do create a problem by putting emphasis on the lettersection in the 14th Egoboo. Everyone thinks of me as a fan who is obsessed with the past, writing about fan history and searching his memory for long-ago personal experiences to fill up his loes, and yet I am not sufficiently a part of the past to be able to remember much of what the letters got inspired by. The longer I stay in fandom, the more do I tend to find fanzines read six months or a year ago blending into a grayish mass with only a pain or pleasure reaction to distinguish one from the other in my mind. I can remember specific items in the first fanzines I received much better than any particular thing in the last issue of Trumpet or Science Fiction Review, for instance. It's a shame, because I consider fanzines better than ever, all things considered, and fan writing not so inferior to the contents of fanzines past as some claim.

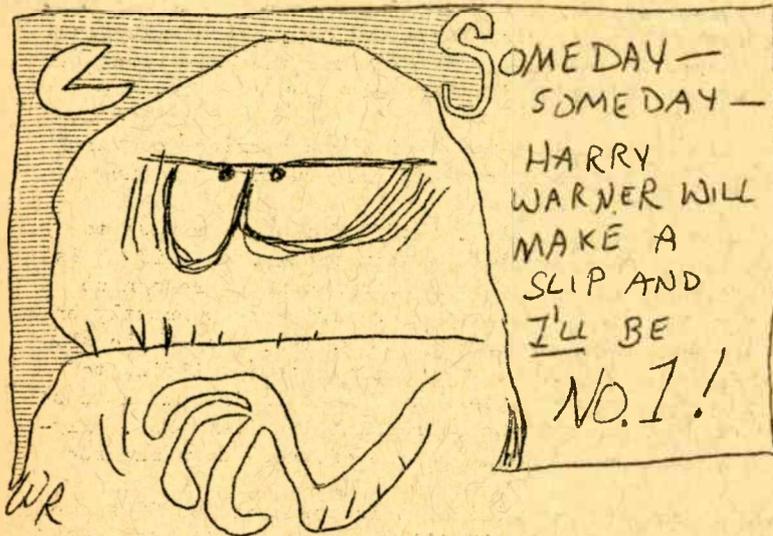
I felt almost like a man of the world when I read in the 13th issue your Maverick column with its travelog. Here is this globetrotter, going off to explore far-off Irish fandom, and here I crouch back in the Appalachian hills, almost as isolated as our 18th century forebears, and yet I can match memories of two members of Irish fandom you write about, BoSh and the original claimant of the John Berry name. It seems incredible that Irish fandom should get such a uniformly good press, no matter who visits Ireland and comes home to write about it in the fanzines. Someone, sometime, may somehow get up the courage to write a pack of lies about what an inhospitable and unintelligent bunch they are in their own homes, simply for the sake of making a big stir in fandom. But it's significant that nobody has done so yet, while Tolkien has been analyzed as the writer of a roman a clef for homosexuals and someone named Wollheim rather than Ackerman as the creator of fandom. The Big Wheels of IF are obviously too much fun and too real to be thought of as muckraking material.

Ted White's article is as close as I ever want to get to taking part in childbirth. It didn't cause me to perspire, as it might have done a decade ago before some long hospital stays had cured me of part of my queasiness. But it convinced me that there is no philosophy of natural childbirth that would encompass the way I'd behave in the delivery room. I suppose that the old traditional opinion of sex as something sinful helped to make childbirth something more painful than it should be when the pregnancy has been normal and the mother is physically sound. Maybe women will have an easier time in another generation or two, simply because of the changes in the nation's outlook on procreation.

"Biff"'s column is almost as nervewracking. You see, I've been wanting to write a novel or two for several years, just as soon as I get over physical problems and catch up on loes and supply all the material fanzine editors request and see all the movies I missed during the thirty years I wasn't watching them and so forth. Now I wonder if I shall have these same alarums if something impels me to start writing. I won't have much trouble with themes and structure because I have at least five or six novels quite elaborately plotted mentally. But I don't think I could write to correspondents about progress on these novels or even dare to think about their chances of being accepted. If I write them, it'll be be-

cause I want to test my ability to make some fairly large sums of money during my projected retirement from a full-time job and because I feel half-ashamed at conventions when everyone else there around my age has published at least three hundred full-length books and because one of them involves something I feel deeply about, the way the nation's press can destroy. I will probably do it under conditions of the greatest secrecy and drop dead from shock over actually getting one down on paper before I have a chance to try to sell it.

Bill Rotsler's item is the best thing I've read about movie-making in months and months. I hope he realizes the possibility for a television movie that rests within this episode.



I'm glad to know that you like some of the kind of music that I find pleasure in calling longhair nowadays. But I still think I'm right about its lamentable lack of popularity nowadays. Consider 1938, the year in which I really became active in fandom and published my first fanzine. It was the golden age of radio with dozens of superstars in the forms of comedians and jazz was at the peak of its popularity (omygoodness, I mean popular music, not the advanced form of it that is described today as the one and only jazz) and hillbilly music was just coming on strong. And the radio program that stood fifth highest in popularity was the Ford Sunday Evening Hour, which featured the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, big name instrumental and vocal stars, and presented classical music with just a slight touch of operetta and semi-classics. Today even Ernie Ford can't make it on television and I don't think even the educational tv network has a regular series of longhair concerts. Or think of 1951, when the conversion from 78 rpm to lp records had been just about completed and the brief attempt of RCA Victor to kill lp's with 45's had failed. Billboard estimated that classical records accounted for 10 to 15 per cent of all record sales. The last figures I saw had the ratio down to two per cent or thereabouts, still sinking, amid rumors that some of the biggest record manufacturers will be dropping their classical line completely. I sometimes think the change is part of the general youth rebellion against authority, specifically the musical instruments that are inflicted on kids in school. Notice how rock and related groups use hardly anything in common with high school orchestras and bands except drums.

[Now for Harry's more recent letter, on EGOBOO

15. -jdbj

It was gratifying to see Egofoo again although it was also just a bit unsettling. The kind of reproduction your typewriter gives when its stencils are run on colored paper is uncannily similar to the general page appearance that emerges from my stenciling and the Coulsons' mimeographing for Horizons. I kept marveling at Dance Beneath the Diamond Sky much more violently than the mild events recounted in it demanded, and I finally figured out why I was reacting so thoroughly: my subconscious got the notion that this was one of my own fanzines I was reading and I had gone wild after prodding myself into the Boston trip last fall and had then proceeded to go to France only to have everything blotted from my conscious mind by the enormity of the act's out-of-character-ness.

Anyway, I enjoyed this part of your travelog and I hope that you carry out the intent to write up the rest. Extended travel accounts have been much too scarce in fandom in recent years. [They have a tendency to be begun and not finished. -jdbj] I have a theory that The Good Goes West discouraged them because nobody could hope to equal its quality. By now hardly anyone in fandom remembers that volume and you could revive an old art form.

Bill Rotsler's column was just as if Kteic in its carbon-copied chainzine version were again arriving. It's a staggering thought, how many thousands of pages of Rotsler adventures will never gain the same kind of general circulation in fandom that this column provides. I'm impressed by the way Rotsler's movie-making resembles the procedures in the earliest years of commercial film-making when a movie was created by half-improvised shooting without interference from producers and financial backers.

I don't remember if I said anything in comments on the previous issue about the InVention. But I took tonight the time to dig out my fan history notes on the event, drawn from a report on the InVention that was in the 20th SAPS mailing and from a 1952 issue of Ice. The official name was Science Fiction Invitational Convention, the site was the Andrews Hotel in Minneapolis, and the dates were April 4 to 6, 1952. On the first day, a Friday, the congoers toured Hamm's Brewery, saw a movie, Dreams that Money Can Buy, and heard Simak talk on The Fine Art of Collecting Rejection Slips. On Saturday, Poul Anderson spoke on How to Sell to the Different Editors, Dr. Alfred Neir of the University of Minnesota spoke on Cracking the Atom, and the movie was Orpheus. On the third day, an auction, a movie, Metamorphosis, a talk by Judy May on the 10th world con, and a panel discussion with the topic: "Can Fandom Get Along Without Homosexuals?" Singer, Fillinger and McCain were affirmative debaters; Burbee, Laney and Watkins on the negative side, and E. Everett Evans was moderator. The group chose a site for the 1953 InVention but decided to keep it a secret.

Good old Room 770 is credited with indirectly inspiring the InVention, because people were speculating there why conventions should be open to everyone. Hal Shapiro suggested to Rich Elsberry an invitational convention, Redd Boggs did the mimeographing of letters to invitees which promised no neofans, and Elsberry was secretary-treasurer. The SAPS conreport ran to 18 pages with full-length conreports by Elsberry and Shapiro.

So much for the legend. In actuality, the hoax was dreamed up when John Shay and Hal Shapiro got a three-day pass from a Missouri radar station and after attending a Minnesota Fantasy Society meeting went to Elsberry's home where those three, Boggs and John Grossman hit upon the idea. Yes, I know it was the Minneapolis PS. They planted rumors in letters which they wrote in the following weeks. Shay and Shapiro published the conreport and distributed it at the Midwescon. Harlan Ellison and Calvin Beak got furious, thinking they hadn't been invited to a con for prominent fans.

The odd thing about all this is the way something similar happened a year or two ago and the truth hasn't leaked out yet. At least a couple dozen people are in on the secret about a mythical regional con, nobody ever blabbed, and nobody to my knowledge ever questioned its actuality, even though it was faked in an area which is not exactly a fannish hotbed. [Did anyone write a conreport, or was it just one of the innumerable local conferences listed every once in a while in LOCUS? -jdb]

Greg might be right about slang originating in the black community. Many of the new terms emerging from baseball in recent years have been traced to black players, like ribbie, the new verbal abbreviation for rbi, the written abbreviation for run batted in. Black players also popularized the slap of the palm that has replaced the handshake after home runs for many players.

The reprinted Burbee story reminds me of the remarkable thing I did the other night. I dreamed about fandom for the first time ever. Burb was the principal character in the dream. I've never met him, and in the dream I was baffled by the fact that he looked to be only about 30 or thereabouts and was behaving like a Kiwanis Club member. Maybe fandom is finally losing its grip on me, because normally I only dream about inconsequential and unimportant things.

(423 Summit Ave.,

Hagerstown, Maryland 21740)

JOHN BROSNAW: Speaking of the Chestercon...I personally enjoyed it but I don't think it rated particularly high with most people. It definitely wasn't as good as last year's in Worcester. For one thing the hotel was too small and so were the bars (and expensive!). Highlight of it all was the Lisa Conesa/Robert Holdstock room party. It was hard to say who made the bigger fool of themselves...Brian Aldiss trying to chat up Miss Conesa or Holdstock trying to drag them apart. Pete Weston got pretty funny too as the evening wore on, drunkenly trying to organize a 'singalong.' He actually succeeded later in the downstairs cocktail bar where I heard him leading people in terrible renditions of songs like 'Danny Boy' and 'Rock Around the Clock.' My God, one halfpint and these so-called straight guys go beserk.

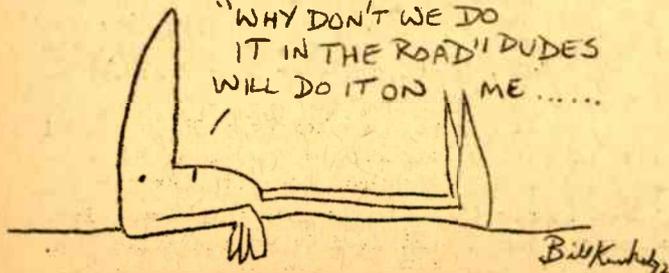
(Flat 1, 62 Elsham Rd., Ken-

sington, London W 14, ENGLAND)

BRUCE GILLESPIE: I'll just roam around issues for a while I think. Firstly, it must show you a great deal about the way my attitudes remain stubbornly sercon, no matter how much counter-propaganda is fed to me, that the item that interested me most from EGOBOO, Numbers 13, 14, and 15, was Ted White's note about CONCERT FOR BANGLA DESH. "There now," I thought to myself when Ted pointed out the way that the record company had diddled the record-buyers, "that's something that you would find nowhere else in the world; information that not even ROLLING STONE printed, to my knowledge - the simple fact that one side of CONCERT FOR BANGLA DESH has seven minutes' playing time on it." I find this sort of thing cropping up all the time in fanzines; simple facts about what it is like to live in America fascinate me more than all the fannish feuds and traditions put together. Take Harry Warner Jr's yearly surveys in HORIZONS: in the two that I have seen, those for 1969 and 1971, Harry traces the slow decline of a small town in America (as well as his own gloomy "slow decline," but I wouldn't altogether believe that part). [Well, actually Hagerstown isn't a "small town;" it's a major city within its area. But it is apparently on the decline... -tw] Now where do you get that sort of thing in commercial magazines or books? In the occasional great "ethnic" book? In footnotes in academic journals? And only fans are concerned about the simple task of communicating what it is like to live in their bodies and minds, in their neighborhoods, in their countries. One of the greatest purposes of communication lost everywhere but in fanzines. (Not to speak of simple facts about lp records.) [That's a very good description of what I consider the finest part of fanzine writing. The most fascinating things for me in all those SFCOMMENTARYS are the tiny details of what it's like to live in Australia. -jdb]

But, anyway, that's the theory of what people like Calvin Demmon actually accomplish. His columns are superb. I can't write like him. I'd like to. Perhaps it's just because he has a much more interesting life than I do; well, that wouldn't be difficult. For instance, in EGOBOO 13, his experiences as a budding writer are told more interestingly than I could tell mine, although I've had a few interesting experiences as well. My stories have all been conceived in desperation, typed in pain, and despatched to publishers with anxious hope. All except the stories I wrote when I was a kid, of course - as with Calvin (and everybody), the first of those saw light of day when I was seven. A few

MY ONLY FEAR  
IS THAT THOSE  
"WHY DON'T WE DO  
IT IN THE ROAD" DUDES  
WILL DO IT ON ME.....



Bill Kunkin

stories went into a magazine that a friend of mine and I published when we were fourteen. Then the silence - university years, the entry into Australian fandom, articles written for ASFR, the beginnings of SFC. But always I've known that if I had any hope of ever earning a living from writing, I would have to write fiction, not fanzine articles. Curses! fanzine articles are easy to do. You just do the research, and if you do it thoroughly enough, the articles write themselves. [Not the kind of articles you were talking about in the last paragraph--the kind that Calvin Demmon writes. -jdb] The same applies to the articles I write for THE EDUCATIONAL MAGAZINE, for which I receive a ridiculously high salary. But fiction... it's like stepping off a cliff to launch oneself into an abyss, even if one has a reasonable chance of surviving the fall.

But the first "adult" story that I wrote was strictly a step into thin air. I had no idea what the result would be like, or if I had forgotten altogether how to write fiction. I was spurred on by desperation; even after six months of teaching in a fairly small country town called Ararat, I knew that I would have to get out of teaching somehow. I was on a "bond," i.e. an agreement to teach with the Education Department for three years after finishing my training, because they had paid for my four years' training. If I skipped the bond, I had to pay back a huge amount of money. The only hope of escaping was to begin a writing career. Therefore one cold night, all alone in my flat in Ararat, I put pen to paper to write a story for the first time in four years. The idea began to take hold, the landscape began to clear, and the characters had names, if little else. I wrote two thousand words on my first night. Each night for a week I wrote to midnight, and staggered bleary-eyed each day around the schoolground, even more incompetent than usual to handle the little horrors. Two thousand words a night for five nights, all down on paper, not much connection or sense - but the joy of it! I'd forgotten that, the sheer heady pleasure of writing fiction, even while exhaustion seeps in and sleep takes over.

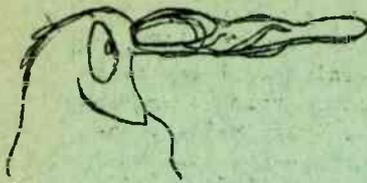
Anyway, I thought I would leave the result for a while. The great achievement was over for the moment; it was a masterpiece that only had to be polished a bit. But the original mood of desperation grew less intense, I actually survived my first year of teaching, and SFCOMMENTARY took more and more time. Next year will be different, I thought; I can fix up all the mistakes of last year.

But it wasn't; my second year of teaching was much worse than my first. By about the end of first term, I came to the point where I actually wrote to my parents, saying that I was to resign, no matter what the consequences. I stayed home on the Friday of the week, simply because I could not stand the thought of going to school. I couldn't face anybody or anything. Again desperation took over; where's the story? I dragged it out, revised it thoroughly (in my mood, you could say, viciously), and completely rewrote it. On the Saturday, I typed a second draft, and on Sunday a third draft, ready to be sent somewhere. My rage was spent, my brain cells realigned themselves in some sort of order. I even went to school on the Monday, and survived that week. My parents wrote saying that they would not support me if I did quit teaching; I didn't ask for a resignation form on Monday. I should have; the rest of 1970 was hell; I started in my current job at the beginning of 1971. Never, never, will I step inside a classroom again, except as a visiting reporter from the Education Department.

But that doesn't end the story. I wrote two stories in 1970 - one of them I sent to Lee Harding, one of Australia's few sf writers, and he quite liked it. I sent a carbon copy to Brian Aldiss for suggestions, but he was politely silent about the whole catastrophe. A copy of the second story went to Marilyn Hacker, when she and Samuel Delany were first advertising for stories for QUARK/. I even received a rejection note from them, with "Please submit further material" on it. I understand that this is a superior rejection note to a simple "We are sorry to inform you..." rejection note. Lee Harding couldn't read past the first page of the second story. Anyway, those two stories, plus a third one that I wrote during the Christmas vacation, 1970-71, when I was busy deciding whether or not to resign properly, lie at the bottom of a drawer. I cannot bear to look at them again, especially as I did learn quite a bit last year when I was ~~editing~~ editing other people's stories for our magazines for primary-school students. And since I finally got a decent job in 1971, I haven't tackled fiction since. It's too risky, too heady, or something. Fiction is exhausting. Therefore, Calvin Demmon has my great admiration for finishing not just some short stories (and selling them) but for finishing a novel as well. A whole novel - gee whiz! Of course, in my capacity as critic for SFCOMMENTARY, I would probably ribbish it to hell if it got published, unless it was a good first novel, but my non-critical side cheers anyone who has the courage to write novels these days.

(GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, AUSTRALIA)

MIKE GLICKSON: Three days ago I finally found some time to sit down and respond to the fanzines that have been piling up since you were here. I found I had twenty-four on hand, and resolutely began to comment on each one. I found EGOBOO quite early in the game, but put it at the bottom of the pile. I commented on a bunch of them, and then came across EGOBOO; and once



again I put it aside. A second pass through the pile and I'd fulfilled my obligations to most of the accumulated zines. Egads! There was EGOBOO again. Hastily I dashed off postcards of comment to several apazines, personalzines without lettercols and dittoed clubzines. And EGOBOO was still there, and still unanswered. Desperately I searched around for something to do. Aha! My first apazine for the newly-formed CANADAPA was shortly due, so yesterday afternoon I stencilled, duplicated and collated three pages for it. Luckily, some friends dropped around last night and I could legitimately ignore fanac for a while.

This morning I answered the last of the personal letters I'd accumulated, and this afternoon was enjoyably spent sipping beer while watching the hockey finals. I've fed the gerbils, exercised the snake, prepared lessons for tomorrow, and I guess I've exhausted every avenue of escape. I see no way out, I'm going to have to write a loc on EGOBOO. I cringe at the thought.

I can't loc EGOBOO. That's the simple truth of it. It scares me. It intimidates me, the way TRUMPET used to intimidate me. I can't think of anything meaningful to say, and I just know I'm going to start blathering like a neo. Oh, I could remark on its superb reproduction, the excellent hand-stencilled art, the gloriously fannish feel to the paper and other such inconsequentials. I could even mention that the articles are all extremely well-written and entertaining, but that'd be one of those "I like it a lot" letters that we all laugh at getting. [I don't laugh at them. I don't print them, if that's all they are, but I enjoy reading them. -jdb] What can one possibly say about columns like Rotsler's? "Oh yes, reminds me of the time I..." Sigh, but who else lives a life like Bill's? Alex (or Rich) Kirs, maybe, but not I.

The best fannish writing is damnably hard to comment on except in the "Reminds me of..." context, and if one hasn't had similar experiences, one's at a loss. And EGOBOO contains examples of damn good fannish writing.

Glad to see Ted's comments on the nature of fanning. There does seem to be a certain tendency for some fans to follow somewhat mindlessly the dictates of others and it's reassuring to see Ted promoting independent thought on the part of all fans. Right on, as I believe they say in the vernacular.

One thing I did note about Lee's letter/article is the old cyclic nature of fandom popping up again. Boyd lent me his file of A BAS and the point about BNFs snubbing neos is featured in one of them (in fact, Boyd's reply apparently drove one neo out of fandom! So Boyd says.). Lee mentions it in a letter to FOOLSCAP 6 which was a little while ago and in two of the fanzines I've commented on just recently the very same charges were levelled. I suppose there's really nothing new under the fannish sun and each generation of new fans undergoes the same discoveries we all went through. It must get a bit dull for older fans though, to see the same damn discussions raging time and time again. [True. -jdb]

I've already told you personally how much I enjoyed Calvin's HOT SHIT writing but I don't suppose it would hurt to say it again. His drill story is priceless, and is bound to be used by some future fannish fanzine with a thirteen-line space at the end of the article.

As I mentioned to you while you were here, the phrase "do your own thing" appears in Chaucer (in its appropriate ancient form, of course). How about that, Greg?

(32 Maynard Ave., Apt. 205, Toronto 156, Ontario, CANADA)

RAY NELSON: At the bottom of page 19 of "EGOBOO #14" Bill Rotsler writes "My foot slipping on a slanted rock and twisted my ankle." This is mixing the present tense with the past tense. A gentleman, sir, does not mix his tenses.

(333 Ramona Ave., El Cerrito, Calif. 94530)

GARY DEINDORFER: Well, now, EGOBOO just came in the mail 4 weeks ago, so I thought I'd write you a letter of comment right away so you can receive it at your San Francisco address before you head off to France. I don't write letters of comment very often, and I have never been very good at them, so this probably won't be printable. I will look for my name in the WAHF, which I understand is an acronym for We Are Headfans. I think that's what it is short for; I'm not really up on my fanlarc.

EGOBOO 15 reminds me of other fannish zines and of previous EGOBOOs I have received, and this is a good thing, it would seem. The Rotsler cartoon reminds me of a Rotsler anecdote you may not know. It is very funny, but unfortunately I can't remember it just now. When I remember it I will write you and tell you what it is. It's very funny, as I have already said.

Well. We turn the page and we come upon the colophon. That microelite type reminds me of the microelite type they used to use in VOID. Is it the same typewriter? [Yes. -jdb]

Your French write-up is very interesting and possesses Gallic flair. In its way, it puts me in mind of Proust, Genet, Joan of Arc and other Frenchpeople like that.

Ted White's comments on the Bangladesh Concert remind me that I have the album and that last week I got around to seeing the movie. In some ways the album is better than the movie and in other ways the movie is better than the album. Certainly the movie is more visual than the album, whereas listening to the album in the privacy of your home is more intimate than sitting in a crowded movie theater watching the film.

Ted's comments on 200 Motels remind me of various assaults on the senses I have experienced in motels with women. Well, once, anyway.

Calvin Demmon's droll pocket essays give me a feeling that I have read them before somewhere else.

Lee Hoffman's comments on sixth fandom are fascinating and all like that and would remind me of the great fannish days of the early fifties except I wasn't a fan that far back so they don't remind me of that after all. I am also reminded that I also took a letter from Lee Hoffman and made an article out of it, in LYDDITE 3. It was a great set of reminiscences concerning LeeH's experiences back in the formative days of folk music. It was called "My Days in Folknikdom."

Rotsler's comments remind me that I once saw a girlie magazine with a spread featuring Joyce Gibson (or whatever her real name is) and she sure as hell is beautiful, allright.

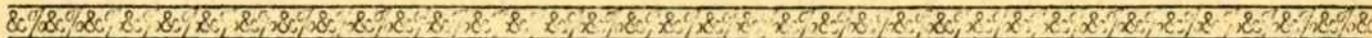
Greg Shaw's comments remind me of the communes I have lived in. I lived in the 16th St. Slanshack and agree that it was just a multiroommate sort of thing, and I have lived in two communes that involved pooling resources, sharing sexual partners, etc. But the karmic level of the Slanshack in its best days exceeded the karmic levels of the two nonfan head communes, though there wasn't as much Fucking. Which just goes to show you.

My quote on the bacover reminds me of the New Year's Eve party when it issued forth from my lips.

All in all, EGOBOO 15 was most reminiscent. I hope you keep sending them to me so I can be reminded of more things.

(c/o E&J Evers, Box 5053, Main Station, San Francisco, Calif. 94101)

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Terry Hughes (hooray!), Rick Stocker, and John N. Hall.



Rog and Honey Graham report that Major Donald H. Keyhoe was on tee-vee the other night, being interviewed by Mike Wallace. Keyhoe made a big thing of claiming that "the government knows a lot about the Flying Saucers that they're keeping secret...they shouldn't oughtta do that ...they should tell the public this vital information..." He went on to suggest that the public write to their Congressmen demanding to know the information which had been held back.

Honey was amused by this. "I can just see myself," she laughed, "writing to my Congressman to say, 'Please send me all the information you've been keeping secret.'"

--Terry Carr, FANAC #3 (March, 1958)

I am in the process of amassing the largest private icecube collection in the world. I will trade copies of this fanzine for old and rare icecubes if they are in near-mint condition. I am especially interested in Westinghouse model 123S, GE 452, or Coppertone 920, and Canadian icecubes any series. I will only accept icecubes from San Francisco if they are impregnated with LSD or LS/MFT.

--Terry Hughes, HIGH TIME #1 (July, 1972)

When I die my whole life will pass before me on mimeod pages.

--Bill Rotsler, NULL-F #47 (May, 1970)

