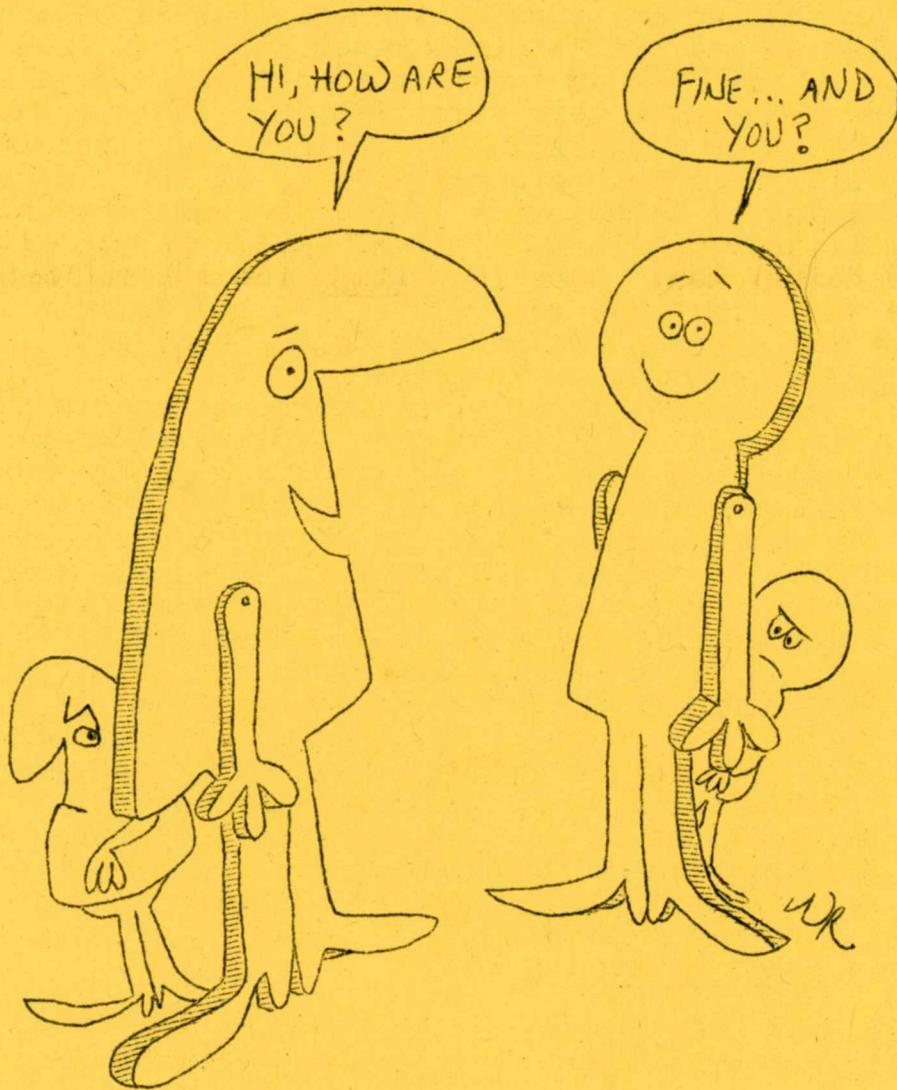


# EGOBOO #17



## UNCLE JOHN'S BAND

CLASSICAL GAS: We, your friendly and sickeningly eager-to-please editors of EGOBOO, are busy creating a Fan Center. Right here in the rustic community of Falls Church, flower of the Old Dominion, we're welding together the fannish bonds that will set all fandom on its ear. (All fandom will then have an earache.) At the very moment that I'm writing this, I am living under the same roof with Ted White, my co-editor (you remember Ted White, my co-editor?), and we are tooling up for maximum fanzine production. We've had workmen working around the clock to streamline the old QWERTYUIOPress, and we've laid in mimeoing supplies in such quantity that we can hardly see them. The place is hopping, all right.

We whispered words into the important ears of Washington, and within weeks Rich and Colleen Brown abandoned their apartment in

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Brooklyn and rushed south to join us. Rich, of course, is the editor and publisher of beardmutterings, the fanzine that would be on everyone's lips if it were published more frequently and if printing machines could work on lips. (Kiss my fanzine, baby!) With that added to the lightning-quick publishing schedule of this fanzine, we're sure to take over fandom in a matter of minutes.

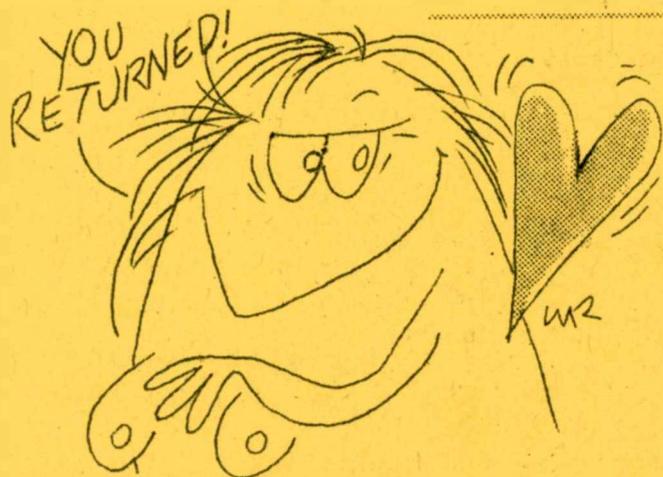
We've also decided to form a Fan Club, to be called The Original Fanoclasts. (Sounds sort of like an old jazz band, doesn't it?) This does not mean that we are fans of the Original Fanoclasts. It means that we think we are the Original Fanoclasts. We will maintain this fiction in the face of the fact that I was only eleven years old when the Fanoclasts were first formed. What is time? we say. (Time is time, says Michael Nally, who sometimes considers himself a Zen Buddhist. He has a personalized way of being a Zen Buddhist. "I figure that if I just wait long enough, someday, in some way, something will happen. That's what all those people sitting cross-legged are doing, man: they're waiting for the big moment. So I just figure that there are some places I'd rather wait in than others. Like sitting around here smoking dope. Mmm, yes, good." In this way Michael adapts Zen to modern life.)

Life is full here in the land of the Original Fanoclasts. Just the other night, Ted and I went out to the favorite after-hours fan-nish hangout, the All-Night Post Office. It's a gigantic futuristic complex that has everything automated. Nobody works there at night; I've never seen the human part of the Post Office open. Inside the tiny lobby that's open to the public, you find automatic stamp dispensers, a dollar-bill changer, a rotating package-accepting machine that looks like a washing machine, and fully-automated slots in the wall for the scientific processing of letters. Ted and I put a dollar bill through the changer and it came out in coins. We fed the coins into some more fully-automated slots and pushed buttons and stamps started coming out of the walls. We pasted these stamps onto the package and letters that we had to mail. Then we mailed them, putting the letters into one of the amazing fully-automated slots, and cycling the package through the washing machine. Then Ted started taking small rocks out of his pockets and placing them in the coin-return slots of all the machines.

"Rocks in the coin return?" I asked.

Ted giggled.

"Then people will come in and put their coins in," I said, "and their change will fall into the coin return and they'll reach into



Better late than never; this is EGOBOO 17, originally stencilled (except for this part) in 1973 and brought to you in 1994! EGOBOO was edited by John D. Berry (525 19th Ave. E., Seattle, WA 98112) and Ted White (1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, VA 22046), but John did most of the work (i.e., stencilling) and Ted never did write his editorial column. Thanks to Dan Steffan for editorial assistance and last-minute art-direction. As always, this fanzine was mimeod on the mighty QWERTYUIOPress :: May, 1994

it and their fingers will close around rocks."

"Yes, I like to think about that," said Ted. "'Jesus Christ,' they'll say, 'I didn't have to come to the Post Office to get rocks! I've got those in my driveway!'"

"Bighod, yes!" I cried. "Think of it! You lift up a rock and find money!"

"I've been trying to do that for years," muttered Ted.

I marveled. "We're fulfilling the dream of Everyman, USA. It's the proverbial pot of gold at the end of the rainbow!"

Ted White, suddenly the Leprechaun of Fandom, merely smiled.

We got into Ted's VW and drove away, leaving little cairns to mark our passage through the fully-automated slots and devices of the United States Post Office.

CASEY JONES: Michael Nally and I drove up to Baltimore for the 1973 Balticon on Saturday afternoon; Ted and Robin would meet us there later. Michael lives here at 1014 N. Tuckahoe with his lady Edie in the small, crowded room next to the one I've been sleeping in. He's a long, tall freak with lightning-bolt hair and a craggy face; he once lived in Austin, Texas, and knew the freak scene there including Gilbert Shelton and so forth, and now he manages the Serendipity Bookstore in Springfield and lives here. Michael has a lot of stories to tell, and sometimes what he says gets quite fantastic.

Michael had just bought a new pipe, a marvelous metal-and-wood contraption that comes apart and goes back together again in many different ways, and we were carrying a six-pack of American Tuborg beer with us. The combination of the two sparked a stunning lucidity in my brain, so I told him about a trick my friend Ray used to use every time he was carrying dope in the car and he felt paranoid about being stopped. He would hang a plastic beercan-holder over the door on the driver's side, and he'd keep a half-full can of beer in the holder at all times. Now Ray looks straight anyway: a round, balding guy in his late thirties, with short hair and no obvious hippie paraphernalia. He used to call himself a "gentleman hippie," but no agent of justice stopping him on a hot summer night and seeing Ray's innocent look and his beercan could ever suspect him of bearing the vile weeds that corrupt America's youth. Once he told me that he'd been in a car full of freaks, all stoned, when they had been stopped by the police and searched. At least, everyone but Ray was searched--hands over your heads, up against the side of the car, the whole bit. But not Ray. The rest all looked the part, you see, but Ray looked more like a cop than a lawbreaker. "Hell, you're okay," the cops said, and they didn't bother to search him. He was the only one in the car who had any grass.

In response to this, Michael told me his own surefire way to ward off a bust. "There's one way to get to a cop's heart," he said, "and it never fails. That you've gotta do is get a big box of Cheerios and hold it in your left hand as you drive. A half-eaten box of Cheerios, that makes you the Cheerios Kid, and every cop knows that the Cheerios Kid can do no wrong. No matter how dirty and grubby and hairy he might appear, he's still the Cheerios Kid and All-American as all hell. It's been pounded into their heads since they were little kids, man, so you're hitting them right where they live.

"There are other ways to accomplish the same thing, like wearing a Superman suit with a cape and the whole bit, but that's getting too obvious. You gotta be subtle. Believable. If you stopped somebody

and he was holding a box of Cheerios in his hand you'd know he's gotta be clean, right? Everybody knows that dope makes you dry, and nobody who's dry is going to eat a dry cereal like Cheerios. Maybe the cop doesn't know that, but maybe he's heard it somewhere and it's floating around in the back of his head.

"You even offer him some of your Cheerios. That cop's not gonna bust you. He's gonna go away and feel warm and good to know that somebody still eats Cheerios."

This was just one of Michael's repertoire. He had another sure-fire method, although I'm not sure what it was sure to do.

"The police are divided up into different levels, you see, local, state, and federal, and you can play them off against each other. You start off by calling up the local cops and saying, 'The Mob's after me and I gotta get a gun.' You keep doing this for a week or so, and you keep stressing that you want a gun to protect yourself. You do it so much that they get to know you; they pick up the phone and they say to each other, 'Hey, it's that nut again.' Lay it on thick. Then you call the state cops and you tell them that the Mob's after you, only maybe you don't stress the bit about the gun so much. You do the same thing with the federal cops. What you want to do is establish yourself in all their minds as someone the Mob is going to get."

"So okay, after you've done all this and got them really going, you get a friend to call the local police and tell them there's 50 pounds of heroin in your kitchen sink. They come down on your house with lots of men and guns and everything, figuring they're going to make a big haul. Then you start shooting at them. They start shooting back at you from around the house. Then you call up the state police and tell them the Mob's after you and you're holding them off with a gun. So they come roaring down in a big mass to save you from the Mob. If you're lucky, the different kinds of cops will start shooting at each other and get even more confused."

"Then you call up the federal police and tell them that the Mob is having a shoot-out on your front lawn. They all come down and start shooting at each other, and you slip out the back way and leave."

That's how Michael Nally told me how to avoid getting busted for drugs; while we were driving along the instate on the way to Baltimore. I took another swig on my beer and pulled out the pipe again.

"Want another hit, Michael?"



ONE MORE SATURDAY NIGHT: I couldn't quite figure out why I had come to the Balticon. Because it was there, I guess, and because everyone else in the house was going. I didn't really think of it as a convention, more as a weekend trip to Baltimore, much as one would Go Out To Rio's or Go To The Mountains For The Weekend. The Balticon, after all, is only a tiny affair, a two-day con that appears out of nowhere and--phfft!--disappears again before you've really gotten focused on it.

The con didn't have much in the way of highlights. For most people, the peak experience of the convention was getting trapped in an elevator for an hour and a half. That happened to twenty-odd people, which might explain why the elevator sank to the bottom of the shaft and stayed there. Most of the time we just sat around the mezzanine

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wondering what the hell anybody in his right mind would be doing there. But we were fans, of course, so the question did not apply. Sometimes the scene got so bizarre it was entertaining. The mezzanine ran on four sides of a square around the second storey of the lobby, and somebody was walking around and around the mezzanine as if it was some sort of racetrack. "He's training for the Olympics, but very slowly," piped up somebody near me.

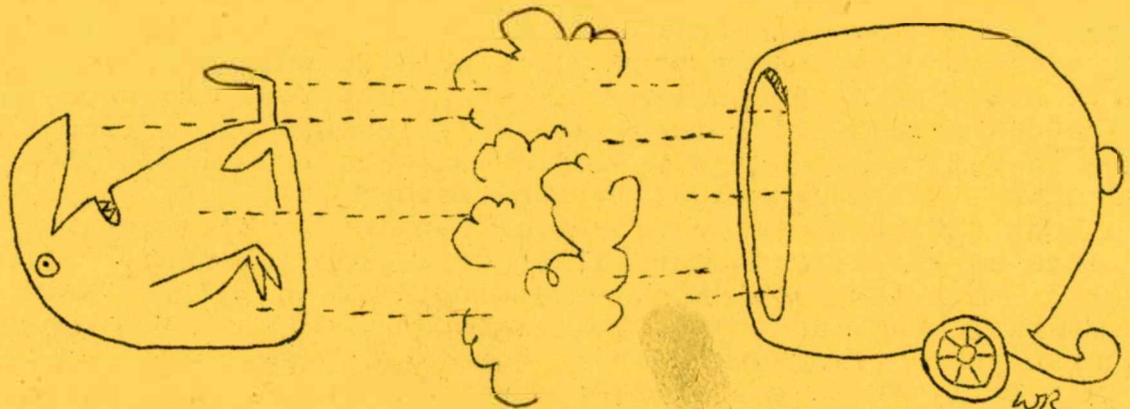
There were good people at the Balticon. There were also lots of Loud Mouthed Jackasses, and an inundation of what Ted calls "the pear-shaped people." It is amazing and sometimes fantastic to note how many boring pear-shaped people inhabit the science fiction fan clubs of America. Jay Haldeman later told us about a Disclave where he met one of the pear-shaped people in the sauna. Both of them, of course, were completely without clothes. "He was a big, hairy ball of flesh," said Jay. Ted felt that it showed considerable bravery for the pear-shaped person to expose his body for all to see.

Late Saturday night, as motley groups of fans were sitting about and lying in corners of the mezzanine, idly talking of better things than Balticons, a man came up the stairs and relieved us of our boredom. He was either drunk or on downers or both; he wore a leather coat and a colored knit cap, seemed to be about 35 or 40, and looked a little like Murray the K.

"The Child!" he cried, very slowly but loudly. "See the Child! A little child shall lead them!" He raised his eyes to heaven, then lowered them to glower at us all. "Stop the bullshit! Be quiet and stop the bullshit! Listen! To the Child! To the wisdom of the Child!" The room hushed and everybody watched him. He was pointing to Lori Haldeman, Jay and Alice's three-year-old daughter; she was staring back at him wide-eyed and laughing. Every time he said "the Child!" she clapped her hands and laughed some more. The man eventually propped himself up against the wall and lapsed into an extended conversation with the ceiling.

"Grown-ups sure are funny," said Lori.

Somebody called the house dicks (two different people both claim to have done it) and explained that the man was not part of the convention. The house dicks pushed him down the stairs. The rest of us began to feel that a loud, harmless idiot was better than two violent, harmful idiots. The house dicks hustled him out on the street, but he



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turned around and forgave them. We all looked at each other and shrugged.

"This is the first convention I've seen where there's some riff that's rafftier than us," said Jay.

This con was the first chance I had had to talk to Dave Hulvey since I first met him at Noreascon. He's changed a lot. He looks thinner, sounds more sure of himself. He was a good person to be with at the con. Every once in a while he would go into the kind of surrealistic rap he's famed for, like the time he started putting on some poor neofan about the realities of fandom. Dave fulminated like a Southern Baptist preacher, extolling the joys of fandom and welcoming the bewildered guy to the fold. The fellow kept smiling as best he could and trying to make comebacks, but Dave would just ramble on. Dave Hulvey hasn't completely lost his craziness; he just puts it to better use.

A TREE GROWS IN BALTIMORE: Well, actually, it doesn't any more. We chopped it down. On Monday, the day after the Balticon, which Mr. Nixon's industrious band of researchers tell us is really Washington's Birthday, the Haldemans had a Cherry Tree Party where we chopped down the dead cherry tree in their back yard. One of their neighbors supplied a hatchet, and Ron Bounds came by with his bayonet; we all took turns playing junior lumberjack, and the tree came down. Well, most of it. The Haldemans' back yard is still decorated with a freeform sculpture in cherry wood.

NOT FADE AWAY (Fandom, 1972): With so few fanzines coming into my mailbox, and so few of them from this country, I feel a little bit like the keeper of the lighthouse we pictured on last issue's bacover. Where have all the fanzines gone? Every big manila envelope that arrives here seems to be postmarked either England or Australia. To get any news of what's going on in American fandom, I've got to wait for CHECKPOINT to arrive from Peter Roberts, and maybe it will contain some news of this side of the ocean. I found out who won the TAFF race that way. What amuses me is the plaintive cries in some British lettercolumns about how poorly British fanzines compare with ours, when the only American fanzines I've gotten since the worldcon have been a handful of letter-substitutes and a couple of big, hideously-infrequent fmz like ALGOL and CARANDAITH. (If I thought long and hard, I could doubtless come up with enough names to make the fall and winter months seem festooned with fanzines, but that wouldn't change the impression that there's no life in North American fandom. I'm not the only one who's noticed this: everyone I've mentioned it to in New York and here in Virginia has nodded sagely and agreed, and Terry Hughes wrote from San Francisco to tell me that every time he saw Grant Canfield they would wail about the sad state of fanzine fandom.)

Last spring there were lots of fanzines, but since the LACon it seems as if everyone has fallen over from laziness. (It strikes every 3.7 minutes, you know.) Looking back on 1972, I have trouble remembering what, if anything, memorable came out of it, and the "fannish year" (from worldcon to worldcon) has so far been almost empty. Well, there's AMOEBOID SCUNGE, you say. Yes, empty, I say. The chief area of activity these days seems to be FAPA, which is perversely showing signs of life in this period of stagnation. The high rate of turnover in the membership has given FAPA a lot of New Blood (some of it undoubtedly tainted with mind-warping chemicals)

and the mailings consistently top 500 pages, of which a good many are readable. One of the most noticeable fanzines of the moment, Dick Geis's THE ALIEN CRITIC, is a FAPazine; a new issue arrived in the February bundle. Also in that bundle of joy was the first issue of TANDEM, from Joyce and Arnie Katz, which shows promise of being a good fanzine in a thick, quarterly way. (It certainly should "show promise," since Arnie and Joyce have produced some of the best fanzines of the past couple of years.) I've had thoughts from time to time of turning EGOBOO into a FAPazine, but Ted and I both do FAPazines already and we don't really want to turn this into a thick, quarterly volume anyway. We must maintain the small, frequent side of fandom. (Stop chuckling, Tucker!)

The most significant thing to happen in fandom in 1972 may well have been the successful creation of the Down-Under Fan Fund, and Lesleigh Luttrell's journey to Australia last summer as the Fund's first representative. (She left the US in the summer and landed in Australia in the winter; it was a long trip.) Since travel between America and Australia is still a pie-in-the-sky idea for most fans, DUFF has about the same importance now as TAFF did in the mid-Fifties. The contacts between Australian and American fandoms are closer than those with Europe, but the distance and the postal time-lag are so great that we need something like a healthy DUFF to cement our relations. When is the next trip supposed to take place? The only mention I've heard was a brief paragraph somewhere in the issue of SF COMMENTARY that I just got in which Bruce Gillespie wrote about DUFF, the Syncon 2, and Lesleigh, but I couldn't find the paragraph when I went back through the issue searching. I want to see DUFF become a success, and for that it needs more publicity than it's getting from its administrators. Lesleigh? Fred Patten? Don't lose the momentum you've built up.

TAFF, on the other hand, is fast turning into an anachronism. As transatlantic airfares get lower and lower, a trip across the water becomes less of a once-in-a-lifetime experience. Indeed, we find now that people who've already traveled to Europe are running for TAFF. Interest is declining. It didn't help any that the first most of us knew of the last TAFF race was being handed ballots at the LACon. When was the nominating period closed? Or even opened? Perhaps Mario Bosnyak spread publicity all over Europe (although I saw no mention of it in the British fanzines I get, until CHECKPOINT told me that the Moffatts will be our next representatives overseas), but it's for damn sure Elliot Shorter didn't do much to publicize it over here. I can only hope the Moffatts will do better when they are TAFF administrators.

What will the new year bring? Well, here's a new issue of EGOBOO.

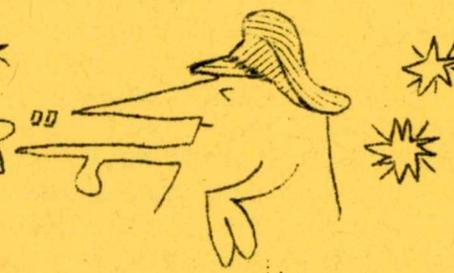
ROCK & ROLL SHOES: And that brings us to our massive new plans for the lazy old EGOBOO Publishing Empire. On to new heights! we cry. (If we all get stoned enough, we start believing ourselves.) Between the time I began setting this editorial to stencil and the time I'm finishing it, Terry Hughes moved to Falls Church. With all this fannishness in one spot, how can we help but publish a monthly EGOBOO? ("Oh, you'll find a way," says Terry.) --John Berry



# "I WAS THE CAPTAIN

## OF A SPACESHIP"

BY CHARLES BURBIE



"Ever daydream of being a spaceship captain, you guys, or the leader of the first expedition to Centauri....?"

--Don Wilson in Primal #1

"Gunners alert," I said, and the word sped toward the sixty-nine gun stations in my craft.

Through the radarvisiscreen I saw Aldebaran IV swimming ominously up toward me and felt a surge of fear that I concealed from Lieutenant Fujima and Paymaster Jansen, who stood nearby, staring at the same screen.

This was it, the moment for which ten thousand million dollars had been spent and five thousand men expended.

"Fleet of spacecraft Green Zero Nine, Orange Zero Three," said the wall-speaker, which indicated that the lookout was ready and alert. If his voice wavered but a little, it was the reflection of the apprehension that stirred in all of us.

The screen shifted and now I could see them, too. There they were, six--no, seven large battleships of the Zudar type, emerging at the plane of the ecliptic.

"Communication beam on," I said.

"C-beam on," said the control room speaker.

"Ahoy, flagship!" I said into the microphone, as the murky figure of an Aldebaran officer began to take shape in the screen. The image suddenly cleared into a razor-sharp picture as the compensators matched the beam.

"There is only one of you?" said the heavy-faced officer, his quick eyes taking in me and the two men who stood by my shoulder.

There was no way to avoid what was coming. I knew their scanners were out to the limit and I knew that they could detect the output of a radium-plated watch dial at two thousand parsecs. He knew damned well we were alone! One ship, against seven dreadnoughts! One cruiser with but sixty-nine guns against these two-hundred gun monsters!

"Come aboard for parley," said he. "Prepare for contact." He switched off. It had been a strictly unorthodox exchange, without any of the usual amenities or conventional trading of hames, stations, missions.

"You can't go, sir," said Lieutenant Fujima.

"It's like walking naked into a dwarf star," said Jansen, his blue eyes alight with concern for his captain.

"Hell with it," I said. "This is what I've--"

"What does M-A-R-S spell, daddy?" said a childish voice.

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Lieutenant Fujima's excitable Oriental face faded away for a moment. "Huh?" I mumbled. Then I said, "Break out the gig, Jansen, if you please."

"How do you say that word? What does M-A-R-S spell, daddy?" It was that voice again.

This time Lieutenant Fujima's concerned face faded away entirely. The long sloping walls of my ship dimmed from sight, to be replaced by the angular lines of a living-room. I was lying on the couch, day-dreaming, and the voice was the voice of my little boy, laboriously spelling out a comic-book yarn.

"Huh?" I said again, looking up. Fujima and Jansen were gone now. So was the screen with those seven deadly battleships.

"Daddy!" his voice was impatient now. "I asked you something. Aren't you listening?"

"Sure, sure," I said. "What do you want?"

"What does M-A-R-S spell?"

"That spells Mars."

"What's that mean?"

"Mars is a planet. That is, it's like the Earth and it's several million miles away and the same sun shines there every day like it does here."

"Can you see it in the sky at night? Is it a star?"

"Well, not exactly a star. A star is really a sun, just like ours, only so far away that it's very small. But Mars shines in the sky at night just like a star, so I guess you could call it a star."

"Could we see it from the back porch?"

"Sure, it's out there plain enough."

"Will you show it to me? I mean tonight when it gets dark?"

"Sure," I said. "I'll show you Mars and Venus and the rest of them."

"Okay," he said, and went back to his comic book. I went back to my couch.

Silly, being jerked back to the little solar system when I was venturing into the dimly known and dangerous areas of the outer galaxy--on a dangerous mission. Mars! Ha! That stupid little planet. My God, there were millions of other worlds, many of them peopled with strange and treacherous humans and half-humans, and some things that were even worse. And Aldebaran IV was a hell-hole of space.

In fact I was damned close to it right now. Already I could hear sounding in my ears the voder-voice saying "Captain's gig, ready to launch. Stand by."

Lieutenant Fujima and Paymaster Jansen stood by as I entered the small craft. I turned to them before the ensign shut the screw-door. "If I'm not back in fifty minutes, you will please take command, Lieutenant Fujima, and perhaps Operation Six will be in order."

I stepped inside, their worried glances following me. They would not attempt further to dissuade me. They had served with me before, and knew my ways. They had utmost confidence in me...this time, though, their faith was being strained to the breaking point. After all, their eyes plainly said, when is a man of iron not a man of iron? The odds can't favor you all the time. You can't always win. I'd done it before enough times, but this seemed like THE time--the time that comes to all adventurers--the Last Time-- I gave them a tight-lipped smile as the screwdoor shut past their line of vision.

In a moment we had cast off and were headed toward the Aldebaran flagship which floated like some towering dinosaur dead ahead, blotting out, in its sheer immenseness, its home planet and occluding two

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of its escort.

I stood by the viewport. The ensign did not venture to speak. I stood alone and thought my own thoughts. This was it, certainly. If I could not convince the Aldebaran captain of my plan, my ship would be instantly annihilated and I would be tortured to death with infinite slowness with the royal family looking on and popping octopus eyes into their mouths like salted peanuts as they watched. As a refinement in torture, they'd eventually strap a perceptor on me so I could see without eyes and could observe them popping my own eyes into their mouths, also like salted peanuts.

I had not much time for such thoughts, or any thoughts. We were in grapnel range now and I heard the metallic chunk of the magnetic tow-block strike our hull and then another and another, and we were being pulled in, power off. Into the gigantic airlock we went, and in a moment our screwdoor was being opened. I stepped out into the company of three sullen guards...frozenfaced as fish, they were--wait! The one in the middle! I knew that face! A gray memory flashed to me--that dismal storm on Longar VII, no water, no heaters, and that face that begged for both.... I had saved this man's life. But! He'd been a prince, then! Now? A common soldier? I caught a fragment of thought from him--he and I had practiced Aldebaran thought-transference during the long long night before we'd built a tiny power drive out of our suit-radios and made good our escape to one of Longar's moons where a small humanoid settlement existed. I was the only Earthman ever to understand the Aldebaran thought-level, which was why I had been chosen for this mission--but no one knew that I could read Aldebaran minds. Not unless Rancik had told.

The fragment of thought was incomplete, almost incoherent, but evidently all he could provide me with at the moment: "The Blue One --do not speak of snakes."

This was all I had to go on. It was almost not enough, I thought, as I stepped into the giant control-room and faced, at last, the Aldebaran captain.

"Well?" he said, hooking his double thumbs into his ears in a gesture of bravado. "Does one seek out the snake in his lair?"

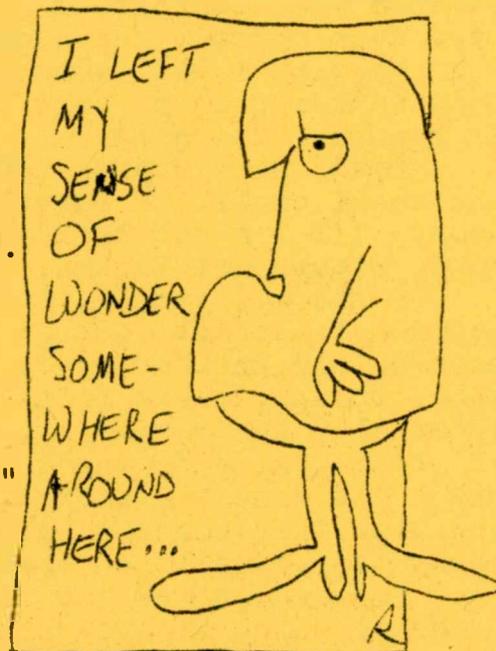
The key word! I must progress with caution of the infinite sort.

He was waiting. I must make a major decision at once. Instantly. "When the visor is fogged, polaroid glasses are of little avail," I answered, spitting at his feet.

He stood perplexed. I could see him think. He knew that I was more aware of Aldebaran customs than he had at first supposed. He could no longer kill me out of hand and beg forgiveness because of traditional usage. We must first eat together.

"Bring food!" he ordered. And another major crisis was at hand.

Food was brought and he faced me over the smelly stuff. "Will you have meat first?" He grinned. An evil grin, it was, for now he felt he had me. His lieutenants clustered about him grinned also, taking the cue from their captain. Their hands stole toward their guns. In a moment I would perhaps be a smoking piece of meat myself, lying on



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their spotless floor.

I picked up a slab of meat and cast it haughtily at his feet.

Shock dribbled through his brain. This, he thought, was inconceivable! His dismay was reflected on the faces of his men!

Swiftly he drew a sword and handed it to me. And now dismay flooded me in turn. What did I do now? I did not know the next step! This was a custom I had not heard of! What must I do? The fate of the solar system lay in my grasp--what was I to do? I sought swiftly on the thought-level of Rancik. It was blank. Fear, yes, fear, swept over me now. I was in a spot. I could only guess at the next step. A bead of sweat stood out on my brow. I felt it there like a lump of ice.

"Daddy, where is my telescope?" a childish voice inquired.

The rapt faces of the Aldebarans dimmed out a moment, then came on strong once more.

"Do you know where my telescope is?" the voice went on.

The captain stepped forward. "Is the blade too heavy for Earthman's hands?" he seemed to say, but his voice was faint in my ears.

"Daddy, where is my telescope--do you remember where I put it?"

The captain, his men, the giant control-room, flared up and vanished, came on again briefly, then were gone. Again I lay on my couch in my living-room. My little boy was standing beside me, poking my arm.

"Uh, your telescope? Uh, where did you put it? Where is it?"

"That's what I'm asking you," said he. "Where is it? Are you lying on it?"

"No, no." I rolled over, and sure enough there was the telescope. He pounced on it. "Good! Now I can look for Mars when it gets dark. When will that be?"

I looked out the window. "Oh, maybe not for another half hour yet."

"OK, but as soon as it gets dark you're going to show me Mars, remember."

"Oh yes, yes, I'll show you Mars."

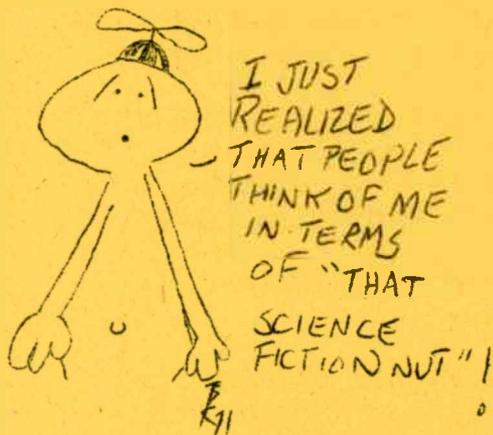
He went away. I leaned back, rubbing my back where the telescope had been poking me all this time. What a day. A lazy day. Sunday. Nothing to do and no energy to do it. This must be the ennui that creeps over the crew of the spaceships beating the long long way to the stars. Like going to Alpha Centauri, for example. The first expedition would take years and years to get there. Boys would be men before the trip was over....

People would be born....

"The trip'll be over soon, men," I said to the "gripe" party in my cabin, but it did not seem to impress them overmuch. They shuffled a bit and then one of them, a ferret-faced Texan, spoke up: "Sure, Admiral, we know it'll be over, but the big question is, are we going to stand for Captain Birdsall's high-handed ways any more?"

I chuckled heartily at them. But no answering smile appeared on their faces. This was serious. Always before, I'd been able to jolly them into a better mood. They'd go away mollified, to be tractable for a long time. Not this time. Plenty in the wind, if the signs were right.

I sighed. Being Admiral of the first expedition to Centaurus was not easy. I was not supposed to interfere with the running of the



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ship. That was the captain's job. I could not interfere unless it was absolutely necessary. Section 8 in the Space Code, Revised Edition 2089 A.A., set forth my powers explicitly. I knew Section 8 by heart. More to the point, so did Captain Birdsall. He and I had been at loggerheads since 3006, one year after the trip began. And here it was 3031, twenty-six years out, and we were still at loggerheads. He hated interference from me and expressed himself on the subject frequently.

I had early divined that trouble would one day break out, and that our little spaceship world would be at war. I had set about recruiting passengers and crew to my side. I published a little magazine, of necessity on toilet-paper, and filled its pages with subtle propaganda. Out of a passenger and crew list of more than 2,000, I had 312 subscribers. Three people read each copy, which meant I could count on 936 people to go my way in case of trouble. This was not half (more it was not even 50%) of those on board, but a strong showing nonetheless.

But this immediate trouble must be tended to.

I sat back in my green leather chair. "At it, men. What's Old Birdballs done this time?"

"It's the women, Admiral. He won't portion them out according to lot number. Says it makes for random mating and the kids aren't according to specifications. That we don't like."

"I see," I said. "According to the sex sheet, 123 girls came of age this fiscal year and should be rapidly impregnated according to Paragraph 69 of our S.O. S.O. also states that they should be apportioned to those men who carry the same number, as drawn from the Cat Pot. Since 109 young men are eligible, this means each man gets a girl and there will be 14 Free Agents Special Service, abbreviated Free----"

"Ya, and Birdsall wants to change that. Says only 12 men qualify and each gets 10 girls. He wants the remaining three. Migod, Admiral! That's hell!"

I wanted to keep peace. "Men," I said heartily. "Who's the best mumbly-peg player in the bunch?"

The men shifted about and shot quick glances at each other.

"Begging your pardon, sir, but mumbly-peg just hasn't got the old savor any more."

"But how about your dart-game?" I inquired desperately.

"No, sir."

"And quoits?"

"No, sir. And badminton, that was all the rage six months ago, that's out, too. The games just don't seem to have any flavor any more. Like potatoes without meat."

"This is serious, men. How is it that healthy young males like you aren't interested in physical games any more?"

"We like physical games, all right," said one. A laugh went around the group.

"We were wondering, sir, if you'd talk to the Captain for us about this."

I nodded. It was all I could do. These young men, who had been born aboard the ship, had heard of Spring and mating season only from books, yet they felt the season running willing in their blood. I'd have to write a monograph on that. The Seasons in a Can. Mating season was not dependent on outside influences such as temperature or wind from a certain direction or the angle of the sunlight, but showed up even in men who had never set foot on earth and could not conceive

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of a change in temperature.

"Come back at 48, men," I said. "I'll have something for you then."

The Captain's blinker showed he would receive me. I strode into his cabin. He sitting at his littered desk. "What?" he demanded shortly. Bad mood. No salute. No rising respectfully. He just sprawled there like a phallic symbol. Behind him lurked his furtive footman, Jike, who, rumor had it, served him beyond the call of footmen.

"Time for the portioning-out, Captain. How's it going?"

"You know, Admiral Tinhat. Don't look surprised. I know what's going on in my own ship."

"Sure, Captain." I boiled inwardly. I wanted to smash his grinning face. "I'd have told you. You just found out 15 minutes sooner.

"I know what you're going to ask--no is the answer. I'm giving out those girls my way. Here's the list."

"But all these men are Birdsalls."

"Right. Going to do anything about it, Tinhat?"

I stepped forward, cold anger growing in me. I should have seen this sooner. A gun appeared in his hand, and I said, "This is mutiny. Put down that gun."

He hesitated. He'd gone too far. He probably wanted to turn back, but now the die was cast. "I was going to do it sooner or later anyway," he mumbled, half to me, half to himself. He pressed the trigger.

Some people overestimate the speed of a bullet, or the finger that tightens on the trigger of a blaster. In my earlier days as a Tiger fighting for Abhault, I'd learned a lot of little things--like how fast a man can move when he goes in low, using gravity and the strength of his legs to propel him...Birdsall's beam cut the grav panel and his head smacked the plastifloor a moment later, his cracked skull leaking his life away. I rose, whirling, to meet Jike's rush--true to his nature he was coming at me from behind. A quick blow and he was done in.

A sudden sound at the door--there stood the ship's officers, Birdsall men all, each armed with a blaster. I had one second to live, unless--

"It's time! It's dark enough to see the stars," cried a child's voice in my ear. In a haze, I picked up the desk--it was strangely light--and threw it at the insubstantial men in the door. "Come on!" cried the child's voice. A hand shook my shoulder. The grim men in the doorway faded as the unreal desk ploughed into them. Then they were gone, the desk, the doorway, the cabin, all gone....

My little boy stood there, face eager and earnest. "Come on! You promised to show me Mars, and it's dark enough now to see the stars."

I sat up. "Oh," I mumbled. "Telescope--got your telescope?"

"Yes!" He shoved it at me. I got up slowly and followed him out to the back porch. The stars were out, not in force as yet since it was still early evening, but most of the brighter ones were visible.

"Is that Mars?"

"No," I said. "I don't think so." I looked up at the stars. They did not impress me. There they were, each a star, perhaps each with its own planets, each planet people with human or quasi-human intelligences..."Stow it," said the BirdMan from Xanoth to the Lizard Man from Hoth, as the Chinthian Serpent Man served them drinks...the

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nell with it. I searched for Mars. Let's see, now. Mars was called the Red Planet. That simplified things. All I had to do was find a star with a reddish glow and that would be it. I peered intently at one. It assumed a reddish glow as I stared at it. I looked at another one. It also took on a reddish tinge as I stared at it. And so did all the others.

It finally came to me. It struck me--the staggering truth. I, who had in daydreams led the first expedition to Centaurus; I, who had captained a space ship; I, who had gone in--alone--where four Unattached Lensmen had failed; I, who had maneuvered a space ship through the Asteroid Belt with only the tip of my big toe--I, the man who had done all these marvelous things and a thousand more...I didn't know where Mars was!

I took the telescope, aimed it at a likely-looking star, adjusted the focus, and said to my little boy, "There you are, that's Mars."

"Is it really Mars?"

"Sure it's Mars. I know all the stars and planets. That's Mars. Now I'm going back in. You can look at Mars all you want."

I went back in, lay down on the couch. My God, it was pitiful how little I knew of science when put to the test. After reading science fiction steadily since 1926 (you could tell by the way I walked) too!

Ah, well.

Why did they call Mars the Red Planet, anyhow? Stories I'd read always called the soil red. Some said "ochre turf" and others "red desert" and others "red sand"...I wondered what it really was? Might not be red at all...what was the origin of the red theory, I wondered. Well, the first men to arrive on Mars would know....

Mars loomed large on the screen--not in color for it was not a color screen. We had no portholes and could not know the actual color till we opened the doors--after suitable tests had been made--and saw with our own eyes. I turned to the navigator. "Congratulations, Mr. Davis, you've made an exact planetfall..."

"Hell, Captain, you taught me all I know about astrogation," he said. "I didn't figure the course--you did it all."

"Nevertheless, Mr. Davis, it's going in the log that you did it."

"Thank you, sir."

I turned away as the control room door opened. Two oilers with blasters in hand entered. "What's this?" I bellowed.

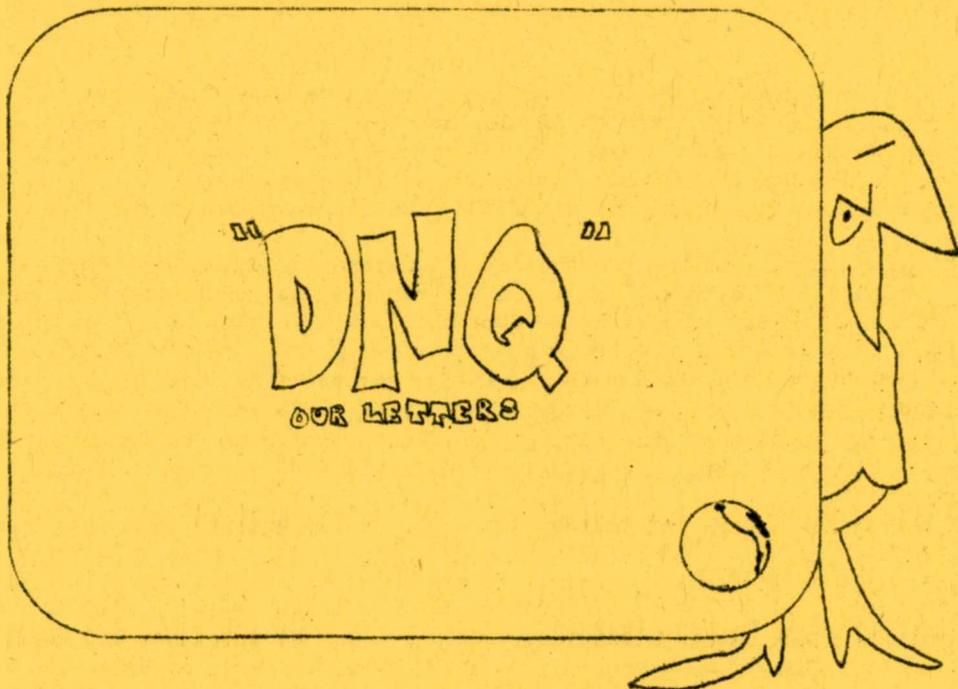
"Mutiny, Captain, just mutiny," said one. His voice had a slight Teutonic accent. "We're claiming this planet for the Ninth Reich...."

--Charles Burbee  
(from WILD HAIR #3)

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In my ceaseless search for piano rolls I often fail to get irked at some outlandish act committed against me till some days have gone by, as some local fans discovered a short time ago. This delayed action is not without its humorous aspects; I told my wife the other day that I sometimes have the notion that I am a time-bomb and when my aging bones click or crack I am struck for a moment with the fantastic thought that I am ticking.

--Charles Burbee, SEGMENT #2  
(March, 1955)



GREGG CALKINS: I don't know why, but I always think of this fanzine as coming from John even though I know it is really Ted's originally. He seems more like a columnist to me, though, possibly because John has delivered the last issue or two to me. I haven't seen you for quite some time now, Ted, have I? Kind of a switch, because for the first part of your combined editorship it was John Berry who was not quite real to me because of the first John Berry thing. He was unreal, too, come to think of it...

Anyhow, the stripped to its barest essentials issue is a pretty fine thing...if I had editorials by you two plus Demmon and Rotsler and a good letter column I don't think I'd ask for much more. I really dig the looks and general flavor of the zine.

Calvin Demmon is one of the funniest guys around. By this time, of course, I have had occasion to confront him at his place of work... gosh, he's really old, isn't he?...and we had a fannish lunch together one time that I've been meaning to repeat except for the fact that I don't get out of the building much due to my domino game. I see by a recent MOTA that I got Grant Canfield hooked as a result of a mention at that lunch gathering, but I can't really feel guilty at getting a young fan interested in such a fine, healthful pass-time. I count a day at work practically wasted when I don't get in my domino game. I've got two more games coming this year before I'm off on Christmas vacation, and since I'm just over the \$30 mark in profits at the moment I'd settle for a split the last two dates. How did I get into all this from Calvin Demmon?

Oh, he was telling 3 1/2-year-old stories and I thought I might get into the act with a story about my 5-year-old daughter. Some friends stayed with us this weekend and the gal is pretty well built upstairs...about 39", I would say. My little girl is very friendly and invited herself in when the lady was taking a bath and was very much impressed with her set of jugs. Afterwards, when the story was being told, my little girl piped up in all seriousness and said "show them to daddy, he'd like to see them." Well, there was a lot of laughter all around over that one except that mine was a little weak...I mean, I've been trying to get a good look at those 39's for years now and my best chance just went down the drain.

I really dig the micro-elite you use for the lettercol. If I had a typer like that I would revive OOPSLA! but fortunately for me I do not. Whew—that was a close call.

As I forgot to mention while typing the first paragraph, above, this fanzine wasn't Ted's first. We have both been co-editors since the first issue, and in fact EGOBOO evolved out of a letter-substitute that I'd done for a few issues before Ted suggested that we do a fanzine together. He handled the publishing chores for those first issues, then I took over most of the direction when I was putting together issues in California and Ted would send me his column each time; for the past couple of years, we've only published when I've been visiting Ted & Robin, so Ted's hand has been more evident in layout and tone. Neither of us is Just A Columnist, Meyer. -jdbj

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

HARRY WARNER, JR.: So you get a loc two months late on the latest issue of EGOBOO. What else can you expect when there's an ATOM cover on green paper and a lighthouse on the back cover together with the most concentrated essence of all fannish wisdom? Walt Willis had to wait a couple of months for surface mail, too.

You came as close to giving San Francisco a bad press as anyone in any fanzine in a long while. You weren't really critical, but your remarks about its less

pleasant aspects were approximately the same breakthrough as Ianey and a few others established a long while ago to puncture the image that Los Angeles had achieved in fandom. Don't worry about your inability to decide where to settle down. I've been trying for a long while to decide where to settle down. I've been trying for a long while to decide if I'm really happy living in Hagerstown, and it has taken me much longer to realize I'm undecided than you've used for the same purpose.

I get irritated at Redd Boggs just as Ted White does. Simultaneously I admire him as one of the ablest writers and publishers in fandom. Maybe the pebble in the moccasin is Redd's comparative isolation from fans. He doesn't seem to pal around much with the fans who live near him, and if he goes to cons on the West Coast, he doesn't circulate enough to bob up in the conreports. So his ex cathedra edicts are taken in a different manner from the criticisms uttered by someone like Duck Coulson, whom everyone knows as an individual who isn't nearly as grumpy as his typed words sometimes seem to indicate. I probably suffer in exactly the reverse manner: the people who criticize me for being too bland and cheering in fanzines don't have much chance to hear me grumble and fuss in conversation.

The reprints from HOT SHIT were both entertaining and instructive. The latter quality came from my success in recognizing most of the segments. I don't think I reread any of the issues of that publication, so there must be genuine merit to the writing, for it to stick in memory from one fleeting acquaintance months ago.

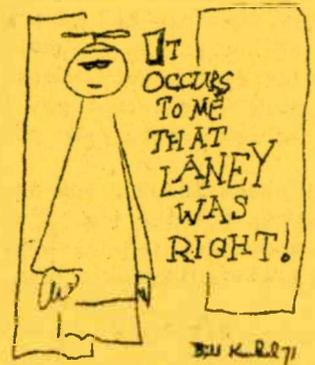
Bill Rotsler's pages meshed miraculously with my current interests and mood. The only thing that saved me from breaking down completely in grief over the decay of Hollywood was the thought that maybe all this happened before. There weren't any fanzines at the time, but surely someone somewhere must have written articles about the wretched neglect and the fall from past glories that overtook the famous places where so many movies had been produced on the East Coast, when Hollywood was growing up and completing its feat of luring all the major studios from New York City and other places. [Yes, I've always found it incredible to think that the film capital of the world was once in New Jersey. -jdb] In fact, I just recently read a semi-nostalgic book on this subject, a study of Griffith's years at Biograph before he went to Hollywood, with a careful investigation into what the facilities were like at the places where Griffith directed most of his early one- and two-reelers. Just now I'm nearing the end of one of the finest books I've ever read about Hollywood's prime, and it supplements Rotsler's article pretty well. It is Bob Thomas' biography of David Selznick, a much more thorough and fair-minded assessment of a big shot in the movie industry than most recent biographies. It even contains a W.C. Fields story that I hadn't encountered before. After Fields took over the Micawber role in David Copperfield that Charles Laughton abandoned, Fields decided that he would like to do some juggling in the new Selznick film. They tried to explain to him that they were sticking closely to the original Dickens novel and that Mr. Dickens hadn't written anything about juggling on the part of Micawber. "He probably forgot it," Fields replied.

I agree with Bruce Gillespie's opinions on the way you can find things in fanzines that are hard to locate elsewhere. There's something else he might have brought up, a matter that will be more useful to the future than it is today. Fanzines are the only place known to me where scholars and history students and sociologists and such folks in the 21st century will be able to find ample quantities of narratives by those who participated in the youth rebellion or the generation gap or the rejection of authority or whatever they may call in future decades what has been happening for the past decade, written for one another. There has been plenty of essaying by young people for professional publications aimed at adults and no shortage of interviews by journalists of the younger generation. But I don't know where the future will find the adventures and opinions and attitudes of this generation as written for one another, or such a diversity of people: from Hulvey to Lupoff to May to Evers and lots of others. Those who gave up business careers, those who went into business careers, those who recanted and those who recruited, some who were dead serious and others who laughed at themselves and others. I think that a fanzine anthology of 100,000 words or so would give a much better complete picture of what has been happening than any outsider's research or piece of fiction or file of professional underground publications. [A few writers have put the same kind of personal journalism that goes into fanzines into professional books --and this is besides the fans who have gotten their personal visions into professional print. Coming to mind are James Kunen's The Strawberry Statement and the books by Raymond Mungo, of which I've just started reading Total Loss Farm. -jdb]

The odd thing about that fake con is that it wasn't mentioned in LOCUS. The sponsors told Charlie the truth and he decided not to publish knowingly false information. But there was a conreport or two published following it, and it was announced in advance in several other fanzines. My lips are sealed on the subject from now on, and the principals in the episode are pretty much out of fandom by now, so everyone must start to save pennies now for my book on fandom in the 1960's or fandom in the 1970's, in the hope that I'll decide to tell all in one or the other of those volumes, which should come off the press around 2006.

RAY NELSON: I heaved a sigh when I read the article by Bill Rotsler on his search for sets for a gladiator film, but it wasn't for the good old days of Big Studio Movies. It was for the good old days of photo-and-story dirty books, which Bill and I used to do together. I thought then that the photobook shouldn't be limited to porno stuff, and in fact Bill and I did manage to sneak in some redeeming social value now and then, the way straight authors used to sneak in sex.

It was my idea that Bill and I could do photo-story books that would be something like comic books, only with photos instead of drawings, all black and white except for the cover and reproduced by photo-offset. These could be done along with movies, or separately, like the "cine-romans" you can get in Europe, particularly Italy and France. I wanted to do costume epics, and went so far as to go into Disneyland one day and shoot up a few rolls of film to use as backdrops and establishing shots in a sort of Victorian western...over half of Disneyland, as some of you may have noticed, is a kind of movie set for something set in the Victorian era. Bill regretfully informed me that the Disney company was not just about to let anybody use their beautiful entertainment paradise for any such low and evil purposes, and we regretfully dropped the whole thing.



Since then I've been thinking a lot about costume epics, both movie, TV and cine-roman. It would seem that, the way things are, we won't be seeing any more of them. It's just too expensive to build the sets.

But maybe Disneyland gives us a clue as to how this problem can be solved.

We're talking, for the moment, about Ancient Rome...okay? It seems to me that the way to get your money's worth out of a movie set is to amortize it, and the way to amortize it is to build it permanently and use it for more than one thing...mainly to use it for both a movie set and an amusement park, and to construct it with this end in mind.

Let's say a daring movie company decided to specialize in films set in the First Century AD. So they'd build a lifesize replica of the Jewish Temple in Jerusalem. (There's a model city of Jerusalem in Israel they could use to get it authentic.) This temple could be used to do a film about Jesus, a film about Herod and Cleopatra, about Paul, a film about the fall of the Temple in the Jewish-Roman war of 70 AD etc. etc. etc. and whenever the temple was not in use as a movie set, it could be opened to the public as a kind of museum or amusement park.

Then we could have, maybe, a reconstruction of a street in Pompeii, a reconstruction of the Roman Forum, a section of Hadrian's Wall...and there could be a Roman army camp...(these camps were pretty much the same all over the Empire). The way these things could be kept up and run at a profit is by opening them all as tourist attractions whenever there was not a film being made on them.

If a company did Century One movies and just Century One movies, they could build up a backlog of useful sets that they could use over and over again, and costumes, and tabletop models, all authentic and well-researched. They could make movies that grew steadily more and more lavish, but which would have a convincingness of detail that ordinary sets lack...and they wouldn't have a lot of sets, costumes, etc., that they couldn't use. Moreover the gradually-expanding giant movie set would form a harmonious whole as a museum and amusement park because of having everything from the same historical period.

I've always thought the First Century AD was about the most interesting period of all history, and right now I'm (A) putting together an anthology of short stories by science fiction authors called "Tales of Century One" and (B) writing a murder mystery set in First Century Alexandria with a Roman centurion as the detective, but I can see other companies developing other combined movie sets and amusement parks.

One that would be particularly good would be a Victorian one. You'd have the Paris of Victor Hugo there and the London of Holmes and Watson...and old San Francisco and some of the Old West. While they weren't shooting the entire Human Comedy as a daytime serial for TV or The Life and Times of Rudyard Kipling, these streets would open up for business and the tourists could come in and sip absinthe in an exact duplicate of the Moulin Rouge, sitting right in Toulouse L'Trick's chair and watching the can-can as it really was...do all sorts of groovy things like we used to do things in the old days.

I'd be the first sucker to line up at the ticket window!

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

LEIGH EDMONDS: Bruce Gillespie must have a smarter mailman than I; he rings up this morning to talk about the convention we are running and among other things not to do with the convention he just happens to mention that he had got a copy of EGOBOO 16. "Uh-huh," I goes, everybody gets copies of EGOBOO but never I. When John Bangsund used to live in Melbourne I used to get

to read his and more recently Bruce has been ringing me up and telling me about the goodies contained in the issues. A lot of good it does me; Bruce and I live on the opposite sides of Melbourne and it's a long enough drive by car to visit and much, much longer if you go by tram. So, the only time I ever get to see him is either at Degraives Tavern or when I happen to go over there to borrow paper. [Do you give it back? -jdb]

So, Bruce starts raving about the contents of the latest EGODOO, and there I am on the other end of the line going ho-hum as if I couldn't care less, when all the time I'm burning up with envy. In the end his tauntings become too much for me and I moan about how I never get to see a copy of it and he says, "You will this time," and I say I'll believe it when I see it for myself.

Well, the unbelievable happened; I got to see and hear it and even got a copy to feel for my very own.

San Francisco sounds like an all right place to live, but I doubt if I would. There are places around Melbourne (so I am given to understand - I've never visited them myself) of similar nature to places in SF, but I've always formed this impression that that city is a real exotic kinda place where all the weirdest things happen. If this is true, then it has it all over Melbourne, which is basically a nice, comfortable place to live. To my knowledge nothing spectacular ever happens in Melbourne; even the annual ritual of Moomba doesn't do much for me, and it is supposed to be the height of Melbourne culture. That and the Spring Racing Carnival. [Tell me, Leigh, what the hell is the ritual of Moomba? -jdb]

St. Kilda and X street (X is standing in for the name of the street, which I can't bring to the surface of my mind just now) are supposed to be the hotbeds of iniquitous living in Melbourne, and a more unstimulating sight you would have to travel a long way to see.

But don't get me the wrong way. I'm not saying that Melbourne is a boring place, just set in its ways. Like the fans. And this is a good thing; one likes to know where one stands in this fast-changing world, and it is nice to know that whatever happens in the outside world Melbourne will always be a haven from the so-called "future shock."

Like fans everywhere, the fans of Melbourne have their regular hangouts. The Space Age Bookshop, Degraives Tavern, and, for the truefans, the Cha-Cha. If it would be hard to try and describe Degraives, it would be nigh on impossible to describe the Cha-Cha, for it is such a mundane place. Still, we love it. And as a bastion of truefannishness I have the sad duty of reporting change. Nothing is solid, nothing stands against the progress of time, and the ownership of the Cha-Cha has changed. That noble woman who used to serve us and who we could only draw into conversations on rare occasions has sold up her part in the true fannish processes and is now, so we are led to believe, running a posh establishment in Toorak. In her place the new owners are quite nice, but they are not the same. They cook just as well, but we understand - they told us, in fact - that they will be introducing Italian food to the menu. I shrink with horror at the mere thought of such a thing happening. However, they will continue to serve Pancake Cha-Cha's, so all is not lost.

I'm afraid that my ability with words is not up to telling of the sensual delight to be had in the eating of a Pancake Cha-Cha; you would have to do that for yourself. If you can wait another three years, I assure you that the wait is well worth it and even more so. [I'll keep a spot open in my stomach. -jdb]

(PO Box 74, Balaclava, Victoria 3183, AUSTRALIA)

ERIC LINDSAY: You do realize that Richard Harter is right. Fannish fans do stick together, and they do ignore important and meaningful and serious things like book reviews. Even worse than that, THEY HAVE FUN. I mean, what is the world coming to when fans have fun? They should be out rioting, or at least kicking some poor author to death in a review column. Not only that, they are inconsistent. I mean, look at the Ghod Tucker. There is a person, so low I scarce know how to say this, by the name of Wilson Tucker, and he writes (shudder) science fiction. How can fannish types associate with people like that? Not only that, even the loudest defenders of fannishness have sometimes been known to associate with science fiction. Even (dare I say it?) Ted White has been known to publish scionce (shudder) fiction in his AMAZING and FANTASTIC, instead of extending his editorials through the entire issue. I know that strong fans can read just the editorials and cast aside the dry husk that remains, but what of the poor neo? Will he survive exposure to the pernicious influence of SF? NO, I say NO. We must start a jihad against such mixing of fannish and sercon peoples. We must keep the race pure. Sercon and fannish fandom must never meet. And I'm glad to see that you realise this and are doing something about it; the 158-page issue you have planned



d.n.q.--v

next is a step in the right direction; however, it is a bit on the thin side, and you only plan 4 dozen reviews where any fanzine worth its salt has at least 200 short reviews and 4 dozen 5-page reviews, and you should send it to the Torcon membership as well, and is 1000 copies really enough... and...and...what's this ticking thing you've sent me? [I think you're getting carried away, Eric. -jdb]

To think, all this time I thought that either Bill Wright or John Bangsund was the Secret Master of Australian Fandom, and all the time it is Bruce Gillespie who is pulling the strings from behind the scenes. I now have to decide whether I got EGOBOO from my own unaided efforts in posting copies of GEGENSCHWEIN all over the place, or whether it is all Bruce's ~~work~~ work. [I'm sure I would have added you to the mailing list if I had ever gotten around to going through the fanzines I'd received and putting the editors of tradazines on the list. I'm very bad about that sort of thing, though, so your being on Bruce's list of Australians we should send EGOBOO to probably helped. -jdb]

I can't think of anything to say about Calvin Demmon, but I enjoyed his writing, which makes me wonder why I didn't like Bill Rotsler's piece when I like his fiction so much. Ah, all life is subjective, which leaves me wondering if I imagined you or you me.

(6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge,

NSW 2776, AUSTRALIA)

JOHN AYOTTE: EGOBOO 15 came as a breath of fresh air into the wilderness the other day. Fannish contact has been minimal for almost three years, and I was rather glad to find that I haven't been totally forgotten.

Actually, EGOBOO was one of three fanzines to find its way to me recently. In the same package, forwarded by my parents back in the world, was a copy of DJ, from Joe Bob Williams. The funny thing about that one, tho, is that he seems to think that I'm still active and that we trade. Of course I haven't published anything since March of '69 or thereabouts. The last issue of KALLIKANZAROS never did get printed (though it was nearly ready to go at the St. Louis Con). It probably never will.

Sometimes I feel the publishing bug strike, but if I ever let it take hold again it will not produce a large gazette like KALLIKANZAROS was or I presume DJ is supposed to be. My head has gone through too many changes during my three years of fannish. The most that fandom will ever be for me again is a source of relaxation, which is the way I feel it should be. Fandom will just never be as important to me as it became for a while. Or perhaps SF is just not as important. Fandom, as any other one aspect of life, should not become all-consuming. If it does, it narrows your viewpoint too much.

The other fanzine that has arrived lately is COZINE out of Columbus. [Do you mean COSIGN, or is this something different? Either way, I haven't seen it; the last issue of COSIGN that I was aware of came out a couple of years ago. -jdb] It's kind of nice to see that fandom has not died there, but it looks like things have changed very little since the days of the ill-conceived and ill-fated O-con bid. I sort of wonder how well I'll fit into that group.

I hope to pass some thoughts on to you about my three years in the army, and two in Germany. I'm trying to wait till I've been home long enough to gain some perspective on it. Hopefully that last statement won't turn into a permanent procrastination. [Well, John? -jdb]

(1121 Pauline Ave.,

Columbus, Ohio 43224)

JOHN INGHAM: By circumstances I happened to visit Blackhill for the second time in three days (I usually go about once a month), and so happened to get EGO the day it arrived, whereupon I sat down and read it cover to cover, said feat which was happening the second time in two days, the predecessor being OUTWORLDS, that being the first fanzine I had really read in about six or seven months, if not longer. [That being the case, and this being the only word I've had of you in several months, if not longer, I'm glad you wrote. -jdb] So before we go any further, allow me to give my new address, which supercedes everything else.

As you can see, this is in a nice flat section of Kensington, and we happen to look onto the side of the Museum of Natural History. In our next-door friend's fifth floor apt. you can see the Victoria and Albert Museum behind it. Hyde Park is a couple of blocks to our left, and we even have a balcony off the bedroom. 20-foot ceilings too. And an utterly outrageous Victorian mantelpiece. We just moved in here two days ago, but it's so great.

But getting back to things fannish: it surprises me that I'm regaining interest in fandom. For about a year and a half, I didn't read anything, but I was in the thick of reading almost before I knew it, only now it's stuff on the 30s and Raymond Chandler (I wish I could write like that) and F. Scott Fitzgerald. Now I seem to be slipping back into fanzines and such. I'm even calculating TWAS EVER THUS being more frequent than it is.

I hope Harry Warner's cockles feel aglow to know that

TET (speaking of it as we were) is becoming a travel fandom zine. The current ish, as it is now being typed, is mostly about my summer hols in Greece and other exotica, and the next ish in July or August is going to cover the previous three months, spent in Turkey, Lebanon, Iraq/n, and Afghanistan. [Do you mean that you've already been to all those places, or that you'll be there in the three months preceding July or August? -jdb] I might even make it a travel genzine--send in your travel tales, friends! Travel fandom shall trample the world! [I've still got sheafs of notes to continue the write-up of my six months in Europe in 1971, the account I began only two issues ago in this fanzine, but somehow I haven't gotten around to writing any more. Rich Brown wants me to do another section for beardmutterings, which he is making noises about publishing, and indeed I'd like to do it, but it seems there's always something more immediate to write. Tonight, for example, I'm typing up the lettercolumn for EGOBOO. Just down the table, as I do this, Ted White is doing the lettercolumn for the next FANTASTIC. Do you think that between us we control the destinies of the fannish world? -jdb]

I was surprised and delighted to find my name in "Instant Egoboo." It somehow gives me a sense of Having Arrived. I thought that cartoon was one of my best, though it was one of the last I did for about ten months. (Sounds familiar, doesn't it?) I'm now getting deeply back into that, and it's weird to see pictures coming from my pen with all sorts of subconscious advances in them.

Can you send me the names of English/Irish/European fans I can mail zines to? I'm finding it quite difficult to make some connections here, and a little sense of community wouldn't hurt. [Of course I will, but I think printing this may spark some contacts too. -jdb]

(3b, 61 Queens

Gate, London SW7, ENGLAND)

CHRIS HULSE: I found your editorial very interesting. You and White write very well. I can see why you have lasted for four years. Before I read EGOBOO I thought I didn't enjoy the non-sf type fanzines. I didn't catch on to all the esoteric & clique references. And most had no exceptional writing ability. Contrary to my feelings on the subject, I enjoyed EGOBOO very much. [That's the kind of reaction that makes our cockles warmer. -jdb]

I used to live in Oakland and work on Treasure Island. Your comments on its "model railroad set" look sound like the impressions I used to experience crossing the Bay Bridge towards Frisco. The wind towards Frisco during the night would leave an extraordinarily clear sky early in the morning. And since I would be traveling with the sun and glare behind me, I could get an excellent view of Frisco. Every time I saw the city from the Bay Bridge, it looked like a 3-D picture photograph of a toy city.

My wife and I would take bus trips to Frisco from Oakland (being too chicken to drive our 54 VW bug over there -- we tried it once and it was pretty disastrous). It was during these trips over that this scene would really fascinate me, because I didn't have to concentrate on driving. I felt like I could reach out and rearrange the whole city if I so wished. Like you said, the feeling was one of unreality.

Is HOT SHIT defunct? [Yes. -jdb]

(815 Belmont #1, Long Beach, Calif. 90804)

ROY TACKETT: I suppose it is a sign of advancing age, or maybe just plain indifference, but I really didn't realize that EGOBOO 16 had a HYPHEN-type cover until Ted mentioned it. Such is the fleetingness of fannish fame. Do you realize how many fans have never seen a copy of HYPHEN? Or know of Willis as only a name out of the distant past?

Willis and HYPHEN and the delightful fannish foolishness of Northern Irish fandom--things of nostalgic memory. The utter unreality of the real world seems to have closed them out. There is no time for fannish good humor when the guns and bombs of civil war rage outside.

I am not sure that I agree, John, that San Francisco is just another city. Of course it has been 20 years since I moved away from there, but it was, ah, it was the city.

My first residence there, in 1945, was on old boarding house on Hayes St. Later on moved to the Richmond district and then to a place right at the south city limit near Bayshore. Otherwise I've lived in the Mission, the Sunset, near the Embarcadero just south of Market, on Telegraph Hill, on Russian Hill and in Chinatown. My last residence there was a little house on Diamond Heights--fantastic view of the Bay. A fantastic city.

There was a restaurant in North Beach called "El Globo" where one went prepared to spend the evening, because you started dinner at seven and the last course arrived some time after ten. And I ate pizza at the Sorrento, to the accompaniment of Caruso on an old phonograph, before the rest of the country ever heard of that particular pleaser.

Mighod, John, he exclaimed. How old is this stuff from Notsler? Three years at least. Either that

or else Bill loses track of the passage of time as easy as I do. The Living Sea exhibit in the Queen Mary has been a going thing for a couple of years. -- I was reading the latest issue of SHAGGY just a few nights ago and thinking that I've really got to get off an LoC. [Actually, I probably just dug the piece out of a very old KTEIC. I don't remember. -jdb]

NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107)

(915 Green Valley Road

ALJO SVOBODA: Thank you for sending me the Superior Fanzine of the Seventies, EGOBOO. It reminds me of the days when I edited HYPHEN, as a matter of fact. The material you use shows the selectiveness of the editors. Real quality stuff. Yes sir. The cover, for instance, showed just how much can be done in that format. Amazing. 1959? I thought I was in 1953, for a moment. But you're right, a trufan cannot be fooled for long. I soon realized I was still in 1969, and that this was just another Special Issue of SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. I really like your fanzine, Mr. Geis, but this issue was crud. Your normally impeccable repro really suffered, and I would recommend that William Rotsler practice his "art" a little more before he submits anything else to fanzines. And who is this Calvin Demmon, whose inept blatherings waste four pages of type? You could've given us four pages of good book reviews instead...don't we deserve our money's worth? And what about the poor excuse for what you call a lettercolumn? I nearly fell asleep reading it...where're the great feuds of the previous two issues? I'm glad to see you're going back to normal format! Another Special Issue like this will kill the interest in SFR. Permanently!

If EGOBOO isn't a monument, then what is it? A mausoleum? No, that doesn't fit. You aren't dying. At least, we won't know until you've been dead for some time. How about First in your Field? All the egoboo you can eat for one dollar. EGOBOO, the fannish smorgasbord. EGOBOO is great, great....

Actually, you are just about the only fannish fanzine I get. Bill "spit on my grave" Kunkel and his lovely wife haven't sent me RATS!, and I loc every issue, and Terry Hughes and Chris Couch haven't sent me HIGH TIME, of course. Tell me, John D. Berry, Traveling Giant. Why am I unpopular? How can I be a trufan? In thirty days or less? Maybe if I just try harder. How long did it take Terry Hughes or Seth McEvoy to turn into Arnie Katz Approved Neofans?

We rule by committee, and we say that fannish vibes, if poured down into the open minds of fans' fanchildren, will turn them into geniuses. Unwittingly or wittingly, this submerged talent will show itself in the clever things they say. What's more, these anecdotes will find themselves written up by a Great Writer (almost always Terry Carr, the Laney of the Seventies; Calvin Demmon, the Burbee of the Seventies; or Arnie Katz, the Seth McEvoy of the Sixties) every time. One hundred percent. This is the result of careful statistical analysis, but don't believe it. Peter and Casson, the brothers who have won over the hearts of all fandom, including Redd Doggs, the only other important person that lives in Berkeley. Hooray!

Bill Rotsler writes some column. The dead studio rose out of its coffin at his bidding to convey the sadness. It was fun reading. The whole wreckage should be put in a museum somewhere, unreconstructed, as a monument to obsolescence. We are getting old fast. Still, Rotsler goshwowed Jacques Cousteau well. All hope is not lost. As they say.

Gary Deindorfer, as they say, is the Calvin

Demmon of the Seventies.

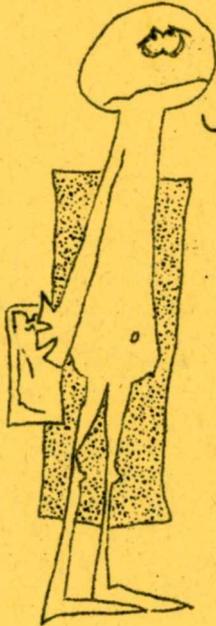
PS--I had some in a plastic baggie, but it got out and into another letter before I could send it to you. I like EGOBOO!

(1203 Buoy Ave., the Woodworks, 92665)

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Paul Anderson, who tells us, "Nixon is famous, I suppose, as I think he would be the only American president to have an icy lime concoction on a stick named after him by one of the local frozen food firms. The things are called Trickle Dickies and sell for 5¢. I tried one the other day and while it wasn't too bad I doubt if I would be too upset if I never had another." Charles Taylor, another Australian, who was disappointed there was so little talk of sf, and who said, "The only theory I had to account for your knowing my address was that somewhere there was a vast library of telephone books and that you'd picked one at random, closed your eyes, flicked through the pages and stuck a pin down somewhere and copied out the name and address. As I am not listed in our local phone-book, this seemed unlikely." Mary Legg, who is tempted to write a letter to a woman who was on the radio recently to protest that the art of letter-writing is not lost. Leigh Couch, who wrote us a fine, quotable letter and then said, "Make this one you read and don't mention, because it's only meant to show appreciation." Murray Moore, who had never written to a fanzine with two editors before and wondered if fannish etiquette required him to write two letters. (No, it doesn't. Only saints and crazy people do that.) And Bill Bowers, who wanted to know why he didn't get a copy of the last issue. (Just testing your willpower, Bill.) And that's absolutely, positively everybody, unless maybe I've forgotten somebody. Next issue we'll expect all of you to have your letters in on time. Late letters will be marked down one letter grade for every day they're late. And don't forget: Egoboo to all, and to all a good night!



# EVE DROPPINGS



IS THIS JUST  
ANOTHER FANZINE  
OR-DOES THIS  
ONE  
SPIT NAILS?!

GOD IS A SCIENCE FICTION WRITER....  
SOME PERVERSIONS ARE JUST MORE DE-  
VIOUS THAT OTHERS....LIKE BALKAN  
KINGS, SANDOR SPOKE NO LANGUAGE  
PERFECTLY, NOT EVEN HIS OWN....I  
KNOW ONE FAMOUS PERSON WHO'S WELL-  
KNOWN....JUST BECAUSE SOMEBODY'S  
LAUGHING AT YOU DOESN'T MEAN YOU'RE  
GREAT....NOBODY ELSE THOUGHT I WAS  
MAKING A FOOL OF MYSELF, BUT I DID  
....I WRITE LITURGY IN MY SPARE  
TIME FOR EXTRA CASH....HE'S SO VE-  
HEMENTLY WISHY-WASHY!....COLLEEN  
THOUGHT IT WAS AN ALTERNATE REAL-  
ITY LAST NIGHT, BUT IT WAS ONLY  
ELMER PERDUE....HE'S A SERIOUS ART-  
IST WHO DEALS WITH THE BORDER OF  
SERIOUSNESS....SIZE FOR WEIGHT,  
WE MUST HAVE BETTER MUSICIANS PER  
CAPITA THAN ANY OTHER CITY IN THE  
LAND....THAT MAN HAS GOT HIS FIN-  
GER IN THE DIKE OF PROGRESS!....  
HE DIDN'T FOLLOW ME INTO THE LADIES'  
ROOM, BUT HE DID FOLLOW ME INTO THE  
MEN'S ROOM....SHE OFTEN GOES AROUND  
THE HOUSE HIDING THINGS THAT SHE  
KNOWS I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR....I  
HAVE THIS SMUG FEELING THAT WHEN I  
SHED THIS MORTAL COIL I'LL BE AR-  
RESTED FOR INDECENT EXPOSURE....  
IT WAS ETCHED IN MY MEMORY A COUPLE  
OF MINUTES AGO....HOW MANY PEOPLE  
GET LIBRARY CARDS SO THEY CAN LIS-  
TEN TO ACID ROCK?....HE ALWAYS IM-  
PRESSED ME AS NOT BEING VERY SUC-  
CESSFUL AT BEING DEVIOUS....DID  
YOU EVER HAVE THESE DREAMS WHERE  
YOU WERE RUNNING AROUND WITHOUT  
YOUR HAT ON?....YOU ALLUDED TO IT  
FOR TWO PAGES....THE DIFFERENCE BE-  
TWEEN A LADY AND A WHORE IS THE  
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN NIGHT AND DAY  
....HE'S NOT REALLY LONG-WINDED,  
HE JUST HAS A LONG ATTENTION SPAN  
....IT'S NOT A THING ONE CAN LIGHT-  
LY TAKE UP OVERNIGHT, LIKE WRITING  
FOR FANZINES, OR GIVE UP OVERNIGHT,  
LIKE WRITING FOR FANZINES.....  
alice sanvito 3, terry carr 2, greg  
benford 2, calvin demmon, gary dein-  
dorfer 2, ted loring, gregg calkins,  
terry hughes, herb caen, joe staton,  
john ganther, ed smith, rich brown,  
ted white 3, f.m. busby, anon

JOHN D. BERRY AND TED WHITE  
1017 N. TUCKAHOE ST.  
FALLS CHURCH, VA. 22046

THIRD CLASS

respond in some way, or you  
won't get another issue

# BLAT!

A  
SUPPLEMENT  
TO  
**BLAT! 3**

A · R · C · H · I · V · E · S

## INTRODUCTION

**S**trange. Very strange. That's what it is. Who'd have thought that after twenty-odd years I'd be writing another editorial for *Egoboo*? Didn't we get enough egoboo back then?

Well no, of course not. You can never have too much egoboo. In fact, as I recall the response was pretty sparse on the ground for the last few issues. *Egoboo* began in the summer of 1968 as a small, frequent fanzine — a sort of glorified two-person letter substitute in the form of a miniature genzine — and somehow it established itself in the minds of fandom as just that: small and frequent. No matter that after the fourth issue, at the end of that summer, when I went back to college 3,000 miles from my co-editor, the gaps between issues lengthened to three or four months; no matter, either, that after a few issues I took over virtually all the editorial and production chores and doubled the size of the zine to a modest genzine of 24 pages, pulling in several irregular columnists besides ourselves. *Egoboo* was still a small, frequent fanzine in the minds of fandom — until the long cycle of their attention span was reached and a new impression embedded itself: *Egoboo*, the infrequent fanzine, the fanzine that's spent itself, the fanzine that hardly comes out any more and might fold at any time. This, too, was an impression that was hard to shake, but it was also considerably less congenial than the first one: it meant that no one bothered to write letters. (Well, not *no one* — as evidenced by the pages of time-mouldered letters that you're about to read.) In the last issue, I addressed this perception and promised that *Egoboo* was not dead, that it would keep on appearing, and that we'd appreciate getting more letters.

It just took us a little while.

John D. Berry

# EGOBOO 17

When we started *Egoboo*, in the summer before the Baycon (which was eulogized at last year's San Francisco worldcon as "Fandom's Summer of Love"), I was a first-year college student about to turn eighteen, home in suburban Bronxville, New York, for the summer, my head stuffed full of the excitement of a year away from home in the hotbed of psychedelia and counter-culture, the San Francisco Bay Area. Apart from pining in an unrequited transatlantic romance for an exchange student I'd met the winter before, all that I did of importance that summer, or so it seemed, was work on fanzines and take the train into New York City to Ted's apartment to talk with him and other fans and publish those fanzines. We had a lot of fun inventing the artform — the idea of a "miniaturized genzine" was Ted's and Les Gerber's, and one that he and Dan Steffan later perfected in *Pong* — and it was gratifying to get all that quick response. Besides, 1968 was a time of ferment in fandom as well as the outside world: "It's Eighth Fandom Time (Maybe)," as Ted declared in our second issue, pointing to the apparent fannish renaissance all around us. Even since Dick Geis had revived his once-seminal fanzine *Psychotic* in the fall of '67, in a burst of energy and renewed enthusiasm, fanzine publishers had been popping out of the woodwork. Fanzines, as Ted put it later, were *talking to each other*, and a lot of them were doing a very good job of it. That's what we wanted to participate in.

So we did.

In a sense, *Egoboo* spanned the lifetime of this putative "Eighth Fandom." Even though the exuberant, argumentative, SF-based Zeitgeist of fandom in 1968 (remember the ironic "two-hundred-dollar suit"?), especially in the pages of *Psychotic*-turned-*SF-Review*, differed quite a bit from the inward-looking, hyper-fannish Gestalt of fandom in 1972, expounded and proselytized (and practiced, sometimes brilliantly) in the pages of *Focal Point*, *Potlatch*, and other fanzines of the Brooklyn Insurgents, still, you can look back on that period as a single long outburst of fannish creativity and fractious community. After 1972, things tapered off. Energies dissipated. Cohesion unknit. New patterns and new fans, of course, which would create a different, more diffuse fannish scene in the later '70s, were beginning to coalesce, but they hadn't yet found their form.

And fandom itself had grown and changed in a fundamental way, as science fiction became a mass phenomenon instead of the marginal enthusiasm of a few readers of weird books. No longer would we be able to speak of fandom as one thing (if we ever had); it was no longer a single small town but a series of expanding suburbs, and

as we've seen over the two decades since then, each group, whether village or subdivision, had to find its own community on a more and more local scale. "Fanzine fandom," in those days, was a much larger thing than "fannish fandom," but today you often hear the two phrases used interchangeably — to distinguish "us" from the great mass of science-fiction fans whose experience is not centered on reading and writing the printed word.

There was nothing symbolic or reflective of the times in how *Egoboo* ceased publication. We just got tired of the old forms and went on to other things. In the fall of 1972, I moved from the Bay Area back to the East Coast, following my co-editor, as it were, to Falls Church, where he had grown up and where we became the nucleus of the unlikely community known as "Falls Church fandom." (Occasionally, in fits of self-referential self-hype, we'd call ourselves "Fabulous Falls Church Fandom.") I lived at first in Ted and Robin's house, later with rich and Colleen Brown, and eventually in an apartment way out in the country with Terry Hughes. We all hung out together, laughing and playing and having a good time, and we immortalized a few scraps of it in the pages of an irregular one-shot called *The Gafiate's Intelligencer*. (We confused all our readers by numbering the fanzine as though each time we got together was an issue, whether we committed anything to paper or not. Only three real issues appeared, as far as I can remember.) But all this superseded the fanzine form that Ted and I had established in *Egoboo*, and somehow we just never got around to publishing another issue.

Well, obviously "never" is a word that one should use with care. Ted has found another willing collaborator ("Want to make a BNF happy?") and a new form to perfect (nobody would call BLAT! "miniaturized"), and part of this new form seems to include exhuming, one by one, the unpublished last issues of what are now, inarguably, old fanzines. So *Egoboo* 17, rescued from oblivion, is finally appearing after a slight delay of only 22 years.

The stencils were languishing in Ted's basement, and although he and Dan have run them off, they haven't actually sent me a copy yet. So you see, I haven't *read* these pages in more than twenty years. Dan did remind me, in a cursory way, of what was in them. You know, I'm kind of looking forward to seeing what we said.

You too? Well, get on with it, then! What are you waiting for?

And don't forget those letters.

— John D. Berry, May, 1994

## INTRODUCTION

Ted White

In 1963 Less Gerber and I started up a small, frequent fanzine called *Minac*, and it was in fact the first "ensmalled genzine" I can recall, having as it did editorial columns, a fanzine review column (by Terry Carr), an occasional article, and letters — all within less than a dozen pages. *Minac* lasted a little over a year, folding in 1964. But it was still a good idea for a fanzine, and four years later I tried it again with another young and energetic fan, John D. Berry (or "Johnny Berry" as we called him — to differentiate from the John Berry who then lived in Ireland — before we found out how much John hated to be called "Johnny").

*Egoboo* had two distinct phases as a fanzine. The first phase was much like *Minac*: small and frequent, but including "genzine" features, unlike, say, Andy Main & Calvin Demmon's *Flying Frog* (which was more a co-edited personalzine, and much funnier than *Egoboo*). Then, once frequency was not possible, *Egoboo* became an actual genzine of 24 pages. The model we used was Gregg Calkins' late-fifties *Oopsla!*, a fanzine which had a

stable lineup of columnists and maybe an article plus letters in each issue. Our lineup of columnists included Calvin Demmon and Bill Rotsler, plus ourselves, and that plus perhaps an article by someone else and the letters easily filled 24 pages, even with maximum use of micro-elite (mostly for the letters).

In 1969 I became editor of *Amazing* and *Fantastic*, and my fanac diminished somewhat. It was at this point that John began taking control over *Egoboo*, and most of the credit for the 24-page issues belongs to him. Although I remained co-editor, I really was more like another columnist in the fanzine — despite John's generous disclaimer in the letter column of this issue.

John stencilled all of issue 17 (and wrote all the answers to the letters) — and I never did get around to writing my editorial for it (which, to hold to our 24-page limit, couldn't have run more than two pages anyway). Apparently I was putting together the letter column for one of my prozines while John typed the stencils.

So my presence in this issue of *Egoboo* is, largely, subliminal. But isn't it great to have Burbee's legendary "I Was The Captain of a Spaceship" back in print again? — Ted White

