

It was an inauspicious beginning, but fortunately nothing worse was (really) waiting for us, despite an occasional scare.

I put over seven thousand miles on the rented car during that one month. We drove nonstop from New York to Heyworth, Illinois, where we finally conked out in a motel Sunday night. Andy called Bob Tucker, and promised we'd stop off to say hello on the way back. I slept like a log.

Pushing like hell at the Rambler Ambassador, we got to Berkeley Wednesday afternoon. I averaged seven and eight hundred miles a day. We were consumed alive by hordes of mosquitoes in North Platt, Nebraska, braved torrential downpours in Iowa, and fought off dumb-ass drivers all across the country who liked to drive slowly in the fast lanes of Interstates and the like.

Wednesday evening we checked into the Claremont, one or two days before our reservation, but with no difficulty. We examined our room, and Andy examined his, and then we promptly swapped. We wanted a double bed. Both rooms had telephones in the bathrooms as well as at bedside. I liked the Claremont fine. The service was excellent in every area except that of the restaurant, and we ate out mostly. We were located at the end of the wing closest to the swimming pool, and I always found a space for the car close by. This gave us our own private entrance and access to the pool, and we dug it. The result was that we spent almost every day in the pool (or the *marvelous* whirlpool bath next to it), and our room became a general dressing room for the Benford people et al.

A good con. It was, as I am wont to say, a case of people and place jelling properly. We found all our friends, and spent our time among them, clannishly ignoring everything which might have been unpleasant about the program or other con attendees. It was great seeing the Busbys again, and all four Benfords, meeting Mickie, chewing over his SHAGGY article with Len Bailes, digging Andy Main again, picking up Li'l Apa gossip from, it seemed like, damned near everybody, and-- but I can't put all the names down here. You all know who you are, because most of you get EGOBOO. A great, non-stop, week-long party.

After the con, some time out in Walnut Creek with the Benfords, a day spent touring San Francisco and riding cable cars with Johnny, and finally a night and half the next day spent with the Rolfe's, from which it was hard to tear ourselves away. It shouldn't have ended. We all felt that. We treasured it all, even the near-perpendicular drive up Jones St. in S.F. But finally, more than a week after arriving in the area, we drove north, up through San Rafael, and up towards Redwood Country.

And then east, from Eureka, through the bloody-awfullest mountains I've ever negotiated (giant logging trucks were always coming around each blind curve), into Nevada, and north to Idaho. On a stretch totally barren of all human habitation for some ninety miles, it happened: we tore a hole in the gas tank. The car had been riding very low with all the weight of us and our luggage (plus two cases of wine for Charlie Brown), and at one of the turnouts we'd made we'd put a hole in the tank large enough to pass a quarter through. With one eye on the gas gauge and my foot down all the way on the accelerator, we did close to a hundred until we came to a crossroads gas station. It was a race against the fast-emptying tank, and we just won. The service-station man fixed the hole quite well for seven bucks.

The lava flats of Idaho. The Grand Tetons. Yellowstone. Lots of flat Interstate driving. And, ultimately, Heyworth again. The Tuckers were exceedingly hospitable, and once again we were in fan country again. News of the Baycon had preceded us, and Bob was eager for all the under-

lying gossip. Despite our original plans we were pleasantly pressured into staying overnight, and the next day Bob drove us to Bloomington (pointing out the fields through which he'd driven a winter earlier when the snow hid the road, as related in his FAPAazine) and I saw the streets where once Charles Horne had walked. A curiously pleasant little city.

Onward, ever onward. We got home that Saturday, too late for the final instalment of The Prisoner. That's life.

WHY THAT'S AMAZING! Another thing which happened to me this fall was the unexpected offer of the editorship of AMAZING and FANTASTIC. I accepted it, of course. As of now, I have put my own two first issues together, and feel a strange and satisfying pride in it all.

My first issues of AMAZING and FANTASTIC will appear in late February and March, respectively. But my name will be on those coming out this month and January, despite the fact that they were edited by Barry Malzberg. If any of you still glance at prozines any more, I counsel you to remember that Barry wrote those blurbs -- I didn't.

In "my" AMAZING, I wrote my first editorial, and put together my first lettercolumn. Of course, I picked out and blurbed and copyedited and proofread the stories too, but hell, that's not much. The editorial and the letter column are what really count.

I can't say I did them exactly as I anticipated doing them, but I think this is something I shall have to work into, slowly. It takes time to learn these things. I would like to ask that any and/or all of you contribute to the letter columns in AMAZING and FANTASTIC. I'd like to get a good old fashioned rip-roaring set of columns going.

Scheduled for the next issue of AMAZING after my first will be a column of fanzine reviews. It will probably be by my co-editor, Johnny Berry. And for FANTASTIC I plan a series of fan-oriented articles, some new and some reprinted from fanzines.

So where does this leave my fanac?

Cut back, obviously. I wrote a final column for PSY (due to appear in SFR #29), back in late October. And I simply won't be able to do letters of comment on every fanzine I get any more. And it has been my fault that this of EGOBOO is so late (Johnny sent me the first four pages of his column and a lettercol months ago).

But I do plan to stay with EGOBOO, if less regularly. And I shall become more of a columnist for Johnny Berry's EGOBOO than anything else. This issue, like the next, is transitional, and they will probably be the last I shall myself publish. (As always, Johnny will be handling the mailing list, and requests should go to him.)

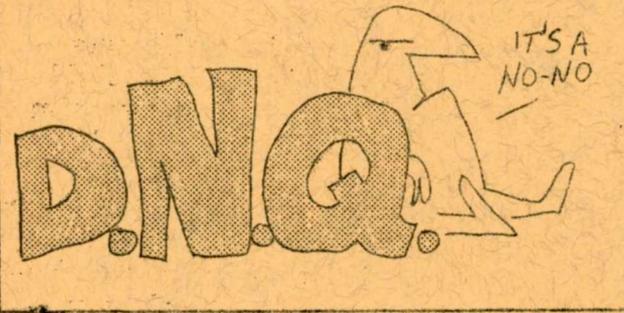
We may have lost our only outside columnist due to the delay; so far we haven't heard anything from Dick Bergeron after letting him know EGOBOO wasn't dead yet. Oh well. We still think WARHOON is great, Dick.

NAKED EGOBOO: This year has been more than passingly good to me, despite its share of frustrations, accidents, etc. And I want to thank everyone who voted me my fan-writer Hugo. I'm proud of it, and damned pleased to have it. Now, next year, let's get Harry Warner his. You've got a damned good excuse now: two instalments of his biography of Walt Willis in WARHOON.

Likewise, it's been years since a fan the stature of Bob Shaw has been nominated for TAFF, and I hope this will give TAFF a shot in its arm. Vote, as they say, early and often.

Finally, it's a bit late to say Merry Christmas (this won't be mailed until afterwards), but Season's Best to all of you, anyway! --Ted White

LETTERS



NORM CLARKE
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CANADA

Many thanks for sending
FOOLSCAPS and MAVERICKS through
all those months and even years
of total unresponsiveness from
me.

I'm fairly certain that
you don't expect me to comment on all those back
issues now (thank you), so I won't, except to men-
tion that I enjoyed your several trip/con reports,
especially the famous remark reportedly made to
Steve Stiles by Boyd Raeburn and subsequently at-
tributed to me, and which I don't remember say-
ing at all. Perhaps Mr. Stiles made the whole
thing up, for of course he lies a lot. Anyway,
I think he looks exactly like Steve Stiles, es-
pecially the nostrils. Actually, I now dimly re-
member saying, at the TriCon, "You don't look
like Steve Stiles." I was talking to Lee Hoff-
man at the time.

The MAVERICKS were enjoyed and
appreciated, also, being the only newszines I've seen in a long time (I'm not interested in news
of stf prodom, which is why I don't get Andy Porter's zine). Now you can stop not getting it
because you're not interested. Now you can not get it because it's dead. -jdb- Of course I was
croggled to learn that VOID 23 will be (has been?) published, and amused to learn that Ted White
is doing his co-editing trick again. Well...ah...Ted, you tell him about VOID 29. -jdb- And
that brings me to EGOBOO 3: it's a fine fanzine, and what if it does look like MINAC? (You are
now, of course, a certified member of that large and raffish group called The Ted White Satellites.)
Best stuff: Ted's putdown of "The Great Marko" and your, ah, review of SOPHISTICATED, though Bob
Silverberg will probably lecture you on the eviality of saying unkind things about miserable crud-
zines publish by young fans (don't listen to him; and keep Silverberg out of your fanzine).

BOB LICHTMAN

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It might interest you to know that Egoboo #3 got here August
22nd bearing an August 20th postmark from someplace called "Edgar-
town, Ma." Save this sentence for publication the next time some
fanz starts putting down the United States Post Office. (Inasmuch as a good percentage of the
San Francisco Post Office is friends of mine, I think I ought to give them some indirect egoboo.)
Where is "Ma." though? Massachusetts? Maryland? Maine? Massachusetts. It's a town on Mar-
tha's Vineyard. -jdb-

This is a paragraph for you to pass on to Ted: I think that the point you
wanted to make about Los Angeles fandom and its mania for obsessive reporting of its bowling
scores has been made. It was made quite well in "The Sports Page" in Egoboo #2 and run into the
ground in "The Sports Page" in Egoboo #3. Although I'm absolutely certain that the subject could
provide you with lots of additional copy, as the subject of Coventry provided me with lots of copy
in 1962 and 1963, I feel you are mostly playing to an uninterested or disinterested house. (I mean,
I assume that I am not alone in not receiving the bowling-score fanzines from LA which prompted
this.) Most of them went through SEFA. -jdb- Please not to construe this as any kind of attack,
just as advice from someone who's played the same game.

If Greg and I revive FRAP, which is ac-
tually pretty unlikely, we would probably run it on about the same basis as before. That is,
rigid 24-page issues with no more than 25% letters, published regularly and not too infrequently.
That sort of standardization and disinclination to let the magazine expand made possible its pub-
lication at all. But, as I say, it is very unlikely that we'll do it. Both of us can get all the
fanzines we want for letters, trade and/or friendship, and I at least would just as soon not get
involved in a network of trados. I generally send a FAPAZINE in response to something unsolicited
that impresses me, but I don't want at this time to be put in the position of having anyone expect-
ing a regular exchange. As an, I guess, old-time fan (which really makes me go through some
changes, because I don't think of myself in those terms), I receive enough unsolicited stuff from
my name being in the FAPA roster and from letters in various fanzines. Ted can probably tell you
much the same tale. Oh, come on. Revive FRAP. Everyone's doing it. -jdb-

GRAHAM BOLK

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St. Albans, Herts.

ENGLAND

Quick skin through E 1 produced complete agreement with your comment on
the appearance of fanzines being an important point in their appeal. (Near
heresy, and totally unfair - but regrettably true.) The strange thing is
that I always considered BADINAGE a reasonably neat fanzine. Certainly the
Mercers, who were in charge of production, have received no vast onslaught
of criticism on that score. Perhaps US fanzines are more neat for some reason than British fan-

zines - you should have seen **FREEWHEELING 2** or **RUFFCUT!**

Which leads quite neatly to my second point of interest; this time in **E 2**. Your review of **GRIMWAB** brings up some interesting points about British fanzines. I did mention it to Harry when I was home last week, and he is much (though not necessarily identically) in agreement with my following comments.

British fans use elite type, white paper, few pages, and very little ditto because of cost. They simply can't afford any frills or waste. (One point of interest - the ditto cover of **BADINAGE** was perhaps the most unpopular piece in any edition - I've yet to see locs on B 5 he said, covering himself hastily.) Duplicators come expensive - fandom is largely carried on the backs of a handful scattered over the country. Elite typo puts more words onto fewer stencils. Ditto, or as we call it spirit duplicating, is largely unavailable.

Rag-content paper seems to be unavailable here - at least I've never seen it or heard of it. I'm afraid I goofed. Someone had told me that the sort of paper we print **EGGBOO** on was "rag content" paper, but when he saw my remarks Ted corrected me: rag content is a very high grade paper; this stuff is very cheap. It seems that this stuff doesn't have any name at all, and I'll have to go back to calling it "the stuff with the threads in it." -jdbj

RON WHITTINGTON
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The conciseness and clarity of thought you demonstrate in dealing with 2001 impresses me greatly. Further, it touches upon something I have been wondering on: When is the "controversy" over the movie going to end. It may be that it is an excellent film--I am of the opinion that it is--but I am tired of seeing it reviewed everywhere. I don't mind the good reviews but there are damn few of them; the best and possibly the only good one I have seen was Walter Green's in **WARHOON 24**, and, even so, I can't agree with much of what he said. It's possible that you have taken the second (known to me) step toward making 2001 a thing of the past, if such a thing is possible within the next 33+ years. The thing I fear is that there will be a similar commotion surrounding the book, what with all the movie critics rushing to get their second thoughts into print. I liked the film and book but enough is quant...suff. And if you're in the market for a real dangerous vision, think about this: Suppose someone decides to turn 2001 into a Saturday morning cartoon show for the kiddies as actually did happen with **JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH** and **FANTASTIC VOYAGE**. Then, regardless of what Clarke and Kubrick might say, the true meaning of that unusual ending will stand revealed: an up-dated version of the opening of Pandora's Box.

I suggested and am pulling for a discussion or series of talks on fanhistory at Saint Louiscon. Maybe this will serve to instill a sense of history among the newer fans--and maybe next time Ted writes an article about Eighth Fandom or somesuch thing, I'll be able to comment intelligently thereon.

RICHARD LARONNE
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CANADA

ELVIRA MADIGAN was billed here in Ottawa as "possibly the most beautiful film ever made." So I didn't go. If they aren't sure that it's the most beautiful film ever made, I'm not going to bother.

BADINAGE, as Ted says, is a sloppy fanzine, put out by fans who are using themselves and their surroundings, and not what other people have done, as their inspiration. I would condemn the fanzine because it's not that good; but to rake it because it's not following the dictums of what other fans did in the past doesn't seem fair. To each fan his own thing...if you and Darroll and Harry Fell prefer the faannish aspect of fandom, and can publish good fanzines in that idiom, that's your thing; the Bristol group apparently doesn't see things that way, and would rather try to be serious. Unfortunately, they're not as good at it yet...may never be...as Pete Westen is. But **BADINAGE** is not a serious fanzine; nor do either Ted or I think that a fanzine must be faannish to be good, although a certain element of fannishness has to be evident before I would call it a fanzine. Whatever it's trying to do, **BADINAGE** just isn't very good. -jdbj

All of which is not to deny that **BADINAGE** isn't very good. They just shouldn't be condemned for not being something they don't want to be.

As to Ted's cavil that the reason for their failure is a lack of editorial and critical standards--might it not be corrected in time? If it hasn't been yet, I'm rather dubious that it ever will be. -jdbj

Anyway, it was a well-written and enjoyable pounce and clawing.

VERA MEMINGER
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Creath Thorne's estimate that twenty people run fandom at any one time-- through fanac, writing and publishing strikes me as being very much on the conservative side. Just the St Louis crowd and the LA crowd make up more

Typ 20
Fandom Col.
Weston Bergin
Ted White Rudolph
Warner.
-6-

than twenty active individuals already...Wouldn't a list be interesting too (and create some feuds...)? But who are the few people who actually spark all that activity? In St. Louis, for instance, only Ray Fisher would fit into the "twenty"; in LA, I'm not sure, but I doubt more than two or three could be found. That number doesn't mean there are only that many actfans; it just means that a score of fans really run things through their influence on others. -jdb

Your comments on Martha's Vineyard evoked a bit of nostalgia here. I spent part of a vacation there, and my fondest memories are not so much lots of movies as watching some of these fine square-riggers come into the harbor. What a sight they were...

GRAHAM BOAK (again): Originally I wrote a line-by-line refutation of your review of BADINAGE. Now I realize that you would hardly be convinced by any such argument, so why waste postage? Suffice it to say that I found nine errors of fact in your article: I do admit that it was beautifully written (despite a few minor flaws) and had more than a gem of truth.

One point: Why didn't you mention Rob Johnson? Hell, it was his fanzine you were criticizing.

One other: "Threaten" was the operative word. Had you suggested raising the fees for overseas membership in a civil manner, I (and probably Rob) would have been forced to agree with you. But instead you used it as a club, to quell discontent and silence fair criticism. (Or unfair criticism: to print Pat's attack next to a rave about Baycon now seems bad editing - I claim the blame, it was done before I handed over to Rob.)

Your biased attitude and slanted epithets I can stand. You do have a reputation to uphold. Why should you expand a few personal comments of mine into a country-wide controversy? [A what?!? -jdb] You damaged your own argument there. Anyone with even slight knowledge of British Fandom would have known that no such controversy exists.

I've already said more than I intended. I really wrote this letter to use the "moronic conceit" I was accused of having. I may as well live up to the reputation you've given me. Why don't you write something for my 'zine, CYNIC? (I do intend to learn from BAD's mistakes - at least to some extent.) I don't always agree with what you say, but you are an entertaining bastard when you set out to be.

[I don't get letters like this every day. Which is not to say I haven't gotten a lot of requests to write for the fanzines of various neofans, but rarely after four paragraphs of lambasting. Why don't I write something for CYNIC, Graham? Because I think you're a jerk. Why do I think that? Well, let's run down your letter.

In your first paragraph you cop out. After stating that you wrote a refutation, you say you don't think it would convince me. You add that you found nine errors of fact, but don't list a single one. Finally, you state that my piece "had more than a gem of truth." Facts, Graham--real facts--are the most convincing and least arguable form of argument available, and the most likely to convince me.

I didn't mention Rob Johnson by name because it was my impression that BADINAGE was something of a group effort, and because it was your review that sparked most of my comments.

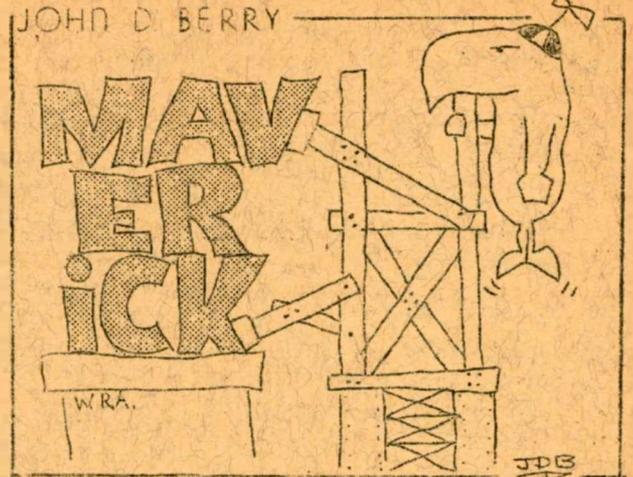
This matter of "blackmail" and "threatening" is what really turns me off, however. You jerks think the worldcon owes you a membership on a platter, and that this big dollar you've spent qualifies you to publish the ravings of a senile old man (we since turned up correspondence from Mr. Terry that gives the lie to all his criticisms), and to add your own biased, non-informed beefs. And you gripe about how you haven't gotten your big dollar's worth. When I point out that worldcon chairmen don't have to take this nonsense, and that if you rub their noses in it, you'll simply provoke them into raising the overseas rates to a proper level, then you accuse me of "blackmail." Look, jerk, I am not in any position to "threaten" or "blackmail" you, as should have been obvious, because I am no longer in any way connected with putting on a worldcon. My warning was just that: and I wonder now if you think it was my fault that St. Louis and Columbus agreed, before consite voting this year, to raise overseas rates to \$3.00.

Maybe no controversy (over the present quality of British fanzines) exists, but you people seemed to spend a lot of time on it, both in BADINAGE and in various U.S. fanzines, like--most recently--FOOLSCAP. I note you've dwelt on it in your recent LoC's to PSYCHOTIC and WARPCON as well.

You can't read. I did not accuse you, specifically, of "moronic conceit"; I applied it to "modern-day British fans" who "turn their backs" on British fandom's heritage of quality. If the shoe fits, wear it. The notion of living up to your erstwhile reputation confirms to me the fact that you do, in fact, deserve it.

This reply is probably more harsh than it needs to be, but you bug me, A. Graham Boak, you really do. --Ted White

THRU HISTORY WITH I've just been read-
 J. WESLEY TRUFA : ing my file of NI AC,
 which is some sort
 of lineal antecedent to GO OO, for Ted
 at least. It's of interest to me both
 for that reason, and because it's an
 excellent old fanzine and I enjoy read-
 ing excellent old fanzines. (Or "Gold-
 en Oldies" as the Bristol fans have it
 -- sigh.*) I don't feel there is any
 particular danger of GO OO imitating
 NI AC, although we are more in the NI
 AC tradition than any other (and per-
 haps it would take some pressure off
 Arnie Katz and his "QUIP is VOID"), but



the Gerber/white zine does provide some good ideas as to what you can do
 with a very small fanzine. We have decided not to use half-size or leg-
 alength paper on GOBOO to avoid a file of our fanzine looking as mis-
 matched as the NI AC one does, yet I have become rather fond of the idea
 of legalength fanzines and will probably use it at a future opportunity.
 I began especially to notice the benefits of legalength when I bought
 two quires of stencils for FOOLSCAP and "Maverick." The national head-
 quarters of the Gestetner Corp. is near Bronxville, in Yonkers, so I drove
 over there one day to buy supplies. These four-hole big 3 stencils were
 \$3.00 a quire; I could have gotten another variety 30% cheaper, but I
 wanted stencils that would take artwork well. But such prices started me
 looking at all the blank space at the bottom of the stencils and think-
 ing of all the good use to which it could be put. Besides, NI AC nos.
 11 thru 15 looked good in legalength. As I say, GOBOO will remain stand-
 ard sized, but I do recommend the advantages of the longer format. I
 wonder what new possibilities in layout it might present.

But back to
 NI AC for a while. I said that GOBOO seems to be in the NI AC tradition.
 I mean that it seems to resemble NI AC in format more than, say, FA AC,
 or GADGET, or FLYING FROG. In a letter that we didn't print, Creath
 Thorne commented that fandom seemed to be knitting its seams together
 again and that it needed a few fmz or fans to work on making fandom a-
 ware of its identity and lead new fans to the good fanzines and the cen-
 ter of the action. He also said that GO OO sounded like it could help
 a lot to give this fandom its identity. (He wrote that before receiving
 GOBOO 1.) Now I rather doubt this proposition. Oh, not that fandom
 needs identity, but that GOBOO will become any sort of center. Arnie
 Katz has made similar noises, speculating that if it gells right, GO OO
 could become an "indispensable" fanzine. I wouldn't mind that--there's
 plenty of eroboo in publishing a focal fanzine--but at the same time it
 again seems unlikely. Neither Ted nor I am interested in the large cir-
 culation or intentionally wide appeal that a FA AC or, on a larger scale,
 a PSYCHOTIC needs. We're both leaning on each other in producing this
 fanzine (each other's shoulders, that is), even though it is not our only
 fanac in either case. I try to provide a summary of all the news that
 comes my way in New York or the BArea, and I include changes of address
 because somebody has to publish them and I always got mad at Andy Porter
 for neglecting them in SPARKLY; other than that, Ted and I both try to
 write what we want to say to our friends--our mailing list--and we review
 fanzines often and now Richard Bergeron is columnizing. We would like to
 get letters from our friends, because in many cases what we write in GO-
 BOO is what we might write in many personal letters if we weren't publish-
 ing it. Our mlg list is made up mostly of those people we are really

concerned about seeing our work, plus a few who have obs on us (such as subscriptions to the defunct NAVERICK), and I will be happy if this stays in the vicinity of 70-80. Mailing fmz is a drag, and one which I am possibly becoming notorious for being slow at, but it is part of my half (half?) of the Division of Labor on this fanzine. So is the mailing list. And so I am apt to cut unwanted deadwood. (Since this is for our friends, though, wanted deadwood will be kept. We will gladly hide them from the sheriff's posse.)

Now I don't think that MIAC ever achieved the position of being a relay point for information, opinion, and entertainment that I was talking about on the last page. Not until it became a leading journal in the Green Boondoggle, anyway, and I fervently hope that no such controversy arises to haunt the pages of EGOBOO. I would like to see EGOBOO approach this form a bit; I would like to see it perhaps achieve the 'fanzine in miniature' concept better than MIAC did (many issues seem rather diffuse on looking back on them), and I'd like to keep EGOBOO more flexible and less standardized as time passes than MIAC. But still, I can't see EGOBOO achieving the status of a Focal Point. Come to think of it, I don't think EGOBOO has found its true form quite yet.

This has been a history lesson about MIAC.

THE 3000-MILE ITCH: The Baycon has caught this issue of EGOBOO in the middle, or at least my half. As the perceptive fan will realize, this typeface is quite different from the above; this betokens the fact that the above was stencilled in Bronxville, on my mother's fine Smith-Corona electric, while this is being stencilled in California (in Palo Alto, to be exact, where I am staying with Joe and Felice Rolfe during the three weeks between the Baycon and the opening of Stanford's dorms), on a borrowed Olympia manual. (There's nothing like leaving your own typer at the conhotel to screw things up.) At the moment, Ted and Robin and Andy Porter are somewhere between here and New York, driving leisurely home from said worldcon. The fact that this fanzine's co-editors will be a continent apart for the next three months will not deter us...it might slow us down, though. There is a definite difference between sending my stencils off from the BArea and hopping on the Penn Central and the subway to ride out to Brooklyn. Anyway, we still steadfastly refuse to commit ourselves to even a tentative schedule, but I guess you can count on us to come out pretty often still. I like publishing frequently.

Have you ever thought of mankind as a sort of giant N3F?

SPREEKT U ENGELS, MENEER? I am fascinated by languages. The structure of a language, the relations between words and phrases, the history of a language's development, the sounds and pronunciations of the words--all of these I love to study. I have a predecessor in fandom: Andy Main has long been interested in languages, and his first fanzines gained him a reputation for it, so that one night at the BayCon when several of us were debating the origins of a word, someone said, "I wish Andy main were here; he'd be able to tell us." But where Andy's particular interests are (were?) Hebrew and Swedish, mine extend more toward the Romance languages and to Dutch. I can only speak one language besides English with anything approaching fluency, and that is French, which I've been studying for three years in high school and college. When I spent a summer in Europe two years ago, I picked up more French than anything else because I had studied it for a year and knew enough basic grammar that when I heard a form of a verb,

I could make several other forms of the same verb just knowing that, to take a typical example. I also picked up some Italian, since more time was spent in Italian Switzerland and Italy than anywhere else, but despite four years of highschool Latin, I didn't know the basic grammar of Italian and couldn't use what I learned as well. (You can probably see that I am not the sort of person who learns a language best by just beginning to speak it; the easiest, most effective way for me is to learn the simple grammar like How To form the second person singular of a verb, or How adjectives agree (or don't) with nouns, then pick up vocabulary both through reading and by speaking the language.)

I've almost given up on school teaching of languages, though. I took French in highschool in a class that was filled mostly with kids two grades lower than I, because I was starting a second language in the eleventh grade, and French I, like Spanish I or Latin I, was basically aimed at ninth graders just beginning a foreign language for the first time. The school wasn't large enough to support a separate class for older students. Hell, it wasn't large enough even to support any languages besides those three. But when I got to college, at good old *Big* Stanford U, I found classes that were, essentially, just highschool classes once again, except that they were taught in the native language. We had the same kind of daily assignments (not to mention daily classes, which many college courses don't have), the same dull class periods which you spent hoping the teacher wouldn't discover you weren't prepared, and the same kind of attitude that this was a course, a requirement to be gotten through, rather than a chance to learn the damned language. It was all profoundly unstimulating, and consequently I did poorly.

Then, in spring quarter, I was lucky. I was forced to repeat the course I'd taken the quarter before, because I had missed the final exam. So, on the advice of my former teacher, I did not take the course from her again, but instead I registered for the other section being taught at the same time. And the teacher I got, a M. Jean Duchesne, turned out to be an excellent and stimulating teacher. Why? Because he wasn't supposed to be teaching at all. He had been a student at some French college connected with the Sorbonne, and when he came to Stanford for a year he expected to be made some sort of associate with no more job than advising some advanced French students. Instead he was given two separate classes to teach, although he had never done any teaching before. Without any of the ridiculous approaches of the more established instructors in Stanford's Dept. of French and Italian, he began conducting the classes in a most unorthodox and intriguing manner that proved very successful. He regarded the texts and the exercises and things as something that must be endured, and then he felt free to go on to actually teaching us something of the language. He also eliminated the Assignment compulsion and the guilt feelings of homework undone that had held over from highschool. Besides all this, he was a fascinating personality, making French one of the classes I enjoyed rather than one which I avoided whenever possible. At any rate, as a consequence of all this, je parle francais avec un peu de facilité.

But also as a consequence, when I found myself wanting to learn Dutch, I decided to teach myself rather than take a course in it. (Maybe the fact that Stanford doesn't offer Dutch had something to do with that decision, too.) Why I am interested in Dutch is a long story, but by now, after buying (1) a phrasebook, (2) a dictionary, and (3) a grammar book, and studying them at a leisurely pace for several months, I have down a good part of the basic grammar of Dutch and a small vocabulary. And it's a fascinating

language, in ways entirely different from French. I am constantly intrigued by the fact that in many ways Dutch is halfway in between English and German. It is a much simpler language than German, and after learning a bit of it I can understand some of the Dutchman's contempt for the Germans: they have a basically similar language which they've futzed up with all kinds of ridiculous complications. For example, in German there are something like a dozen different forms for "the," varying according to the singular-and-plural, gender, and case. (Cases are nonexistent in English--thank Ghod!--but Latin scholars will recognize them and groan.) In place of this Dutch has but two forms: "de," for singular nouns of the Common gender, and for all plurals; and "het," for singular nouns in the Neuter gender. Infinitely simpler, no?

As for the cross between English and German; consider this. In German, "I am" becomes "Ich bin." (And that's a German "ch," too, full of throat-crogling coarseness.) In Dutch it's "Ik ben." Or take "that is": In German, "das ist"; in Dutch, "dat is." See what I mean?

The first thing I learn about a language is, naturally enough, pronunciation. I like to be able to pronounce foreign words correctly, and I am fairly good at picking up accents. It took me a long time to get used to French, as it has many other students, because it's not just a matter of learning to pronounce each letter--you have to get the feel of whole sentences, too. It took quite a while, because in French the emphasis is on different things than in English. Dutch has not been quite so hard, because its intonation is very similar to that of English. In fact, it's very hard to affect a Dutch accent because there is so little to emphasize, speaking from an English point of view. The biggest single difficulty for English-speakers learning to pronounce Dutch is probably the strange thing the Dutch do with their "g." They pronounce it just like "ch"--and their "ch" is just like the German. I never had any trouble with the sound itself, but remembering to say it wherever I saw a "g" was quite difficult. (Of course now whenever I try to pronounce German I have to remind myself that I shouldn't pronounce "g"'s that way, nor drop the "n"'s at the end of words ending in "-en," or so many other little details.) Anyway, I find Dutch a totally fascinating language.

Knowledge of language can reveal things to you that you might never have noticed, too. I was glancing over a map of Holland this evening, and I came across a little town waaaay up in the northeastern corner, called "Uithuizen." I couldn't begin to tell you how to pronounce that without several long sentences, but it translates perfectly literally as: "Outhouses."

I rather wonder about that.

NEWSGAGGLE: Funny thing, there was a worldcon a couple of weeks ago.

In keeping with what I said last issue, I must report that the BayCon has cinched the pennant this year with a record high attendance of something over 1500. It was a gas of a convention, though, as that number included a lot of good people. For a fuller description, look elsewhere, or maybe in Ted's column. As for the essentials: St. Louis won the bid for the 1969 con, something like 3 1/2 to 1. The business session declared that from now on the worldcon bids will be voted on two years in advance (at the St. Louiscon you'll vote for both 1970 and '71); you must have bought a membership in the con to be voted on before you can vote; the Fan Writer and Fan Artist awards were made permanent, as was the Novella category; and the 5-year rotation plan was adopted. By agreement of St. Louis and Columbus before the voting, memberships will be \$4 attending and \$3 supporting.

"TO DROP A BOMB," began Dick Geis, "the zine will be photo-offset next issue. Yeah....I have ruined my arm for the last time, man. 360 copies this time. It's cheaper in time and effort to have it printed, and at 1000 copies it's as cheap as mimeo. And I think the circulation will get to 1000 in a year's time, if not sooner. Wow. What have I created?"

This was the content of a paragraph in a recent letter from Dick Geis, talking about PSYCHOTIC. He has announced in PSY 27 that the zine is going half-size and photo-offset, so it's no longer news to anybody, but he did not announce as many details in PSY as he revealed to me in a series of letters.

My immediate reaction to Geis's announcement was to write back and tell him I didn't like the idea. I have been increasingly unhappy about the direction PSY has taken in the past several issues, and this new move seemed simply to accent the changes taking place in the fanzine. When it first revived, in November, 1967, it was definitely oriented toward fandom. The second issue featured a mammoth lettercolumn in which many old-time fans felt the fannish juices stirring again and nostalgized freely. In subsequent issues, PSY developed a two-pronged approach that mirrored--or perhaps sparked--a similar trend in fandom as a whole: a mixture of fannishness and intense involvement with what's going on in science fiction today.

This mixture was fine. But in the past few months, PSY has become more and more sf-oriented, shunting out fandom except for a handful of articles (including my own column) that never drew much response in the lettercol. It has become the stomping-ground of the pros, or in the case of fans-turned-pro, it is their professional side that predominates. This isn't an accidental change, either; Dick estimated the content of PSY right now at "about 80% sf--20% fan," and he says "it will probably go to 85%-15% or even less...to 10%" in the future. Now I'll admit that I'm just not all that interested in reading a 90%-sf PSYCHOTIC, but this isn't my main quibble. It is that the way PSY is developing now sounds remarkably like what happened to it in its first incarnation; if anything, it's happening a bit faster this time. The first PSY started slowing down, became more pro-oriented, went half-size photo-offset, and eventually changed its name to SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW and quickly folded.

Now the new PSY seems to be following in its own footsteps. Dick says: "I am not content or happy with PSY as a fannish zine. If it doesn't reflect my interests... my changing interests as they come clearer to me...then it's no fun. For me. It's a personal-zine, after all, and my interests are swinging more and more to sf. Can't help it. (...) I want to include all the sf-world in my zine, and I happen to think sf is more important (to me) than fandom. ~~PSY is now more a pro-writer's fanzine than a fan's fanzine.~~ PSY is now more a pro-writer's fanzine than a fan's fanzine." He later qualifies this by saying that the content of the zine will not change much at all, except that "the book reviews will multiply, because...that's my bag. Briefly, the zine will reflect the entire sf scene---fan-pro-cons. A big chew, but whatthehell, I'm having a ball and I just sold ANOTHER book!"

And that's the last word I have from Dick Geis. Yesterday I learned from Ted White that Dick is planning to change the name now --to SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. Dick has big plans for the zine, I'm sure, but we've seen these plans before. I'm afraid that Geis is going full cycle, and I doubt that PSY/SFR will last through summer 1969. What

he does with his own personalzine is his business, of course, and I expect to enjoy the metamorphosed zine, but PSYCHOTIC has enjoyed a position considerably beyond that of a personalzine: it was literally a focal point of fandom. Now Dick is taking that focal point and leading it off in new directions, leaving the place it once occupied empty.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW may or may not succeed, but I'm sorry to see PSYCHOTIC die.

THE ABOVE WAS WRITTEN some time ago, well before the publication of SFR 28, but I felt that it was still worth publishing as is. Since then I've gotten #28, and I've been pleasantly surprised; not only was I pleased by my own column, which I didn't remember as being particularly outstanding, but I find that the whole zine is rather nice--a vast improvement over the bitching-and-back-biting atmosphere of PSY 27.

I don't take back anything I said above, except perhaps my chronology on the prediction of the fanzine's death, but I must balance it out by saying that I enjoyed the current SFR immensely. So much so, in fact, that I've stopped thinking about dropping my column from its pages and I've already written part of it.

TYPEFACES, TYPEFACES: This issue of EGOBOO has spanned more than just 3000 miles and the time between late August and shortly after the Baycon. This (the third typeface in my column this issue) is Ted's typewriter, which I'm pounding away at while sitting in Ted's apartment in New York and contemplating the snow outside and the Christmas lights. It is December. It would appear, you see, that we don't produce EGOBOOs except when I am in NY. We do plan to do another issue right away, before I return to California from my vacation (which ends Jan. 5), but it's my guess that the next issue after that will come out when I'm home again in March. Since I don't spend much time in NY, all told, I'd say this is going to stay a pretty irregular fanzine.

MORE NEWSGAGGLE: I talked to Terry Carr the other night on the electric telephone. He told me that it's a moot question whether he's going to publish another LIGHTHOUSE or not. If he does, he said, it will be rather different; more informal, "more like a Johnny Berry fanzine," said Terry Carr to me. He already has three (3) stencils typed up. I suggested to him that he issue the fanzine in small pieces--send out those three pages, then in a couple of weeks do another couple of stencils and print 'em up and send 'em out. You can't get much more informal than that, I said. He seemed to like the idea. "LIGHTHOUSE, The Serial Fanzine." Yes, it has appeal. You'll never know until it's finished how many pages it's going to have, I said. That's the beauty of it, said Terry, it never ends! I laughed at this, and we hung up. But don't be surprised if the next issue of LIGHTHOUSE you get is very thin. :: The BArea is breaking up and floating out to sea. I fled the disaster and am holed up in New York, waiting for the tremors to catch up with me. :: There are trolls in the Brooklyn subway tunnels. :: FOOLSCAP 6, The Foolish, is virtually Out; as I sit here typing, Ted is downstairs running off its many pages. In fact, FOOL will probably be finished before this issue of EGOBOO is, but since it isn't likely to reach most of its mailing list sooner, I thought I'd tell you anyway. :: We've gotten a couple of new Fanoclasts, but more about them nextish, or maybe in Ted's column.