

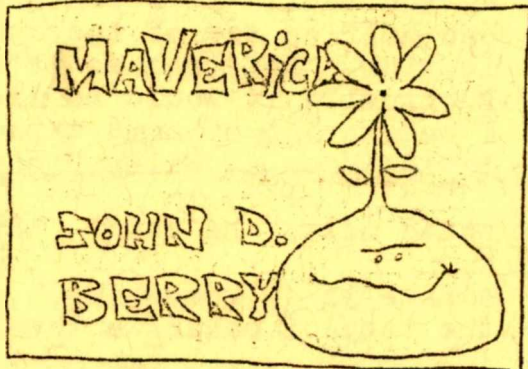


EGOBOO #7 is brought forth (monthly?) upon this continent by the Editors, John D. Berry (who is also Publisher and owns 51% of the stock, and resides at Mayfield House, Stanford, Calif. 94305 except when he is out of school, when he picks up his mail and an occasional meal at 35 Dusenberry Rd., Bronxville, NY 10708) and--pause for breath; we were discussing co-editors, weren't we?--Ted White (who thinks he's consulted on editorial decisions and who resides rather prosaically at 339 49th St., Brooklyn, NY 11220). EGOBOO trips with a thud into your mailbox because you have sent us Money (\$1.75 for three issues), small Pictures of Prominent Public Figures (six 6¢ stamps for three issues), Good Fanzines (in trade), Funny Letters (we may have to start reprinting the lettercol of HYPHEN if we don't get some soon), or Fellowship & Good Cheer (which means you're our friend and can only

get off the mlg list by a tremendous effort of will on your part or a slight matter of laziness on mine). You send us Good Stuff; we send you lots of EGOBOO. Fair enough? In the West Wing you will find the work of the following artists this issue: Bill Rotsler, George Foster, and \*John D. Berry\*. This might be Deimos Publication 4<sup>2</sup>, and it probably is June 7, 1969. -dyktawo?

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FOUT! (As they say over in trufandom.)  
It's time to produce another fabulous issue of EGOBOO, chock full of wonderful wit and awful alliteration. Nonsense, I say. There's no such thing as fannishness, and you know it. You certainly won't find it here. Why, where are all the hallmarks of the fabulous fannish fanzine? Do you see brilliant fannish cartoons and wild&wacky headings? No; only an occasional modest drawing of a bem or a spaceship, and a simple heading, tastefully lettered. Do you find insanely funny prose? Never. You might find a serious discussion of freon in refrigerators, or an in-depth analysis of the past year's progress in the Round Robin Bureau of the N3F. All very sober stuff, in this fanzine. None of this "fannish" foolishness.



And if you tell me that you want fannishness, you'll just have to go someplace else. We have our standards. Besides, you're too young.

"FOLD THIS PAPER in half seven times," said my friend Frank to me, as we sat in a wicker-seated railroad car barreling along the right-of-way of the New York Central Railroad and Dirigible



Co., Inc. Frank was holding out a ticket receipt.

I laughed in his face. "Never, Meyer," I said. "You've already pulled that one on me." A piece of paper cannot be folded over seven times, you know. Try it sometime. Fold it in half. Then fold it in half again. Then again. Now once more. By this time it is getting very difficult to fold. By the sixth fold, you're really in trouble. The seventh is impossible.

"I wonder," said Frank, "if there isn't really some way to do it. Make that seventh fold, I mean. But by the fifth fold, all you have is a little cubical wad of paper, just as fat in one direction as in the other. There's no place to fold it. I really can't accept that." Frank began to shake his head in perplexity.

"Perhaps if you used really thin paper," I said helpfully.

"No," answered Frank glumly. Then he looked up. "But wait-- What if you used steel? Great big steel plates, you know, and then after each time you fold them you put them into a big press and \*thunk!\* you've got a steel plate of the same size and thickness as before."

"That sounds a little unfair," I said. "Still, it has possibilities. Yes. I think you're on the right track. But you haven't gone far enough. What you need is something really soft, really malleable."

"What's that?" Frank asked.

"Silly putty," I replied.

There was a pause. "Silly putty?" said Frank uncertainly.

"Yes," I said. "Yes, silly putty. There's no other way. You can fold it over and over, and if it gets too wadded up you just dig in your fingernail and fold it along the crease." I raised my voice, warming to the subject. "Why, you could fold it as many times as you want! It's fantastic, I tell you. If you kept folding it, one half on top of the other, pretty soon it would be taller than it is wide. But because it's silly putty, you could keep on folding it. Eventually it would be miles high, and thin and supple as a beanstalk." I was waving my arms expansively by this time. "Think of it! A Tower to the Moon of Silly Putty!"

Frank was looking at me sourly. "It would melt," he said. "Silly putty always melts."

"Oh, we could vulcanize it or something," I replied. "I'm sure modern man is equal to the task of making a tower to the moon of silly putty stand up."

Frank just continued to look at me. Then he turned and looked out the window. I don't know what he thought.

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It's time to put yourself on and face the world.

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WELL, WELL, WELL: Just the other day I was sitting out on the second-storey porch that my dormitory room opens onto, soaking up the sun and reading fanzines. My roommate was also sitting out there, soaking up the sun and not reading fanzines. We heard the sound of an engine and one of the Stanford Post Office's little three-wheel trucks drove up on the street below.

My roommate looked up. "Here

comes your personal mail delivery, Berry." he said with his mouth.

I looked up too. "I suppose I'd better go down and see if I got anything," I said, setting aside my fanzine and standing up.

"You might pick up my pittance while you're at it," my roommate said.

I went downstairs and inspected the mail. Cartoons from Rotsler. A letter from John Berry. WARHOON. An N3F zine. Nothing for my roommate.

Back upstairs.

"I'm afraid your pittance has become pitless today."

My roommate gave a resigned laugh and returned to serious constructive sun-worshipping.

Being a fan in a college dorm has its moments.

PEOPLE ARE STRANGE Monday evening I drove up to San Francisco to (WITH ART LINKLETTER): the Straight Theater on Haight St. It was on Bob Lichtman's suggestion, and I was going to see, besides Bob, Andy Main and Mike McInerney, neither of whom I'd seen since they got to the Bay Area. The Straight Theater is an old movie theater that has been rendered hip: the seats were ripped out except in the back, the walls have been painted bright colors, and the ticket window and candy counter lie unattended. Inside, on Monday nights a local guru holds his class. The guru, named Steve, has long blond hair and mustache, a young but seamed face, and a voice with a clear Midwestern accent. His teachings are very much on a mental, intellectual level, although they deal with enlightenment and karma and people's personal electrical fields, and on the whole they left me cold. But the other people there were fascinating, in a morbid sort of way.

There was one grizzle-bearded old man who climbed on stage and insisted on launching into a long story, with gestures, about a night in a Haunted House. There was the slick-haired, ascetic-looking young freak who perched on the raised stage behind Steve and berated him in a high, whiney voice about how the "bad vibes" from the last meeting had pursued him all week (creeping under his bed, no doubt). There was the proud young girl who was the mother of three children, which had something important to do with whatever she was saying, at interminable length, in her own distinctive godawful whine. Poor Steve. Sometimes he could barely get a word in edgewise.

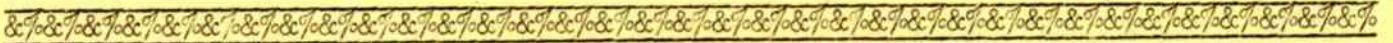
I did see Bob, Andy & Mike, tho.

HOLLOW SILENCE: Whatever happened to the good old habit of writing letters? The response lately to EG0BOO has been very sparse, despite the fanzine tradition that it's the short, tossed-off fanzines that get all the response. (And if you don't think this fanzine is tossed off, you should see the loose pages fluttering off the top of the Empire State Building (or Stanford's Hoover Tower) on publication day.) This kind of situation is not conducive to keeping the fan-ed happy and well supplied with nuts and berries and egoboo and the other simple joys of his life. If this keeps up, I might start cutting off people who don't respond, or better yet I might just fold the whole thing. Or I might join the N3F and offer subscriptions. In any case, you will want to avert these many varied disasters by writing me a letter. Do it now! This minute! Act without thinking!



SUGGESTED TOPICS FOR NEXT ISSUE: Chewing gum. Dandelions. The place of faaan fiction in Western literature. Where Ted White put his beard. Scientology, A New Slant on Life. Legalized nirvana. W.C. Fields. Green breasts. Carl Brandon. A focal point of Star Trek fandom. General Semantics. Swedish meat balls. Charles Burbee.

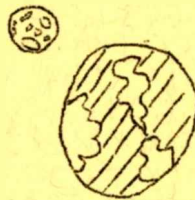
--John D. Berry



SCIENCE COMICS ILLUSTRATED #1

by Calvin Demmon

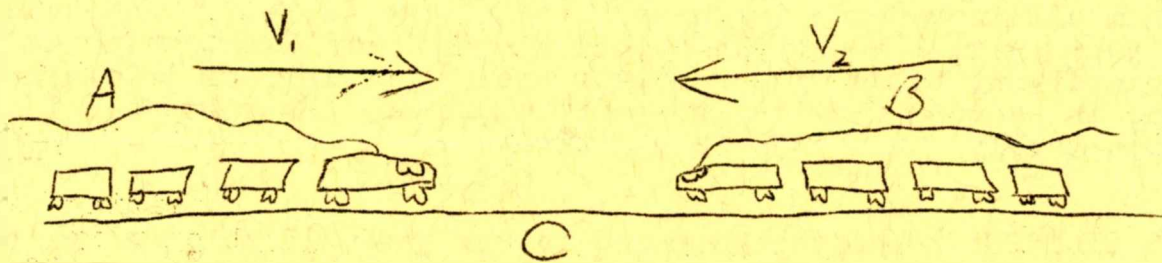
1. THE BUBBLE THEORY



Were space solid and matter nothing, the moon would be a small, empty bubble, moving around a larger, equally empty, bubble.

This is not so fantastic when you consider that we know nothing about bubbles.

2. A PROBLEM



Suppose two trains, A & B, are moving toward each other at velocities  $V_1$  and  $V_2$ , along track C. Set  $V_1$  equal to  $V_2$ . Suppose the trains, A & B, and the track, C, are all made up entirely of water.

What will result when A and B meet? Will they splash, will they pass through each other and continue down the track C, or will they form a giant silver bubble on the track? Or will something entirely unforeseen happen?

These questions are important because we know nothing about trains made of water.

Well, since I wrote my dire musings in the editorial about no response, two more good letters have arrived. Perhaps we'll have a decent lettercol in this fanzine yet. Good, good....

CREATH THORNE: Vera Heminger didn't understand my comment about the limited number of people running fandom; but you did, and all I can do is nod my head in agreement with your reply to her. Just one thing: I think you underestimate a little the effect of Hank Luttrell on St. Louis fandom. Luttrell was one of the people who got St. Louis fandom started again, just four or five years ago; and he's been very active ever since. I think Hank played a bigger role in St. Louis bidding for the worldcon: and in the many publication that come out of St. Louis than many people realize. He is almost an Unsung Fan, in fact. You're probably right. -jdb/

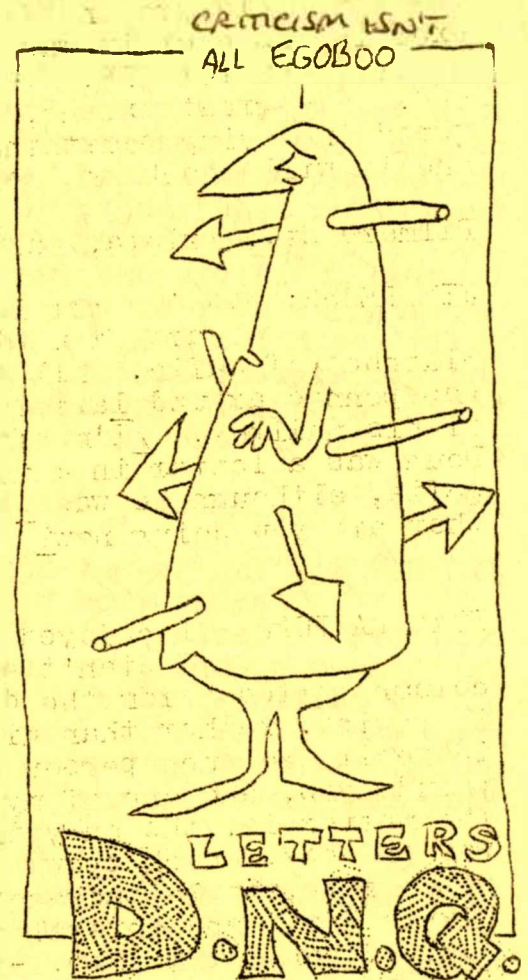
It's too bad that fandom doesn't have an informal, frequent fanzine to center around like the old FANAC. One thing fandom needs is a sense of being (ie, of what it is, where it is going, what is good and bad about it). WARHOON provides some of this but doesn't completely fill the need. Maybe someone will fill the empty space. It would indeed be an asset. But who is going to go to all the trouble? Since PSY became SFR, there has been a vacuum, which just might be filled by CRY if it improves enough to interest the more literate fans. But somehow I doubt it. -jdb/

(Route 3, Box 80, Savannah, Mo. 64485)

ED COX: I disagree with your (John) concept that a fanzine, to be called a fanzine, must evidence a certain amount of fannishness. Anything published by a science fiction fan relating to the field of science fiction or allied topics is a fanzine. A diplomacy-zine is an amateur publication but not necessarily a fanzine any more than one devoted to comic books no matter who publishes them. This you may disagree with, of course, but I think that's where the difference is in the concept of the word "fanzine." Perhaps. -jdb/

Maybe the material in BADINAGE isn't straight serious & constructive, but the intent of the zine, to promote more international fannish interaction, is most definite and serious. It appears, from recent news (in LOCUS I think) that there are large, even multitudinous by our standards, fandoms in many other countries. If it is possible to overcome the language barrier, maybe someday there will really be World-Cons (which, so far, are more so in name than actuality).

I'll have to agree that I gleeed in the manifestation, the projection that was PSYCHOTIC. It was almost a way-of-thinking. But the transformation to SFR is probably a step forward. Doesn't fandom have an overage of faanish-type fanzines? Good Lord, no! -jdb/ Not to mention a slew of only fair types of serious and would-be serious fanzines? Let's





face the fact that the Dick Geis of today is not the same Dick Geis of the first changeover of PSYCHOTIC to SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. He has become established, selling books at a rate that allows him to spend time, and money, on SFR and devote a lot of his talent to gathering in (I guess nobody ever gathered out...) the pulse of the science fiction field pro and fan. I think it will continue as lively and as exciting as ever it was in the PSYCHOTIC manner. I don't expect an early death for SFR. I rather expect it will remain a focal point and, to a great extent, fannish as ever. Fans who are really interested in saying something about the sf field have a place to say it and it will reach the very people most concerned with it.

(14524

Filmore St., Arleta, Calif. 91331)

JIM REUSS: You've got Luvenstein illos. When is the last time you've heard from him? Me fears he has succumbed to the evil clutches of Gafia. All the material by him being published currently was penned around last fall, I believe, with nothing new coming out of his mailbox. /I'm afraid you're right. The last I heard from Doug was a letter in January, where he said he had gone pretty much gafia, although he was still doing some fanart for friends. Doug, what are you doing now?/

(304 South Belt W., Belleville, Ill. 62221)

BOYD RAEBURN: I enjoyed this issue very much (which is not to say that I didn't enjoy the other issues). But why is Ted White's column called "From the desk of Ted White"? I presume that the column is by Ted, rather than his desk. /You've discovered my secret. There is really no such person as Ted White. "Ted" is just one of my many pseudonyms, and one of my more over-worked ones lately. The truth of the matter is, the only inhabitant of 339 49th St. is an old, battered wooden desk, which spews out articles and humor and attacks at a constant rate, to be packaged and sent off in the name of "Ted White" and "Arnie Katz" and several other members of the "Fanoclasts." I, of course, control it all. -jdb/ It is interesting to note Ted's rave for the new Blood, Sweat & Tears LP. I have been seeing a lot of divergent views on this LP, from raves like Ted's, to sorrowful comments that it could have been a great album if it weren't so pretentious in the arrangements. I've only heard a couple of tracks, which struck me as nice but could have been better. Heard the group playing live a few months ago, and it was o.k. until they got into a long session of playing Blork Blork type jazz. /Of playing what? -jdb/ Oh well, I'm glad Ted likes the Willowdale Sound of David Clayton Thomas. /So do I. In fact, I pretty much go along with Ted; I think it's one of the very best albums of the last year. -jdb/

You're experience in the Stanford record shop shows that you have had little exposure to deals where a store buys record companies' clear-outs. They buy these at very low prices and so can sell them at very low prices, and, of course, the wealth of crud is astounding. But somebody buys this crud. Somebody bought this crud even when it was new crud at regular prices. One big bonanza was the recent switch out of mono, wherein the manufacturers dumped their mono inventories, and one could buy all sorts of good stuff for \$1.90 or less. But visiting my favorite Toronto record store the other day (the biggest record store in the world) I found that they're selling out some fine stuff in stereo at \$1.90. Wow.

(189 Maxome Ave., Willowdale, Ont. CANADA)



JOHN BERRY: The March EGEOO has just arrived, and it's nice of you to send it, because at the moment, as far as I am concerned, the fannish scene is rather limited. I saw George Charters the other day, he called in to discuss philately, but it's about a year since I saw any other members of Irish Fandom. I am engaged in rather a big way with philately.

You are writing well, and this issue I also find Ted White very acceptable, probably because he is writing without any personal malice (except against the shy sensitive car dealer), and therefore his nice flow of narrative doesn't become embarrassing. He is undoubtedly the best fannish writer at the moment, bar none, especially when his work is positive; but I must say that some items of his tend to suggest a personal vendetta, and we all know that Ted can be mean when he has a fixation against anyone or anything. These four pages of his, without rancour against fans or fandom, represent top-class material which I've never seen bettered, even by Willis or Warner.

Pete Weston writes only too aptly about the current fanscene in Britain. I was born in Birmingham, and lived there until I left home when I was 18 (and that was a looong time ago), and I must confess that I never did think that the Birmingham person would ever make a fan; Birmingham people are, somehow, different, slan-like, almost, and of course, I'm a Birmingham person myself. Pete Weston is an exception, though.

I'm hoping to start publishing a fanzine again soon...it's a year since I published POT POURRI....I got to the 53rd issue, so I may bash ahead with the 54th and make it a genzine now that I've left SAPS. A fine idea, that. It comes as close as can be expected to fulfilling Darroll Pardoe's wish, expressed in FOOLS-CAP several issues back, that you revive RETRIBUTION. -jdb/

(31, Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast BT4 3FL, NORTHERN IRELAND)

HARRY WARNER, JR.: In the fifth EGEOO, Ted White's troubles with fanac cutback are quite similar to what I see coming up in my own future. I haven't cut back yet, but something must go if I'm to write another volume of fan history and to put onto paper a few novels which I've plotted and developed mentally and feel an awful need to get out of my brain so there's more room for other things there. I even share the manner in which I'm likely to become an object of suspicion. If Ted fears people will assume the worst, when he retrenches fanzine writing after winning a Hugo, what are the same people to suspect when the first volume of the fan history appears just when the crucial weeks are beginning for the next fan writing Hugo? Of course, I can always point out that I had absolutely nothing to do with Advent's decision on when to put the book on the presses, the voting is supposed to be done on the basis of the previous year's published writings, and the history will probably make more people angry with me than anything else I could have done. There's still going to be talk.

Of course, my problem is greater than Ted's, because he can always look at fanzines elsewhere at fannish homes in the New York area, if his new duties as a pro force him to abandon responding to most of them. I hate to think of sitting here doing nothing as the fanzines arrive and eventually watching them arrive in smaller and smaller quantities as my name gets dropped from one mailing list after another. How can I contrive to get through the nine to twelve months that it'll probably take to do the history of the 1950's? Begin to



publish a fanzine about the size of EGOBOO as a token of the fact that I'm still a fan and to serve as a fanzine trade until I again have time to write locs and articles? Throw myself on the mercy of fandom and send out a form letter in which I'll announce complete concentration on the fan history for the better part of a year, warn people to expect no response from me, and either to carry me as a free-loader or suspend my name from mailing lists until I'm ready to resume letterhacking and then automatically reinstate me? Make the supreme sacrifice by taking the four weeks' vacation due me from my job this year in one stretch and do nothing but work fourteen hours or so daily on the fan history in an effort to create it in one terrible burst of energy? Adopt a less fastidious attitude to the fan history by relying mostly on the notes already on hand, hunting additional information only where the gaps are too conspicuous, and submitting a first-draft manuscript, thus cutting the creation time by maybe two-thirds? Well, maybe I'll quit my regular job sooner than the start of 1971, the current target date. That would solve everything. [The trouble with becoming an institution is that you start feeling pressures to live up to your own image. Don't bow to them. Remember, FIJAGH. -jdb]

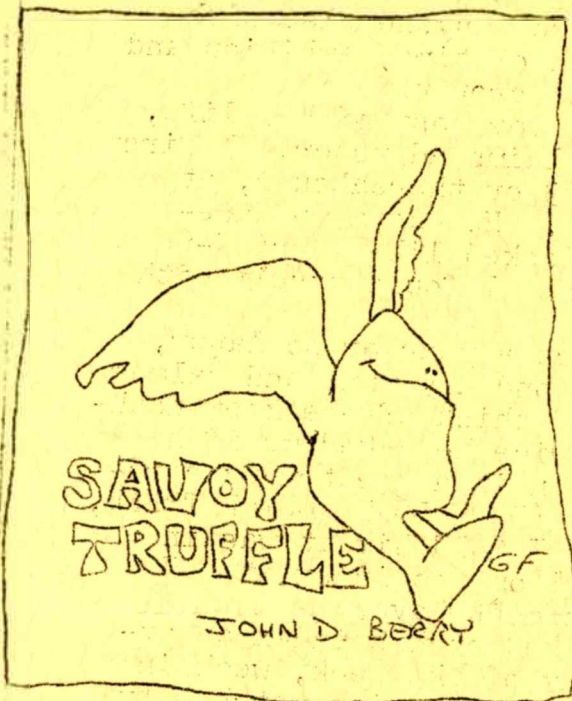
No matter how the change in PSYCHOTIC suits or irritates individual fans, it's a symptom of a situation that might become a major force in fandom pretty soon. Science fiction has grown so popular and fandom has become so big that a good fanzine with a fair amount of professional orientation now stands an excellent chance of growing out of control, in circulation and size and quality. If there's no sudden reversal of the trend, it shouldn't be very many years before there will be a whole batch of fanzines of a semi-professional nature, too expensive and time-consuming for the neofan to think even of imitating. I wouldn't be surprised to see the fans who want to keep circulation down to a reasonable level and prefer faaan-oriented contents for their publications organize loosely into a sort of generalzine apa: No dues, perhaps, except an annual bill for actual postage involved in the membership, monthly mailings, a simple framework that would make it possible for each fanzine publisher to get his publication to the fans who would really enjoy it at a minimum of detail work like CoA-recording and some reduction in postage bills.

You realize that your attitude toward learning languages is in direct contradiction to the whole party line in modern education, I suppose. I'm in a curious position. I have an excellent reading knowledge of lots of European tongues but little ability to write or speak most of them fluently. This comes from the way I've learned most of those languages: by studying operas, lieder, and various other musical manifestations in which the original is published side-by-side with translation. I've picked up just as much grammar and syntax as I needed to speed up this kind of learning process. I've managed to conduct an interview for the newspaper in German and a French fan understood a tape I once filled in his own language, but I was too mentally worn after such endeavors to want to repeat them. But I suspect that this unorthodox learning system could be converted to a real knowledge of those languages without too much effort. I'm able, for instance, to understand most of what's said in the movies when people speak foreign languages, as long as the characters aren't talking too fast. It shouldn't take much practice to increase speed of comprehension.

(423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md. 21740)

WAHF: Bob Vardeman, Dan Goodman, Jim Benford. Thanks.





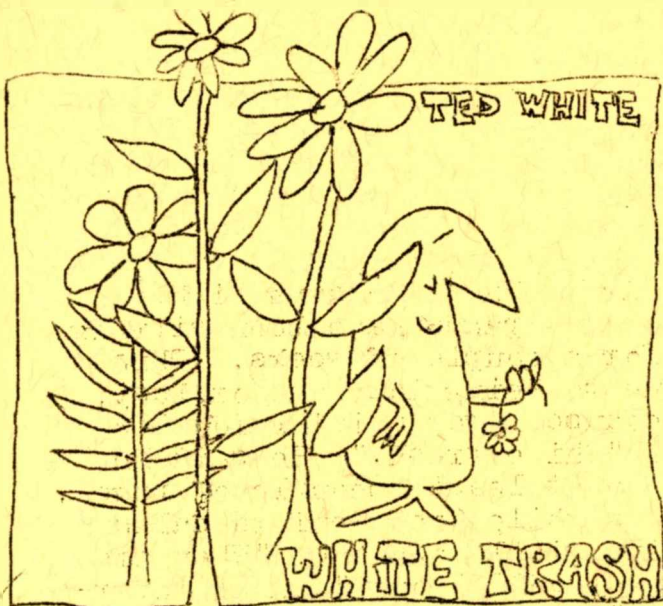
COMIN' HOME BABY: The preceding eight pages have been sitting around here for a couple of weeks. This was partly due to being lazy and/or busy, and partly because I was waiting for Ted to send along "White Trash." He said he was going to do at least a couple of pages. Every once in a while Greg Benford calls up, and he invariably asks me, "When are you going to get EGOBOO out?" and I invariably answer, "Oh, real soon now; maybe tomorrow." That's the way things have stood for a couple of weeks. Now, however, I have screwed my fannishness to the sticking point (that is not an obscene suggestion, gentlemen) and decided to get this thing out without Ted's column.\* Presumably he'll be back next issue; presumably there'll be another issue, before I vanish into the shadows of the road this summer. Why, we might even publish an

Annish after the Midwescon, although I can't for the life of me think what we would do to make it an extra-special issue. All suggestions will be filed and will receive the inattention they deserve.

IF I HAD WINGS: Since last issue, I've lost a great deal of time from both schoolwork and fanac in lending my efforts to the International Conspiracy of Dirty Leftist Long-hair Hippie Communist Students. Put in everyday terms, I've become involved in the radical movement at Stanford. It was rather a sudden beginning, but I suppose it had been building for a long time, as I followed the activities of the radicals on campus and off and the responses of the authorities and people they've confronted. I decided that I wanted to get to know the students involved better and to understand better why they take such hostile actions as I'd seen them take, and so when two members of the April 3rd Movement came to my dorm after dinner to talk, I talked with them and went to their meeting that night. (The A3M--no relation to the N3F...none at all--is a large group that formed this spring to bring about the end of war-related research in the university-owned Stanford Research Institute.) I was effectively catapulted into this whole thing; that one night I was at that meeting to decide how to react to a completely farcical "hearing" the Trustees were going to have the next afternoon on the SRI issue, and the next night I was participating in a decision to stage a sit-in. Encina Hall, the administrative center of the university, was seized and occupied for seven hours, until the administration called in county police; the sitters-in left the building just before the 120 helmeted cops moved in, and there were no arrests. I voted against the sit-in, because I don't feel it accomplished the purpose of pressuring the Trustees to decide favorably on our demands. Such an action always focuses attention on the tactics rather than the issues--stopping chemical/biological warfare and counter-insurgency research--and the vast majority of students and faculty are much more concerned with condemning the breaking of a couple of glass doors (to get into the building) than to exert some effort to change something really fundamental. Despite my involvement, I'm not sure where to stand in relation to a radical, no, revolutionary movement, but I sure as hell understand it better, and I will find it harder in the future to sit idly by, reading obscure tomes and fanacking and basking in the sun.

\*N.B.--Obviously, since I typed this, "White Trash" did arrive. Next page.





HAROLD PALMER PISER: Harold Palmer Piser died recently, and with him died the most grandiose fan-project ever conceived. It might be added that the chances for any future inclusive fanzine index also pretty much died with Piser. I doubt very much anyone else with his combination of time, ambition and dedication will crop up.

Piser was, for most of his life, an insurance claims adjuster. I first met him in 1963 or thereabouts, at a FISTFA meeting. He was a mundane-apa type, and he looked like a dried-up little old man. I found myself with little to say to him then, or later.

When Piser announced his fanzine index project a year or so later, I was one of the unbelievers. It seemed a task beyond any man, and Palmer Piser seemed less fitted for it than many I could think of--he knew nothing of fanhistory, for ghod's sake! Once or twice he asked me if he could index my collection. My collection was then in a great many cardboard boxes, correspondence and non-sf magazines (DOWN BEAT, MOTOR TREND, etc.) mixed in with the fmz. Each time he asked I told him it was in a mess but that if I ever sorted it out, he was welcome to index it. I was, in effect, giving him the brushoff. I shouldn't have.

It was a retirement project for him. He worked on his index an average of twelve to sixteen hours a day, every day of the week, week in and week out. He worked on it with a single-minded devotion matched by that of no fan I have ever known. He borrowed collections, indexed them, and returned them in neatly labelled file folders. He filled cubic yards of filing cabinets with 3x5 file cards, one on each fanzine, and sorted and cross-filed by both title and publisher. And he had barely begun.

He had accumulated entries for around 10,000 fanzines before he died, and his plans included the publication of a series of half-sized biographies of well-known fans in addition to his complete Index. (The first biography was to be of Bob Tucker, whose fanzines he exhaustively tracked down and indexed.) Piser insisted on personal verification of every entry in his Index--he was amazed at the extent to which previous indexers had relied upon hearsay information, 25% of which he estimated to be inaccurate.

But he was disappointed in the response of fandom to his project. No one seemed to care. Few responded to his entreaties to index their collections. Most fans ignored him. He wondered why, since surely it would be a mark of undying egoboo to be included in his Index.

But he went about his task poorly. If he was the model of efficiency in compiling his entries, he was woefully lacking in the psychology necessary to convince fans that a) his was a viable project (few believed he'd ever complete it); and b) he was worth encouraging. I know my own contact with him showed me only a fusty, clerkish sort of man who betrayed no real knowledge or appreciation of fandom. Hindsight shows me that this was an unfair judgement, but the fact remains, this is the impression he gave most of us. That's sad.

This spring Terry Carr received a letter from Lois Lavender asking that he rescue the Ron Ellick fanzine collection from Piser because Piser was in ill health, in a hospital, and dying. The Ellick collection was part of his undisposed estate, and it wouldn't do to tie it up in someone else's estate. Terry contacted Dick Lupoff and myself, and made ar-



rangements with an attorney who was handling Piser's affairs for us to pick up the collection the following weekend.

During the week, Piser died.

As luck would have it, I had just got my car (the '55 Caddy--you remember) back in running shape during that same week. I drove it out to Queens that Saturday on what amounted to its first shakedown cruise.

We found the Ellik collection stacked in Piser's livingroom and bedroom in almost forty cardboard cartons, most of them brandnew and especially suited for use as permanent storage files for fanzines. The boxes were open, and the fanzines all filed in neat filefolders by Piser. Every box was labeled as Ellik's. Also in the apartment were a good number of cartons representing Dick Schultz's (or maybe deVore's) fanzine collection, and half a dozen or more cartons of fanzines Piser himself had accumulated. The attorney and his wife met us and let us in, showing us the cartons. Terry and I sealed the Ellik cartons, and then, when the Lupoffs arrived, we began the arduous task of carrying them out and down to our cars. We got the bulk of the cartons (around three-quarters of them, I believe) in the back seat and trunk of the Caddy--it's a cavernous old car--and the rest fitted safely in Dick's Volvo stationwagon.

We asked what would happen to the fanzines belonging to Piser, and to his files (there were 3x5 cardfiles in every room; an unguessable number of files and cards). We were told they'd be thrown out and destroyed. If we wanted them, we were told, we should take them now. The apartment had to be cleaned out. We took the fanzines, and debated taking the card files. But we did not take the files, for two related reasons. The first was a matter of space: space in our cars and space for actual storage. We just didn't have it. Secondly, the cards in themselves were like an incomplete but very complex jigsaw puzzle--of no value in themselves without the missing pieces. Piser had used his own code in notating the cards--and they represented an incomplete index as they stood. (We pulled our own entries and found many mistakes besides.) We spoke of coming back for them, but although I'd made arrangements to do so with the attorney, he, for reasons of his own, chose to break the appointment and destroy the cards--informing me that I could have the empty file cabinets if I still wished. (I have no possible use for file cabinets suited only for 3x5 cards, of course.)

So relatively little was rescued, then. The Index, such as it was, was wantonly destroyed.

We brought everything to my house, since it was Saturday afternoon and the PO was closed for the weekend. We stacked row upon row of cartons in my basement hall. Terry gave me ten dollars to begin shipping them west at bookrate, insured. (The ten dollars shipped exactly four cartons.)

During the week, I began looking through the fanzines we'd rescued from Piser's own collection. Most were recent and few of value. But, I found, two cartons contained the uncollated sheets of the reprinted Swisher/Pavlat/Evans Fanzine Index, which Piser had republished and apparently sold only a few copies of. I have these, and I plan to collate them and see if they can't be sold or otherwise distributed.

I also found snippets of Piser's correspondence--carbons of his letters to various fans--from which much of the information on the previous page comes. I found for the first time a true indication of the work he was doing, and of his very real fear that he would not live to complete it. He was right about that. And--in retrospect--I began to appreciate his loss.

Most of those ghoddamned Ellik cartons are still in my basement--we figured out postage on the lot would come to over eighty dollars, and neither Terry nor I really feel that generous towards the Ellik Estate. One of these days they'll fund us and we'll ship out the remainder, and the entire chapter--a sort of postscript to the deaths of two people--



will be closed.

In a way, that's the saddest thing of all.

TAFF AND OTHER THINGS: It seems like a long time ago--and is--that Vince Clarke won the first TAFF election. He couldn't make the trip, so a second election was held, and Ken Bulmer won. Ken and Pam Bulmer came to the 1955 Clevention and I remember their visit vividly, for the Clevention was my first worldcon--in fact, my first con of any sort.

TAFF seemed a pretty wonderful thing then--and to me it still does. But after the spirited races of the 1950's, the doldrums of the '60's have left TAFF a vaguely institutionalized holdover from another era. No less valuable, and no less intrinsically exciting than before, TAFF is being pretty much ignored these days--and unfairly so.

I've had something of an inside look at the TAFF situation in the past few years--since Terry Carr won in 1965, to be exact. I helped Terry count the ballots in the race Tom Schluck won, ran off all the propaganda for him, and did my own campaigning for Steve Stiles, who won last year and replaced Terry as Stateside administrator. And I've been running off Steve's TAFF stuff as well. In fact, Steve now lives only a few blocks away from me, and I imagine I've kept in as close touch with the TAFF situation as any outsider (non-administrator) has.

I feel pretty strongly about TAFF's value to fandom. I always have. In 1967 we (the NyCon3) gave TAFF the largest donation it ever received from a worldcon. And that prompts me to the following move--one which has required considerable thought on my part.

I am relinquishing my Fan Guest of Honorship at the St. Louiscon to the winner of this year's TAFF race.

I am doing this for several reasons, only one of which is to dramatize the importance of TAFF and the TAFF winner. And I am doing it too late to catch references to my own GoH in an editorial in the August FANTASTIC.

I appreciate no less the honor the St. Louiscon committee bestowed upon me in selecting me as fan GoH--a very real honor of which I am proud. But "fan" GoH is a little silly when I suddenly found myself elevated to a ranking position among prozine editors--incongruous, if not inappropriate. And I think the winner of this year's TAFF race will have demonstrated a fannish Vote of Confidence which should include the fan GoH. I've discussed this with Ray Fisher, and he agrees. In fact, I would urge future Worldcon committees to seriously consider continuing this 'tradition' whenever a TAFF candidate is due at their con. TAFF is too important to shrug off as an old-hat institution.

So here's to you--Eddie or Bob--new Fan Guest of Honor, St. Louiscon!  
--Ted White

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(COA AS OF JUNE 11, 1969)

TO: Dick BERGERON  
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1<sup>ST</sup> CLASS