

EGOBOO #8 is published monthly, starting with this issue, which is the September issue, by John D. Berry (35 Dusenberry Rd., Bronxville, NY 10708) and Ted White (339 49th St., Brooklyn, NY 11220). It is available This Issue Only at the special price of three for

\$1.80; next issue it will go up. EGOBOO is also available for stamps (3 for 6 six-cent stamps), tradezines (at the whim of the Publisher), amusing and literate letters, or a signed certificate from Proxyboo, Ltd. If you have none of these, you may plead. This issue is published in New York on Sept. 15, 1969, and it is Deimos Publication 43. Artwork this time by George Foster and Wm. Rotsler, Esq.

"Fandom today is 90% fringe fans."

WITH THIS ISSUE of EGOBOO, I am finally publishing only one fanzine. The 7th issue of FOOLSCAP, my big old genzine, which is about to be published, is the last--and indeed it was mainly done because I had so many fine letters on #6 that I wanted to see in print. After #7, FOOL will fold; all letters of comment on it will be printed in EGOBOO (or sent discretely to the N3F to be thrown away). From now on, EGOBOO is my only fanzine.

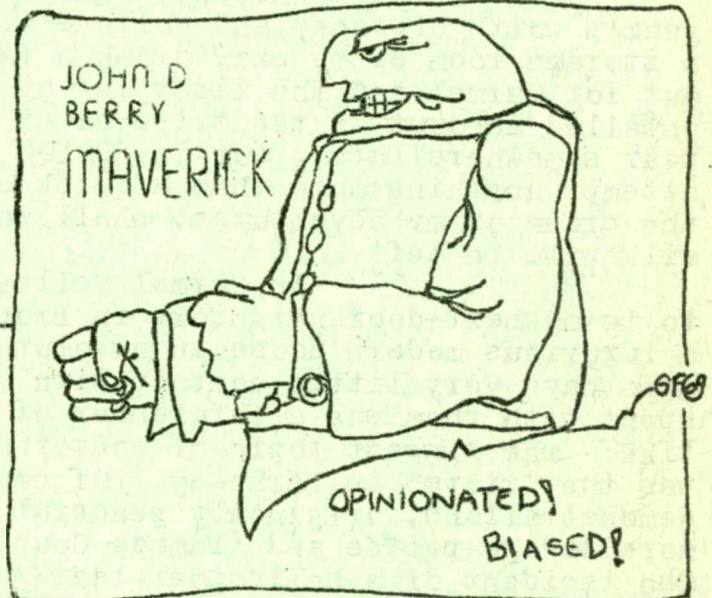
This means a couple of things. It means I will be primary editor--something which has become increasingly the case anyway since Ted White took over AMAZING and FANTASTIC and ruined fandom. It also means that this fanzine will combine both the frequency and compactness of the old EGOBOO and the free-flowing relaxation of FOOLSCAP (FOOLSCAP, the Retirement Fanzine).

motto.

As for frequency, I must confess that I've been thoroughly baffled by the attitude of some fans towards EGOBOO. They still think of it as a frequent fanzine. Just because the first four issues came out over a period of a month and a half, many readers have conceived the firm idea that EGOBOO comes out often, an idea which remains undisturbed by the fact that there were only three issues in the next twelve months. Well, this kind of faith moves me. It really does. In the face of such overwhelming odds, what can I do?

Give in. EGOBOO will be a monthly.

If you don't believe this, then you obviously haven't been reading my editorials in FOOLSCAP about faith in editorial schedules. The fact that I've never published a fanzine on time in the past



will not deter me. The fact that my coeditor is also coediting two fanzines with Sol Cohen will not deter me. In fact, there is only one thing that could deter me: you. If you don't respond, EGOBOO will die. Those of you who have written letters to FOOLSCAP, switch over to EGOBOO. Those few who have written to EGOBOO, please continue. And those many who have never before seen an issue of either and are being added to the mailing list with this issue, respond.

As we said once before: "EGOBOO to all, and to all a good night!"

"He kept opening the doors to see if they were really shut on the outside."

4300 MILES IS 'WAY TOO MANY: This is the first EGOBOO to be produced back in Little Old New York in months and months; the last two were produced (except for Ted's column) in California, even though #7 wasn't mailed until I got home. This time, I had a very interesting time getting here. I've been on the road for three months.

On Wednesday, June 11, I took my last exam, cleared a year's worth of fanac and college living out of my room and into either a storage room or my car, drank a farewell beer to Stanford, and set out for Carmel and the first leg of my long journey to New York. A detailed account of the trip, or at least selected incidents, may appear somewhere later, but in EGOBOO, the Fanzine of Smallness, I won't attempt anything more than a quick skim over events. You'll be given the cream of my adventures, shall we say? Nothing but the skimmed milk will be left.

In Carmel Valley I stayed with the people who used to be my next-door neighbors in Bronxville, the Rankins; they live in a luxurious modern house in absolutely beautiful surroundings. They also have very little contact with the student world. The night I spent with them was a forerunner of what most of the trip was to be like: the biggest topic of conversation with everyone I talked to was the "riots" in Berkeley. Of course they weren't riots, they were demonstrations, originally peaceful but increasingly violent as the more savage police and Alameda County sheriffs were given full rein. The incident of a helicopter tear-gassing the UC campus--in the middle of downtown Berkeley--has gotten a lot of bad press for the cops, but outside of that very little of the true nature of what went on seems to have gotten into the press outside the BArea. Not too many non-Californians seem to realize that it was the single most important "demonstration" that's taken place this year. Everyone I talked to across the country seemed more optimistic, but I think Berkeley is the first solid step toward a police state in the United States.

Mrs. Rankin came on with a fairly standard liberal line, and I took a radical position to try to get her to understand it. Over dinner she and her husband agreed with me, but later she started arguing in favor of things like "upholding community standards." She didn't think much of my response, "What's wrong with sex and marijuana?" But we each absorbed a bit of the other's position, and I can see I'll have to visit down there more often this fall and keep them abreast of what's happening from the student viewpoint. Besides, they've got a good-looking daughter who'll be a senior in high school. Ah, yes.

From Carmel I went down the coast road, along the fantastic hills and cliffs of Big Sur; I ate a lunch of baloney and French bread on the beach

north of Morro Bay with a hitchhiker I'd picked up, then went on to Los Angeles.

In LA I stayed with John and Bjo Trimble, in their fannishly messy house somewhere in the middle of palm-tree-laden downtown Southern California. I went to LASFS and talked them out of making me pay an attendance fee; I'm afraid LASFS isn't worth a 25¢ admission charge. I vastly enjoyed talking to the Trimbles and their fannish boarder George Barr and meeting some of the other LA people I like.

On Friday, June 13, we went to see the on-location shooting of an episode of the tv show, "Here Come the Brides." I'd never seen television being produced before, so I found it interesting. Bjo and I went with Tim Courtney and Joyce Muskat (Muscat?). Tim drove; she is one of the most heedless drivers I've ever encountered, seemingly incapable of paying attention to more than one part of her surroundings at one time. (This is especially unnerving when she window-shops or stops in the middle of an intersection to cuss out another driver.) Tim is dying of cancer, and she doesn't let you forget it. She is a Grande Dame type, although not very old, and Joyce complements her perfectly with her conscious shyness and her chatter of accursed Tarot decks. It was a harrowing ride, and Bjo did not suffer in silence.

At the location, in a valley around a reservoir (was that Laurel Canyon?), I enjoyed watching the filming. I met some of the people involved, including Mark Leonard (who played a couple of good guest roles in "Star Trek" and is the center of a large fanclub), but I didn't spend a whole lot of time talking. We ate lunch with the actors and crew, and I observed the antics of Tim and Joyce with the stars rather clinically.

That evening the Trimbles and I went to Calvin and Wilma Demmon's house for dinner. We had a good, though not exotic, vegetarian meal cooked by Calvin and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly for hours. We did not put out a one-shot.

The rest of my LA stay was a matter of quiet conversations and like that, and the only eventful happening was the manner of my leaving. I left the Trimbles' house Sunday evening, planning to drive across the Mojave Desert at night, while it was cool. On the way out of Los Angeles, though, I made my way to Riverside, where I was to attend the wedding of a friend of mine from Stanford. I was late getting there and had a helluva time finding the right place, but I made it just in time to say hello to my friend and throw rice at him and his new wife as they left the reception. Then I took off for Arizona.

I had a glorious time driving through the deserts of California, Arizona, and New Mexico, as I went from Los Angeles to Albuquerque. I stopped in Barstow, Calif., when I discovered that I hadn't cashed a check in LA and had to wait until the bank opened the next morning, then had to wait all day until the desert had cooled off again. I stayed one night with an old highschool friend in Kingman, Ariz., and I spent a day and a half in Flagstaff when my car broke down for the first time. The strange looks that came over the faces of all the mechanics who looked at my Sunbeam's British motor in the course of my journey was wonderful to behold. None of them understood it. It broke down three times, in Flagstaff, Albuquerque, and Denver, and it almost died again on the last leg of my trip while trying to get to Bronxville through a New York City traffic jam. But I digress.

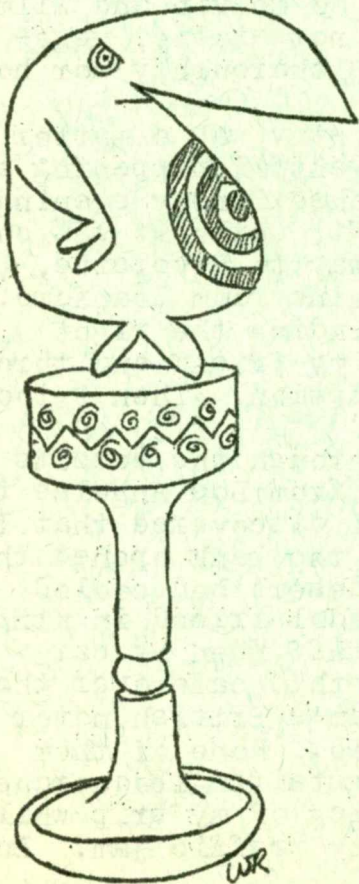
Flagstaff is probably the most beautiful place in Arizona --the town and its surrounding territory, right near the Grand Canyon.

The area bills itself as "the largest standing pine forest in the United States." Another pinnacle of geographical beauty is Sandia Peak, the mountain south of Albuquerque that Bob Vardeman took me up during the enjoyable day I spent there. Sandia Peak spans five climatic zones between its base and its top, and you get there via the longest tramway in the Western hemisphere. But the gem of my entire trip was Colorado. I fell in love with Colorado. As soon as I entered the state, everything got bigger and greener than it had been in New Mexico, and the drive to Denver along the line where the Rocky Mountains and the Great Plains meet just made me wish very strongly that I weren't leaving the West. (There are two parts to this country: the West and the East. Between them in Kansas. Kansas is a Mental Block.) The eastern part of Colorado can just go fall into a wheat field or something, since that's what most of it is, but the other two-thirds of the state is glorious mountains. I stayed three or four days in Denver, with a side-trip to visit a Stanford friend in Boulder, and I loved it all.

Later I went east to St. Louis, the Midwestcon, and New York, but I'm feeling lazy and that will have to wait for next issue. Don't miss the next thrilling chapter!

Now go get your EGOBOO Secret Decoder
Rings and wait for a Special Message! --John D. Berry

"If I could only keep from laughing I could rule the world!"



Knapheide was the bete noir of the GGFS --not only for his floorhogging filibusters, but also for the fact that he was such an utter fugghead. One time when we were sitting around after a meeting, just drinking and talking, Knapheide started displaying his vast knowledge of astronomy. (I think he'd spent the afternoon memorizing a few tables in "The Conquest of Space.") He cornered Frank McElroy and said, "Frank, do you know how far Mercury is from the sun?" Frank shook his head and Knapheide rattled off a figure. "Now," he said, "how far is Venus from the sun?" Again Frank shook his head, and again Knapheide rattled off a figure. He went on like this all the way out to Pluto, and when he got done Frank heaved a sigh of relief--prematurely. "Now," said Bill, "how far is Pluto from Earth?"

Frank stopped his bheercan in mid-hoist and stared at Knapheide speculatively. He looked at him for a long time. Then he said, "Do you mean from my house, or from here?"

--Terry Carr, VOID.27 (Dec., 1961)

If I didn't have so much to do, I think I'd go gafia.

--Gregg Calkins, OOPSLA 18 (Jul., 1955)

SUMMER TIME, AND THE FANING IS EASY:

Here it is, summer in Old Brooklyn again, and once again an issue of EGOBOO ("The Indispensable Fanzine") is being published here in my home. Ah, the memories, the nostalgia!

As of this issue (and actually for the past several) I am actually co-editor emeritus, and Just A Columnist, Meyer. But I intend to maintain some grip on the editorial reins of this flinsey sheet, if only in relation to my own pages therein. I mean, it's all very well to talk about my having a couple of other fanzines out on the stands right now, but...

I have a theory, actually. I don't believe anyone has published a fanzine while editing a prozine since the early forties, when Doc Louder managed that feat. There seems to be this dichotomy (a word I throw in for Terry Carr's benefit) between fan-ed and pro-ed which forces straddlers to choose between one or

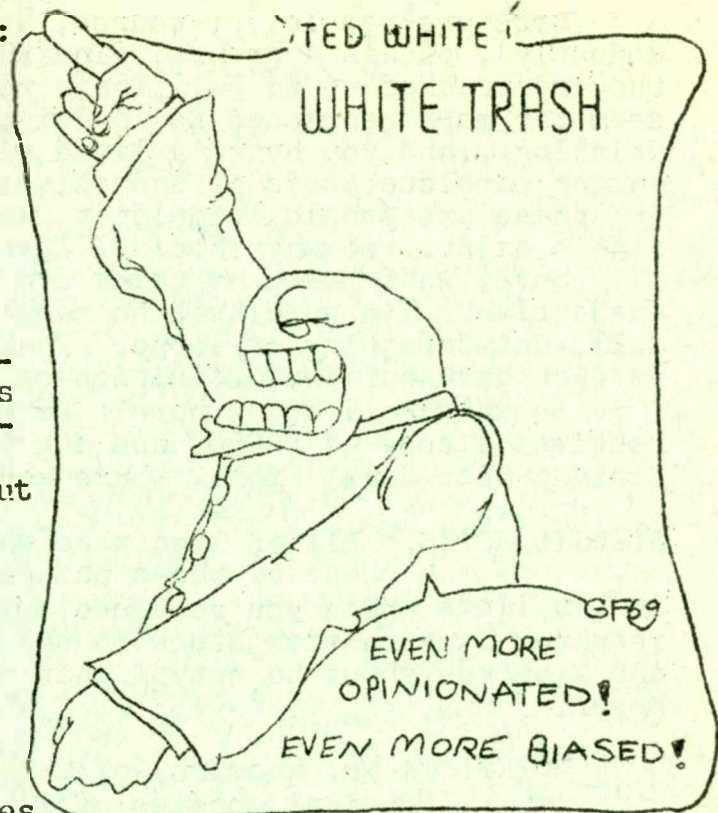
the other. (Now that I begin thinking about it, I realize that Terry Carr, of all people, has been both pro and fan editor, if one counts his Ace editorship alongside LIGHTHOUSE, and even the SF/A BULLETIN, when he edited it. But books are not magazines. There is something very different about editing books and editing a regular magazine. I think.)

So what am I doing here in EGOBOO, what with AMAZING and FANTASTIC demanding my time? Why am I wasting myself on you fans, when I can hobnob with the pros? Huh? Must be I'm some kinda jerk; like Harry Harrison is fond of telling people, "White is just a fan, you know..."

Ah, shit, fellas. It's just my warmhearted and condescending nature. Take the St. Louiscon...I coulda been at all the closed-door pro parties, but I found myself attending closed-door fan parties...in my own room!

As I think I've said somewhere before, I have evolved this theory about Big Cons: they allow you to spend more time with your friends without being obnoxious about it. In my world there are Good Guys, Bad Guys and Others. The Good Guys are those whose company I dig, the Bad Guys the ones I try to avoid, and the Others people I don't know well enough to choose between or about whom I am indifferent. I try to spend my time at cons with the Good Guys. Okay, once when I was a neofan, I was pretty other-directed (that phrase for Carol Carr, so she won't feel left out), and I thought the Good Guys were the Big Names, the kind you see all the neofans clustering about. Yes, I used to hang about while Harlan Ellison did his famous schticks, worshipping his every word and gesture...truly. And of course the Big Aim was to crack the secret parties (when I did, I was a wallflower), and later the Secret Pro Parties. (All pros go off to enjoy their own exclusive company after program hours at a con--and sometimes during, in the bar--this has been a rule of conventions as long as I've been going to them.)

Well, friends, I have gone that route. I have gained admittance to the Secret Pro Parties, and I have gone Down To The Bar, and, frankly, I've had it with that stuff.



Pros are people, of course, just like the rest of us (he said, modestly), but as a group I find them dull, petty, and much less than they're cracked up to be. Their range of interests are narrower, they seem far more repressed as individuals (leading them to do much heavier drinking...and you haven't lived till you've seen several Famous Names making complete asses of themselves with a bottle), and generally speaking these are people I wouldn't want for friends if their pro status didn't exist...so why should I fawn on them now?

Sure, what makes me think I'm that much better? Nothing. It's all subjective. I'm sure that to many of these people I and my friends are dull, uninteresting or worse. That's what makes horse-races, Meyer. We each have our own definition of Good Guys.

So what am I doing here? Here is where the Good Guys are. If you received a copy of EGOBOO and dug it, you're probably a Good Guy or incipient Good Guy. Right? Sure you are.

STENCIL NOTES: All of last page was typed with my ribbon on. This is one of those things you learn to notice and correct within two lines while you're a neo, right? Yup. But I find my typer now requires a matchstick stuck in the gearing to disengage the ribbon, *sigh* and I am not about to retype that page. I am an Old Fan, and Tired, Meyer.

ROCK NOTES: A Mr. Raeburn, of Canada, has been turning us on to many musical goodies of late. He calls them Rock And Roll. His first act, at the recent Midwestcon, was to chide us for passing over the Zombies' Odessey & Oracle, which we promptly bought upon our return to New York. "If you're into soft rock," Mr. Raeburn told us, "you'll dig it." He was right. We did.

More recently he recommended the Four Seasons' Genuine Imitation Life Gazette, causing us much consternation, foot-scraping, and general confusion. But we purchased it anyway, largely for the groovey album jacket, which is six pages of fine print plus an insert which includes two large pages in full color of Underground (but Not Very) comix by Skip Williamson and Jay Lynch, of BIJOU COMIX fame. And having now heard the record itself, we are prepared to agree with Mr. Raeburn (of Canada) that it is indeed the Four Seasons' own "Pet Sounds"--a fine and gassy album.

Mr. Raeburn also sent us a copy of the single version of the Beach Boys' "Be True To Your School," which was indeed, as he advised us, different from and superior to the album version. (We suspect, sir, that they are two entirely different takes, utilizing different production, rather like the two versions of "Help Me, Rhonda." We checked out the flip side, "In My Room," and found it identical to the album version.) We want to take this space to thank Mr. Raeburn (of Canada) for his advice and the records he has sent us, and we hope he enjoys the copy of "Celebrate the News" and "Break Away" by the Beach Boys which we sent him. "Celebrate the News" is fine stuff indeed, and a shame it has been ignored by the AM and FM radio stations.

We would also advise Mr. Raeburn and those others among you who "dig" the "jive" to pick up on the new album by Catmother & The Allnight Newsboys on Polydor. It is fine rock, and friends who have seen the group live tell me that this is one record which is faithful to the live-group sound.

SEX: Last winter I was in Bookmasters browsing the paperback racks, and on my way out I saw by the door a stack of tabloid papers, the title of which was "SCREW, The Sex Review." I sniffed audibly once, and continued out without breaking stride. My mistake. SCREW #1 is now

a high-priced collector's item. And something like thirty issues have come out since.

SCREW, and its followers (more about them in a bit) are a reflection of two disparate factors: the hippy/underground sex revolution (freedom-based sex in all its implications) and the square sex revolution (pornography and wife-swapping clubs). The clues were there in the success of those underground press papers like EVO which run sex-based personal ads. (Sample: "Horny young man wants girl, 18-25 to share apt. rent free." This escalated into "Good, dirty sex. I go down, dig it ..." but why go on? Totally explicit ads soliciting homosexual, heterosexual, group sex, sado-masochistic sex, you name it, they all began appearing in the EVO a couple of years ago. We used to read them aloud to each other in tones of disbelief...) Then pornographic books became fait-accompli, and "beaver movies" began appearing in certain movie houses. ("Beaver movies" show pubic hair. "Spread shots" show what nestles within the pubic hair.) The Forty-Second Street porno shops began peddling slick, full-color magazines from the west coast which went beyond nudism: they were devoted to pictures of every pose short of actual sexual contact.

SCREW brought it all together. Written in semi-literate vulgarity (once in a while the editors forget themselves and lapse into English), originally supposed to review all the sex products and perform a CONSUMERS REPORT function, SCREW quickly degenerated into a collection of pussy photos and dashed-off commentary on the latest movies and books. But its circulation, despite a number of busts, has steadily risen.

The second paper was THE NEW YORK REVIEW OF SEX (& POLITICS), which started out on a much higher plane, both in content and graphics. In fact, people began to complain that it was dull. It ran folios of erotic art, of which it could be said that it was at least art, and one of its artists, Brad Holland, is now doing work for PLAYBOY, where he is no doubt better paid. NYRS also began publishing pornography, something SCREW has never done, by excerpting sections of Barbara, the Olympia Press porno novel.

This opened the floodgates to two more papers, PLEASURE and KISS, both of which began largely as vehicles for pornographic short stories, and photos. KISS ran some genuine pornographic photos in its third issue, and was the first paper to be busted. (These days KISS is given over to reread Dr. Hipocrates columns and material by the Andy Warhol stable, which is mostly bitchy gossip about Andy's personal "superstars".)

At the present, SCREW, KISS and PLEASURE are weeklies, and NYRS a twice-monthly. PLEASURE has a spin-off, FUN, which is dull, and SCREW has been promising a homophile paper, ERECT, for months now. KISS is part of the EVO combine, along with GOTHIC BLIMP WORKS (the Underground Comix tabloid) and GAY POWER, the first issue of which has just appeared.

When these things first began coming out, I started collecting them (beginning with SCREW #3), because I couldn't believe they'd last long. They have been closed down and/or harrassed by the police at least five times now, but they are still coming out. I took a couple to the St. Louiscon for Greg Benford, and it was interesting to watch various fans' reactions to them, porno apparently being rare between the coasts.

What do I think of them? I think they are a good idea, in principle, but that they're raggedly put together, and rather boring after you've read several. Surprisingly, SCREW wears the best, simply because it contains more news. One thing the present glut of above-counter porno has taught us all is that once it is no longer forbidden, but is available in quantity, it loses its impact. Those sex-papers which, like PLEASURE, still run mostly porno fiction, tire one the most quickly. No matter how erotically-written its stories are, after you've read a dozen,

you've read all the combinations and variations. The only step beyond is a step up: to better writing, better characterization, more involvement. That's starting to happen in the books, but it will probably take a while to reach the papers, and the readers may not stick around for it.

But socially, I think it's a Good Thing. It liberates us from our frustrations and fears, and it exposes as nonsense the Cassandra-cries of the book-burners. Why, I bet a flood of really good porno into a ghetto might forestall a riot! (Unfortunately, if the Establishment thinks of this, they'll do it...)

SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW: Not a lot, actually. The St. Louiscon was a gas, of course, as we all expected, because we were all there. But I can see the day coming when the Invention, that hoax-con that was supposedly held in St. Louis in the early fifties, will be a reality. Even the little regional cons are attracting hundreds of attendees. We need a new ingroup con. If enough people realize that need, it will happen. Say, fifty or so people--maybe a hundred at the outside --situated around a pool, and all Good Guys...yes, the idea has an appeal to it...

I am still getting used to the fit of my other editorial chair-- the one that says AMAZING/FANTASTIC on its back. Beginning with the January issue of AMAZING, I will be listed as full Editor, and Arnie Katz will be Associate Editor. Arnie is now wading through forty years of pulp dust looking for eligible "classics" for reprint. The changes and improvements are still occurring, in slow evolution, and our wars with our typesetter have grown from a "police-action" on the advisory level to a "brush-war." It's a shame they don't have anyone who can read or write setting type.

What else? Gee...what else? Hmm...NEWSBRAKES: Jay Kinney is in town, going to school at the Pratt Institute. Terry Carr has been vacationing in California and associated places for the past week or two, arriving back tonight. Carol is reported to be agitating for a permanent move out there, if only Ace would agree... Bill Donaho had a big Pool Opening party at his new house last week, unveiling his Keen Pool & Whirlpool Bath. Unfortunately, the party started at 9:00 in the evening and it was too cold for most people to swim. Lots of people showed up, including Dave Rike, who now lives a couple of blocks from Jim Benford in S.F. And that's all from our Westcoast Spy GB. (Jay Kinney note supplied by JB.) --Ted White

EGOBOO #8
John D. Berry
Mayfield House
Stanford, California
94305



RICHARD BERGERON
11 E. 68TH ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

FIRST CLASS MAIL

FIRST CLASS MAIL
