

impression I want to the readers, and I'm tired of that. I don't give a damn what impression EGOBOO gives, or how it fits in with the great Tidal Shifts of Fandom Today, as long as you and I enjoy it.

This seems to be the Silly Season. Lately I've received some very strange things in the mail. No, I don't mean the oddities that keep coming my way because of my review column in AMAZING. I mean enclosures with letters. Bob Lichtman's letter this issue included the receipt for his garbage disposal bill for last May and June. It's from the Sunset Scavenger Company (there are no "garbagemen" in San Francisco, only Scavengers who come and root about in your garbage, picking and clawing, until finally they take it all away). "BASEMENT CLEANING A SPECIALTY," it says, adding, "Please Notify the Office a Day or Two Before Collection Day." There are several little notes to the customer, telling us that if your garbage is too big, or in a hazardous place, or takes too long to collect, or isn't in a proper container, you will be subject to an additional charge. Even our garbage is regulated these days. "PLEASE KEEP DOGS LOCKED UP ON COLLECTION DAY. WE CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR DOGS GONE ASTRAY WHILE SERVICING CUSTOMERS." If you would like to know, Bob Lichtman paid \$3.70 to have his garbage collected last spring.

Calvin Demmon was even more enterprising. In his letter he included a slightly-spindled IEM card that read: "COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES -- DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC SOCIAL SERVICES -- AUTHORIZATION TO PURCHASE FOOD STAMP COUPONS." There were lots of numbers and letters all over it, and a printed signature of Ellis P. Murphy, "Director, Public Social Services," and a few IEM holes. There weren't very many holes, so maybe Calvin is very easy to categorize. He had me running around with wild visions of Calvin and his wife Wilma and his son Peter and his dog and his two cats all starving to death in the privacy of their own home, because here I was holding \$40.00 worth of their food in my hand. ("CASH REQUIRED: \$31.00." Aha. The clever little devils.) But then I noticed that the authorization expired on August 27, 1969, and I was happy again. Anyway, the card has a nice Seal of the County of Los Angeles, California, that shows a fish and a cow and a sailing ship and somebody with a halo and all kinds of other things that don't look like Los Angeles at all. Los Angeles County sure isn't very humble. Or very accurate. Eat well, Calvin and Wilma.

Nobody else has sent me anything good like that, but I'll bet after writing all this I'll be deluged in trivia. Go ahead and do it; it's fun. But I'll bet I won't write it up in the next EGOBOO.

THEY LAUGHED WHEN I...: Last year, way back in EGOBOO 3 when this fanzine featured Sports Pages and Fanzine Reviews and Changles of Address, we initiated a poll. The EGOBOO Poll, we called it. In response to the crying need of the times, we created the Poll for people who don't respond to Polls. To participate all you had to do was not respond to the EGOBOO Poll. Loads of fans participated in our poll (nobody sent in a ballot, so we never did get a chance to put the Negative Votes clause into effect), and this fantastic response has so affected us that we are tempted to conduct a real poll. If we really decide to do this, you will see us next issue, stars in our eyes, including a ballot for you to fill out. If we do include one, we hope you'll Fill It Out. If we don't, you may ignore the whole thing. That's the way we see it, anyway.

--John D. Berry

Far out trip report; shrewd assessment of the worth of LASFS. I don't know anything about this "Brides" horror, whatever it is; Bjo has been tv-tripping ever since her hangup on the Star Trek ghastlies, and I suppose was able to explain what was exciting about a location shoot of the show to you; yes, yes, go on about St. Louis; I have my Decoder Ring on and am Ready -- well, I almost have it on -- unh, unh -- dammit, it's not going on -- frigging fat finger -- sheesch. All right, I'm holding my Decoder. O old, old...

TEW's piece on the New York sex papers is the first summation of this sudden phenomenon I've seen in fandom. I was struck by the air-clearing audacity of the things myself, when John Boardman started sending them to me with Screw #1, and I went and wrote a book on the subject -- 60,000 words on an eleven-month-old journalistic sensation in two weeks, due from my publishers any day now, which is real on-top-of-it paperback journalism if there is any, ahem -- and will send you and TEW copies when I receive them. (I'm getting 25 freebies -- these from the Greenleaf Classics house which Dick Geis -- ah, clever, plastic Dick Geis -- and Barry Malzberg have been denouncing as never giving writers complimentary copies, incidentally.) TEW on pros, even with the ribbon on, is Fine, as is TEW on anything. Let's try TEW on toast sometime. But that's Old...

(San Francisco Academy of Comic Art, 2077 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94115)

CALVIN DEMMON: /Talking about a proposed Project of mine:/ I think this is definitely the time to get into the "underground" publishing scene, & the sooner you act, the better. You are a good editor and a good writer. At the risk of repeating myself (& this is also a mlg cmt on "Egoboo"), I have to praise again your skill in delineating people in one or two sentences: in a few words, you have them jumping off the page and eating out of our hands. It's amazing, & absolutely fearless on your part (I'm thinking of the cancer lady in your current number). At the same time it's scary: when I got to the part about your visit to us, I was afraid for a second that you were going to do us in two brutal true sentences, but you didn't. Then I realized that you did.

/From an earlier letter:/
Peter said his first word the other day: "labyrinth."

(2338 Loma Vista Place, Los Angeles, Calif. 90039)

BOB LICHTMAN: Andy /Main/ dropped out of FAPA intentionally, feeling that it was no longer a place where he felt at home. He tried to write up an 8-pager for the August mailing, but it didn't work, I guess. I was told either by him or by a Benford that Don Fitch is circulating a petition on Andy's behalf, but haven't been sent a copy of it myself. Andy really doesn't want back in, he says. He's now living up in Mendocino with Paul Williams' "family" (about eight adults and several children) and will be there until next April, at present plans. Can be reached at P.O. Box 322, Mendocino 95460.

Calvin, too, in recent correspondence is having thoughts about dropping out of FAPA. I tried to persuade him not to in a letter back, but have had no response to that so I don't know the present state of his head. For that matter, I've thought of it, as well. The thing we all feel is that there are some 50-odd people in FAPA whom we don't really care to reach at all, and thus it seems like a tremendous waste of effort

to produce all those extra copies. We all feel that we could just as well publish a fanzine on Xerox or something for the 25 or so people we do want to be in touch with, and let it go at that. We'd save the \$4/year membership, and would be in more complete communication with our circle of friends. As it is, none of us keep anything that could be called a mailing list. I just sort of remember periodically, "Oh, so and so should get a copy of this fanzine," and then scrounge around trying to find his current address and send one. With a regular, small publication sent only to interested parties, maybe we'd get some semblance of order back into the whole process. So our thinking goes, anyway, and perhaps it's true, but more likely we'd just fuck off even more. Once you're not publishing regularly it's easy not to. I think that's closer to the truth of what would happen.

(112 Lundy's Lane, San Francisco, Calif. 94110)

DICK GEIS: I can see you in an English class editing your column and the prof, nettled at your inattention, asks you to tell the class what you are doing. Then you squelch him with, "Just my regular column for a nationally-distributed professional magazine, sir." Trouble is I'm not taking any English classes.

Fandom is like an amorphous mass of egoboo waiting for someone with the energy, talent and ambition to rape it...if raping an amorphous mass of ego-boo is attractive. It can be...it can be...

But it does take energy, talent and ambition--the willingness to publish and work at it frequently to produce that required "frequent fannish fanzine" which everyone wants to see...but no one produces. It must take a very unique person...one in a million. Fandom hasn't come up with one for a while. And because that vacuum exists, fannishness is languishing for lack of a focal point and the sf-oriented zines are getting all the attention and interest in sf is being honed and inflated. I don't particularly think that fannishness is languishing; it's flourishing as it hasn't for years. It is not, unfortunately, as much at the center of things as it has been at times in the past, but there is a basic underlying fannishness among the new young fans today.

Fandom and fandom's history is obviously a history of individuals, at least (said he, qualifying like mad) as far as fanzines are concerned.

(P.O. Box 3116, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403)

HARRY WARNER, JR.: There were lots of might have beens involving Harold Piser. I feel a trifle guilty for a couple of reasons. For one thing, he wanted to borrow all my fanzines for his indexing purposes. I didn't offer them on the grounds that he would have found little that he hadn't already tallied during his work on other collections. But he was a trifle unhappy about this, and I don't like the thought of having peevd a fatally ill man. Another matter was Harold's suggestion that we should move in together. We had never met, but he seemed to think that we might get along pretty well for mutual lack of much interest in having a wild sort of life. I explained to him that this would never work for any number of reasons; I didn't include in the list of reasons the fact that I simply am not the kind of person to become the chief companion of an elderly man in poor health. But suppose I'd shown some real interest and we'd worked something out. The completed part of his work would undoubtedly

have survived, some awful peril to some fanzine collections would have been averted, and maybe the different way of life would have done me good, for that matter.

I wonder just how many fanzine collections Harold had at the time of his death? Ted apparently isn't aware that an obscure New York fan returned a huge quantity of fanzines via his own auto to the owner, identified only as a chap named Miske. I don't know if this is the Jack Chapman Miske who was so prominent in fandom in the late 1930's and then vanished instantaneously when Cyril Kornbluth embarrassed him with a childish trick at a worldcon. I've heard of Miske having occasional contact with fans in recent years but I hardly think he would have accumulated all those fanzines up to the time of his gafiation, for that was the era when a whole year didn't produce a very large boxful of fanzines.

If those two trains collided in the manner described by Calvin Demmon, they would be crushed into pulp and when this pulp was turned into paper, it would prove to be water-marked.

Is there anything in this trick about seven folds which limits the length of time within which it must be accomplished? It occurred to me that it might be possible to achieve it, if the folds came at intervals of about twenty years. Between the increasing deterioration of the paper and the improving physical abilities of the human race, we might begin planning right now. It could be a means of selective breeding, as couples mated with extreme care to make certain that the next generation would inherit their combination of abilities in order to increase their chances of making the next fold with success.

I regret to report that the attempt is useless. When I passed through St. Louis last spring on my way east, Joyce Fisher read EGOBOO 7 and immediately set out to fold a piece of paper in half seven times. She took a very thin piece of paper she used for carbon copies of St. Louiscon correspondence and folded it promptly in half seven times. Dammit.

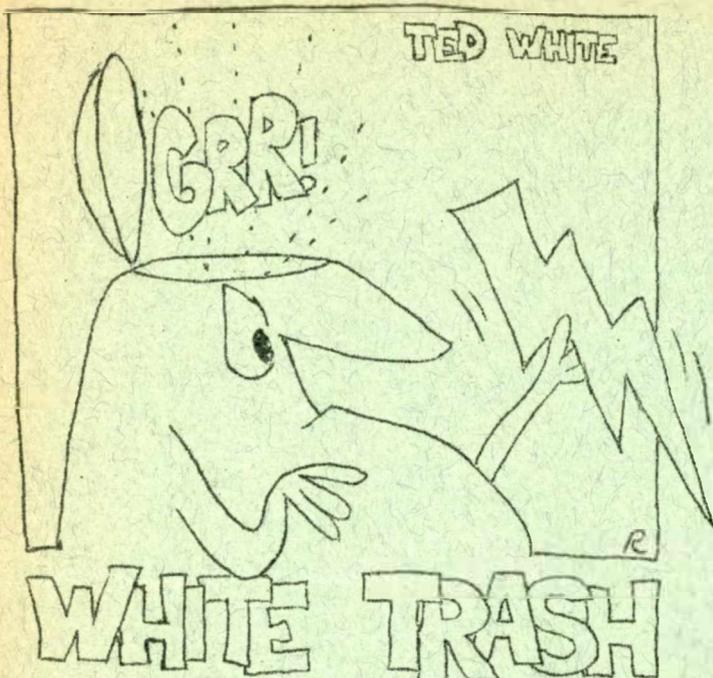
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RICHARD LABONTE: Glad to hear EGOBOO is going monthly; it means all the fanzine faith in its regularity hasn't been mis-placed. Your firm declaration of intent can do no more than restore and replenish that faith in E's regularity, even if you don't go monthly at all. It's a crafty thing you have done.

Are all typesetters illiterate, I wonder after reading Ted's comments on brushwars with AMAZING/FANTASTIC typesetters? Do they have to write a test designed to prove their inability to understand what it is they type, or, perhaps, one designed to prove their inability to copy a series of symbols from one place to another? My own favorite instance of transliterative ineptitude in AMAZING is the reference in my column in the Nov. issue to "3//2: A SPACE ODYSSEY." Reason I ask is that the typesetters for The Carleton, the university newspaper I edit, never let a week go by without they set copy the wrong width, or set a whole story using hyphens instead of dashes, or forget to set the middle two paragraphs of an article and then lose the original copy.

It's all a plot to make me cry.

There's a porno shop on the corner of the street the office I worked at during the summer is on (now you know...) and all the civil servants gather at noon to dog-ear the display copies and then carry off their plastic bags



SPONTANEITY IS THE SOUL OF GOOD FANAC:

The new Moondog album (on Columbia Masterworks, yet) is playing on the stereo system, John D. Berry is in the other room collating copies of EGOBOO #8, and somewhere else in the house one of our cats, who just had kittens this morning, is terrorizing the other four cats and dashing nervously about.

I tell you this in order to establish the ambiance in which this column is being written, to create for you the synchronicity of events tied to this column by their simultaneity...and mainly to fill out this box-like shape to the right of my column heading. Yes. Spontaneity is the soul of fanac.

HATE: Fandom is made more interesting for some of us, and less interesting for others (a necessary correlary, I suspect) by the Hate Content which seems to ebb and flow within it. The Hate Content (or THC, as those of us in the Ingroup call it) seems to be a factor of the Paper Quality of much fanac...: the fact that many fans conduct their whole lives on paper, in fanzines. (Piers Anthony can rise and take a bow, now; I feel I know him like a close neighbor after reading his columns in BEABOHEMA.)

Paper Fanac (Yes, those of us in the Ingroup call this PF) leads to many excesses which I doubt would or could occur in a fandom based purely upon personal contacts (clubs, cons, et al). Almost all major feuds are conducted on paper, their antagonists usually reserved and polite to each other when forced into contact at a con. It's easier, let's face it, to chew someone out on paper. It's easier to call a man a moron, a jackass, a vile fornicator, etc., on paper than to his face. It's easier to be irresponsible on paper. (Curiously, the fact that it is easier to be responsible on paper--since one has the opportunity for second thoughts and self-editing--has eluded most of us.)

So feuds spring up, flourish, wane and die all in the space of months in fanzines while the active participants are probably ignorant of each other's actual appearance or personality, and life goes on, and the rest of us (those of us not actively engaged in the feud of the moment) look on with amusement or disgust. It's a way of working out your repressed aggressions, to be sure. We all hate someone to some extent, and we've all been taught that Brawling is Bad, and we simmer our hatreds into strange neuroses. So aren't we fortunate that fandom affords us the release of paper fanac?

I, for instance, cordially hate Charles Platt.

MORE ROCK NOTES: After a summer drought, fall has brought about any number of new releases. I don't have them all yet, but a few that I've recently purchased are: Moondog (Columbia), Al Kooper: You Never Know 'ho Your Friends Are (Columbia), Switched-On Rock, The Four Seasons: The Genuine Imitation Life Gazette (Philips), Appaloosa (Columbia), Cat M'other and the All Night Newsboys (Polydor),

The Rolling Stones: Through the Past, Darkly (London), The Band (Capitol), Janis Joplin: I Got Dem Ol' Kozmic Blues Again Mama! (Columbia), David Clayton-Thomas (Decca), Michael Bloomfield: It's Not Killing Me (Columbia), Bloomfield et al: Live at Bill Graham's Fillmore West (Columbia), Nick Gravenites: My Labors (Columbia). And would you believe that I bought others I forgot to dig up for this list? *Sigh*

The Moondog album is not rock, of course, but it is beautiful music, and his best album since his Epic ten-incher circa 1952. (The ones he did in the late fifties for Prestige weren't so much musical as documentary.) The album is produced by James William Guercio, who produced the second Blood, Sweat & Tears album, and the CTA's first album. He did an intelligent job. Moondog wrote the notes, wrote the music, conducted it, and generally was given a first-class opportunity to put his music on record. My only quibble is that this is another of those lps with less than thirty minutes, total, of playing time. It's a shame so many of the best albums (many Beach Boys, the Randy Newman, the first Harpers Bizarre) are so short. Moondog's music is based on the round, and most of his compositions here do not really advance, thematically, so much as they accumulate. The first round of eight or twelve bars states the theme with one instrument. As the music progresses through each cycle of the same basic eight (or whatever) bars, a new contrapuntal line is added by another instrument or group of instruments. The effect is hypnotic, and very much present-tense, and in a way like Terry Riley's monumental In C (forty-two minutes of a "one-bar" composition which is a guaranteed Instant High for anyone who listens to it). Moondog's melodies are very lyrical, and often based on unusual modes. He describes himself as classical, and he is, but his naivete and melodic freshness are a delight.

The Gravenites and Fillmore West albums seem to have identical personnel, and, along with the other Bloomfield album are all of a type. If you're in the mood for good white blues, these three albums are excellent, but if you're not, they're a bore. I don't think they're up to Bloomfield's Live Adventures album with Kooper, because they lack Kooper's sense of rock. They're more an extension of Butterfield, the Electric Flag, and second-generation Muddy Waters. Speaking of Muddy Waters, the album he did with Butterfield and Bloomfield, Fathers And Sons (Chess), is a bargain (two records for the price of one), but basically just a Muddy Waters set. Bloomfield and Butterfield submerge themselves completely. Of course if Waters is your bag, that should delight you.

On the other hand. Al Kooper's second solo album (made largely with the Big Band he has been touring with) is Just Fine. Much better than I Stand Alone, it traces a rather direct descent from the first (and Kooper-dominated) Blood, Sweat & Tears album. The choice of material is excellent (yes, there's another Nilsson piece), most of it by Kooper. It ranges from modern atonality-plus-lyric strings (in "The Great American Marriage/Nothing"), through Beach-Boys-like voicings ("Mourning Glory Story") to good ol' Phil-Spector-type rock ("Never Gonna Let You Down").

Kooper produced the Appaloosa album, and did a nice job with it. The basic group (violin, guitar, cello, bass--soft folk-rock) is augmented by Kooper, and various members of B,S & T on various tracks. The result is tasteful and faithful to the Appaloosa's basic conception. (Kooper also produced an album by Sweet Linda Divine, about which I can only say that Kooper's tracks are excellent, but Sweet Linda is a total drag.)

Janis Joplin's album sounds a lot better than I expected--the horns seem to have worked their kinks out--and Janis occasionally betrays her

obvious real talent for singing the blues, but it's a shame she's such a dumb lush broad, and on such a big ego trip of her own. Still, it's a better album by far than Cheap Thrills. The present backup band is 100% superior to Big Brother.

I probably would not have bought Switched-On Rock (a title follow-up to Switched-On Bach, which is an exciting but essentially sterile album) but for the fact that Korvettes, where I was browsing, was playing it. There is a plethora of Moog-synthesizer "rock" albums out now, most of them just a new variation on the Hollywood Strings Play Rock schlock hype. (And the first group to use a synthesizer live, The United States of America, seems dead and forgotten. Oh well.) Switched-On Rock does not entirely escape this schlock-syndrome, but the choice of pieces is good, the sound is stunning, the execution genuinely muscular and unemasculated, and, Boyd, they do a great version of the Zombies' "The Time of the Season."

The Stones' album is a must for Stones fans, of course, and I will say this: it is the first Stones album I have listened to with pleasure all the way through. It is also octagonal, for some stupid reason. The record inside is still round, however.

I mentioned the Four Seasons album last issue. I have replayed it a number of times and enjoyed it even more each time. All the pieces are written or co-written by Jake Holmes (who made an album for Verve-Forecast several years ago called The Above-Ground Sound of Jake Holmes and which I've heard only in pieces on FM radio), and they have substance as well as good melodies. The Seasons sound is retained, but given a valid context. I like it a lot. It really is for the Four Seasons what Pet Sounds was for the Beach Boys, artistically. But I'll be damned if I'll go back and buy all the earlier Seasons albums.

Catmother... This has to be the sleeper album of the year. With next to no promotion but a semi-hit single ("Good Old Rock 'N Roll"), they've put together an album that perhaps typifies what can be done artistically with good dancing-type rock music. And "Probably 'on't" has been running through my head ever since I first heard it at the end of the first side of the album.

The Band is The Band's second album, and, on first hearing (I got it today) it sounds very much like the first album, From Big Pink. I suspect I shall require several listenings to really get inside the album, so I'll forego judgement on it for now. But I have the feeling that The Band is almost incestuously refined, and I wonder if it is capable of future change or growth.

The David Clayton-Thomas album is obviously a set of older, probably Canadian, recordings which Decca has issued to cash in on his present popularity with B,S & T. He was originally a Ray Charles-inspired white blues singer, and he's closer to his origins here (Decca has avoided any notation of dates or personnel), but still robustly good-humored and fun to listen to. He is much better with Blood, Sweat & Tears, however.

And that covers the stuff I bought in the last couple of weeks. By the time you read this, the third B,S & T record, the Beatles' Abbey Road, and ghod knows whatall else should be out. It's hard to keep up with it all--and I buy only a fraction of what's coming out! (I avoid most of the British hard-rock groups like Led Zeppalin, Jethro Tull, et al; they bore me.)

This has been a section for Bob Silverberg.

HOW I MISSED THE LAST FANOCLAST MEETING: One day--was it only a week ago?--on a Monday morning I went out to get in my car and I found my license plates were missing.

They'd been ripped right off the car.

This came as a shock, but a not entirely unexpected one. The old plates were, to begin with, expired. They were also registered to my junked Lincoln. And my car had been parked by a fire hydrant. However

... When I bought the Grey Goose last year, I was given by its previous owner a signed-over registration which was invalid due to the fact that another name had been written in, crossed out, and my name stuck over it. I found it was invalid when I went to the local Motor Vehicles office, stood in line three hours (one hour per line), and, after paying my Sales Tax, was informed that I didn't have a valid registration and should go away and forget I existed. Perplexed, annoyed, even outraged, I said to myself, "The hell with you, New York State. You just saved me \$50 for new tags." And I drove on those expired, wrong-registration tags for many paranoid months, lacking anything better.

"Mr. White," the woman across the street called out to me. She's a School Crossing Guard, and a quasi policewoman. She's also a nice person. "The patrolman took your plates," she said. "He told me to tell you to go down to the stationhouse for them." I thanked her, taped up a sheet saying "Stolen Plate 6910 CK New York" on it in the back window, and promptly took off for Virginia.

My thinking was thus: I had a bill of sale and the signed-over registration card, plus other epiphenomena which should prove my ownership of the car to any reasonable person. Even my receipt for NYC sales tax (\$3.75). Plates in Virginia cost a fraction of what they do in New York. I had a Va. driver's license anyway. I was moving down there in less than a year and would only be anticipating things a little. Etc. I wanted a valid registration on the car. New York State wouldn't give it to me, and I could guess what would be in store for me if I went down to the 68th Precinct stationhouse. I'd be lucky if I wasn't immediately arrested as a scofflaw. So...: Virginia.

We drove down Tuesday morning. Wednesday morning, after being awakened (repeatedly) by the crowing of my mother's chickens, I went to the local Motor Vehicles office. I walked in and there was no one else there on my side of the counter. I walked right up and a woman smiled and said, "Yes sir, can I help you?" I liked that.

I liked it a lot less when she inspected my papers and said, "The registration has a name crossed out; Richmond wouldn't like that. If your Bill of Sale was notarized, that would be fine. Can you have it notarized for us?"

So I went back to my mother's house, soon to be my house (next summer), told Robin, who was mentally rearranging all the furniture, that I still had no valid registration. *Sigh* And then I began calling up the car's previous owners. I called all afternoon without luck. "I have a dental appointment tomorrow and my tooth hurts," Robin said. I *sighed* some more.

I reached the people that night, and dictated to them a new bill of sale for them to have notarized. "Send it to me Special Delivery," I told them. They said they would. Then I made plans for Robin to take a bus to New York, while I waited, twiddling my thumbs. "I'll be back by Friday night, I hope," I told her as I kissed her goodbye. I was wrong.

Having nothing else to do, I began doing odd jobs around the place. I mowed the grass in the back quarter for the first time in months, for instance. It was a pleasure to watch the rotary mower bite into a foot and a half of grass and weeds. It was less a pleasure when a yellow-jacket took offense and stung me, twice--once on the elbow

