



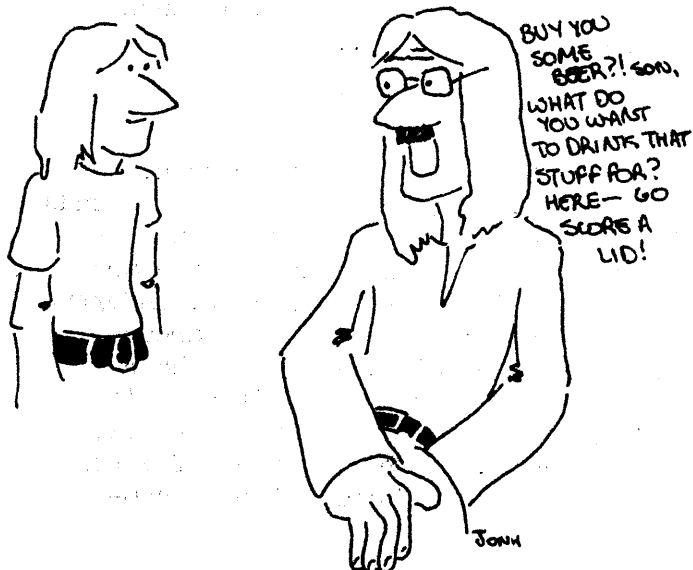
*Hamilton*  
for Michael Melod  
and Mrs. Mike



This is the seventh issue of **ENERGUMEN**, Canada's fairly frequent fannish fanzine (huh?) which is actually a quarterly genzine now way ahead of schedule. It is edited by Michael Glicksohn who stubbornly insists on doing all the work for it himself, being too damn muleheaded to let anyone else do it. Thus he takes full responsibility for misnumbering page 21 as 24 and running it with the margin on the wrong side, plus any other errors in typing, layout or judgement you may detect. **ENERGUMEN** is co-edited by Susan Glicksohn, wife to Michael, who does everything else around the place so Michael can work on the magazine and bears his tyrannical selfishness marvelously well. She is also a source of encouragement, knowledge and ideas without which **ENERGUMEN** would be considerable the weaker.

**ENERGUMEN** is available for arranged trade, substantial loc or contribution of written or artistic material. As an absolutely last resort, we will accept 50¢ per issue--but no cheques!

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Design Consultants: Delanna Designs

Welcome to the second half of the new, double-barrelled, schizophrenic ENERGUMEN. And if that confuses you, you obviously haven't read #6, the "other half" of this issue. Briefly, as I explained in #6, the copy that arrived after #5 was mailed out divided neatly into serious articles and fannish columns; so we decided to try an experiment to see if we could please everyone on the mailing list. Issue #6, which was available a couple of weeks before this one, was the "Energumen Looks At The Creative Process" issue, with articles on art and writing by Grant Canfield, Jack Gaughan, Mike Gilbert and Andy Offutt, plus other articles and the comments made on the "serious" parts of ENERGUMEN 5. The issue you hold in your hands, while numbered 7, is in effect the other half of #6 -- together they form a single entity and, I think, a rather interesting experiment.

This is the fannish half of the new ENERGUMEN. It contains articles by two of the greatest fannish writers ever, plus material by some of the top writers of today along with the fannishly oriented comments on issue #5. Both it and #6 are independant and complete fanzines (and count as separate issues as far as subscriptions go) but we hope that together they will form something greater than the sum of its parts. And at least this way, dyed-in-the-wool fannish fans or sf fans will know which issue to ignore if they so wish!

I'm hoping that everyone will get both #6 and #7, so they can appreciate what's been done here. And of course we're waiting for your comments, since they'll influence the appearance of ENERGUMEN in future issues. But inevitably, there will be people reading this issue who have not seen #6, and perhaps have not seen any of my previous issues either. They might feel prompted to say something to the effect of, "Christ! Is this the 'art-conscious' ENERGUMEN I've been hearing about?" Well...in a word, no.

There are two reasons why this issue contains very little art, especially when rated against my previous policy of one drawing per page. First, fannish fans are primarily word oriented, and prefer more written material to pages "wasted" on filler art. And second, because of the nature of fannish columns, it is almost impossible to find art that is appropriate to the text unless you can get the column illustrated specifically. I couldn't, so there are very few illustrations in this issue, and none at all in the lettercolumn. This enables me to use more copy, save somewhat on paper and ink, and makes the actual mimeographing considerably easier. And I hope that you'll agree that the words stand up well by themselves. Again, we await your reactions.

Not that I wish to imply that I'm against art in "fannish" fanzines: far from it! If any of the "fannish" artists reading this want to take pity on me and send a bunch of fannish-type illustrations for future issues, I'd be most grateful...

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It should be no great surprise to most of you if I say that fandom has a pronounced tendency to consist of splinter groups, factions, cliques, collections of close friends or whatever term you wish. Nor should it be a blinding revelation that these various groups are often engaged in quite violent and vicious squabbles and feuds. There are fans and fanzines that have risen to fame by exploiting this state of affairs: unfortunate but true. Now my own position is maybe somewhat unusual: I haven't been around long enough nor active deeply enough to have acquired many enemies. I tend to have good friends in many of the groups and sub-groups in fandom, and I wouldn't have it any other way. But it does make things rather difficult when you're friends with two people who'd cheerfully drown each other in a vat of Corflu! And being faned of a genzine that has tried to walk the tightrope between "fannish" and "serious" only compounds the problem.

Many people found it "strange" that I published both Johnny Berry and Ted Pauls in #5 since they really belong to opposing "clubs". For those of you who weren't around when ENERGUMEN 1 came out, let me quote from my first editorial: "If it's interesting and

LOVE ME...  
LOVE MY  
FANZINE...

# FEEDBACK FROM THE MIKE



well written, I'll publish it, whether I agree with the viewpoint or not." This has always been my policy, and always will be: just as Geis published Spinrad's "FIAWOL" in SFR because he thought his readers would want to see it, so I'll publish material that I think my readership will find stimulating, whether it coincides with my personal opinion or not. **ENERGUMEN** is a genzine, after all, and not a personalzine.

Nothing I have published to date has prompted the passionate response -- both pro and con -- that resulted from the first installment of Ted Pauls' column last issue. Obviously, what he has to say is of interest to my readers. And yet I see the beginnings of an alarming tendency for this discussion to degenerate into an exchange of gratuitous insults and personal attacks. Quite simply, I will not allow this to continue. Evidently, there is an issue involved here --perhaps even a controversy. Fine: I have no fear of controversy per se. But I urge all those involved or those who are interested enough to participate in the discussion, to do so in a logical, rational way, avoiding mere name-calling and personal slurs and concentrating on the issues instead. Otherwise, I shall exercise editorial control and remove the entire matter from these pages.

\*\*\*

Starting in this issue is a column I think will become one of the highlights of this fanzine. "Light Of Other Days" is a loving but critical look by well-known fan Arnie Katz at some of the great fanzines of the 1950's. The column includes a complete reprint from the fanzine under consideration, especially chosen by Arnie for its quality and as a representative of the fanzine he discusses. Arnie's lead-off column looks at BEM, the British fanzine published by Mal Ashworth and Tom White, and I'm

delighted to have the opportunity to reprint "How To BNF Without Tears" by the great Walt Willis. The article is a clear indication of why Willis enjoys his well-deserved reputation, but behind the initial humour, I find some anguish and perhaps even a hint of bitterness which are most revealing; all-in-all, a fascinating look at one of the greatest of the fannish fans. And this installment of "Light Of Other Days" is, I hope, but the first of many which will add considerably to the worth and interest of this fanzine.

\* \* \*

It is fitting that in the same issue as the Willis reprint there should be a brand-new article by one of the few fans who can match Willis in reputation, that fannish and fabulous Irish fan, Bob Shaw. Happily, the British postal strike ended in time for Bob to get his article over to me and it is typical BoSh --- richly inventive and brilliantly humorous. I'd like to think that some future Arnie Katz up there in 29th Fandom might someday reprint this little gem as an example of the great fan writing of the 1970's -- it is fannish writing in the classic tradition.

You know, fandom ought to do something to show its appreciation of Bob Shaw. Perhaps if we all pulled together, we could get up enough money to bring Bob over to America to attend this year's fall elections for the Ontario Science Fiction Club, or maybe even next year's judging of the N3F Short Story Contest... Anyway, it's something to think about.

\* \* \*

Since this is a fannish issue of ENERGUMEN, I'll make some comments on the fannish Hugos this year. For me, these are always the toughest categories to vote for and there are nearly always several nominees I consider worthy of awards. I suppose this is due to the generality of the classifications which force a cartoonist like Bill Rotsler to compete for the same award as an artist such as Steve Fabian, or compel a reviewer/critic like Ted Pauls to compete with humourist Liz Fishman while a newszine like LOCUS must be rated against a sercon journal such as SPECULATION. One fannish category is easy for me this year; I'd be hypocritical (and inhuman!) if I didn't admit I plan to vote for ENERGUMEN as Best Fanzine. But the other two...

Bill Rotsler is a fantastically talented and generous man and most certainly deserves recognition for his outstanding contribution to fandom. But although I'm aware of the skill required for Bill's work, I honestly cannot vote for him over Alicia, whose work is equally skillful in an entirely different way. And I cannot vote for Steve Fabian despite my tremendous admiration for his talent because I think Alicia has shown greater versatility of style and hence has the edge on Steve for the year's work. Tim Kirk certainly hasn't gotten worse since last year, and the quality of his work matches that of Alicia, but since the artists are equal in ability, my vote goes to the one who has not yet had official recognition. And Mike Gilbert is a worthy nominee whose scratchboards lately have impressed the hell out of me, but at the same time I feel Mike has published too much art that was derivative or sloppy. So it's Alicia Austin for Best Fan Artist this year; but when I think of the people who'll be eligible next year...oh, boy!

There's been quite a bit of discussion lately about the good writers in fandom only writing for a few isolated fanzines. And the Best Fan Writer nominees really reflect this. Now I'm sure I only get a small percentage of the fanzines being produced today, so the following observations are entirely personal: As far as I myself can tell, Liz Fishman writes for Yandro, Terry Carr writes for Focal Point, Dick Geis writes for SFR and Tom Digby (whose writing I have never seen) I'm told writes for APA-L. Oh, Terry had an article in Warhoon and he has a FAPazine and I know Dick belongs to some apa, but basically, these are one-fanzine writers, at least in as much as I have to choose between them. Ted Pauls, on the other hand, writes for every fanzine there is

and, as far as I'm concerned, does so well. I may not always agree with Ted, but I always find him provocative and interesting. (Oh, and between the last stencil and this, I've been through my box of old fanzines and found two things by Tom Digby. Two pieces certainly isn't enough to judge anybody by, but I'm afraid these were both so unmemorable, I really didn't think I'd read any of his writing.) For me, the happy balance of quality and quantity gives the vote to Ted Pauls.

There's to be a motion at Noreascon to divide the Fan Artist Hugo into Best Fan Artist and Best Fan Cartoonist. I can understand and sympathize with the motives behind this: but the next step would be to split off the Best Fan Critic and Best Fannish Fan Writer from the Best Serious Fan Writer and to separate Best Newszine from Best Fannish Fanzine and Best Serious Fanzine. Things would proliferate out of sight. And how are we to define a cartoonist? To many people, a "cartoon" style means a simplistic drawing with a funny caption; there'd have to be some rigorous artistic definition in the rules before the change would be workable. No, I'm afraid the supporters of this move would have to come up with some pretty conclusive arguments before I'd go for the proposed change, no matter how unfair the present set-up may be.

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Next issue will feature the first major installment of Terry Carr's Heicon report, Terry's primary fan writing for this year. Plus a lot of the regular features. You definitely won't want to miss it, so respond to these issues, let us know what you think of what we've tried to do and if we should continue with it. See you in Boston!





# MY 2¢ WORTH

BY SUSAN GLICKSOHN

What, you may well ask, is in a name? Juliet did, and look where it got her--but ask anyway. Question the reality behind the label.

Just don't dial (413)966-3111 and ask "Is that the Ontario Motor League?"

It was a typical drear-nighted December night-- which is to say that since 4 P.M. it had been pitch black and snowing hard. (Just be glad that the 1973 Toronto world-con will be in September!) Rosemary (because all Canadian Fannish Incidents, like Chicken Kerensky, contain Rosemary) was crawling around on our floor over a length of magenta crepe, muttering. I was in the kitchen, crying. Michael was hunched over a pile of dull math lessons and mystic formulae, grumbling.

It was a calm, quiet, ordinary evening, until.... the phone rang.

"Answer that, Rosemary," I sniffed. "I'm peeling onions."

"I can't. I'm pinning my bodice together."

"Rosemary's what? What's she doing here again? Is there any beer? Wha..." demanded Michael, tripping over the magenta crepe.

"I was wondering whether you'd notice me, sweetie" snarled Rosemary. "I came over here because my garret is freezing, I left my scissors in Ottawa, my sewing machine has started chewing up my crepe, and most of all because my dumb cat keeps batting my thread all over the floor-- but at least she doesn't trip over me and send my six dozen dressmakers' pins flying, and.. and..."

"And would someone answer that blasted phone!" I wailed. Michael was busy picking dressmakers' pins out of his knees, so...

"Hello?" cooed Rosemary. "I beg your pardon?...You what?...Your what? Listen, talk to



your wife or your doctor, don't bug me!... Smartass yourself!" And she slammed down the receiver.

"Another wrong number," said Michael perceptively.

"What a weirdo! He kept saying his battery was dead, and I should come over and re-charge him! Obscene calls are getting stranger every day."

"Oh dear" I sighed. "That must have been for the OML."

"Huh?"

"The Ontario Motor League. Their emergency road service number, that you call for a tow-truck, is 966-3000; and their general information number, that you call about trip-tiks and road conditions, is 964-3111...and so people stuck in phonebooths out in the suburbs mix them up, and get us at three in the morning."

"Even the operators do it," Michael elaborated. "People really get mad when we say we're not the Motor League, and insist that 'of course you are, the operator gave me this number!'"

"Or else they keep insisting 'I've paid my \$20, now send that damn truck out!' or 'Of course it's the Motor League, I always dial this number and get service.' as if we were wrong, or were lying to them."

"So get your number changed" said Rosemary in a tone of calm reason.

"I've tried!" I insisted. "The very first day we got the phone, we had a Motor League call, and I said then, I said, let's get the number changed because my parents used to have almost the same number as the power company and people were always calling up saying 'My street lights just went out' or 'Come read my meter'"

"Hey what a great line! Come up and read my meter, baby!" purred Rosemary, flaunting her 40" chest at Michael, who, happily engrossed in re-re-reading a favourable review of ENERGIUMEN, totally ignored her.

"You can use it in a column" I offered graciously. "We could have put up with a few wrong numbers, but people would phone back four and five times, simply refusing to believe that they could have made a mistake--obviously, we were living in the wrong house, or something. When this whole Motor League business started, I wanted to change the number but the Boy Wonder over there said no, it couldn't be much of a problem, and besides, he liked the number!"

"Liked the number? Susan, sweetie, I've heard of strange fixations, but..."

"Yes. It has mathematical beauty, or symmetry, or something. And he said it would be confusing for our friends to change. And the Bell people want a re-installation fee for a new phone, and we've spent all our money on corflu and stencils already. Besides, it wouldn't help, we're a downtown exchange so we'd probably get calls for the local pizza parlour-- we already get 'em for the Scarborough Board of Education, from irate parents-- and for Women's College hospital from frantic relatives-- and sometimes the Addiction Research Foundation-- and long-distance collect calls for Canada Cement..."

"And boy, does the operator get upset when we refuse to accept the charges for those," Michael added.

"And now that the weather's so bad, we get two dozen calls a day from dolts who've gotten stuck in drifts, or who've gone to a party and left their lights on so the battery's dead, and they keep calling at two in the morning..."

"Stop wailing, Susan" Rosemary commanded. "Why don't you identify yourselves when you answer the phone. Say 'Glicksohn residence' or something so people will know you're not the Motor League. I would have thought two bright graduate students would have thought of that long ago."

"Oh, we did," Michael assured her. "It just sounded too pompous for us."

"I wanted to name the apartment the Hari Seldon People's Memorial Revolutionary Slan Shack, so I could have an official phone-answering title, but Michael wouldn't let me."

"It's not a Memorial Revolutionary anything, it's our home!"

"It's not our home," I grumbled. "It's a bloomin' fanzine factory. Hey! HEY!! Let's call ourselves-- Energumen Publications!"

Just then the phone rang again. "Energumen Publications" I cooed sweetly. "Oh" said a startled voice. "I must have the wrong number." Recognizing the voice, I cried "Hey, wait" but the line went dead. 'Energumen Publications' had succeeded, but not in repelling a seeker after tow-trucks; we'd simply confused Michael's dad!

And so it went. For two months, I abandoned the spaghetti sauce or dropped Chaucer or Michael crawled from bed at 2 A.M. to croak "Energumen Publications" into the wretched phone. "En-er-gu-men Publications.... No, ma'am, it's... but... well, no, I don't know what the roads are like between Toronto and Collinwood, but it seems to be snowing quite heavily so I'd suggest you stay home.... No, ma'am, I'm not supposed to know the road conditions, this is not the Motor League.... No, ma'am, I told you twice it was Energumen Publications. The Motor League is 964-3111.... No, that was not what you dialled!"

Oh, some people had their ears open all right, realized they had the wrong number, and hung up. Some even apologized for disturbing us. Yet a significant percentage preferred to ignore such superficial trivia as names, and plunged gleefully into a recital of their auto's most intimate ailments. It took great restraint not to snarl "Yes, buddy, the truck'll be there in ten minutes." and leave the poor clot to freeze; but, well, we'd been stranded in the sticks with a flat tire before, so mostly we gave out the right number as a sort of unofficial public service. We did hang up on rude or persistent callers, though, and take the phone off the hook at nights.

'Energumen Publications' continued to puzzle mundane friends and croggle fannish ones, who tended to turn the whole situation into a joke. Strange voices would lament that their Energumen had a flat tire, and could we send a man to fix it at once.... Callers who had never suspected that beneath the mild-mannered exterior of Michael Glicksohn, mathematics student, there lurked a veritable energumen (from the Greek, meaning a fanatic, a raving devotee) became thoroughly confused. Mister Stubbs, the principal of Bloor Collegiate, for example, happened to call during a raging February blizzard.

It was late afternoon, I was trying to write a term paper, and I was sick of trying to convince people that I hadn't the faintest idea whether or not it was safe to try and drive home. "This is Energumen Publications, and if you want the Motor League, you have the wrong number" I snapped into the receiver.

"Uh...Oh, no, I didn't want the Motor League. Is Mr. Glicksohn there?" said a firm, authoritative but somewhat puzzled voice.

"He's at class right now. May I take a message?"

"Yes, it's Stubbs, of Bloor Collegiate. Have him call me."

Oh, lord, I thought. Michael wants a teaching job from this man, and I've probably

just blown his chances! "Yes, sir, I'll have him call you the moment he gets in sir, yes sir!"

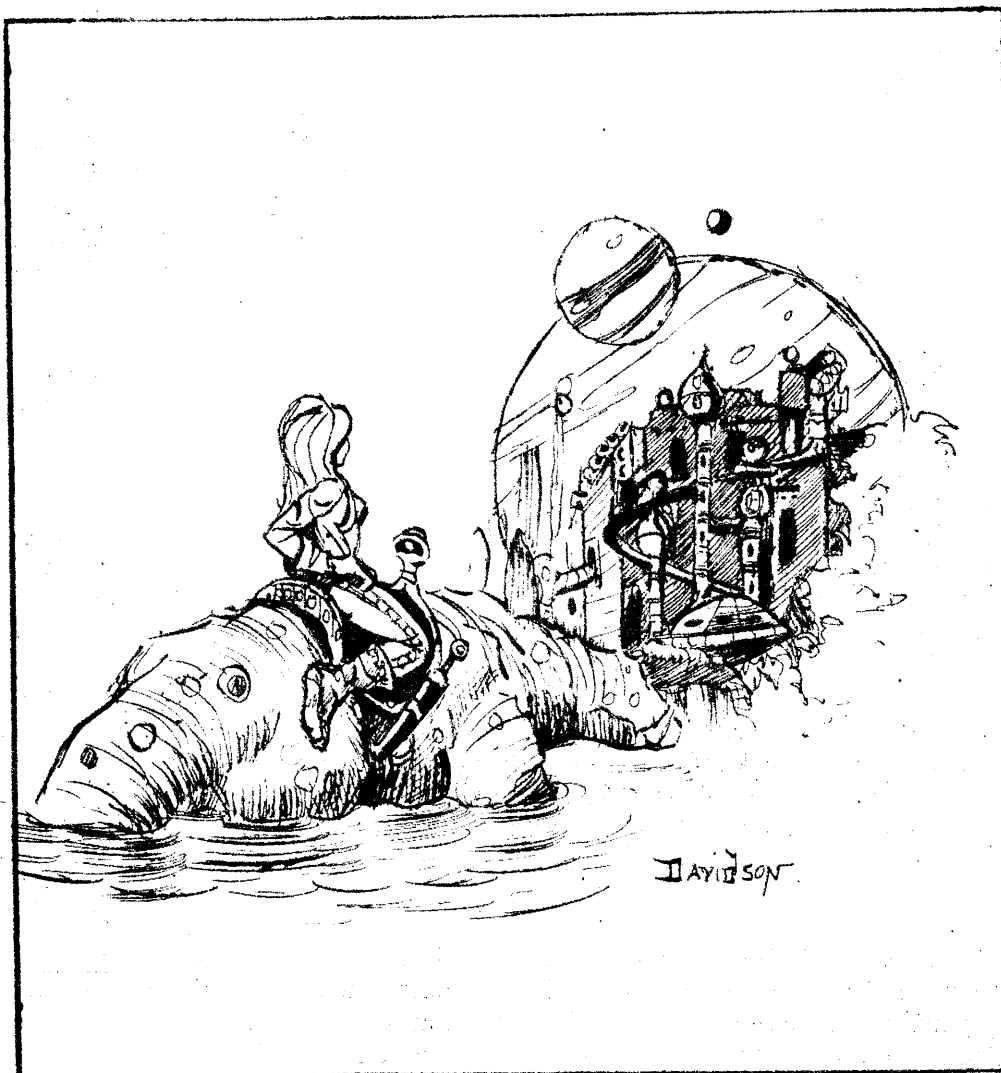
"Does Mr. Glicksohn work for you?" the voice enquired, somewhat suspiciously. "I thought he told me he was a student?"

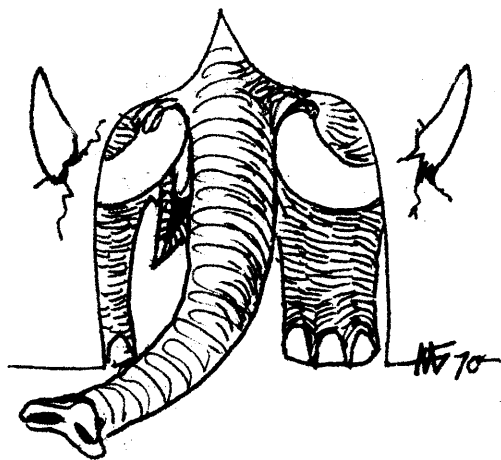
"Oh, yes sir. I'm his wife. I mean, this is our home. I mean, he doesn't actually work, we publish an amateur magazine-- but we don't make any money! I mean, it's not a job, sir, he is a student, and... I'll have him call you, sir, goodbye!" I cut the tangled conversation, and the connection.

Michael ended up signing a contract with Parkdale Collegiate instead, and I stopped answering 'Energumen Publications' for awhile. Then, suddenly, we started getting long-distance fannish calls, and a mere "hello" hardly seemed like an appropriate greeting for Cliff and Andy and Richard and Arnie and all. Besides, the Motor League callers remained convinced that I was just another switchboard operator, longing to hear about their carburator. And I still hankered for an Official Title. Oh, excuse me. There's the phone again.

"Energumen Publications, hello.... Oh, hi! Dear, it's Randy Bathurst from Detroit for you!"

Hmmm. I wonder how "Boy Wonder's Answering Service" would sound?





# THE SALTY KUMQUAT

A COLUMN OF NEWS AND OPINION

BY TED PAULS

MondoCon was proclaimed a flop by those who judge such things, and for all I know it may have been by "objective" criteria--whatever those are. I found it most enjoyable, though, by my personal convention standards, which largely reduce to: there were a number of people present that I wanted to see, and I managed to get together with most of them (except, sob sob, for Harlan). The highlight of the weekend, for me, was a Saturday evening expedition to the Bronx led by Charlie and Dena Brown.

There's this restaurant called The Dynasty, you see, on Elm Place near Fordham Road, which is considered by Us Insiders (as Us Insiders like to term ourselves) one of the best Chinese eateries in the New York area. Ordinarily, The Dynasty serves the sort of southern Chinese (Cantonese) food you get in most Chinese restaurants in this country. However, the manager and first cook are from northern China, and for their own pleasure occasionally enjoy preparing northern Chinese (Szechwan) dishes. Charlie happens to be a friend of the manager, and he was able to arrange for his party of gourmets a feast of nine courses, not one of which appears on the regular menu. In addition to Charlie & Dena, and Karen & myself, there was Eli Cohen, Greg Moore & Ginjer Buchanan, Topher Cooper and a guy named Maurice whose last name I didn't catch.

We nearly lost Ginjer on the jaunt out to the Bronx. She failed to exit quickly enough from the subway car, the door slammed in her face, and she was carried off before our very eyes. "The train's eaten Ginjer!" Dena exclaimed excitedly. As she receded into the blackness of the tunnel, a pitiful expression on her face, we debated whether she would have sense enough to get off at the next stop, cross over, and go back one stop (do not pass "Go", do not collect \$200). We decided, by a slim vote of 4-3 (one abstaining), that she probably would, and waited for her there, strung out along the tracks so that no matter what car she was in she would see a familiar face when the train pulled in. It was a very heartwarming reunion.

The repast at the Dynasty was splendid: five hot dishes, three sweet dishes and one spicy one, washed down by large quantities of tea. Dessert being felt to be in order after this feast, we all trekked over to a nearby Jahn's ice-cream parlour for excellent sundaes. Karen and I are looking forward to a repeat performance at Lunacon, hopefully joined by representatives of Canadian fandom.

-oOo-

As reluctant as I am to inject venomous conflict into the pages of Energumen, the "faaan" clique to which I referred last issue continues to irritate me with its posterosus insularity and conceit, and this column is the only outlet I possess for that irritation. Their apparent holy war against SFR and its editor is being carried forth with undiminished juvenile vigor, and while it remains true that SFR and Dick Geis do not require defending, the arrogance and pettiness of the attackers is so repulsive as to require being put down.

Editor Geis, indeed, as of this writing, is exercising commendable restraint to avoid responding in the same vein to his tormentors; but they are exercising neither restraint nor even common courtesy. Consider, for example, the friendly card of comment Dick sent to Arnie Katz re Log #1 despite all the sniping at SFR in Focal Point: "I like your diary format in Log; I am planning something similar for my FAPazine, if and when. (...) Keep it up, but as you now know, a diary takes persistence and a peculiar type of egocentrism." In Dick's position, I doubt very much if I would have taken the time to write a congratulatory postcard to the editor of a fanzine that had been featuring ill-disguised bitching at myself and my own zine. If, having done so, Geis now feels like the man who stuck out his hand in friendship only to be attacked by a knife-wielding savage, we can hardly blame him, for Katz replied to this innocuous postcard viciously: "I have the impression, Dick, that you see everything in terms of Ego, even going to the extent of constructing that very clumsy alter-ego to say things so boorish or self-congratulatory that you haven't the nerve to say them straight out under your own power." Rarely have I seen such gratuitous rudeness in the pages of a fanzine.

Hard upon the heels of that ungentlemanly rebuff, I received a copy of Potlatch, the personalzine of Joyce Fisher, who seemingly has emerged as the high priestess of the Fannish Insurgents--or, as they are less charitably called, the Brooklyn Mutual Back-Patting Society. She had previously written an article detailing what she believed to be effective non-quality oriented methods of winning a fanzine Hugo (e.g., large circulation, timing issues to appear in certain months, making certain that Hugo voters get free copies, etc.). Without actually accusing, she managed to clearly imply that SFR had used/was using such presumably "underhanded" means. In this issue of Potlatch, Joyce is still bitching at SFR (Geis, who suffers gnats more patiently than I do, commented on the article by laughing: "Thank you for the blueprint; SFR's third Hugo now assured, will follow to the letter"). And to remove any possible doubt that Geis, rather than some great issue of principle, was the target of the original article, Dick Bergeron admits, rather startlingly and blatantly in the same issue, that he used a good many of the listed techniques to insure that Warhoon won its Hugo. To this revelation, there is nary a peep from Joyce Fisher.

Of course, Dick Geis does have an ego, and he has come right out and said that he thinks his fanzine deserves another Hugo. If he were a Fannish Insurgent, he wouldn't do anything like that. No, indeed. That's the great advantage of being part of a closed clique: everybody gets his back scratched, but nobody has to do it for himself.

Consider: In that very same issue of Potlatch, Joyce offers suggestions for voting in the Egoboo Poll, and they are most enlightening. Joyce, of course, wouldn't think of asking anyone to vote for her (presumably she wouldn't think of it even if she'd done something significant in one of the categories for the year in question). That would be *gaucherie*. However, no such restriction applies to plumping for fellow members of the clique. Every single category save for that of Best Serious Artist is dominated by Fannish Insurgents (this includes, remarkably enough, Best Critic). And Arnie Katz, the man Joyce



loves, is mentioned third in the Best Writer category and first in the Best Humorist category, while Focal Point, Arnie's fanzine, is mentioned first in the Best Fanzine category and Focal Point #12.5 is just barely squeezed out (by Warhoon #27) as Best Single Publication of the Year.

As Terry Carr might say, it certainly is a wonderful thing.

-oOo-

Having thus purged myself of this month's quota of nastiness, I shall resume a lighter vein by telling you, briefly, about a famous unknown person of my acquaintance. His name is Charles Ellis, more formally Charles David Michael Artebus Ellis, and in addition to being a groovy person, Charlie is a Fabulous Fannish Character. It is his enduring misfortune to live in Baltimore, a fan centre that lacks the chronicler to make its Fabulous Fannish Characters famous. I'm quite certain that Charlie Ellis would be a household name throughout fandom, were there but a Charles Durbee or a Terry Carr to record his words and deeds, for there's no doubt that he qualifies as a FFC. A few Charlie Ellis anecdotes, even in my utilitarian style, should prove it.

First it is necessary to picture Charlie. Average height, thin, shoulder length dark hair, chin and neck sorely wounded from his latest encounter with a razor, querulous expression, usually sporting an umbrella and a tendency to do "bits" and "takes" a la Stan Laurel, W.C.Fields or Charlie Chaplain. Okay.

Once, while Charlie and I were waiting for a bus downtown, he was staring broodingly at the pigeons scouring the pavement for edible crumbs. I noticed his preoccupation, and halted my own chatter, anticipating some deathless and penetrating comment. "You know," he began slowly, "it must be easy to be a pigeon..."

This was a very Charlie Ellis type of line. An even more Charlie Ellis kind of line is one that I must, alas, relate second-hand. Last summer, when a bunch of us were helping Jay and Allie Haldeman move, Mother Haldeman was left to babysit the old house while the rest of us were taking a load of stuff over to the new one. Charlie arrived to help, somewhat late as usual, and was waiting with Mother for us to return. He sat staring fixedly at the pattern on the rug by his feet, and Mother, trying to be polite, asked, "Would you like me to put the television on?" "Oh no," he replied. "That's all right. I'll just sit here and watch the rug."

Then there was the time I was talking to him on the telephone, and he mentioned that he had recently made his will. This at the ripe age of 19. Further questioning elicited the intelligence that his principal reason for doing so was to insure that he would be cremated rather than buried in the conventional fashion. This seemed reasonable. Some people have philosophical objections to burial. However, Charlie's decision was based on something else. He wanted a rapid disposal of his remains because he was worried about what a conventional funeral would be like for him. "The friends I've got," he explained, "are the sort of people who would take ol' Charlie out of the coffin and stand him up just to watch me topple over." And after he said it, I had to admit that I just might lead such an entertainment...





# WIST OF OTHER DAYS

by  
arnie  
katz

What did fans think when they first beheld their copies of BEM #1, sent to them in April 1954 by Mal Ashworth and Tom White of Bradford, England? Not having been a fan at the time, I can only wonder. It's a safe bet they weren't bowled over by the beauty of Bradford's Entertaining Magazine.

Even judged by 1954's lower standard of reproduction and art, BEM was a scruffy-looking publication, hardly calculated to win fans to its standard with comely looks. Today, in the era of the Impeccable Crudzine, it's hard to imagine that a fanzine that looked as unprepossessing as BEM could have been as good as this fanzine assuredly was.

For those who could get past the atrocious Jeeves cover and ignore the cramped look of the interior, there was one of the best first issues ever published, and a pretty fair country fanzine by anyone's standards.

The personalities of the two editors were a principal attraction in BEM #1 and the five issues which followed it. Even at the outset, the essence of BEM, a freewheeling zaniness, was in evidence. Typical is this from the maiden installment of Tom White's editorial column "BEMusings":

"This damn stencil -- is this what they call a Mobius Strip? Lines all over, and none of them fit this Tibetan quarto I swiped from Leeds. What does this punched-out message at the top mean? I've spent hours trying to decipher it; don't seem to be able to read it at all -- maybe it's a greeting card from

## Introduction To A Column

Harry Warner's "All Our Yesterdays" is certainly one of the greatest fanzine columns ever produced, and a fascinating look at the olden days of fandom into the bargain. I doubt that anyone is more cognizant of the skill with which Harry mines antique fannish lore than I, since I have had the privilege of publishing AOY since its revival in the late 1960's and hope to continue to do so for many years more.

The excellence of Harry's column is so widely acknowledged that few have ventured to write about fanhistory and none of these on a regular basis. AOY, as a result, has been alone in the fanhistorical field for many years. I think that's a shame. Harry is but one fan, and the number of delightful installments of "All Our Yesterdays" is therefore finite. Large areas of fandom's past remain, of necessity, unilluminated. I don't claim to be Harry's equal as a fanhistorian, but I am willing to try to communicate what I know of the subject, and hope you find it fair.

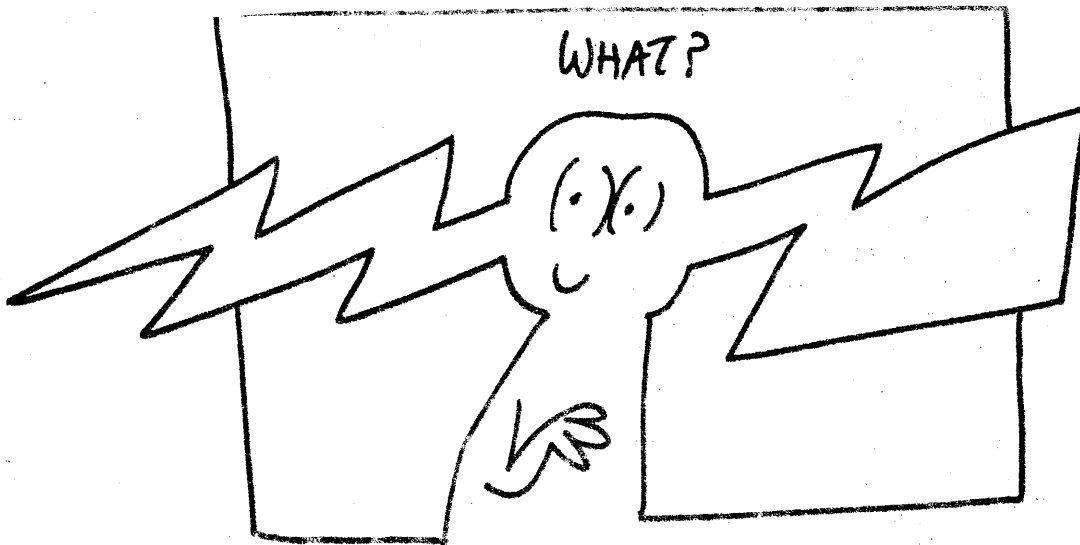
Belfast? Or possibly it's symbolic, like George O. Smith's novels? Anyway, I've solved the problem of the stencil; if you throw away the waxed bit on the front and type on the stiff stencil, it isn't half as difficult."

The reference to Belfast was only the first of many allusions to Willis and co. which pervaded BEM. In issue #2, Tom White made an offhand comment in the colophon on the inside bacover that "We are -- obviously -- modelling ourselves on WAW's HYPHEN." Mal Ashworth, the better known of the two editors, and generally the dominant personality in the fanzine by force of his brilliant writing, saw the run-off page and, in the same issue, had this to say in his editorial:

"How dull would life be without these little surprises which creep upon us unexpectedly to relieve the monotony. Take the inside bacover of this issue of BEM, for instance. Tom said that he would cut the page pertaining to subscriptions, contributions, and suchlike, and the first I saw of it was when we duplicated it. Ah, how artistic it looked, how balanced and eye-catching. I was delighted. Not only had he shown a little prowess with his newly-acquired stylus, but he had even evinced a slight aesthetic consciousness. I was overjoyed. I felt that the literary standard of the writing on that page must also conform to this pattern of newly-awakened awareness, and eventually I came to read it. Yes, indeed, in the main it was quite commendable and then....! Horror, stark, mind-wrenching horror. I came across this sentence: 'We are -- obviously -- modelling ourselves on WAW's HYPHEN.' Could it be possible? Surely this was some horrible nightmare, I told myself. I tried stapling my little finger to the front cover and I was forced to realize that I was indeed awake and that the sentence did indeed say, 'We are modelling ourselves on WAW's HYPHEN.' Anything I would have had happen but this. Had he written, 'We are modelling ourselves on ORBIT', 'We are modelling ourselves on FUTURISTIC SCIENCE STORIES.', or even, 'We are modelling ourselves on AUTHENTIC.' I could have forgiven him...but HYPHEN, I shuddered. I had known that sooner or later disaster in some form must strike this way, but even then I had not visualized it being so cataclysmic in scope. I know that somewhere amongst all our world-wide circulation that sentence will be taken literally; it will be believed, and at some future time, when I am about to launch an extensive campaign on behalf of all the Serious and Constructive Fans of the Earth, some snake-in-the-grass will raise its head and say, 'But you modelled your fanzine on HYPHEN.' What greater disgrace is imaginable? I curse myself now that I was ever so foolish as to co-edit with a moron who doesn't even possess a rotary duplicator. No doubt he thinks it hilarious; I am quite convinced that he wakes in the middle of the night screaming with mirth, 'Modelling ourselves on HYPHEN! Ha, ha, ho, ho!' Doubtless he rolls out of bed at the quite uncontrollable humor it occasions. Indubitably while engaged in a business telephone conversation the sheer, stupendous wit of the thing catches him unawares and he breaks out into gaffaws of helpless laughter. Not for a minute do I doubt that at teatime, three sardines, a piece of cucumber and half a tomato, going down, encounter a mirthful bellow coming up as he shrieks, 'Modelling ourselves on HYPHEN! Oh, ho ho!' I know that almost for a fact were he to find himself trapped on the sixth storey of a blazing building, the pure wit of the phrase, 'Modelling ourselves on HYPHEN', would collapse him in paroxysms of laughter. I almost envy him! Yes, that is true -- I almost envy him. I wish that I had the power to be absorbed by the amusement of the thing. Would that my anxious mind could see the hidden recesses of humor and subtlety in the expression, but I fear that it will never be so. Our senses of humor are widely divergent; I might almost say that one of us has a strange sense of humor. To me the sentence spells nothing but horror and repercussions and I am unable to derive any comfort from the thought of Tom's elevated existence as he sates himself with the fervent hilarity of his unrivalled wit. Surely, he couldn't have been serious?"

For those who noticed it and couldn't quite believe their eyes; yes, BEM was done on a flatbed mimeograph. Rotaries were still not universal in England. It was not even unusual for a fanzine to be run off on such a contrivance, though a rotary was what every fan hoped to get someday (and many did).





The friendly rivalry between HYPHEN and BEM reached a climax of sorts in #2 with Tom White's article, "The BEM-HYPHEN Hoax." It opens with the shocking revelation:

"You must understand in the first place that I write this account with no feelings of triumph or joy; rather it is with a sense of soul-embracing awe that I type these words. The awful discovery brought about by recent events has brought down around my ears the whole world of fandom. Thus it is with grave misgivings, tempered with the knowledge that in the end Truth Will Out that I bring you this message; WILLIS IS FALLIBLE!"

Running off BEM #1, White and Ashworth found, produced a towering stack of crudsheets. The coeditors decided it might be fun to do up a "dummy" issue of their fanzine using the crudsheets and send it off to Willis to see what The Master would do. The plan conceived, they decided that mere crudsheets weren't exciting enough and set out to make Walt's copy very special indeed. They ran the same page through twice to get a blurry effect, ran pages off slantwise, ran two stencils off on the same sheet of paper in different directions, and even ran part of one article off on toilet paper. Tom White had inadvertently put a stencil on backwards during the regular print run and a few copies were run before the mistake was noticed. One of the pages resulting from the error was bound into Walt's copy. The piece de resistance, however, was the idea of making cardboard "masks" in the shapes of a hand and a necktie and running off pages with the masks taped over them. When the masks were peeled back, some rather startling effects were produced.

The fake BEM was sent to WAW, and soon after a new HYPHEN arrived. Tom's copy had a pithy paragraph extolling BEM, but Mal's had a paragraph excoriating White and Ashworth for their miserable production.

Once they figured out that Mal's copy was the fake (the marks where the stencil had been pasted were faintly visible), Ashworth worked his counter-ploy. He wrote to Walt, saying that his copy of HYPHEN had just come. He went on to say that, though he hadn't talked to Tom (whom he claimed was out of town) he was disturbed by the attack on BEM. He went on tearfully to explain the hoax. Then he told Walt about all the explanations and retractions of the matter he was going to distribute to fandom, advising Walt that he would appreciate it if a Willis retraction were mailed along with the next HYPHEN.

Walt, stunned by this letter, hopped on his bicycle and rode to the telegraph office. He sent Ashworth a telegram which read: "HOAXED YOURSELF SEE WHITE'S COPY- HAW," the telegrapher typing Walt's initials into a comment on the situation.

But of course, it was Willis who had been thoroughly hoaxed.

Walt Willis was just one of the fine writers that helped Ashworth and White fill BEM. His "How to BNF Without Tears" in the first issue is a classic. In it, Willis contends that the life of a BNF is not the nirvana depicted in many fanzines. He proves his point quite humorously, comparing a typical morning in the life of a bright-eyed neofan with a similar morning in the life of a jaded BNF.

Vince Clarke's "The Nineteenth Eye From The Left", a column which spanned the life of the fanzine, also appeared in BEM #1. I think Vin originally had in mind a column of bits and pieces, but he started with a story of how he first entered the Epicentre, the famous London slanshack he shared with Ken Bulmer in the late forties and early fifties. This set the tone for the column, and subsequent installments recounted other memories associated with that fannish shrine.

"Pro and Con" by Robert Bloch led off BEM #3, September 1954. Reprinted in The Eighth Stage of Fandom, it consists of reports of a typical Midwestcon done by "Joe Pro" and "Joe Fan VIII", printed in parallel columns. Well realized and short enough to maintain maximum interest, it was articles like this which helped make "Bloch was Superb" a fan-nish catchphrase.

That issue also contains a fine Bob Shaw article, "Crud and Punishment". It proceeds from Bosh's observation that all writers for F&SF seem to have held at least 27 oddball jobs before they succeeded at writing to a stfnal parody of Crime and Punishment as it might appear in F&SF. The dialogue between Anthony Boucher and J. Francis McComas, the editors of F&SF at the time, is priceless:

BOUCHER: I say Mac! Here's a yarn for you. It's just right for length. It's by a budding author, Joe Magnolium, and it has action galore while still retaining that cerebral quality that our readers love. It has sex appeal, poignancy, drama, scope, tension, atmosphere; all exquisitely written into a beautifully-rounded, punchy, up-to-the-minute masterpiece.

McCOMAS: (Dashing across the office) Oh, you're a lucky old thing! You find all the good ones now. Quick, send him a check while I book a spot in an anthology for it.

BOUCHER: (Picking up Magnolium's letter) OK. What's his address? Lessee now...mmm ...mmm....OH MY GOD!

McCOMAS: (In alarm) Wassup? Having read that far, are you caught up in the most foolproof and deadly trap ever conceived by man?

BOUCHER: (Hollowly) He says here he has been a tea-taster for British Railways since the age of three and a half.

McCOMAS: Oh, no! (Then hopefully) Maybe he was in 72 other jobs before that?

BOUCHER: (Brightening, then subsiding again) No, I'm afraid not; they've raised the school leaving age over there, you know. Looks like we'll have to reject it.

McCOMAS: (Growing indignant) Such cheek! A one-job man sending us a story. What a nerve! Why, what could we write about in the blurb? Send it back at once. (He spitefully empties his fountain pen on Magnolium's manuscript and throws it into the 'rejected' tray.)

Also begun in the third issue was "As I Was Saying", a very well done column by British fan Paul Enever, who also edited a major fanzine called ORION which was later taken over by Ella Parker.

BEM #4, December 1954, gained a little in appearance over previous issues. It sported one very tasteful interior illo by Harry Turner as a heading for "Nativity", a story by

Ken Bulmer about the birth of a new fanzine, the event described in mock heroic language. The rest of the art was done by Don Allen and Charles Wildman, both of whom rank right down at the bottom of the fan art totem pole with such modern-day wonders as Jeff Schalles and Alexis Gilliland. True art in British fanzines waited upon the coming of True Art Thomson.

Paradoxically, BEM #4 is not quite up to the previous issue in content, though there are several fine articles, including the aforementioned one by Bulmer and one by Brian Varley, "A Matter of Convenience" about bathroom graffiti and its portents for fandom if HYPHEN bacover quotes ever made it big in that medium.

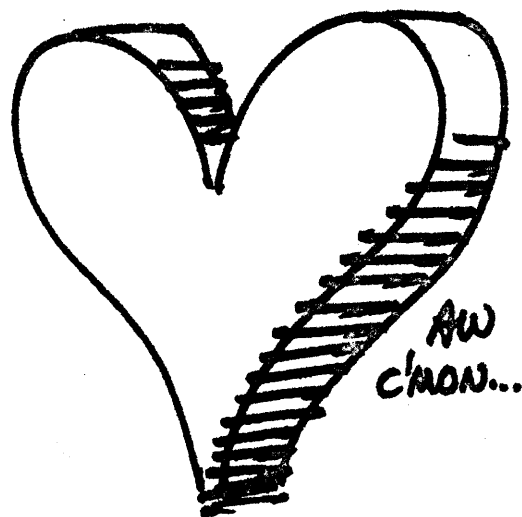
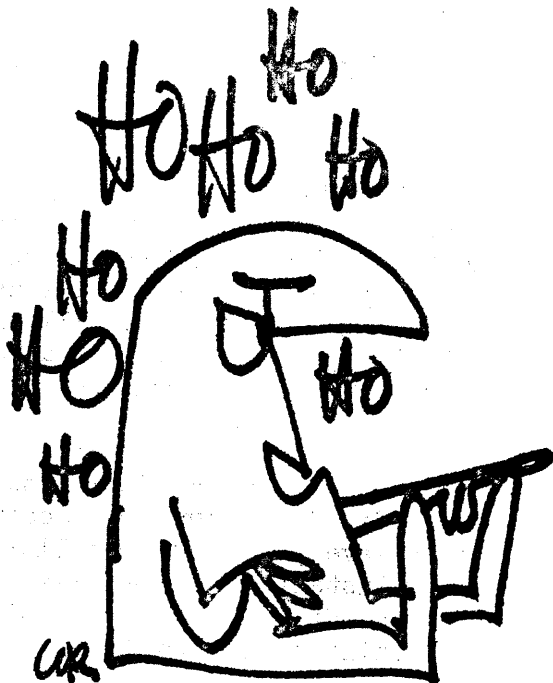
My favorite is the issue's installment of "As I Was Saying". Enever writes of the plight of the regular fan columnist. He tells of the pleading postcard from the fanned asking for a column, sending in the first column after typing it over and over again to produce a gem of flawless perfection, and then:

"Three months later you get the issue with your first column in it.

In the first place, it was your own fault for letting the editor cut the stencils, and in the second place, it was unfortunate that he had to re-ink half-way through your third page. The rest of it is nearly legible."

Enever describes how the issue also carries an announcement that the column will appear regularly. The columnist writes a second column and waits for His Editor to ask for it, but he never does. The process is repeated over again until the would-be columnist has used up his store of material on dozens of introductory columns which never have a sequel. Finally some fanned actually asks for a second installment, but by that time the columnist has nothing left to say.

BEM #5 didn't appear until September 1955 and it carried the sad news that it was the fanzine's penultimate issue. It didn't dampen the hilarity in the rest of the issue, with Willis, Ashworth, and John Berry leading the way. Berry's article "Are You a Fan or a Moron?", three incidents involving tests, is a harbinger of the slapstick style that would make John famous in the late 50's and early 60's. Here, though, we see the first cullings from the Berry store of wit, and the piece does not fall prey to the excesses of some of the work he turned out during the years when he could boast that he wrote 200 fan articles a year.



Willis' contribution, "The Case of The Disappearing Fan", is a mystery story starring Agatha Christie's detective hero Hercule Poirot. Poirot gets involved in fandom while investigating the strange disappearance of Paul Enever. Willis is charged with the crime, Poirot gets him off, and Willis accepts Poirot's article for HYPHEN in gratitude.

White and Ashworth no doubt prided themselves on the orderliness with which they were shutting BEM down. Unfortunately for the sake of the neatness of it all, BEM #6 and last didn't drop into mailboxes until September 1958. Tom White didn't survive the lapse between issues, though Ashworth keeps him present through the use of reprints by White from OMPA and constant references to the gaffiated editor.

Regular columnists Enever and Clarke were there at the end, Enever rambling about books and bookshelves and Clarke, fittingly enough, telling of the last days of the Epicentre.

Mal Ashworth ties the whole six-issue run together in his editorial, "Dekko" in which he recounts the experiences of his neofanhood, putting out the early issues of BEM with Tom White.

BEM was more than somewhat in the HYPHEN mold, and it could even be said that they were modelling it on HYPHEN. But BEM was very much a creature unto itself with a strong personality which distinguished it from HYPHEN. If the editors, being younger, lacked the sophistication of Willis, they were nevertheless extremely talented and never succumbed to trying to ape Walt's writing or duplicate the fanzine chemistry which made HYPHEN what it was. What BEM drew from HYPHEN was the distilled essence of 6th Fandom as it was expressed by Willis, Shaw, Clarke, and Harris, which they then re-expressed in their particular way.

If HYPHEN is the beacon that saw fandom through the dark days between 6th and 7th Fandoms, then BEM was at least a very bright searchlight.

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## HOW TO BNF WITHOUT TEARS

By Walt Willis -- BEM #1, April 1954

A Light-Of-Other-Days Fabulous  
Fannish Reprint

At this title I suppose there will be a howl of derision from the Neofans in the audience. (If there are any, that is; Neofans are as rare as ladies over forty.) What, they will shout with indignation, has a bloated BNF to complain about, compared to the wretched Neofan.

Very well, let's consider a day in the life of this wretched Neofan. Bright-eyed, the little fellow wakes early listening for the tread of the postman. His ears are so sensitive to this faint sound that he will leap

out of bed, every nerve quivering, when the man is a hundred yards away... whereas before he became a fan, a whole battery of alarm clocks barely fluttered an eyelash. (Observe, parents, how the manly and educative hobby of fandom not only improves the mind, but sharpens the senses. No other hobby can make this claim.) While he waits he takes from under his pillow that wonderful letter he got yesterday and rereads it for the 25th time, savoring every intoxicating word. "Saw your letter in PERI," it says. "Wasn't bad." Such adulation! What egoboo!

He has read it only 15 times more when he hears the nerve-shattering sound of the postman's rubber heels rounding the corner at the end of the street. He dashes downstairs but waits behind the door. He fancied the postman looked at him a trifle oddly the last time he met him half way down the street in his pyjamas. It may have been only because it was snowing at the time, but all the same he doesn't want to run the slightest risk of offending the postman.

Instead he lifts the flap of the letter box and peers through. He does this more cautiously than he did yesterday, when he got the morning paper shoved half way down his throat. Some mornings the postman passes callously by, and the whole day is ruined. All that is left is to watch him disparagingly out of sight in the hope that he'll realize his mistake and turn back; and then go back to bed full of a black hatred for the inefficient bureaucrat and the people who are getting his mail. But this morning the postman, that great-hearted and intelligent public servant, undoes the latch on his garden gate and comes up the path. The Neofan gazes hungrily at the bundle of letters in his hand, trying to guess how many of them are worthless trash and how much is real fan-type mail. Then he retreats hastily into the hall. One day last week the postman wondered why he wasn't hearing any of the letters hitting the floor inside, and peered through the letter box himself. Guiltily, the Neofan remembers the unfortunate man's scream when he saw a pair of gleaming eyes two inches from his own staring at him from the darkened porch. So he lets the letters hit the ground before he pounces on them. There are no less than three this morning -- oh joy! But bitter disappointment supervenes. The first two are heartless frauds. No one can estimate the hate that rages in fannish hearts for football pool promoters and detergent manufacturers.

But the third is a real letter. He tears it open. It's from Ken Potter Himself! The Great Man writes, with a truly democratic lack of condescension and what looks like the burnt end of a wax match; "Liked your letter in my last issue. If you want to try an article I might consider it for publication in my next magazine."

Fame! Glory! Immortality! Never taking his eyes off the letter, the Neofan floats upstairs, into his clothes, and eventually off to work or school. There he spends the whole day in an ecstatic day-dream in which he turns over in his mind polished phrases and pungent epigrams for The Article. It will set fandom by the ears. It will make history. Fearless, trenchant, outspoken, it will make his name ring through fandom. That evening he writes it out and sends off the eighth version, special delivery, registered. Then to bed to count the days that will elapse until publication, every one to be filled with the delicious pleasures of anticipation.

Consider now a day in the life of a BNF. He too is driven from pillow to post, but since he was up to two o'clock in the morning finishing an article he had promised for ten days ago, the postman has to knock twice to waken him. He staggers down the stairs, observing with a sinking feeling that the porch is covered with a layer of various sized envelopes. Kicking them aside, he opens the door to see what the confounded man is still knocking about. It is three more letters from America on which excess postage is due. He totters upstairs for the money, wishing that American fans knew as much about their postal regulations as he does. Then he gathers the mail off the floor, looks at the return addresses, and stacks it on the hall table while he goes to shave. Judging by some of those names, it'd be safer to have the razor out of his hand before he opens their letters.

Later, fortified by his first cup of tea, he nerves himself to start on the mail. Some of it he can put on one side without opening. A complimentary copy of a U.S. prozine, for instance. It was nice when he began to get free issues, but his conscience demands that he write a letter of comment on each one, and he hasn't had time to read last month's yet. Some of the letters are from his friends, and he puts those in his pocket to be enjoyed later. Some are from self-appointed enemies, and he puts those aside until he feels stronger. The rest are from Neofen. Some of them want subscriptions to his fanzine. Some want information. Some want material for their fanzine. Nearly all of them are rude. He wonders for the hundredth time why so many Neofen are rude. Probably each of them thinks that all the other Neofans write servile adulatory letters, and that the BNF receiving this refreshing piece of impoliteness will be so impressed with the writer's fine independence of spirit that he will fall over himself to cultivate his acquaintance. He puts the letters aside and starts on the fanzines, opening the right staples with unerring instinct and a nail file. Some interesting first issues, one containing an article by himself. Part of it is almost legible and contains only 15 typos. Hello, here's a copy of Potter's latest magazine, and there's an article about himself by some Neofan. Oh, dear. It's one of those fearless, trenchant, and outspoken ones, resounding with phrases like "not afraid to criticize"..."high and mighty BNFs"..."ego-sated"..."over-rated"..."these so-called big names"... He wonders for the hundredth time why so many Neofen think that the way to the top is by pulling other people down. More trouble.

Now, on the way the BNF handles this mail depends whether he shall stay in fandom or retire suffering from chronic disenchantment like so many others. To a certain extent it also, which is more important, determines the future of fandom itself. And this is a responsibility that some BNFs take quite seriously; some of them spend more than half their time dealing with Neofen. Since their names and addresses are widely known, they are the first contact many potential fans have with fandom, and in addition, their reactions to new fanzines carry undue weight. So I am going to suggest some rules which

you might consider following when you become a BNF. (All that is necessary to become a BNF is to maintain a reasonably energetic standard of fan activity for two years.)

Fanzines: You won't be able to comment on them all, but try to comment on as many first issues as you can, and always find something to praise. Of course, you might get a sarcastic letter back saying the fanned knows his zine was lousy and you must have damn bad taste. This has happened more than once to me, but never mind, you may have given just that necessary encouragement to some budding Lee Hoffman. No first issue is a true criterion of a fanned's worth. Bob Tucker's first fanzine was by all accounts one of the worst ever published.

Requests for material: Here you'll have to select the fanzines that look most promising, and most congenial to your style of writing. This of course, you'll have to consider yourself: absence of typos, promptness of publication, presence of reader's letters section for egoboo, and so on. But there are a couple of general rules. First, never write for a hektod



fanzine. They have no future, and the sooner the editor realizes it, the better for him and everyone else. Besides, their circulation can't be more than a few dozen, so you're wasting your time. Second, never write for a first issue. Most first issues are never published, most of those that are published are illegible, and most of those never see a second issue. Let the editor prove himself first. If he can't produce a first issue single-handedly in the fine old tradition, he can't have the vocation to make a good faned. (There are exceptions to this rule, of course, as when you know the editor well enough to have confidence in him, or he knows you have embezzled the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund and have booked your passage to South America.)

Letters: Always be polite and kind to Neofans. The usual result of this is that the ones who wrote you a polite first letter, write a second just as rude as the usual first one, but that's because they are trying too hard to be fannish geniuses. Persevere and usually they begin to write naturally and may turn out to be quite nice people.

Feuds: Humorous attacks on you should be encouraged -- they add to the interest of fandom, rank as egoboo, and might give you something to write about. Malicious attacks should be ignored, unless they're from another BNF. If there's some misunderstanding you feel should be corrected, write a short mild letter to the editor of the fanzine that printed it. Don't make it long, or faneds will use this means for getting material; and don't be vicious or you'll be accused of bullying. Humorous remonstrance is the right approach, if you can manage it. It's hard, though, for while egoboo soon loses its effect on a BNF, malice always hurts.

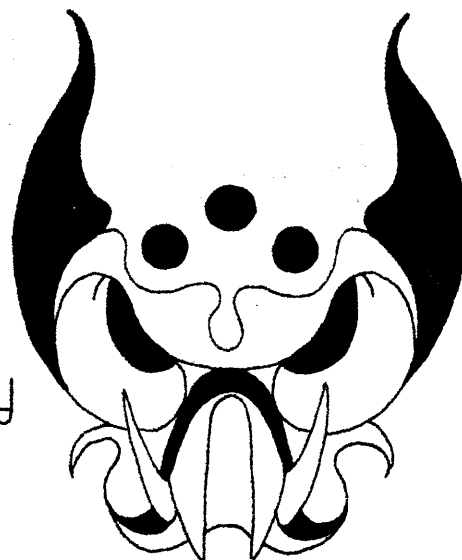
If you exercise neverfailing tact, be kind and helpful to everyone, and preserve a high level of fan activity, you may be able to maintain your position in fandom without losing ground -- until Convention time. This will be your worst hour of tribulation. It's hard for a BNF, especially if he's normally rather a shy person, to remember that for these two days every year he is a celebrity and must try to master the technique. Everything you do will be noted, misunderstood, and held against you in the Conreports. If you spend your time with another BNF, you will be accused of monopolising him/her or being monopolised, according to which of you is the more famous. If you stay quietly among your own friends, you will be accused of cliquishness. If you run around introducing yourself to people, you will be accused of conceit. If you just sit quietly, you will be accused of being aloof and stuck up.

The only really satisfactory way of coping with conventions is to stay away, following the precedent set by old time BNFs D.R. Smith in England and Harry Warner in America. But if you feel you must go, wear a false beard. Unfortunately, this method is now impossible for British conventions, because of the danger of being torn to pieces by bloodthirsty provincials in mistake for Bert Campbell. Frankly, I don't know what the answer is for British Conventions now. I suppose the only thing to do is keep in the background as much as possible, while grinning vaguely at everyone all the time. In other words, try to remain only half aloof from the proceedings. It may not be as successful as the old method, but... half aloof is better than no beard.



# Kumquat May

a semi-regular column by rosemary



It was dark when I got home. Like pitch black. The pollution was hiding the stars. I fumbled for my key and let myself into the lobby. As usual, the light was out and someone had left his boots in the middle of the floor so I could trip over them. I was cursing the darkness and groping about for my mail when the Superintendent's door opened and Brenda called softly, "Rosemary?"

"Yeah."

"Could you come in here a minute?" She sounded scared to death. She's very young and her husband works nights and goes to school during the day, so she's alone a lot. She's also scared a lot.

"What's the matter, Brenda?"

"Oh, Rosemary, it's just awful," and she started to cry.

"Brenda, stop crying. What happened? Did Don lose his job? The house was condemned? City Hall finally caught up with the landlord?"

"Rosemary, don't joke around. This concerns you. The..."

"The landlord found my cat and took it away! I'll kill him! I'll..."

"Will you shut up and listen? I rented the front flat today. To a really weird looking kid."

"So why are you crying?"

"Shut up and listen! He wandered around naked for a while and then came downstairs and stole a parcel that had come for you. The parcel was from England. Oh, Rosemary, the police were here and they tore the place apart looking for drugs 'cause the kid was really spaced out. They wanted to know who you were and if you knew him and where you were and they've been back twice to see you but you weren't here and Don's away and I can't get hold of him and I'm so scared..." And she started to cry again.

"Was he arrested?" I asked. She nodded. "What about my parcel?"

"They couldn't find it."



"WHAT!!"

"They couldn't find it. They looked and I looked and all we could find was the box and the wrapping. Do you have any idea what it was?"

"Yeah. Day after tomorrow is my birthday. My Mother would have sent me something." And she started to cry all over again. I went upstairs, got the scotch and spent the night with her.

The next morning, bright and early, the Toronto constabulary were pounding at the door. They were looking for me. They wanted to give me an old box and some brown wrapping paper... all that was left of my birthday present from my Mom.

After I had given the men a description of what was in the package (I had called England the night before), one of them looked around, wrinkled his nose and said, "The place still reeks of pot. You can even smell it up here."

"Oh," I smiled naively, "is that what it smells like?"

He gave me a fishy look. "I don't want to frighten you or anything," he declared, "but an attractive young girl like yourself really shouldn't be living in this neighbourhood."

"Oh, why?"

"There's a lot of drugs and rape, especially in the summer," he answered casually.

"Gee, thanks," I said, "you haven't scared me at all."

He smiled and nodded and told me not to hesitate to call on the Metro Toronto Police if I ever needed them.

Two days later he was back. The drug-crazed, weirdo hippie freak had walked out of the Detention Centre at 999 Queen and was last seen prowling around my neighbourhood. And would I call them if he showed up at the house. Brenda went straight up and turned left, and by the time I'd recovered enough to scream and yell, the officer was gone.

About two weeks later, I was visiting a girlfriend, and was late getting home again. As I turned the corner at King and Dunn, a fire truck careened past. I looked up Dunn and couldn't see anything. I assumed the truck was leaving a fire, not going to one. It was.

I let myself in and just about died. The place reeked of smoke! "BRENDA!" I roared, and ran down the hall to her apartment. I was afraid to go into mine. Don pulled open his door and told me there was no damage to my place but that the firemen had broken down the door.

"Whaddaya mean they broke down the door? The goddam lock doesn't work. All you have to do is pull the damn door open. I've been after the landlord to fix the stupid thing for months." Then an awful thought hit me. "Don," I said, "there's no fire escape on the third floor, and the windows don't open."

"They do now," Don said. "The firemen had to open them to clear out the smoke."

Smoke....Smoke!! I thought. Alicia's art, I thought. My god, I think I'll kill myself, I thought. I wandered up to the third floor, passing the broken door on the way. The apartment was freezing. The firemen had left the windows open and I couldn't close them. There were great muddy footprints all over the floor. Fortunately, there

was no smoke damage. I had had visions of Alicia's and my art covered with a thick layer of greasy smoke.

Hearing a noise on the stairs, I turned to see Brenda trembling on my doorstep. "Oh, Rosemary, it's all my fault. I rented the place to a really strange girl the other day and ten she had this wild party and there was this terrible fight and somebody got their teeth kicked in and Don threw them out and..."

"When did all this happen?" I asked. Everything happens when I'm away.

"Saturday, the day you were away. Oh, Rosemary, her friends were really nasty and the fire department thinks they came back and set this fire. Don and I are moving next month and we think you should too. You know, if that dumb little kid in the back room hadn't wanted to go to the bathroom, you would have been killed...if you'd been here, of course."

I gave her the bottle of scotch and phoned Susan.

"Move, Rosemary!" she screamed, when I told her Brenda's incoherent story. "That house is crawling with Lesbians, covens of witches, drug crazed hippies and now arsonists. Cash one of your bonds and move into a high rise."

"But this place has character," I protested, "and charm and..."

"And no heat, and no fire escape. Think of your health, Rosemary. Think of Alicia's art that you're keeping in trust..."

"Think of your complete run of ENERGUMEN," interjected the Boy Wonder, "and how badly you'd feel if it was destroyed."

"Ask the Boy Wonder if he'll help me to load my eighty-seven boxes full of heavy books to the new apartment," I snarled sweetly.

"It's a real pity you're going to lose those ENERGUMENS, Rosemary." Michael commiserated.

"Of course we'll help you, Rosemary," Susan declared. "Won't we, dear?" she added threateningly.

And they did. Two weeks later I was installed in a sterile high rise that I hate. It would serve everybody right if the next door neighbours were cousins of Rosemary's baby and the place was hit by lightning and burned to the ground...all while I'm away of course.









*Ryder*



YOU ARE JUST  
LIKE YOUR  
FATHER AND  
— HE WAS A  
BUM, TOO!



ptd

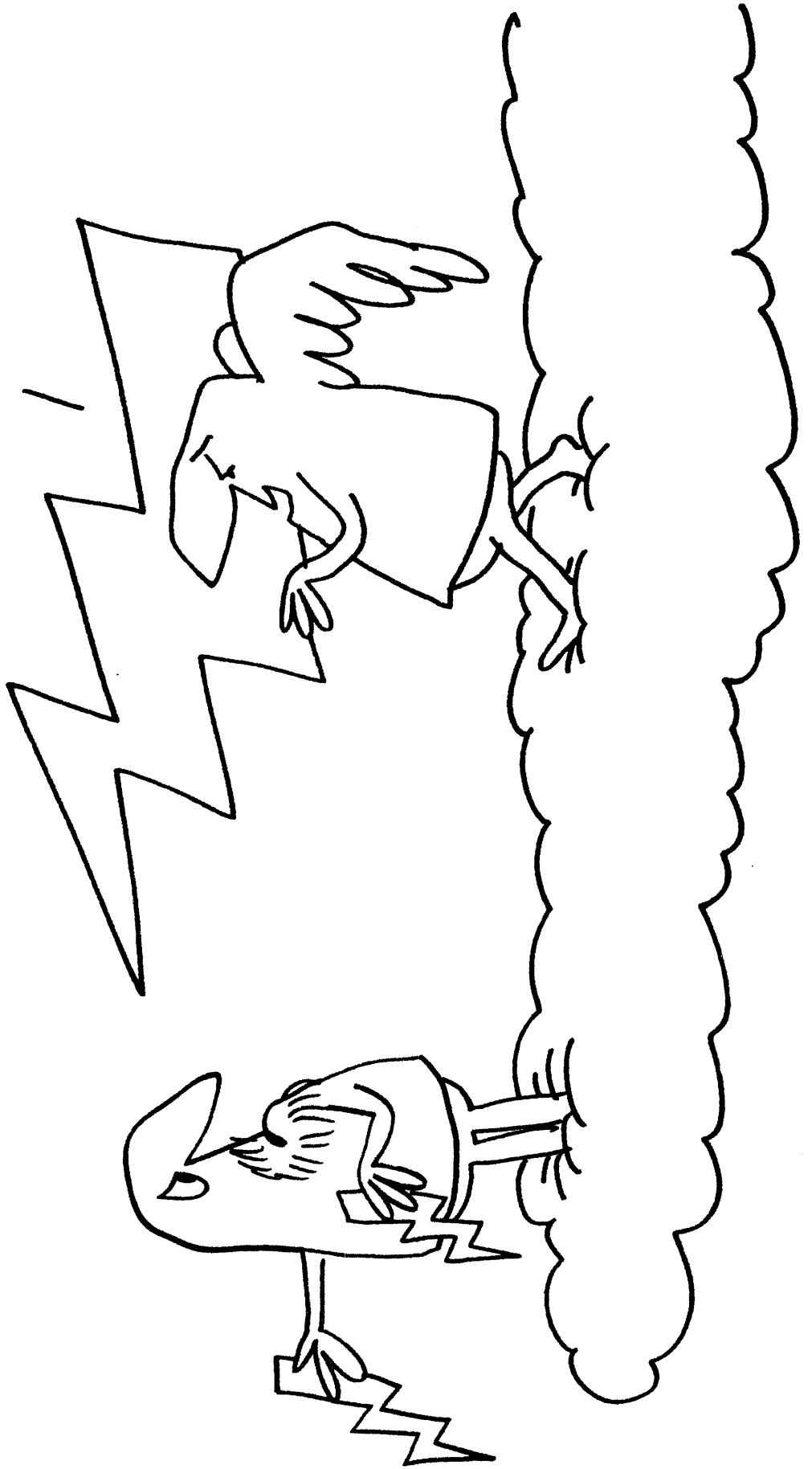




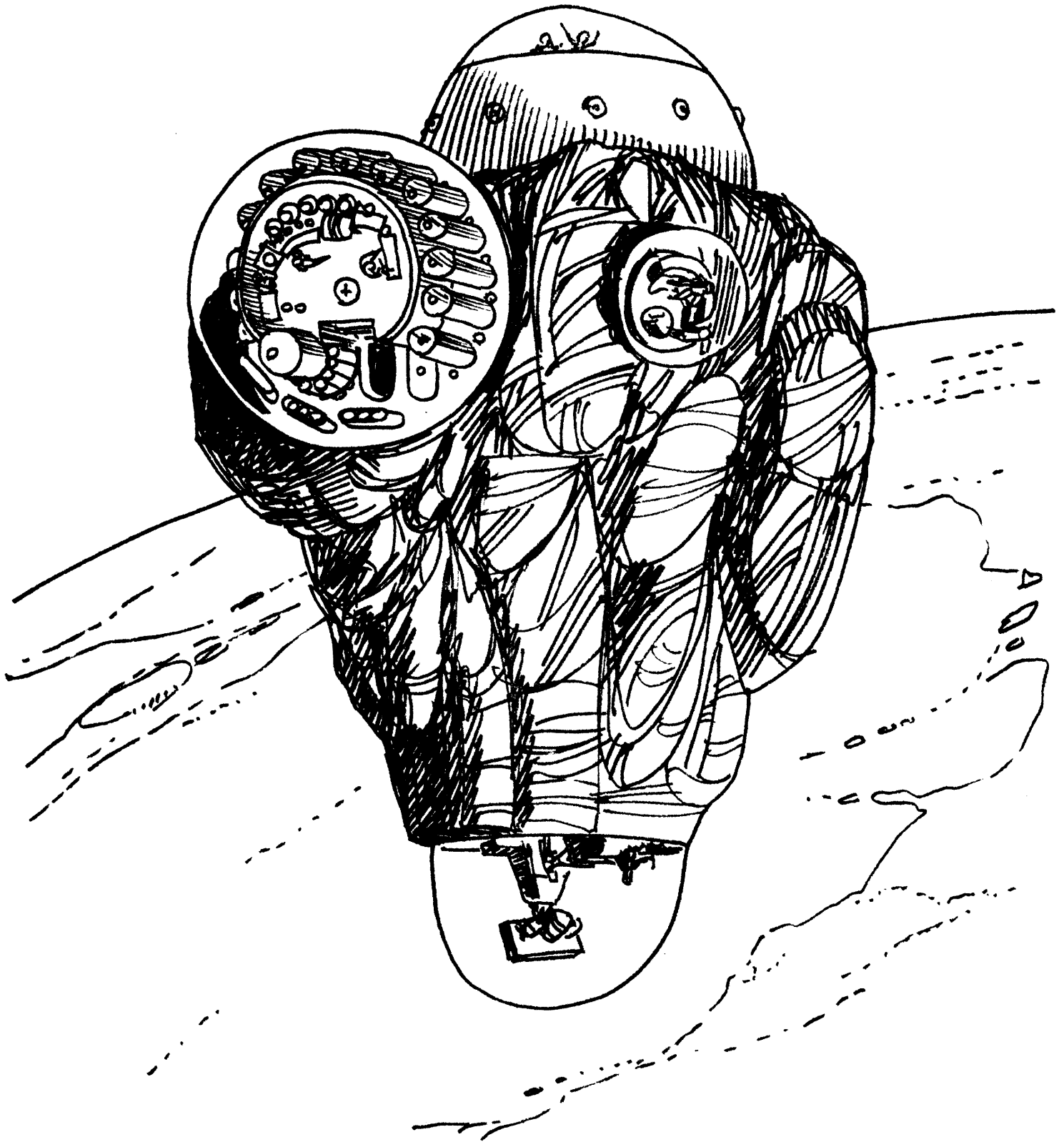




ARE YOU SURE YOU  
WANT TO DO THIS  
TO THEM, BOSS?









# THE EXTRAORDINARY BEHAVIOUR OF



(I had intended calling the following article "How To Make a Lie Detector Out of a Ford Car", but decided that was too flippant and sensational a title for a serious addition to scientific literature.)

There is, most people will agree, a great need for a lie detector in the average home, but the conventional polygraph has three major drawbacks --- it is too expensive, it can be put to only one use, and it is pretty difficult to conceal or disguise. Suppose, for instance, that a man suspects his wife of buying him an inferior brand of yoghurt and diverting the extra money into paying for her weekly hair-do. He might put a stop to it by hooking her up to the polygraph and getting the truth out of her, but this procedure has a distressing lack of subtlety which is sure to embarrass and anger the wife, and eventually rebound on the husband. Just consider how much more pleasant it would be, how much more good yoghurt one could get, how much more healthy the intestinal flora would become if it was possible to apply an efficient lie test without the subject being aware of what was happening.

This problem of producing a clean, unobtrusive lie detector bothered me for years, but the answer came quite suddenly the other morning when I was sitting in the office lavatory not-reading a newspaper. (This lavatory has ten cubicles which are occupied from 8.30 to 10.00 every morning by people reading newspapers, but my work as Press Officer obliges me to read a large number of morning papers in the office, so to get a break I sneak off to the toilet and sit around for a while ignoring newspapers. Other men who see me going in without a Daily Express hidden in my jacket suspect me of not having a proper lavatory at home.) I had been perplexed for some time by observations of the strange behaviour of perfectly ordinary objects and materials, and then --- in the proverbial flash --- saw in them the answer to the problem.

The first step was to divide the observed phenomena into two categories --- the obviously unproductive, and the potentially useful. Into the former go such things as the vagaries of ordinary household paints. Sometimes when decorating at home I clean an object thoroughly, remove all traces of dust, moisture and grease as the instructions recommend, roughen the surface to provide a key, then apply an approved undercoat before putting on the gloss. A week later I discover that the new paint has jumped right off the object and is lying beside it like the discarded skin of a snake. Once I tried to capitalize on this curious phenomenon by saving

preparation time when I was painting a ceiling. My wife got worried when she saw me getting to work without covering a television set and a writing desk that were in the room, but I explained that when paint which has been worked into carefully prepared surfaces falls off almost immediately, little specks falling lightly on highly waxed wood could be flicked away like dust. Hah! That was ten years ago and those specks are still on that TV and desk. Every now and then I try to prise one off, but bits of wood come away with it!

Grass is another thing in the same category. When preparing the ground for my lawn, I dug it, sieved it, enriched it, planted it, watered it, rolled it --- and yet there are patches where the grass doesn't grow. This would be annoying under normal circumstances, but it is enraging when right beside the lawn there is a concrete drive which I sometimes spray with weed killer and which has beautiful, hardy grass growing in microscopic cracks. Occasionally I transplant some of this supergrass to the bare patches on the lawn --- where it promptly dies!

There is, however, no point in dwelling too long on the unproductive aberrations of ordinary materials. Bearing in mind that we are out to produce an unobtrusive lie detector, next consider the behaviour of liquid soap in those wall-mounted dispensers they have in public lavatories. This is a simple chemical compound in a rudimentary container, yet it is able to sense when your hand is underneath waiting for a drop to fall, and furthermore is able to defy the law of gravity by suspending itself till your hand has been removed --- at which point a great dollop of it splatters all over the sink. The only way to conquer it is to relax, lean casually against the sink, preferably humming a few bars from a Stephen Foster song, and make the soap think you will be happy to wait there all day. This will, if sufficiently well down, persuade it to plop into your hand.

Then there is the question of tobacco smoke. I'm a pipe smoker, and tend to use up large quantities of Old Gowie when writing. Over the years I have found that blowing smoke rings is a powerful aid to concentration, and have persevered with the art in spite of the fact that my wife refuses to accept that it is precisely when I appear to be doing nothing that my brain is working at its hardest. One day it occurred to me that one would probably reach a new pitch of concentrated mental activity by emitting a large slow-moving smoke ring then sending a small fast-moving one right through the centre of it. Each of these types is easy to blow by itself, but I soon discovered that combining the two in the way I wanted was extremely difficult. This is because big slow smoke rings break up in just a few seconds, unlike the little fast ones which --- bustling through a chaotic environment with tightly organized energy --- can last quite a long time. The sense of urgency created is enough to upset the delicate coordination of the smoke ring muscles in the throat, and the second ring comes out as an ordinary cloud of smoke. It says a lot for my dedication to literature that I eventually succeeded in making perfect penetrations. (Sit down, Sigmund.)

Finally, we come to the wayward behaviour of my Ford Corsair on cold mornings. I must admit that for a while my scientific objectivity deserted me in this case, because it seemed that the car was doing its wilful best to get me killed. It would motor along quite happily for the first mile on frosty mornings, picking up well from standstill at lights --- except at the two intersections where it was necessary to get through high-speed lines of cross traffic. Here, and only here, it would advance a few yards and then cut out, leaving me in a dangerous position. It took me some time to appreciate that the tuning of the engine was such that when cold it could cope with a gradually increased flow of gas, but --- and this is where our old friend, the sense of stress, comes in again --- it drowned out when the fuel flow increased abruptly. Even after I knew what was happening I found it virtually impossible to control that anxious stab of the right foot, but my sense of wonder was stirred by the fact that a coarse instrument like a Ford engine could so accurately divine a state of tension in the human mind.



Do you see now where this discourse is taking us?

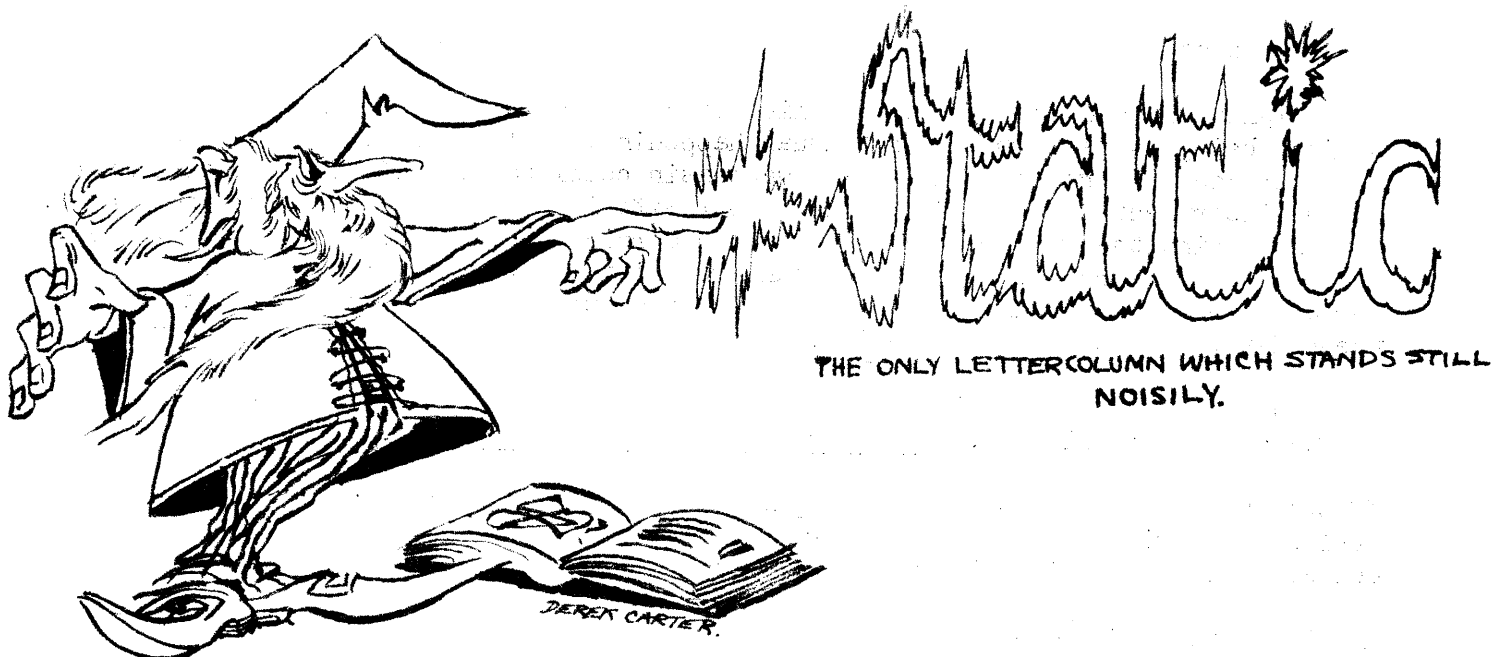
The original problem was to apply a lie detector test to someone without the subject being aware of anything unusual happening. All you have to do is get a Ford car and unobtrusively install a washbasin complete with liquid soap dispenser on the instrument panel. If you think your wife is fiddling with domestic expenses, put her behind the steering wheel on a cold morning and ask her to drive you somewhere. While approaching the first dangerous intersection, light a cigarette for her and one for yourself, then casually ask how much she is paying for yoghurt these days. While she is answering, you blow out a large smoke ring and shout:

"Put one through the middle of that. Your hands are filthy woman --- wash them immediately. And watch out for that ten-ton truck!"

If she chokes on a cloud of smoke, splashes soap all over the front seat, and stalls the engine --- it's a safe bet she was lying. These subtle indications of mental stress will give the game away every time.

And the beauty of the system is that she won't even suspect anything out of the ordinary has been happening.





TED WHITE

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I have been intending to write you a loc for the past several issues of your fanzine, because I have enjoyed it thoroughly. However, thorough enjoyment doesn't spark a letter--letters are sparked by "comment hooks" which look like checkmarks (exactly like checkmarks, in fact!) in the margins. These hooks are usually found

grazing in the margins near fuggheaded remarks. Until the most recent issue of your fine fanzine, these fuggheaded remarks (or "swamp gas", as the US Airforce calls them) were conspicuous by their absence.

Happily, you have added Ted Pauls to your roster of columnists, and all has been rectified.

I want to address myself to Ted's rousing, but fatuous, defense of SFR. But first, in preface, I must say that I myself like SFR a whole lot and have occasionally defended it in conversations and other locs. (A loc to Joyce Fisher's POTLATCH was the most recent and I refer you to it--whenever it's published--for my own rousing defense of SFR). So what follows is not to be construed as an attack on SFR, a fanzine whose virtue and integrity I uphold. No.

What Ted Pauls is doing here is attacking John D. Berry--although he refrains from naming him--and to a lesser extent various of the NYC fans among whom it was my pleasure to move, when I lived there. Some of these people have voiced anti-SFR statements. That have boiled down to the observations that a) SFR isn't fannish much any more; b) SFR has been filled with a lot of unseemly goings on which apparently inspired more of the same in lesser fmz; and c) SFR has had two Hugoes now and maybe ought to step aside and allow the honour to be spread around more. These aren't unreasonable arguments, even if you disagree with them--as Ted Pauls obviously does. But Pauls attacks SFR's critics for mostly being cases of sour grapes: he calls them arrogant and spiteful. He may or may not have a point, but his ad hominem argument won't advance the point a jot.

Pauls also argues circularly: SFR is the best among fanzines, because it won the Hugo two years running (so did FANTASY TIMES--ugh!); SFR won the Hugoes because it has the highest circulation; SFR has the highest circulation because it's best. Nowhere in this equation does Pauls question the notion that biggest circulation equals best fanzine; nowhere does he mention the paid ads Geis runs in almost all the prozines, nor the fact that SFR is deliberately slanted towards the librarian (and many libraries are subscribers). Clearly, SFR serves a valid function for librarians--and one which I, among

others, have advocated that a fanzine should fill for many years. But librarians are not "fandom" in any normal sense--and neither are the bulk of those who vote for the Hugo awards. A clear majority of Hugo voters (registered members of a Worldcon) are virtually unacquainted with fandom, and have probably seen no more than three or four different fanzines. SFR is quite likely to be one of them--and is quite obviously the best. But small circulation fanzines--irrespective of their quality--have never even made the ballot in the last ten years. In the years I published VOID, GAMBIT, MINAC and EGOBOO (which I still co-edit), none of those fanzines were ever nominated for a Hugo, despite the high showing they made on fanzine polls like the FANAC Poll, and the fact that they were often embroiled in the center of every major fannish happening. None ever had a circulation over 150, and several were actually limited to under 100. Most present-day fannish fanzines have a maximum circulation of under 200. How does this compare to SFR's 1,700?

Pauls seems to think that the fannish zines couldn't get the paid subscribers--and that this is an indicator of their lower quality. This is fuggheaded nonsense. I don't know of any fannish faned who wants all those paid subs, in the first place. I've actively discouraged subs in all my fmz since VOID went into limbo. The price tags on both MINAC and EGOBOO were and are ridiculous: they began at \$1 a copy--and went up. We wanted locs--feedback--egoboo--a full mailbox. The hell with, as Dean Grennell once put it, "sticky quarters". (But I did encourage subs to MINAC with stamps--usable for mailing out copies of MINAC. Too bad you have this furrin-country thing going against you, Mike...)

Printing 1,700 copies of any fanzine runs into a lot of expense, time and effort--as Geis will tell you. Few faneds are interested. Many refuse reviews. For years the Coulsons have asked that YANDRO not be reviewed. Greg Shaw doesn't want METANOIA reviewed in AMAZING. Etc.

So, Pauls confuses a limited circulation with both snobbery and lower quality--and strikes out on both bases. The functions of most fannish fanzines and a sercon zine like SFR are totally different. The appeal is different. The audience is different. There is no reason to assume that this means one type is inately superior to the other, and even if one is superior to the other on some objective scale, it has nothing to do with the Hugo, which goes to the most popular zine, not the best, and is voted on mostly by non-fans.

At this point Ted can say I'm "minute and insular", but it seems to me that "fan" is not an infinitely elastic term, and my definition of "fan" is: "someone who has both knowledge of and interest in fandom, and who participates therein." This does not include sf readers who want to go to cons to meet their favorite pros and who may read a fanzine like SFR without much interest in the microcosm from which it springs (and who skip over the more "fannish" pieces therein, unread). Pauls can prattle about "fenced off corners" and "big frogs" and "faaannish cliques" all he cares to, but I learned a long time ago that fandom's worth is measured entirely by the number of one's friends who are fans--and what looks like a "clique" to Ted Pauls is actually just a group of close friends. I wonder Ted doesn't realize this. He belongs to a clique of his own--he describes their doings in the next section of his column and you'll notice how the same names crop up over and over--and I believe I could turn nearly all his words around and condemn him and his "clique" of friends quite as easily as he condemned mine--if I wanted to bother. I don't, of course, because his clique and mine don't overlap much, and that's the way I prefer it.

What annoys me is the way Pauls keeps reiterating that his friends are the "majority of fandom" which "provides the subscriptions and Hugo votes that keep SFR Number One." I wonder when he'll realize that he's not among the frogs at all--but swimming along at the head of the "tadpolls" of the pond: those faceless souls who send in the sticky quarters, the checks, and the inane little notes that communicate nothing whatsoever in the way of meaningful egoboo, and would be worthless altogether but for their

valuable Hugo votes.

There's a lot more to fandom than a wild night of hearts on the New Jersey Turnpike, Ted Pauls. I sure hope you make the discovery for yourself some day.

((I'd accept that a majority of eligible Hugo voters might be unacquainted with fandom, but since less than a quarter of these actually bother to vote--two or three hundred ballots being average I gather--I'm amazed to hear you claim that the Hugoes are decided by non-active fans...You'd be surprised how many American fans send me a ssae despite the fact that I live in Canada...As I understand Ted Pauls, a "clique" is in what people do, not who they are. His words were directed at fans who carry their mutual friendships a bit too far...And he's hardly "faceless", Ted. I'm sure you're as aware of his numerous reviews as I am. And no matter who actually decides the Hugoes, you both have my vote and stand a good chance of winning this year!))

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MIKE DECKINGER 25 Manor Dr. #12J Newark, NJ 07106	While it's certainly too soon to promote <u>ENERGUMEN</u> for a Hugo, with- out tongue embedded in cheek, it's well on the way to copping one within the next few years, at this rate of growth. The editorial sense is clearly defined and exercised within the pages.
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Ted Pauls column reads better than his numerous book reviews, which, I'm afraid, strike me as often tedious and undramatic. I rarely will dispute his conclusions but I just don't think the reviews are very much above the ordinary. However, his column is produced with considerably more refinement and structural finesse. Of particular note are the remarks directed towards the mutual admiration societies that are having such a ball putting down SFR. He has hit the nail squarely and firmly on the head, and, I hope, in the process clobbered a few of these twitches who may bristle at such positive identification. This is precisely the situation as it exists today and Ted is to be commended, decorated, and wine and dined for exposing it.

I'm tempted to remark that it's highly appropriate Ted's column appeared following John D. Berry's pointless article. The article itself is mere transparent piffle, so insubstantial as to be dispelled by a hearty sneeze, though John achieves the laudable goal of mentioning Ted White and Arnie Katz and thereby gives a purpose to the article.

((I have the feeling you'll approve of the way I've divided my material this time, Mike. I just hope you'll get far enough along to read this! Sigh--you can't please all the people...))

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BOB SHAW 6 Cheltenham Pk Belfast 6 N. Ireland	I was pleased to read that you are a devotee of IPA. Perhaps we can share a glass or two in September. Be warned though that an addiction to the stuff can be dangerous. I'm thinking of a former workmate of mine, called Doyle, who was fond of IPA and knocked back pints of it at every suitable occasion, and a few unsuitable ones as well. Into the latter category goes the morning the firm sent our office staff off for an X-ray as part of an insurance check-up. Transport was provided but Doyle and two others went in his car, which enabled him to cut five minutes off the transport time. Needless to say, this time was spent in a pub where Doyle downed no less than four British Imper- ial pints i.e. a total of 80 ounces. There was a longish wait when we arrived at the clinic---and then we discovered there was more than just a mass X-ray involved. We all had to strip for a full check-up and were given little bottles in which we had to put urine samples. Doyle, who was bursting with IPA, filled his bottle in about a tenth of a second---much to the annoyance of the doctor who shouted "That's enough", and snatch- ed it away. Poor Doyle did his best to turn off his bladder, but it was quite impossible and he proceeded to hose down the surgery with a look of helpless dismay on his face.
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Just thought I'd let you know what can happen.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking you for supporting the BoSh Fund. The way fans rallied round and got the whole project through to success is just about the most joy-making thing that ever happened to me.

((Thank you, Bob, for a superb column and a delightful letter. If there is any fan who epitomizes all that is good about fandom, it is Bob Shaw and I look forward to meeting you--and sharing one or two beers with you--in Boston in September.))

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WILL STRAW            It's always been a source of crogglements to me that fen are so intolerant of others plugging themselves for a Hugo, whereas self-campaigning for TAFF is regarded as the norm; spreading the idea that oneself is the ideal representative of his particular continent, and that others should wilfully contribute money to aid one in making the trip strikes me as being more of an ego-thing than suggesting that your own fanzine is one of the best being published. I don't particularly favor this tactic in either case, but the pattern of this year's campaigning would seem to make it almost necessary - I'd be almost distressed were SFR to win the Hugo for the reason that it was the only candidate to actually spread the word that it was seeking the award.

"The Salty Kumquat" is probably the best Paul's piece I've seen. It's quite satisfying to see a fan-writer known (or unknown) for his impersonal writing actually come out of his shell for a moment; most of the polished writers in fandom seem to inevitably try something of this type, and it would seem to me to suggest a dissatisfaction with being regarded as something less than human.

I was disturbed by the idea that faans are part of some Mutual Admiration Society the first time I encountered it - that was, incidentally, in another Canfanzine; an issue of VANATIONS from the early 50s that somehow found its way into my fmz collection carried a statement to the effect that "fannish fen are interested in fandom 10%, and 90% interested in Egoboo". True, to the extent that faanish fandom is more oriented towards itself, rather than science fiction, but I wonder if this is all that much worse than a group that revolves around a number of professional authors who rarely return the interest shown in them. It's a matter of taste, certainly, but I'd be much more willing to be part of a clique that returned some of this Admiration. I think a goodly number of the gungho Serious Constructive Fen are falling into the same mould they regard as being unique to faaans; the number of violent anti-faanish fandom articles or statements I've seen in current fmz is fairly close to that of anti-sf-oriented-fandom ones.

Berry was in top form this time; the differences I've noticed between Barea and NYC fandom are more fmz-related than those he points out, but the Overall Impression I have is similar to his. New York Fandom has always struck me as...well, Traditional, whereas the Barea has impressed me as housing the Stranger Specimens of the Microcosm. The latter would seem to me to be to in-person fandom what FAPA is to fanzine fandom; people moving to the Barea seem to disappear from the Scene, either gaffiating or getting involved in local clubs.

((As I see it, telling your readers that you're eligible for the Hugo may not be too effective, but it's sure a hell of a lot cheaper than taking ads in all the prozines. Myself, I'm a faanish fan who's not anti-sf, I like reviews and criticism and think of myself as a convention fan. And I ain't gonna fight with anyone who disagrees!))

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ROGER BRYANT            What a relief! I want you to know that I was temporarily terrified  
647 Thoreau Avenue    when I hefted that enormous envelope from Toronto. "My Ghod!" I  
Akron, Ohio 44306    thought to myself, "Michael's mania has finally engulfed him, and

he's gone to putting out great reeking hundred-page gobs of ENERGUMEN all at once!" But, all praises be, it's not so, and that great huge envelope wasn't all ENERGUMEN. I can stop worrying about you for another coupla months. In fact, as long as the family's better half is publishing on her own, the poor unliberated husband won't have the wherewithal to go berserk.

You know, it's been quite a while since I found anything in a fanzine that was quite as refreshing as "The Salty Kumquat". Although my eyetracks made several complete trips around the title before I actually accepted it. But what the hell, a girl I used to date put salt in her beer (ech!) and mustard on her apples (gevalt!) so who am I to complain. I always knew ENERGUMEN was somewhat fruity, Mike, but the kumquats are getting the upper hand there.

Ted's probably right in thinking that SFR will win another Hugo. I fear that all the people who think (as I do) that Geis and SFR are all well and good but don't really need another Hugo, will find themselves trying to decide between ENERGUMEN and OUT-WORLDS and maybe one or two other lesser contenders. They'll pick one or the other, the vote will neatly split down the middle, and SFR will have more than either one but not more than both. Hmph!

A Florence Crittenden Book Store? There's a place in town here where they try to hide "wayward girls" (to use the accepted euphemism) called the Florence Crittenden Home. Every town should have one, like Carnegie Libraries. But a bookstore?

Oh, look now! I've just got to know if Avram Davidson's habit of writing "Virgil" as "Vergil" has really carried over to making "vertue" out of "virtue" or whether that's your own clever (sneaky) little typo.

The procrastinator's club Vardeman never got around to joining must be the same ones who put up signs saying "LAST WEEK WAS NATIONAL PROCRASTINATION WEEK."

Well, the Bowers Bill is wondering whose side I'm on again. He must think you and I have an agreement whereby I find some way to mention him in each loc, thereby giving you the opportunity to print it and thus set him up for your cracks. And see there, I've just done it again. I helped him collate his last issue, and he kept a watchful eye over me, saying "How do I know Glicksohn isn't paying you to sabotage me?"

((Never underestimate a poor unliberated husband, Roger; especially when he's the Boy Wonder. As you see, I've gone berserk...Salt in beer is perfectly logical. It achieves the same effect as eating peanuts or chips without all the calories... Perhaps someone should volunteer to be a rallying point for the anti-SFR voters. Do you suppose there's anyone who'd be willing?... "Vertue" is the original Middle-English word having connotations of 'creative power to do good'...And you can tell the Bowerbird that his fanzine OUTRAGE is safe from me...for now!))

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From my own point of view, if I had to choose between ENERGUMEN and OUTWORLDS (which I don't have to do inasmuch as I'm not a member of Noreascon (it is too expensive)) I'd give the nod to E. Bill's zine is a handsome thing, there is no doubt of that, but (again speaking only for myself) he puts too much emphasis on appearance ("graphics", is it called?) and not enough on content. I am writing oriented, not picture oriented. (Which explains, I suppose, why I've never been enthusiastic about comics (or, at least, one of the reasons.))

ENERGUMEN has had some fine artwork in the past but the written contents have also had much meat. E5, however, seems down somewhat from the level of past issues. Interior art, mostly cartoons this time, is about average for fan art, which is to say that it isn't

much. As for the words...Susan's column is very good. Rosemary's isn't quite up to par although I imagine that is because it is so short this time. Sandra Miesel's review of Tau Zero is good and the letter from Uncle Avram is, of course, delightful. John Berry and Ted Pauls added nothing to the zine and I refuse to comment on the, ah, "poems".

Can I put in my two pesos worth on this "establishment" bit? I will anyway, you know. It depends, doesn't it, on just what one is talking about? In this instance one cannot lump together SF and fandom for they don't lump. The SF establishment, the pro establishment, if you will, consists of the established (fancy that?) editors and writers (and there is nobody more established than John Campbell) who make the rules and set the tone in the SF field (and make most of the money). Lapidus named the big gun writers, Asimov, Bradbury, Clarke, Heinlein, and, indeed, these are the ones who have achieved public recognition outside the field. He could also have named Poul Anderson, Harry Harrison, Fred Pohl and several others who set the tone for what is successful inside the field itself. Not forgetting, of course, (besides Campbell) editors such as Wollheim, Ashmead, Jakkobson, Ferman, and a couple of others, who do the buying. Any new writer who really expects to make a go of it has to get along with that group.

Lapidus is wrong, however, in his enumeration of a fannish establishment. He names off a few fanzine fans and a few fanzines. Uh-uh. If there is one place an establishment doesn't exist, it is in the anarchaos of fanzine fandom. But there is a fannish establishment, yes, and it centers mostly around the conventions and how they are run and who they are run by. In the US one could include Bruce Pelz, Chuck Crayne, the Trimbles, Dave Kyle, George Scithers and a few others. Ah well...it is of little import.

((Your analysis of the fannish establishment is interesting. More than that the SMOFs won't allow me to say. Perhaps the material in #6 will appeal to you...?))

-----  
KEITH LAUMER        I'm racked out in the hospital, but by great good luck Joe & Gay  
Box 972                Haldeman are here doing lots of nice things for me, including writ-  
Brooksville, Fla.    ing this letter. They brought me their ENERGUMEN to read.  
33512

As you perhaps know, I was never a member of fandom. As a kid I read all the sf I could find, but I had never heard the term "science fiction". I didn't know the category existed as such. I simply dug out interesting books from the library mostly by title. Of course I read a few bummers this way, that had interesting titles that turned out to be meaningless. But I discovered a few authors, such as Burroughs and H.Rider Haggard, and also isolated works by authors such as Jack London, etc. I didn't even know the magazines existed until I discovered Astounding in the PX when I was in the Army during the war. I think I would've enjoyed fandom very much in those days, but nobody told me about it. I saw my first actual living breathing fan in Oakland in 1964. This was the first convention I went to with premeditation. I was stationed in Texas at the time and since I was already half way to the coast, thought I might as well go the rest of the way. I had my next exposure to fans in New York a couple of years later. I happened to be in the vicinity for the Milford Conference, so I dropped in at the hotel. Next I went to the Philcon in 1969, then the Toronto Fan Fair came up and I thought it sounded like a jolly good idea to go to Canada, so I did and had a very good time. Then I went to the Philcon again in '70. Now you know more than you wanted to know about the extent of my contact with Fandom!

I occasionally receive a fanzine unsolicited from some kind soul who wants to rescue me from outer darkness. But the only time I ever sat down and premeditatedly read a fanzine from cover to cover was the other day when I read everything in ENERGUMEN.

Derek Carter's drawings are quite charming, including the cover which I don't understand. I enjoyed reading "Feedback From The Mike", although I found a lot of the jargon and fanologisms incomprehensible. I also find it distracting that so many of the



articles refer familiarly to so many fan personalities whom I do not know, and I feel a bit out of it.

The fellow who kicked and yelled instead of going to the hospital was certainly a wise man!

John Berry's article drew attention once more to the constant internecine strife that seems to go on within the in-group. Of course it's always the people who're most alike who feud with each other because they are in competition. Still it seems a pity.

In the fourth paragraph of his column, Ted Pauls reveals himself as a cad and a bounder and indulges in a little quiet self-aggrandizement by implying that he is the master of a mistress. I doubt very much if he pays her rent, supplies her groceries and presents her with the occasional jewel and fur and now and then a small automobile, which I would say would be the minimum investment required to qualify him as the keeper of a mistress. I suspect that he is in fact just another small time sport taking advantage on the cheap of some misguided female's affection for him. Having delivered himself of this self-revealing gaucherie, Mr. Pauls then launches a diatribe against another splinter group within fandom. The remainder of the column is made up almost exclusively of ingroup remarks about people unknown to me. Therefore it lacks any really gripping interest.

Alicia Austin's back cover has two outstandingly handsome features.

((Egads! I introduced Keith Laumer to Fanzine Fandom! I hope I'm worthy of this responsibility. Was intrigued by your comments, Keith, because it's rare that an "outsider" sees or responds to ENERGUMEN and it's very easy to get too in-groupish with something like a fanzine. I hope you'll continue to read me long enough for the language to become a little more comprehensible; but surely anyone who can understand Chief General Okkyokk of the Slox shouldn't have any trouble with fannish cant? And I'm sure I speak for all fandom when I wish you a speedy and total recovery--and many more years of successful writing, Relief and otherwise.))

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ALEX EISENSTEIN Johnny Berry's latest example of fannish wit deploys a devastating air  
6424 N. Mozart of stony tedium. His manner of writing is so transparent (as is common  
Chicago, Ill. with this raconteur nonpareil) that humor, as such, is nigh invisible.  
60645 I mean are we all supposed to be amused by the fact that Bay Area fans  
don't respond with glee to Berry's (or anyone's) derision of them or  
their friends? Is his lead-footed burlesque of academic inquiry supposed to mask or  
ameliorate his apparent attitude that the Berkeley folk (or any other) should swallow  
their own pride along with his ridicule, simply because the particular slighting remark  
may constitute acceptable sport within NYC enclaves?

If this is not the case, I can see no reason for the existence of the piece; it otherwise belabors the obvious. Any matter of bad taste is negligible beside its evident stupidity. Though the essay visibly manifests some satiric intent, the total effect is anything but, because the attempts at humor are feeble and shallow, and the "satire" strikes no palpable target--not anywhere! Berry may believe he mocks the sort of "analysis" he ostensibly undertakes, but a practice so blatantly simple-minded cannot nurture effective satire. After all, who (or rather, who else) engages in it?

Susan and Rosemary both continue to evoke the mod and madcap antics of latter-day Can-fan mythology with the proper air of je ne sais quoi, as Alexei Panshin once might have said. Rosemary, as usual, is charming after her fashion, but much too brief this time.

Your second Kumquat is not so sweet, as indicated by the title. But its salinity is also questionable. Sour, without the saving grace of tartness... I don't think Geis or



SFR need defending, either, but I also believe it's bad taste par excellence to practically demand a Hugo, for any reason whatsoever. Granted Johnny Berry's negative judgement, based solely on the fact that it actually does concentrate on "science-fiction reviews", is spurious; however, I think that Geis doesn't deserve yet another Hugo for a publication filled with reviews that are mediocre at best.

((Johnny wrote me that his article had started out humorously but became more serious as he went along. By missing his intent, I think you misinterpret his remarks completely. As I read it, he was quite disturbed by the way fans do things because of their groupish nature that are totally socially unacceptable in "mundane" circles.))

JERRY KAUFMAN

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43201

I think you overestimate Bowers' age in your editorial. I know for a fact he hasn't been publishing over thirty years, when you say it's been forty. My estimation is based on this: When I was getting Double: Bill it was coming out about once a year.

There were 21 of them, so that's about 21 years. On a bet I'd estimate the number of fanzines he'd done before that as between five and ten. So... thirty years, judging by Double: Bill, which was well-known as being one of the three most regular fanzines of the '60's. (The other two were Yandro and Science Fiction Five Yearly. By the way, Hoffmaniads, SF5Yearly is due out this year.)

In George Barr's limericks, the last was the best, as is often the case with limericks.

Susan, your editorial was one of the few "God did I have trouble with this issue" editorials I have read that was worth reading. It was funnier than Rosemary's column this time around and more painful than ~~George's limericks~~ tooth extraction. The Kumquat May seemed a bit strained this issue, though the last line was a good laugh, nicely built up to. Mayhap we've pushed Rosemary too hard for funnies in a fannish vein.

John Berry's item is astonishing. Half of it is introduction--the rest reminiscence. But very interesting. Fascinating. I do find myself in the same situation sometimes. I like Ted White and other Fanoclastian types, and wriggle when they say nasty things about Other Fans who are friends of mine. The Other Fans also say nasty things about Fanoclasts. It does seem that few of the Other Groups I'm familiar with say nasty things about each other, only about Fanoclasts. Why is that? Oh well, Mike, nobody says nasty things about Canadians. It might relieve you to know.

Sure does travel, Ted Pauls does. But don't start talking about your innumerable trips, Ted. You do that in WOKL, and it sure gets tiring. You've got tons of other things to write about, as I remember from KIPPLE. What about some more historical parodies? Why not write about fandom in terms of the Thirty Years War? The Insurgents could be the Protestants. Or something.

The name Northrop Frye in the letter column...isn't that a big name literary critic/ is that what he really wrote you/or did you quote that from somewhere?

((Judging from my own schedule, I'd estimate that it took Bill Bowers quite a while to speed up to that yearly appearance. Doubtless his first few zines came out no more often than tri- or bi-annually, which would account for the missing decade... Yes, Frye is the critic, and also a professor at the U. of T. Susan sent him #4 and he said what I quoted last issue...but nothing else worth printing.))

JOE & GAY HALDEMAN

c/o Laumer (see above)

((Joe)) Enjoyed your column, as usual. You write pretty much as you talk, and it's like having a pleasant conversation --

but it's one-way, let me shoulder in here! Your Hugo choices seemed well considered EXCEPT for the last one; about which more later. Thanks for letting us see the Barr limerickzine -- he's a funnyfunny man. Gay and I have our own version of "Next Year When I'm Working..." -- it's "when the check comes from Holt", "when the check comes from Galaxy", etc. I never expected a free-lancer's life to be terribly secure and predictable but, baby Jesus, the thing that gets you is knowing you've sold a piece, then having to wait months and months for your goddam money. I really think that the publishers sit on the paltry checks so they can collect a couple of month's interest on them. That's about four bucks per thousand, for two months -- I'd be glad to send them a rebate in that amount, if they'd send the checks on time!

Susan's column was fun, as expected and the Kumquat May was even funnier than usual. I suppose you'll get lots of letters wondering how a mild-mannered chemist can wear out the crotch of his jeans (or worse, advice on how to prevent it) -- but in this corner you have some sympathy. I have an old faded pair of Levi's, that come when I whistle...

John Berry's article on fandom was very entertaining, but his style clashes with your layout. The long sentences with sparse punctuation, in large paragraph blocks, are very hard to read, laid out in l-o-n-g lines of single spaced elite type. The style itself is quite readable, but my eyes kept getting lost.

The only thing I didn't really like in NERG 5 was THE SALTY KUMQUAT by Ted Pauls. Though I like him well enough in person, Ted comes off as unbearably pompous and affected on the printed page. One example would just lead to another, and I'd wind up quoting half the column in attempting to define just what it is that rubs me wrong. Egoism, pseudo-intellectualism, brittle formality of style -- suffice me to quote that his writing "has become irritating and at the same time profoundly boring to me, personally, and I felt like saying a few words about it".

((Gay)) Keith Laumer dictated his letter to me last night, finally allowing me to wrest our copy of ENERGUMEN from him. I've been eyeing it for days sitting on his bedside table when I visited him, sneaking furtive glances at it, wondering how I could spirit it away to peruse it with my own beady little eyes. I had his letter in hand, with its references to all kinds of fascinating things to be found between the covers. And finally he let go of it, so I could carry it home to read, and Joe snatches it from my grasp, even before we leave the hospital. Sigh.

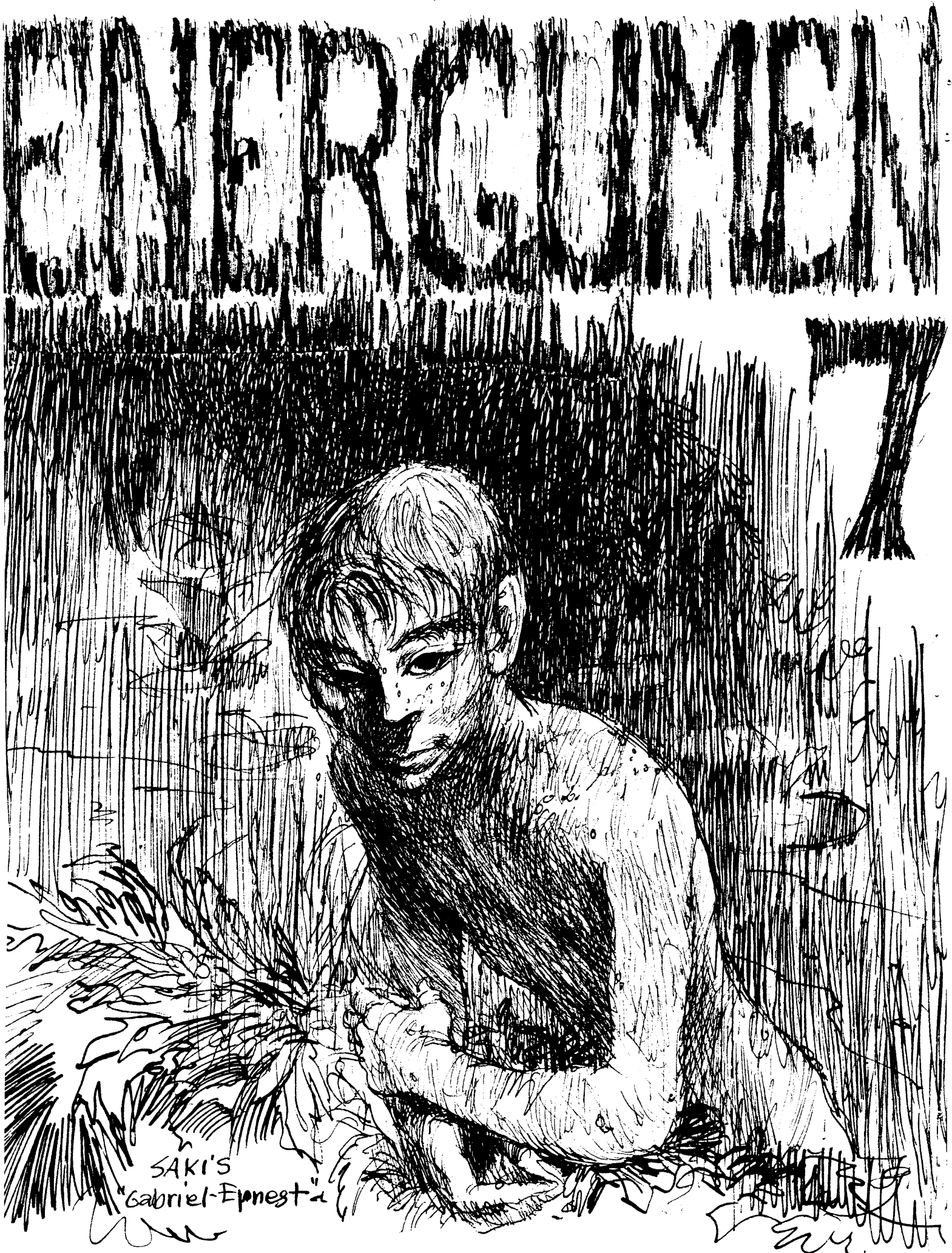
When I staggered off to bed about midnight, he was still engrossed in it. Into the wee small hours I heard the typewriter banging, writing you a loc. This morning he shoved the letter at me for my comments. (I always read what he writes before I read anything else.) There were even more allusions to wondrous delights in that fanzine I couldn't even get hold of.

Snatching away the ENERGUMEN which was lying by the typewriter looking exhausted, I ran to the bedroom and locked the door. Now I had it to myself! As I opened it to the first page, the cat jumped up on the bed and stretched out across the pages! The last straw. I threw her out into the hall and, panting slightly, again locked the door, to relax and enjoy my favorite fanzine.

((I'm using a slightly narrower column width this time, Joe. Hope it helps. And as for "The Perils of Gaysie", such devotion is truly remarkable...and don't sell the movie rights to anyone but me! And get rid of that damn cat! ...Useless creatures!))

WAHF: Ray Ridenour, Jay Kay Klein (who sent a postcard saying "No comment"), Jeff Schalles, Mike Juergens, Ted Pauls, Lisa Tuttle, Paul Docherty (he finds my layout lends a "delightfully uneven flavour"), Linda Bushyager and Rick Stoker (who writes: "Illustrated limericks by Barr/ Make me go har-har!/ The illos are purty;/ The wit is dirty,/ And the jokes can't be carried too far'.") Hmmm. Five people complimented the limericks and two hated the cover. Sigh. Thank you one and all and write again soon...or no #8...





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