



This is the eighth issue of **ENERGUMEN**, a genzine which is nominally quarterly. This is the November, 1971 issue being published in June, 1971, which may not be a fannish first, but is at least somewhat out of the ordinary. **ENERGUMEN** is edited by Mike Glicksohn, and coedited by Susan Glicksohn, with production assistance furnished by Angus Taylor and Rosemary Ulliyot. It is available for substantial loc, arranged trade, contributions of written or artistic material, or on a 50¢ per issue basis--no cheques accepted and please don't send us U.S. stamps; Canada is as yet a foreign and independant country.

ENERGUMEN does not publish poetry, fiction, or shorty book reviews, but all other material can be sent to our new address (as of August 1st):

32 Maynard Street, Apt 205
Toronto 150, Ontario, Canada.

We have a couple of copies of #5 left, and a few of #6 and #7 which sell as a set. Back copies can be ordered at the standard price directly from us since we still have no agents anywhere. Additional copies of most covers can be had at two for 25¢.

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LOVE ME...
LOVE MY
FANZINE...

FEEDBACK FROM THE MIKE



Putting out the perfect fanzine would appear to be much more difficult than I had realized. For some time now I've dreamed of having a mimeo of my own, so that repro on ENERGUMEN would be more controlled and less a matter of hoping and praying. And now we do have our own machine - a used Gestetner 366 purchased from the A.B. Dick company. We're still practising with it, experimenting a bit, but with care it seems to give good repro - but requires slipsheeting to do so and has an inking system that's a bit cranky at times. Still, on the whole we're pleased with it.

And yet my rosy visions of immaculately perfect pages coming slowly but surely from the machine a few per night under the watchful supervision of a dedicated crew haven't quite materialized. In order to pay for the mimeo, I had to take a job! And with my six years of university education and my two degrees, I spend twelve hours a day sweeping floors and checking clothes in a public swimming pool for the Ontario minimum wage. And have less time than ever before for fanac and running off ENERGUMEN! Or for thinking about the move we have to make at the end of next month!

But even so, production was less hurried and more carefully watched than on previous issues, and I hope this extra care shows. (If you'll refrain from mentioning any imperfections, we promise to work on them for next time!)

A few words on the contents for this issue: In #7 I mentioned Terry Carr's Heicon report would be starting here. This was in itself an error since it is Terry's post-Heicon trip report that I have and perceptive readers will note that it is not in this issue. For a variety of reasons, it seemed inappropriate to serialize the report, so I've suggested to Terry that I'll publish the entire account, illustrated by several fan artists, as a separate supplemental issue of ENERGUMEN. I'm still waiting to here from him on that. And when Ted Pauls sent a reaction to Ted White's letter in #7 along with his latest

column, I sent Ted White a Xerox of the sections that dealt with him - this being my policy whenever possible. Ted sent back a ten-page response! It certainly merited publication, but I felt that including it in the magazine would only encourage fruitless continuation of the debate. Besides, it would have squeezed out other material I could not afford to postpone for another issue. So both Teds appear in a separate supplement --THE LAST WORD is its title for, I hope, obvious reasons--with a final expression of their opinions of each other and of the issues which have recently been aired in this fanzine. Anyone who has further opinions on these matters, please send them directly to the principals - not to me.

Speaking of opinions, my thanks to all those who commented on the double-issue experiment and expressed their preferences and reservations about the material. Since such comments were primarily for my benefit, I edited them out of the lettercol, along with the usual "Gee, I really liked..." and "Blechh, why did you use..." reactions. But here's a rough breakdown of the reponse: Of those who explicitly commented, 20 approved of the experiment and 7 didn't and of the 20 who thought I'd done good, 2 preferred #6 and the rest split evenly between preferring #7 and liking both issues. In addition to what is in the lettercol, about a dozen people applauded the first installment of Arnie's fanhistory column and one fellow couldn't stand it, while, to my surprise, only 4 people reacted, all favorably, to the Rotsler folio. In #7, both BoSh and Rosemary drew many accolades and one damnation while Susan's telephone article was highly praised: and in #6, it was Grant Canfield and Susan who attracted the most enthusiastic response. In fact, vast hordes praised Susan's writing in both issues whilst adding, with a gratuitous effrontery that revealed the unscholarly and imperceptive nature of their essential critical faculties, that my own attempts at creative written communication conveyed a repellent sense of insipient pomposity. Sigh...the cosmic futility of it all overwhelms me.

With this issue, we add Robert E. Toomey, Jr. to our illustrious list of regular columnists. This gives us two editorials plus four columns and accounts for about 26 pages each issue. With a 12 page lettercol, this leaves only 12 pages for guest articles if I'm going to keep the zine at a manageable 50 pages! It always used to amaze me that Dick Geis could casually chat about the contents of issues three or four removed from the one he was writing in, but I'm beginning to understand how this could happen. If copy continues to come in at the present rate, we may have to begin alternating our regulars. Hey! You out there! Would you stop getting ENERGUMEN if Rosemary or Arnie only appeared in every second issue?

And now, for what they're worth, here are some of my thoughts on fandom and ENERGUMEN. You'll find Susan's feelings on such matters in her own editorial comments. Basically, I am a fandom fan; not "fannish" fan, fandom fan. I like fans. I like fanzines: producing, reading and writing for them. I thoroughly enjoy conventions, no matter how abysmally they may be organized or conducted. And I read and enjoy science fiction - but basically on the entertainment level. I haven't the background or the type of mind to be a science fiction scholar. However, I admire those who do and will always be delighted to print critiques and analyses of the sort that Sandra has in this issue. I also read short book reviews and think they have a definite and important place in fanzines --but that place is not ENERGUMEN, which hasn't the space or the frequent schedule they require. And I am also fascinated by fanhistory and good fannish writing and there will always be a place for these in ENERGUMEN as well.

All of which occasionally puts me in a difficult position in fandom. After the Lunacon, Terry Carr, whom I'd met for the first time that weekend, wrote to us and said, "I not only enjoyed talking with you, but was bemused and impressed seeing the variety of fan factions you attracted, and how you managed to keep from making any mortal fannish enemies during the weekend." As I said, I like fans. Nearly all fans, to different degrees of course. (Offhand, I can think of only two fans I've met whom I really disliked.) But as Mike O'Brien says in the lettercol, too many fans carry around oversimplified preconceptions of fans outside their immediate circle, and interpret every thing

opposing factions say or do as further evidence of their villainous natures. I may like fans, but I also know they are human and I expect to disagree with some of their opinions and some of the things they do in promulgating these opinions. I try to make allowances for this.

When the controversy that ends here with THE LAST WORD made its initial appearance, I thought it might result in a discussion of "fannish" vs. "sercon" and of the current state of fandom and fanzines; both topics of considerable general interest. Unfortunately, the issues got lost behind the personalities, insults replaced arguments, and the result was more a personal battle than a general forum. Now I like Arnie Katz, and I'm coming to agree with many of his thoughts about fandom, but I also disagree with many of his ideas and found some of his reactions to be excessive. I told him so in letters to his fanzines. I like Ted Pauls, and have enjoyed his reviews, but I thought he became too personal and went on at too great a length on a topic of largely individual concern, and I told him so. I admire Ted White greatly, but often disagree with his stands. I'm developing tremendous admiration for Terry Carr, but I've argued with him in letters and am puzzled by some of his recent statements concerning the relationship of fans and pros. But I sincerely hope that, despite not agreeing with them 100%, I'm still friends with these four gentlemen. I want to be. As I want to be friends with Charlie Brown and Dick Geis and Andy Porter and Johnny Berry and countless others in fandom.

It saddens me to think that my having a variety of fannish friends should be comment-worthy. And it saddens me to think that fandom, even as the so-called mundane world, contains so many people who count one's friends against one. In my rare moments of introspection, I mourn the passing of that rosy glow of neo-hood, when things seem so harmonious. The rest of the time, I say to hell with it: I am who I am and I like who I like and you can take it or leave it as you see fit. But I'm still gonna like ya! So there.





MY 2¢ WORTH

BY SUSAN GLICKSOHN

What, you may still be asking, is in a name? Nothing much, to some people. For months now, we've answered the phone with a firm, official-sounding "Energumen Publications, hello." (Have you ever tried to sound firm and official at 5 A.M. on Sunday?) And for months, The Voice On The Other End has blithely ignored us, plunged into a description of its woes, and been greatly offended to learn that its confidences were not reaching the ear it had earmarked.

This very day, one such voice, as firm and official sounding as my own, demanded "Extension 500, Mr. White." I reminded T.V.O.T.O.E. sweetly that this was "Energumen Publications." As there was no Mr White here, I deduced

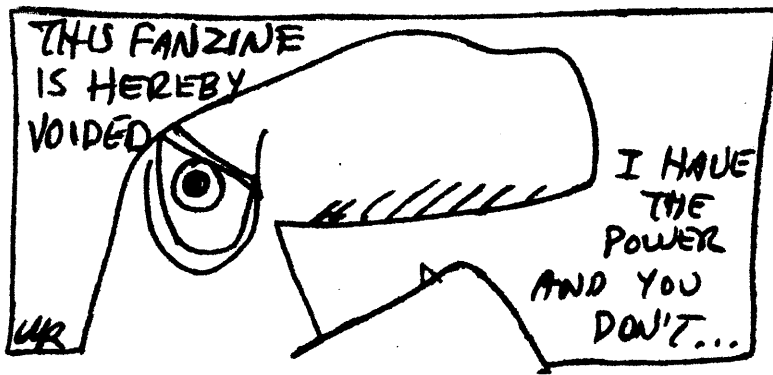
he had a wrong number. Sherlock Glicksohn strikes again.

"But" said T.V.O.T.O.E., offended, "I want to speak to Mr. White."

"You still have the wrong number," I replied, oozing sweetness with an effort.

"Isn't this 966-3111?" I assured him it was. "Well then, isn't this Canada Cement? That's the number Mr. White gave me." He sounded smugly virtuous. I assured him it hadn't been Canada Cement for at least a year. "Hmph," The Voice snorted, obviously not believing me. "Well, it's very strange." And he slammed down the receiver. Obviously, such an important executive couldn't be wrong; it was all my fault. A lot of people feel offended if you tell them they have a wrong number; one feminine voice, with one of those affected lah-di-dah phoney-British accents, recently demanded the Motor League at some ungodly hour. "I'm afraid you have the wrong number; the Motor League is 966-3000" I responded politely. (I was brought up to be polite to strangers. It's a rapidly vanishing virtue.) "Well," responded The Voice in outraged accents. "There's no need to be impertinent!" Slam! And then there was the harried voice which said "Hello, I have a stolen car here." It's times like that when I wish I were good at snappy rejoinders!

All this telephone business with ENERGUMEN Publications fighting for existence against the Ontario Motor League and Canada Cement, has gotten me interested in names--names as



such, names as labels for reality. Odd names. There's an old building on Jarvis St. in downtown Toronto with a big sign on it: "Gross Machinery Co." Can't you just picture them--gross machines, squat, ugly bulldozers, fat and swollen earth-movers, shiny and faintly obscene, machines drawn by Vaughan Bode? And how about "Joy Auto Collision Works" --that's just around the corner from us--and "Vesuvius Crucible Works"--that's on the road to Pittsburgh.

People's names are interesting too. If I ever do write that Great Canadian Novel of mine, or my Great Heroic Fantasy, I have the hero's name all picked out: Martial Rose. His good buddy and secondary hero will be Christopher Xerxes Ringrose. (Both gentlemen are, in fact, literature critics I've read recently.)

Then there is our name, Glicksohn. Even I spelled it wrong in the colophon of ASPIDIS-TRA 2, something Michael will still be reminding me of on our 50th anniversary. It came out "Glickson", which is a fairly common misspelling, as are Glicksen and Gluckson and Glickshon--people think the "s" and the "h" belong together. We've had several bits of mail addressed to "Glicki-john". The Ontario Motor League, bless 'em, sent our Lunacon-going triptik to "Mrs Wicksohn" while stolidly refusing (like Shell Oil and the Ontario Health Insurance Registration Board) to send me a membership card in my married name. (Except the medicare people, after several months of letters and phonecalls and protests from me because my dermatologist was sending in bills for Mrs. Glicksohn which they wouldn't pay since her registration number was, according to the computer, that of Miss Wood, solved their problem by registering Michael as my dependent! Up from the kitchen....) Even the university Graduate Students' Association kept sending their notices to "Miss Susan Idickson."

Names. Michael will always be Michael to me, though he prefers "Mike", which is what his family and most of his friends call him. I tried to compromise on "Mikey-poo", but for some reason he objected. Violently. I only realized why a few days ago.

"Dear," I said, coming out of the bedroom where I had been studying, "read this."

"Go away, woman," the Boy Wonder snarled swinging around from his typewriter so fast he knocked the book flying.

"Ooowh! My tweetie doesn't wuv me any more!" I wailed, wondering if pouring corflu over him would be worth the effort involved in getting it off again.

"I'm sorry, dear, but I was concentrating on the lettercolumn, trying to think of the right superb, scintillating and witty fannish come-back to Roger Bryant's comments on Bill Bowerbird-- uh, Bowers, when you interrupted my train of thought. Now how will I Live In Fannish Memory? And besides, Bill will be disappointed..."

"I'll try to think of something, dear; there's a 'Bower of Bliss' in The Faerie Queene, maybe I can find a useful quotation. But listen to this first."

"What is that? One of those old English books? You don't have to read that stuff to me -- I'm cultured, you know. I used to read that stuff. I did! I read Madame Bovary in first year, and I took you to that silly Ibsen play about pollution and..."

"And you're not listening! This is from an Elizabethan conduct book..."

"If Elizabeth wants to be a conductor, let'er!"

"And it explains why I mustn't call you Mikey-poo!"

"Great! Quit chattering and read it!"

"Yes, dear. The title is 'Wives must not speak too familiarly with their spouses' and it says: 'Remember the fearful issue that had like to have fallen out by reason of such compellations given by Sarah and Rebekah to their husbands.'"

"No, I don't remember" objected My Dear One.

"So read the Bible. 'Not unlike to those are such as these, Sweet, Heart, Sweetheart, Love, Joy, Dear, etc., and such as these, Duck, Chick, Pigsney,...'"

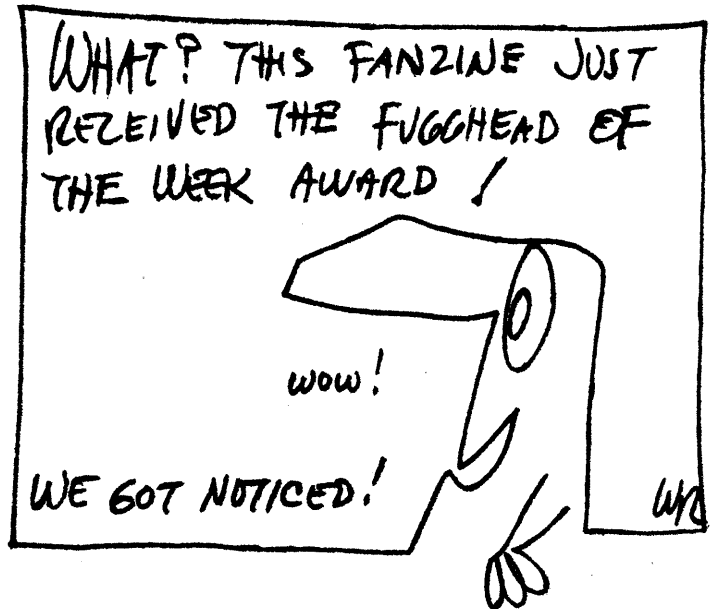
"Pig's knee? Pig's knee!?" exclaimed my delighted spouse, roaring with laughter. "Pig's knee! My little pig's knee!" And he patted my knee. I tried to pull his beard, but he cleverly ducked out of reach, so I assumed an expression of offended dignity instead and explained politely that the word 'pigsney' or 'piggesnye' was a perfectly reputable Middle English term of endearment, referring to the "pig's eye" or trillium-- like calling someone your 'little flower'. Chaucer used it. Since my dear one seemed singularly unimpressed with my erudition-- he kept chuckling, patting me on the bottom and calling me his pig's knee-- I continued to read aloud.

"As I was saying, 'and husband's Christian names, as John, Thomas, William, Henry, etc., which if they be contracted (as many used to contract them thus, Jack, Tom, Will, Hal) they are much more unseemly: servants are usually so called. But what may we say of those titles given to a husband by his wife, not seldom in passion, but usually in ordinary speech, which are not fit to be given to the basest men that be, as Grub, Rogue, and the like, which I am even ashamed to name?' So you see, dear, I mustn't call you Mikey-poo, it's undignified and unseemly."

And I don't. I now address my spouse with proper dignity as "Boy Wonder", or sometimes "Michael", or (if we're being informal) as "Boy". Now if only he'd stop patting my nether limbs and calling me his "little pig's knee!"

AND FOR A PENNY MORE YOU GET...A CO-EDITORIAL BY SUSAN: Y'know, I really am, theoretically at least, co-editor of ENERGUMEN. I don't know what that position officially means; around here, we tend to do whatever needs doing, be it separating out slipsheets or throwing sheets into the laundry, without worrying overmuch whose "job" it is. Primarily, of course, the magazine is Michael's; he started it, he knows more people so he writes the "please contribute" letters, and he seems to have more time at the moment for typing and editing the lettercol (and more energy for writing those innumerable locs, too!) On the other hand, E is brought to you by the friendly dollars of my Canada Council doctoral grant. We tend to collaborate on layout ("Dear, would this Rotsler fit here?" "No, use the Ingham, it mentions the Bible and so does Ted.") and we agree on choice of material ("Blech!" or "Hey, great!" or "Dear, write something fannish to balance the issue.")

Soon, though, this idyllic picture (see the happy faneds, holding hands beside their mimeo) may fade. Michael, you see, is becoming mostly a fannish fan; I am (horrors!) sercon oriented. Now I thoroughly enjoy good fannish writing--in fact, apart from fannish feuds (or pro feuds, or X-vs-the-nasty-SFWA feuds; I dislike stupidity, arrant rudeness, intolerance) and those dull "fannish" ramblings about uninteresting people,



there is precious little I dislike. I've even tried writing "fannishly". It's a challenge to handle dialogue, keeping it both true to the original and as funny and striking as it seemed at the time and understandable; besides, writing for me is a slow painful process of many rough drafts, and work like "My 2¢ Worth" comes easier than book critiques. I enjoy being a fan. Most of all, I was delighted when Arnie Katz, among others, praised Michael's writing at Lunacon, saying he had "fannish potential."

But: Arnie also promised (threatened?) to "convert" Michael to The Fannish Way, E to a fannish fanzine. Once when Michael said something about buying sf books, Arnie shrugged, bored and faintly contemptuous: "Sf? I don't read much of that stuff any more." Then we got a letter from Greg Shaw, praising E's balance but putting down fanzines that are "seemingly fascinated with every slight tremor in the pro world." And then Terry Carr, at Disclave and in FOCAL POINT, claimed that fans feel inferior to sf pros, put down "faneditors who think they've scored a coup by publishing Andy Offutt's esthetic paradigms for his latest novel" and asserted that "the pros have their talents and the fans have theirs, and that if a fan chooses to worship pros indiscriminately or to try to imitate them, then he's automatically categorizing himself as a second-class citizen."

Now does this mean that Michael is going to, or should, take all the sf-related articles out of E, and possibly throw me out of the house, lest I contaminate the sacred air around his HYPHENS? Does it mean that, at PgHLANGE, I can only say hello to Barbara Silverberg, Cory Panshin, and Gerda Koontz, not their husbands, because only second-rate fans "worship pros?" And just how do you define "sercon" anyway? Serious, constructive, with negative implications of dull, scholarly, dead? Well, I think Sandra Miesel's article is serious, even scholarly, in intention, but remarkably interesting, in part for its passion--yes, passion--for ideas and for art; in part for the insight it gives into how an artist works, how he shapes his raw material, the material Sandra has assembled. Or is that being "fascinated with every slight tremor of the pro world?" I enjoyed reading Bob Toomey's article, too. (what did you say "sercon" meant, again?) And so did Michael, or they wouldn't be here. Yes, we printed an Offutt article; E is now officially second-rate. Except that we Glicksohns are fascinated by people, and people who write books, and what they have to say about themselves. The Offutt article tells us about that, especially in conjunction with the Davidson article in #5, and the Koontz piece here.

If E has an editorial policy, it's balance. Balance between art and text, overall and on the page; between letters and articles; within the lettercol; between material about fans and about sf. We don't always succeed; the letters have pushed the art out of the lettercol, for example. But we try, because we try to be balanced too, sf fans with the emphasis on sf-dom and fandom.

Now maybe I am hopelessly naive, second-rate and juvenile because I actually read book reviews (because I still read books, and \$1.25 is a lot to pay for a failure; conversely, I'd like to hear about something new and good, like RED MOON, BLACK MOUNTAIN.); because I dislike fan feuds and don't want them here; because I enjoy discussing both ideas (you can "enjoy" ideas) and personalities; because I'd rather try to improve what E is and can be today than fret because it isn't like a rosy vision of HYPHEN, and would rather print Rosemary's work and Sandra's and have You Out There comment on how both could write even better than sit lamenting that neither of them is Walt Willis. Maybe. But I think there are a lot of us, people who want a genzine, whose restrictions are "Is it good? Is it interesting?" and not "Is it by a pro or a fan?"

You see, this is not "the new SFR." This is not OUTWORLDS. Or SPECULATION. Or FOCAL POINT. We recognize the merits of each of these zines, and of others like them; we appreciate them in their different ways. But this is ENERGUMEN; a genzine. We hope you enjoy some of it, at least.

And besides, if E goes fannish, what will I do? Submit my grand essay on women in Marvel comics, as exemplified by Harlan Ellison's script for THE HULK, to OUTWORLDS?

DEAN'S DRIVE

OR

SOME DAYS IN THE LIFE
another
OF A WRITER

BY DEAN KOONTZ



SEVERAL SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF ONE AUTHOR WHO--SEEING STARVATION LURKING IN THE BREADBOX AND THE SPECTRE OF INSOLVENCY GNAWING AT HIS HEELS--FOUND SALVATION AND HAPPINESS WITHOUT ANY AID WHATSOEVER FROM JESUS CHRIST OR EVEN THE ROSICRUCIANS.

Having received two ENERGUMENS with staples protruding wickedly, having twice punctured myself and bled upon the tinted pages, I decided that Mike was resorting to a sly sort of violence against my person in retaliation for my having (several times) broken my promise to write an article for this magazine. Terrified at the sight of my blood, I decided that further procrastination was not worth the constant anticipation of the next sharp-stapled issue. Too, I was inspired by Avram Davidson's article in No. 4 which dealt with the trials and tribulations of a writer's life. And here we are.

There was a time, an innocent time, when I would have been amazed to learn that Avram Davidson (one of the best we have and the sort of writer most of us would like to be if we had a little more on the ball than we do) suffered financial troubles. I imagined successful sf writers lead a life of jet-setting, hob-nobbing and cocktail partying. I soon discovered that I would be lucky to afford bus-riding, knee-knocking and coca cola-drinking. The first six months of fulltime freelancing brought me the magnificent reward of \$500.00 before taxes--along with a bad case of terror. In that time, I had three sf books knocking around, plus a mainstream novel which eighteen publishers had voiced intense approval of, though none of them had yet purchased it. Fortunately, Bob Hoskins at Lancer took my energies in hand and forced me to re-write a book until I had learned plotting backwards and forwards. Thereafter, I rescued the floundering works and sold several new ones and made a little over six thousand dollars in the next six months, which averaged out to exactly what I had been earning for a year of teaching before I quit. It certainly didn't permit hob-nobbing, but I found I could live without that if I had to. When you've hobbled one nob, you have hobbled them all. Or, perhaps: when you've nobbed one hob, you've nobbed them all.

This brings us to December 1969. My agency, having received inquiries about my work

from a quite lovely young woman editor at Dell, arranged a dinner conference between yours truly and said lovely young editor for the 1969 Philcon. I attended that dinner and spoke of glorious things, work at hand, stars to be reached, valiant peaks of creativity within my grasp. Lovely Young Editor agreed that one of the ideas, BEASTCHILD, sounded excellent and urged me to send her sample chapters and outlines for consideration. This I did early in December of 1969, less than three weeks after our conversation. BEASTCHILD so enthralled me that I proceeded to work on the book while awaiting a decision. Soon, I began to see it was the best piece of long work I had ever done and that it represented the new perimeters I had been trying to reach for some time. After a month, I called to inquire what she thought of the work. She had not read it yet. I continued working. Another month passed, and the book was done, and it contained everything I had hoped for it. I structured a shorter version, which seemed even more concise and polished than the slightly longer novel, and mailed that to the agency for Ed Ferman's inspection. Six weeks later, Ed had purchased magazine rights for VENTURE and expressed great approval of the book. Still: silence from Lovely Young Editor. Phonecalls received the answer: "I will be making a decision soon." But this goes on for another month, as if a recording was answering the phone. Finally, when asked if she would like to see the final script, she said yes and that she would then be able to make a quicker decision. She is sent full manuscript. A month passes. More calls. At last, more than six months after the initial sample chapters had been sent, I call the agency and demand the book be returned from Dell, and agency agrees. Lovely Young Editor can't find it. First, denies even having more than sample chapters. Agency presses until, after a tense search of office, Lovely turns up the manuscript from the bottom of a desk drawer where it had been buried under papers also demanding attention (like her light bill from 1958 and a subscription bill from Liberty Magazine).

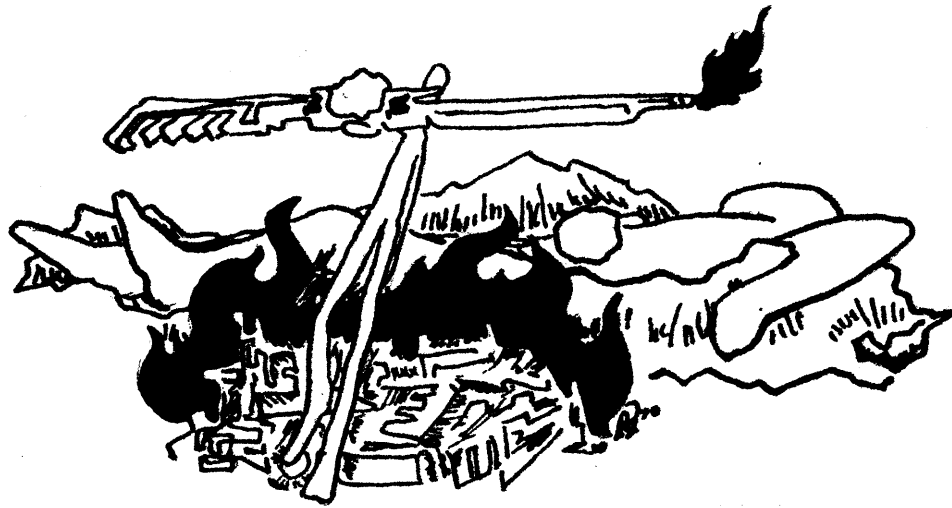
(Pause: See Dean. See him tearing his hair. See him awful mad. See him quietly telling Gerda how he will torture and finally murder Lovely. See, look, behold!)

Agency recovers script, sends to Lancer. Lancer purchases in two weeks, pays two weeks later. Everyone sighs with relief. Book is published after magazine novella and both receive uniformly good reviews--something unique to this author, since he has been accustomed to wading through the brickbats to pick up the roses. Eventually, the novella receives a Hugo nomination, which pleases writer almost as much as the advance money. But if writer had been relying on this book for one half or one third of his yearly income as, say, Avram might have been, you can see how disastrous one Lovely Editor's procrastination and incompetence could have been. I, too, would have been selling my author's copies for money to eat.

You noticed, surely, how the personal pronoun degenerated to the third person in several points in the last paragraph. This is only because, looking back on the incident, I believe--sincerely want to believe--that it happened to someone else.

Next, I became involved in writing porn. Gerda and I collaborated--since my love has such a true sense of the obscene--to produce 30 porn titles ranging from such peaks of erudition as THIRTEEN AND READY and ORAL ORACLE to SWAPPER'S CONVENTION and LAY ME DOWN, BUT NOT TO DIE. (yes.) Six months of this provided us with an overwhelmingly healthy bank account. Each book required three days to write and brought an average of \$650 reward. Since my own time was often only a day in the construction of each epic, I was provided with plenty of time to write sf that I wanted to write. But after 30 titles, we had neither the inclination or the stomach to continue, and we dropped out of the porn market. Aside from providing us with the resource to pay off old debts and to buy a piece of land for, some day, the construction of a lodge, we got nothing from the ordeal. It gave us the opportunity to write the non-fiction PIG SOCIETY which fit into the porn publisher's legit line, and we are proud of that book. But was it worth writing the other thirty while we were making contacts? I don't know. Was it worth Avram's time, and emotional expense, to have to sell his author's copies?

Anyway, back on the straight and narrow path of serious work, I launched into the



writing of an sf avant-guard novel called THE FLESH IN THE FURNACE, which I suspected no one would buy. My mainstream novel, meanwhile, had ended up at...Dell. Well, every agent makes a mistake sometime or other.

Six months later, after we were told: A. "We never heard of the book, we don't have it."; B. "A decision is imminent."; C. "We're going to take it, it's tremendous." (This leaked to Vaughn Bode by a Dell editor whom he knows) we managed to get the book returned, short of threatening to beat heads. One editor there, three weeks after the book had been returned, told Vaughn he expected Dell to buy it! Arrgghh!

Meanwhile, I have finished THE FLESH IN THE FURNACE and am making some finishing touches. Alan Ravage, editor at Bantam, calls and says he is interested in my work, do I have anything he can see? I tell him about FLESH IN THE FURNACE. He asks to see it. It is sent him. In the almost unheard of time (outside of Bob Hoskins who is usually so efficient it makes your head swim) of seven weeks, Alan bought the book. For all the right reasons. The contracts were signed. Check sent. Wonderful!

Now the recession. The writer has \$11,900 due him from a wide variety of publishers, all of whom are feeling the pinch. Books are selling better than ever, one of the few commodities not to be affected by the recession. But, unfortunately, most publishing companies are now owned by conglomerates. Conglomerates, in economic trouble on all other fronts, are using the money from their publishing concerns to bolster their sagging industries. We writers, in the meantime, gnaw on chair legs and seriously consider cannibalism. In one case, where the publisher was not owned by a conglomerate, his distributor was. Same suit, you see, just different characters. By begging, pleading, using agency muscle, author gets his money. He pities publishers, understands their woes, but was going down for the count at that time. He has spent a nice piece of change on some land (after Alexei Panshin had suggested that as a good way to get rid of money and the writer, at that time, was worried about being spoiled by largess) and has that for collateral, but can't get much against it at this time and would find it difficult to sell in such a tight money market.

Writer is now investigating suspense-mystery-gothic fields in which he is also working. He is especially fond of the suspense form where he feels he is actually doing something unique and creative. Now, too, he turns to another experimental sf novel HOUSE OF NIGHT, which--at this writing--he has just finished and is hunting a market for. Times have gotten rough again. He would turn to porno, but porno is dead and he can't stand writing it anymore. Besides, Ted White from his Olympus has once publicly criticized the writer for writing porn and may return with even more insidious attacks. A movie deal comes through and writer is momentarily saved by option money.

Meanwhile: Writer's father's girlfriend (an ex-nurse), whenever she sees writer or talks to him on telephone, asks: "Are you still just writing, or are you working now?"

Meanwhile: Writer is accosted in grocery store and referred to by local blue collar worker as "Fucking hippie creep". This hurts author's self-image. In same store, two minutes later, author is asked, by another stranger, "Why don't you cut your hair?" Going out of store, author is accosted by local middle-aged hooligans who want to fight and is forced to kick one said hooligan in the balls to stave off being dismembered until the traffic cop half a block away can arrive to dispel the would-be gladiators.

Meanwhile: Author hears, from editor of large publishing company, that the reason no decision has been made on author's two sample chapters and outlines is that editor cannot decide which book he likes the most and wants to buy. Author, numbed by this excuse, hangs up phone without thinking, until later, that he should have suggested the editor buy both.

Meanwhile: Author receives letter from fan editor on East Coast informing author that, since author has still not written article he promised six weeks ago, fan editor will no longer send him his fanzine unless author pays for it. Furthermore, he threatens to expose author as the real creep he is.

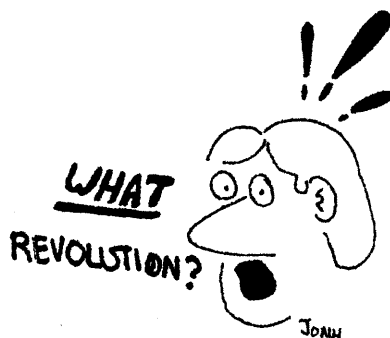
Meanwhile: Writer is accosted at Philcon by slovenly looking creature posing as fan (no fan can really be like this) who demands--"Why have you been writing pure crap for the last year?" and when asked to what he is referring, admits he only read one story, in Worlds of Tomorrow, which the editor there butchered. Turns out he is drunk. Delivers a uniquely illogical defense of his position in which he states clearly that he doesn't have to read something to know it's crap, because word of mouth informs him well enough.

Meanwhile: Author's father disowns author and author's wife for their book on American right-wing political factions and says he will not "Speak to you until you write only good things like what I want you to."

Meanwhile: Post Office confiscates batch of free books from Ballantine and notifies author they are holding them until he signs for them. Author has received pornography in the past, of the hardcore stripe, but these books are harmless. Author ends up signing acceptance form which all but incriminates him for receiving three books by Frederik Pohl and Jack Williamson, a novel by Clark Ashton Smith, and a book of ecological short stories.

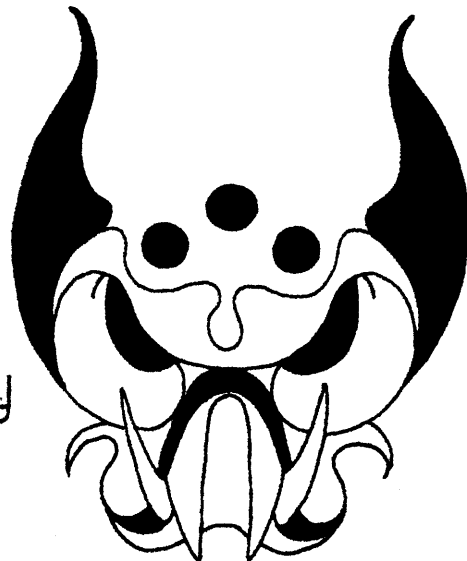
Meanwhile: The federal government wants another seven hundred dollars on top of what the writer has paid quarterly, and local county tax people tell author, when he asks if royalties come under county tax laws (he has read laws and believe they don't), that he best pay up because, "We keep a special eye on people of your sort."

Ah, how wonderful it is to get Michael's Marvellous Energumen now and then, like balm upon wounds.



Kumquat May

a semi-regular column by rosemary



"I won't drive in New York City!" Susan declared. "I won't!"

"Well, somebody has to drive, dear," Michael soothed, "so you and Rosemary decide which of you is going to do it."

"I told you both before, I'll drive," I said, going to the kitchen to put more sugar in my tea. They were looking rather stunned when I came back. "Well why not for Christ's sake? Susan won't, you can't, so I'll have to. It's as simple as that, so stop looking so tragic."

"But you've never driven in New York," Susan stammered.

"There's a first time for everything, isn't there? Call it a sort of baptism by fire ...or something."

"Oh dear," Susan wailed.

"Don't worry, dear," Michael said, patting her arm, "next year when I'm working, we can fly. And Rosemary can kill herself with her abominable driving."

"Ungrateful bastards!" I snarled and slammed out of the house.

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We collected ourselves together the following Thursday and loaded the VW with two suitcases, a box bulging with **ENERGUMENS**, **TORONTO IN '73** propaganda, a tube of posters, **six** tunafish sandwiches, a gallon of coffee, and one Michael... all in the back seat. Susan and I settled in the front. "The seatbelts don't work," she wailed, tugging at the recalcitrant belt.

"I know," I grunted, giving mine a violent yank. "Goddam son of a bitch!!" I'd scraped my knuckles. "Paul never uses them." Paul is Michael's father, and he had very generously loaned us the VW for the weekend so we could go to Lunacon. (Don't look now, but this is one of Rosemary's incredible trip reports.)

We finally got the seat belts fixed and were merrily driving down Spadina Avenue when for no accountable reason, we stopped...violently. I hit my head on the wind screen.

"Why have we stopped? Are we there already?" Michael asked.

"She clutched," I laughed, rubbing my battered head.

"I'm sorry," Susan wailed, "I'm not used to an automatic VW." Undaunted, she released the brake and we started on our way...again. Nothing happened till we got to US customs. There they wanted to see copies of NERG.

"Are you selling this...uh...magazine?" Michael was asked.

"No," Michael answered. "I'm giving them away to friends and contributors."

"Uhhum..." muttered the customs official through his cigar. "There's nothing in here advocating the overthrow of the government, is there?" he asked, flipping through the magazines.

"Oh no," Susan piped, "we like Trudeau!"

He gave her a strange look and I thought I'd die. She looked very pleased with herself.

"Well, I guess I can give these my seal of approval," and he handed them back to Michael. He snatched them, and we ran like wild things to the toilets. (It's a long haul from TO to Niagara.)

As we drove over the bridge Susan declared she wanted to see the falls. "We haven't time," I said.

"Wanna see the Falls!" Susan screamed.

"On the way back, dear," Michael soothed.

We were about thirty miles into New York state when: "Susan, I think that police car wants you to pull over," Michael said.

"I'm not speeding!" Susan wailed, as she stopped the car.

The officer, who looked about sixteen, asked us who we were and wanted to see the registration papers. When he was through looking I asked him what the problem was. He answered that it was just a routine check. "Kids in cars on a weekend. You know."

"Kids!" Susan and I chortled. "Imagine," Susan added, "that trooper looked younger than you." She turned on the ignition. "What are these?" she asked, handing me something. They were the knobs off the radio: she was so nervous she had torn them off.

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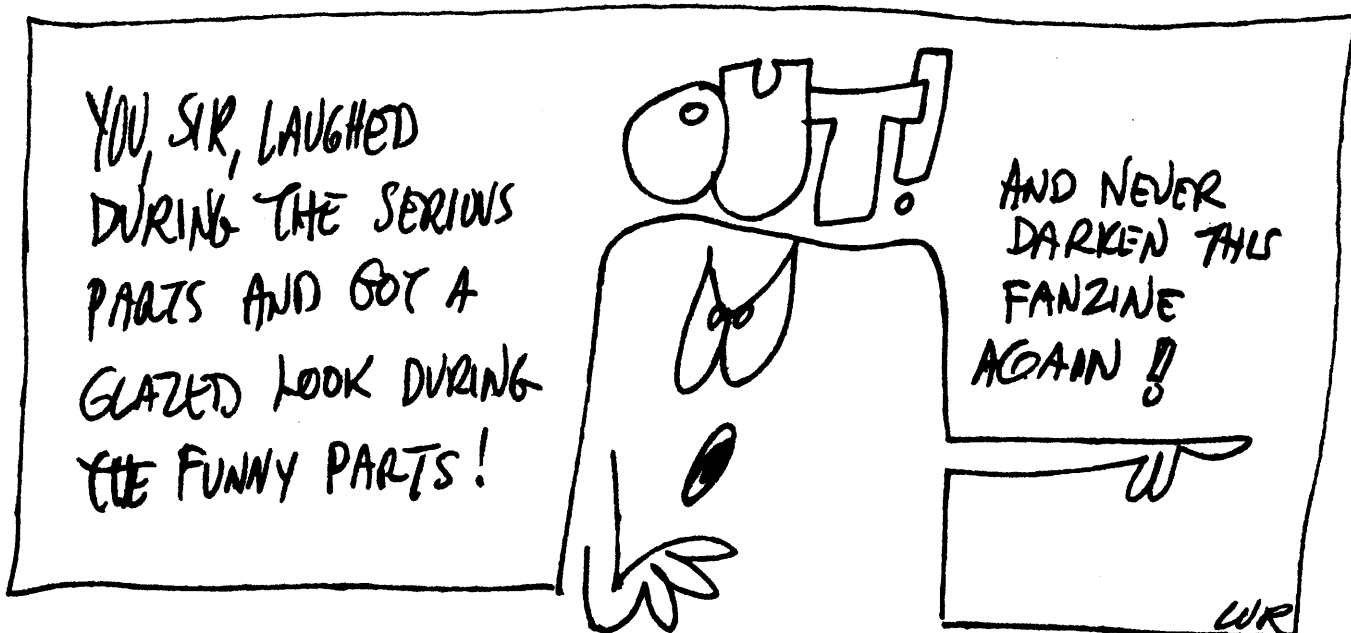
The rest of the trip was uneventful until we got about 75 miles from NYC.

"All right, Rosemary, you drive."

"Fine," I answered, "you get in the back and let Michael up here to navigate. And for god's sake, don't say anything to me. No matter what I hit, don't say a word."

We rearranged ourselves and drove into New York. And that's all. No problems. We arrived about seven so there wasn't much traffic and what there was was going in the other direction. Of course, Michael and Susan still haven't unclenched their teeth and whenever I mention Lunacon, Susan breaks out in a cold sweat; but I think I was marvellous. It was the trip back that gave me the grey hair and the wrinkles I have today.

I was sick on Sunday so the Langsams very generously lent me their room to crash in. I'd been asleep about three hours when Debbie shook me awake and said "The convention's over, Sleeping Beauty, out of the room before they charge me for another night." I pulled myself together and stumbled downstairs. Susan was jumping up and down in the lobby.



"Rosemary, Rosemary, we bought eleven Jack Gaughan colour paintings, and the Haldemans have asked us to visit them in North Tarrytown and there's a Baskin and Robbins store there and Jack is going to be there and isn't it great?!"

"Snarl," I snarled.

"She's so pleasant when she wakes up," someone commented.

We drove from the hotel to the Langsams, where we had left the car, reloaded it and drove into the sunset.

"Why have you stopped, Rosemary?"

"I'm waiting for that car to move ahead," I answered.

"Rosemary! He's backing up!" Susan shrieked.

I leaned on the horn then stuck my head out the window. "You stupid son of a bitch!" I screamed. "What in hell are you doing? Move your goddam fucking car!"

"The amazing thing about Rosemary," Michael commented to no one in particular, "is the rapidity with which she adapts. Not only does she drive like a New Yorker, but she has also picked up the quaint idioms of the City. You should be proud, Rosemary."

"Wanna walk home, Michael?"

"Turn right, dear," he answered.

I turned and drove about three blocks when: "ROSEMARY!! WE'RE IN THE BOWERY!!!"

"WELL I TURNED WHERE HE TOLD ME TO!" I screamed back. "ROLL UP THE WINDOWS! WHAT WILL I DO NOW, MICHAEL!???"

"MICHAEL..." Susan wailed.

"Just be calm," he answered. "Turn here and go up this street and we'll be back on Canal. There's nothing to get all excited and scream about."

There was a lot of traffic and a short green on the cross street so it was some time before we got to Canal again. While we were waiting for the light, Michael noted that the car was quite warm and said he was going to open a window.

"Don't you dare!" Susan screamed. "Some drunken bum will come and rape us."

"Through the window?" I queried. "Hey, let's open all the windows!"

We got out of the city in one piece in spite (or maybe because) of Susan's gasps of fear and mad, frantic grabs for the little handle thingy that hangs out over the glove compartment of a VW.

We spent some four hours at the Haldemans. Mother Haldeman is a Beautiful People. She not only put up with us but also fed us the best roast beef sandwiches we've eaten in a long time. She also makes better tuna fish sandwiches than Michael.

The brief stop at the Haldemans was, I think, the best part of the whole trip. Nothing funny or exciting happened. We just sat around and talked or drank beer or played pool and were comfortable with each other. I'm sorry we couldn't have stayed longer.

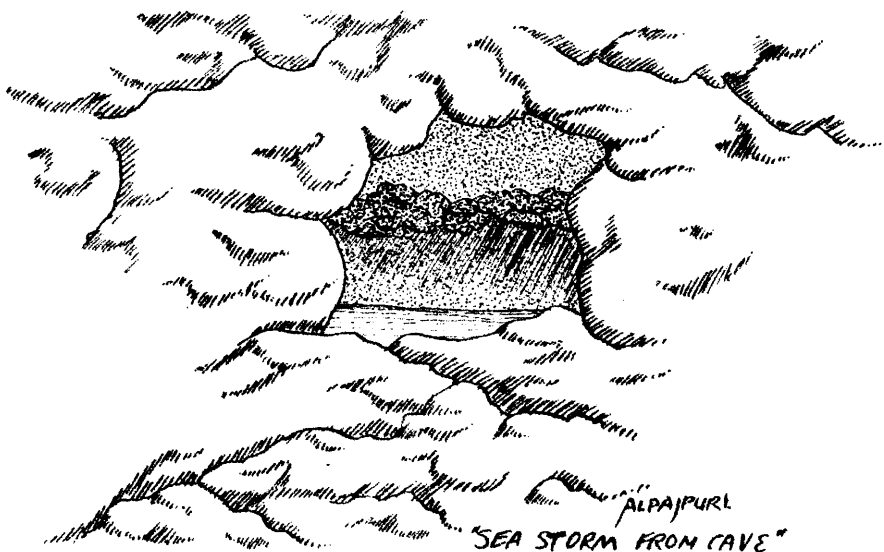
As we approached the Buffalo/Niagara area, Susan remembered she hadn't yet seen the Falls and began clamoring for a detour.

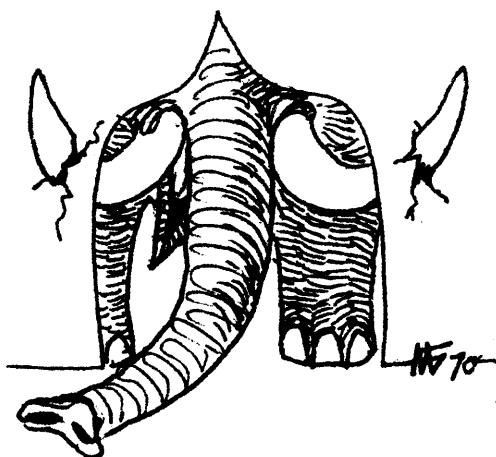
"Impossible," I said. "You know Paul needs the car back so he can leave right after work. We're behind schedule as it is."

"Wanna see the Falls!" Susan wailed, again.

As we circled Buffalo, Michael did his best to placate her. He'd point to clouds of pollution or palls of dust kicked up by earth-movers remodelling the highway and say cheerfully, "Look, dear, see the mist and spray that constantly surrounds the famous Falls." and each time a jet roared across above us he'd chime in with "Hark! Listen to the tumultuous roar of the mighty cataract, dear." but I don't think she was really convinced.

Actually we had a quiet trip home. No state troopers stopped us, no hassles at the border. It was kind of dull and an anticlimax. Maybe next time...





THE SALTY KUMQUAT

A COLUMN OF NEWS AND OPINION

BY TED PAULS

Unfortunately, when representatives of Canadian fandom down for Lunacon journeyed out for Chinese food, Karen and I were not able to be with them. As a member of the con committee, it really wasn't advisable for me to remain away from the hotel for the four hours plus that would have been required to trek to the Bronx.

We still wanted a good Chinese dinner on the Saturday evening, though, so we lead a separate expedition to another superb restaurant fairly near the hotel, Sheila Chang's on Third Avenue. This rather sedate establishment was descended upon by the two of us, Barry Newton, Del Corbett, Yale Edeiken, Ron and Marci Stolof, Kathy Surgenor, Don & Debby Sobwick, Charlie Ellis (whom Mike Glicksohn followed around during the con demanding that he say something memorable, witty and brilliant), Judy Goldberg, Michael McCleary, Stella Calvert, and a couple whose names I didn't catch. Several of those present were introduced to hot and sour soup for the first time, and Chang's is both extremely delicious and extremely hot (I think it was Ron Stolof who marveled at being able to use Chinese mustard afterwards to cool off...). All of the food was excellent, and of course it was consumed amid the usual fannish chatter and byplay, which included the passing around of a dish of kumquats and the installation of Charlie Ellis as Commander Kumquat.

We have been eating dinner on Saturdays quite frequently in Chinese restaurants recently. Karen and I are active members of the Great Wall of China Science Fiction, Marching & Egg Foo-Yung Society, which meets around a dinner table on the Saturday of conventions. In our travels thus far this year, we have discovered several restaurants to add to the Society's master list. At Boskone, we organized a small expedition to a really excellent place in Andover, Massachusetts, called the China Blossom, which offers the largest servings I've ever seen in any restaurant (outside of the all-you-can-eat-for-whatever places). When we were in Cleveland a few weeks later for the American Tolkien Society conference, we found a very fine one on Euclid Avenue called the China Lane. Of course, they aren't all winners: the week before Cleveland, we were at Marcon in Columbus, and after failing to find a Chinese restaurant recommended by Larry Smith, we settled for an establishment called Ho Toy which served crackers in little cellophane packs with won ton soup and called undercooked spaghetti lo mein noodles.

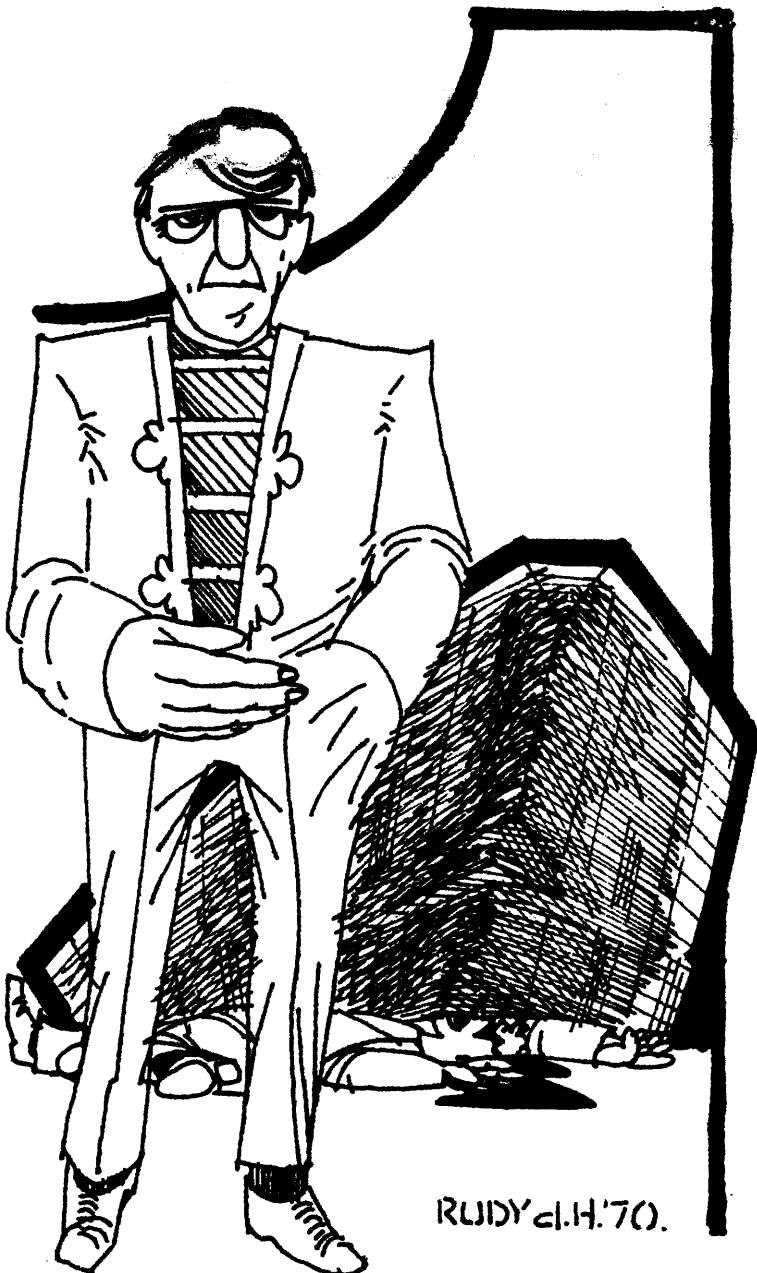
On those weekends when there don't happen to be conventions, we are often found dining at either The Dynasty in New York or Mee Jun Low's in Baltimore. The latter is a fascinating restaurant, which I would unhesitatingly recommend to any Chinese food fan who happens to find himself in Baltimore. Located at 219 W. Mulberry St., it is, to say the least, of unprepossessing appearance, and very easy to fail to find if you don't know it's there. It's located over a head shop: there is an inconspicuous neon sign, a warm red blur of "CHOP SUEY", over a narrow stairway. If you climb the stairs and open the first door on the left, which is completely unmarked, you find yourself in a dimly lit room approximately the size of a twin in a Sheraton hotel. This is the entire restaurant, and it has the best Chinese food in Baltimore at half the price of most really good Chinese restaurants.

Speaking of Lunacon, as I was back there a bit, I note that Charlie Brown did me an awfully big favor: he didn't mention my name as being part of the con committee in his LOCUS report on the disaster. I'm willing to take my share of the blame, mind you, but I'm not eager...

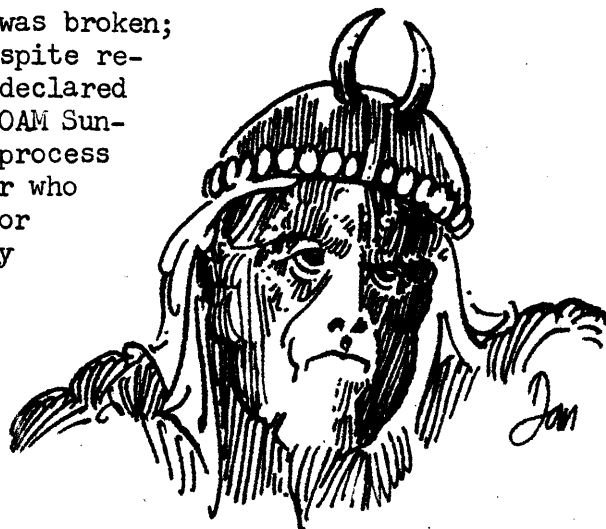
ENERGUMEN is fortunate, in any case, to have a columnist in a position to report at least some of the Inside Story of the 1971 Lunacon and The Worst Con Hotel Ever Built. I'm not going to offer an alibi by placing **all of the blame** for a generally poor convention on the hotel, but I do contend that the Commodore Hotel was a very large part of what was wrong with this year's Lunacon. I've been to many cons, and helped run some, but this hotel was beyond all previous experience. Admittedly, I wasn't at St. Louiscon, but I've heard the stories about the Chase Park Plaza, and believe me they pale into insignificance when compared to what happened to us at the Commodore.

The term "bad vibes" might have been invented specifically for the occasion. There were apparently three qualifications for Commodore Hotel employees: an IQ of under 100, an inability to speak the English language, and congenital rudeness. (The addition of a gangsterish appearance was sufficient to qualify one for a managerial position.) I've been at cons where there have been incidents of attendees with beards and long hair being hassled by hotel people, and while deplorable such isolated incidents are explicable as misunderstandings. But seemingly all of the Commodore employees, down to the lowest paid porter, made a deliberate effort to be rude to every convention attendee they came into contact with. Elevators refused to stop on the ballroom floor where our activities were taking place, and when they did stop to let somebody off the operators would slam the doors in the face of anyone who tried to board. Fans walking in the hallways between the two ballrooms containing con activities were told they couldn't walk there; those sitting back in a corner at the registration area were rudely told they couldn't sit there.

The huckster room had many doors and no locks, and in order to provide security Karen & I forewent the comforts of the con suite to sleep both nights on the cold hard floor of that auditorium-like room. In order to get permission from the hotel to do this, I had to undergo an insulting third degree. The hotel management then claimed that we had had 30 people in the room having a party at 7:00 AM, and called me a liar to my face when I denied this preposterous charge. The hotel reneged on an agreement to allow us to have a George Nims Raybin Memorial Hospitality Room, ala the Boskone TANSTAAFL room, by insisting at the last minute that we would have to buy all food from them--at prices like \$5.00 for a bag of potato chips. The



art show room was supposed to lock, but the lock was broken; the management insisted that it wasn't broken, despite repeated demonstrations to the contrary. The hotel declared rooms belonging to some of the fans vacant at 4:00AM Sunday morning. Among those to whom this remarkable process happened was Al Schuster, the con committee member who had the most to do with selecting the Commodore for this year's Lunacon. In the "official" hospitality room, the hotel furnished, at exorbitant cost, coffee and rancid cream, which made several people sick on Sunday. A fluorescent light-bulb dropped and broken by a maintenance man was left lying on the floor for hours in a room where some of the chicks were walking around without shoes (a committee member finally cleared it up). All this, and more of the same. I personally was insulted a half-dozen different times by the same number of hotel employees.



By late Saturday night, most of the committee was walking about in a dazed state, mumbling "What in God's name are they going to do to us next?" Walking into the huckster room at one point late that night, I found Brian Burley slumped against a table and, with all the bitter-ironic humor I could muster, said, "Tell me, Brian, when's the next time we're going to hold a con at the Commodore Hotel?" Brian replied, with more eloquence than I've ever heard put into the sentence, "When Hell freezes over!"

-oOo-

Since the initial installment of this column was written, Karen and I have continued regularly patronizing the quarter shelf at Gach's bookstore, and we are building a respectable hardcover collection. Among the treasures recently and cheaply added to our library have been an illustrated 1851 edition of selections from Shakespeare, Plutarch's "Lives", Green's three-volume "History of the English People", Bullfinch's "Mythology", volume one of Froissart's "Chronicles", an 1878 biography of Darius the Great, and a beautifully illustrated book of German fairy tales, the "Elfenreigen". The greatest "treasure" of all, though, is a book that I picked up from a casual, off-hand glance simply on the theory that any reference book that thick (1250 pages) and in that good a condition must be worth 25¢, no matter how uninteresting it appears to be.

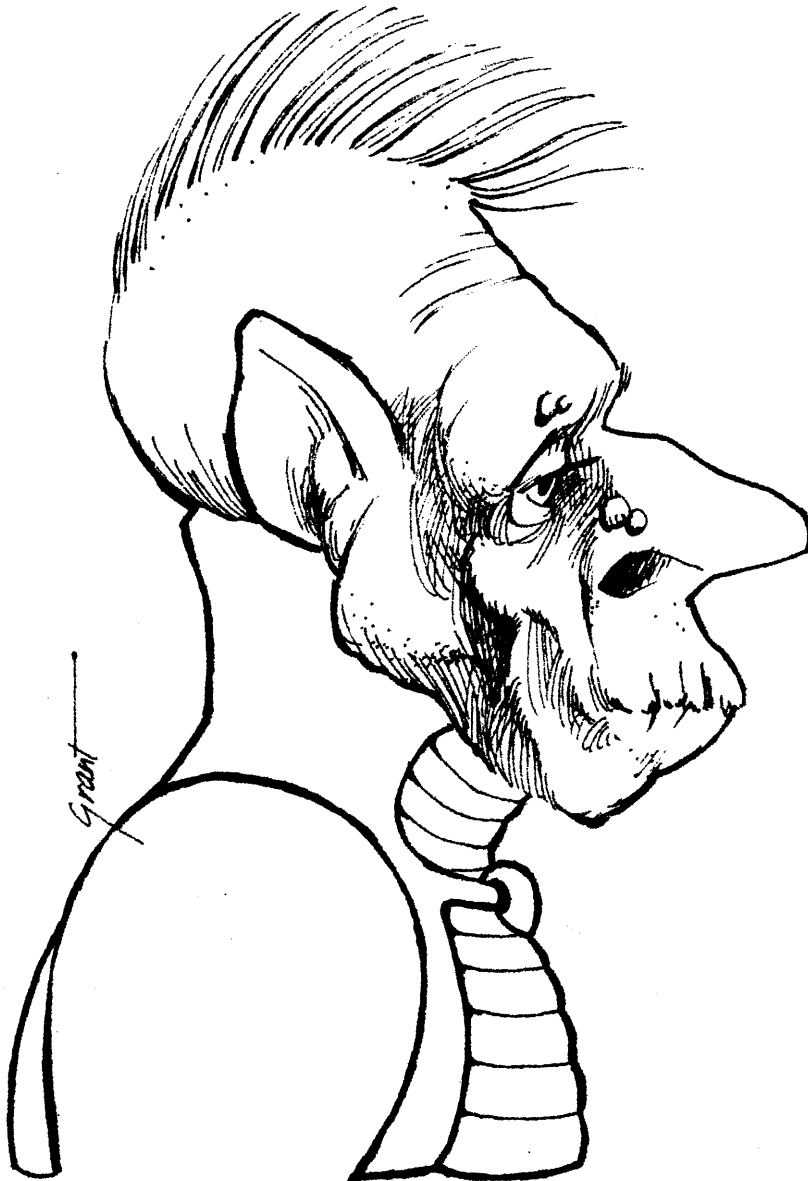
The volume in question is called "Dr. Brewer's Readers Handbook", compiled by the Rev. E. Cobham Brewer and published in England in 1919 by Chatto and Windus. Since that fortuitous off-handed glance, I have spent literally hours poring over this fascinating book. What the Rev. Dr. Brewer compiled is an encyclopedia of proper nouns in English and classical literature, no mean undertaking. A great deal of the information it contains is, from my point of view, worthless trivia (should I care that an obscure novelist named R. B. Sheridan who died in 1816 was compared to a slightly less obscure novelist named Congreve who died in the previous century?), but there is also a lot that is valuable. Among other things, the "Handbook" contains an entry on every proper name in Greek, Roman, Gaulish, Celtic, Persian, Basque and Spanish mythology; likewise every proper name in Arthurian legend, Shakespeare, The Arabian Nights, the Faerie Queen, Drayton's "Polyolbion", and others; plus perversely peculiar things like a list of verified giants and dwarfs, an index of descriptive names applied to kings (did you know that four European kings have been styled "the Fat" and the same number "the Lame"?), a list of people who lived to extremely old ages, a list of noted quacks, a list of fabled sleepers, and a list of notable thieves.

Some idea of the wealth of information to be found in this book may be gained from opening it at random...pages 454-455...and finding entries of at least one paragraph

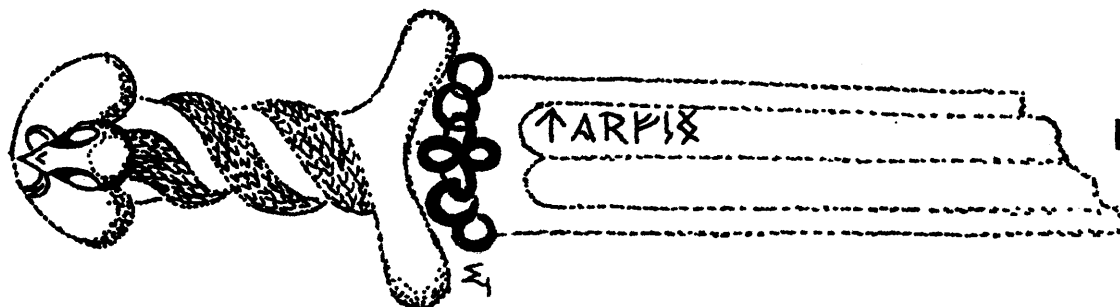
on: gryphons; Guadiana, a character in "Don Quixote"; St. Gualberto; Philip Guarini, a minor character in Sir Walter Scott; Guarinos, one of Charlemagne's paladins; Gudrun, Sigurd's wife in the Edda of Sámund Sigfusson (1130); Gudrun, again, this one a heroine in a nameless North-Saxon poem of the 13th Century; Gudyill, a Sir Walter Scott character; Guelpho, second in command to Godfrey at the seige of Jerusalem; Guendolen, a fairy connected with King Arthur; Guendoloena, wife of Locrin in a mythical history of England; Guenever, "a corrupt form of Guanhumara", Arhur's Guinever; Guenevra, a dwarf's wife in a Sir Walter Scott novel; Guerin, son of Milton, king of Albania, in an Italian romance; Guesclin, Constable of France; Gugner, Odin's spear; Guiderius, elder son of Cymbeline.

The entire huge volume is like that, crammed full of entries of interest to me both as a history buff and as a fan of mythic lore and heroic fantasy. For a couple of weeks after acquiring it, I went around local fannish circles clutching the book, grinning inanely and challenging friends to ask me about an obscure bit of Danish folklore or a Shakespearian witch, so that I could look up the reference.

-oOo-



NO MAN CAN ESCAPE HIS WIERD



By Sandra
Miesel

A STUDY OF 'THE BROKEN SWORD' BY POUL ANDERSON

Odin "weaves the dooms of the mighty" says Saxo Grammaticus. The Danish historian records no destiny as cruel as that of Skafloc Elven-Fosterling, hero of Poul Anderson's magnificent fantasy THE BROKEN SWORD.

Skafloc's life is a complex web indeed. When his viking father slaughters an English family to take their land, the victims' witch mother responds with the curse "that his eldest son should be fostered beyond the world of men, while [he] should in turn foster a wolf that would one day rend him." At this witch's prompting Imric, earl of Britain's elves, steals unchristened newborn Skafloc, leaving in his stead a soulless changeling bred by Imric out of a troll princess. The Aesir send the elf-earl's fosterling an ominous gift-- a broken runesword.

While Skafloc thrives in the misty splendour of Elfheugh, his image Valgard develops into a universally loathed berserker. Acting on suggestions from Odin, the witch manoeuvres Valgard into slaying his foster father and brothers, razing his home, and carrying off his foster sisters to Trollheim. His parentage having been revealed by the witch, Valgard resolves to surpass even the trolls in evildoing.

Elf raiders under Skafloc's command rescue the captive girls. Although Valgard kills one in a skirmish, the younger, Freda, reaches Elfheugh safely. Skafloc heals her sorrows and wins her love. The Aesir insure that the truth of their relationship is kept secret.

When Elfheugh is overrun by Valgard and the trolls, Skafloc and Freda escape to wage futile guerilla resistance. As a last desperate gesture he recovers his mysterious gift sword from the occupied elf castle, eluding the enemy only through Odin's intervention. To learn more about the ghastly weapon Skafloc raises the ghosts of Freda's family. The dead disclose that the lovers are siblings and Freda flees.

Accompanied by Irish sea god Mananaan Mac Lir, embittered Skafloc sails to the realm of the giants and there has the sword reforged. The giant smith gloats over his handiwork:

We forged ice and death and storm into it, mighty runes and spells,
a living will to harm... Naught is there on which it does not bite,
nor does it ever grow dull of edge. Venom is in the steel, and
wounds it gives cannot be healed by leechcraft or magic or prayer.
Yet this is the curse on it: that every time it is drawn it must
drink blood

drink blood, and in the end, somehow, it will be the bane of him who wields it.

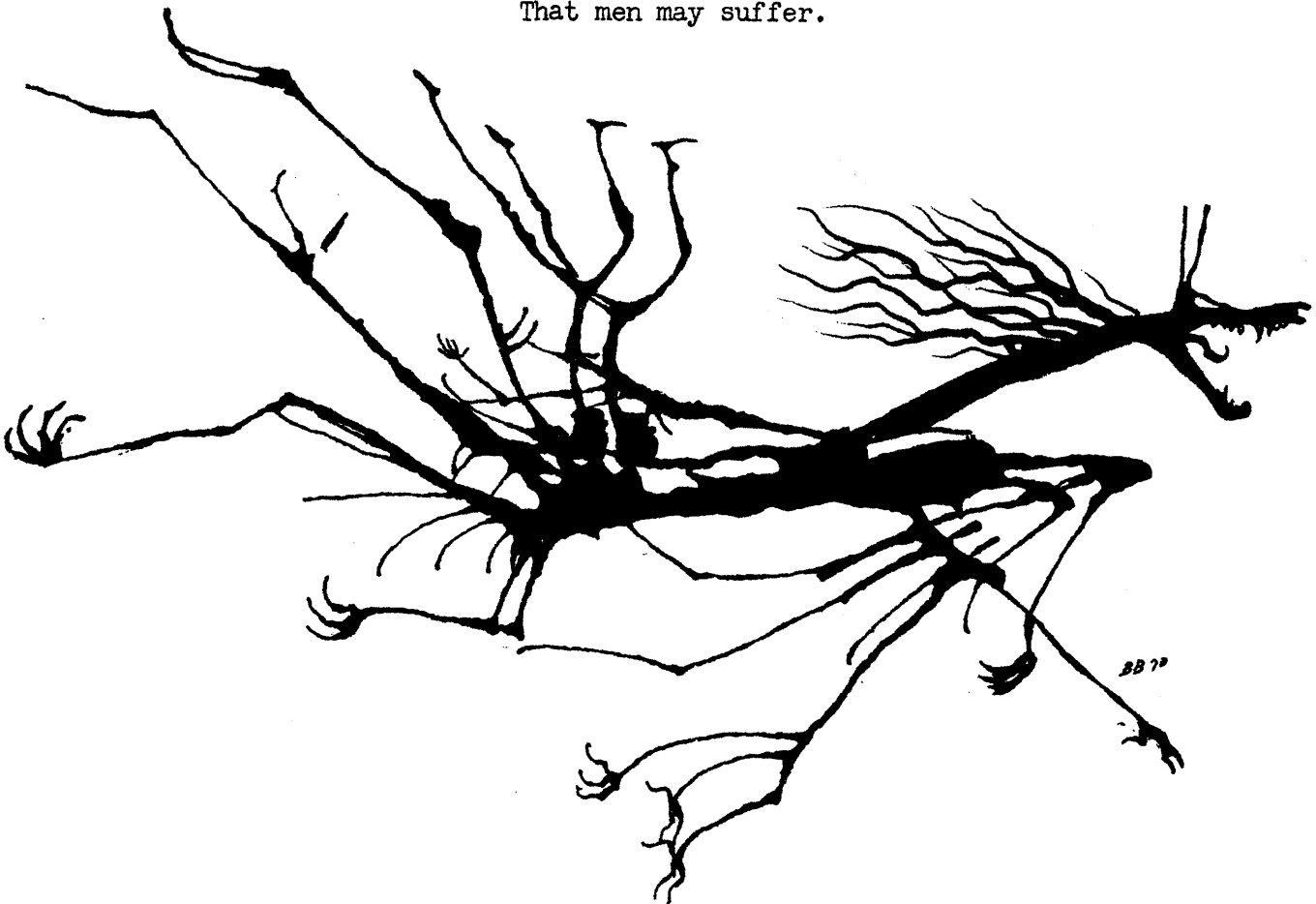
Thus armed, Skafloc rallies the elves to reconquer their dominions.

Meanwhile Freda has borne a son but Odin seizes the baby in payment for his earlier aid to Skafloc. He sends Freda to the seige of Elfheugh where she fatally distracts Skafloc as he duels with Valgard. The changeling perishes beside him. Imric orders the accursed blade flung into the sea but its foul history is clearly not yet complete.

True to the method of traditional literatures, THE BROKEN SWORD, like LORD OF THE RINGS, artfully rearranges and expands time-hallowed motifs and images. This novel authentically captures the mood of inexorable doom and bloody kinstribe met in the Norse sagas. It is there we must seek its antecedents.

Tyrfing, the runesword's proper name, points to Hervarer Saga which furnishes the nature, origin and appearance of the weapon. By threatening death, Odin's grandson King Svafrlami forces captive dwarves Dvalinn and Durinn (Anderson's Dyrin, Tolkien's Durin) to forge him a rustless, golden-hilted, invincible sword. The dwarves curse it to require a human life at each unsheathing, to perform three dastardly deeds, and to cause the king's own death. Tyrfing brings Svafrlami years of victory until an enemy soldier snatches it from his hand and slays him with it. The new owner gives it to his eldest son who eventually falls in battle and is buried with his sword. This warrior's ferocious daughter Hervor strides through enchanted fire to summon the shades of her father and uncles from their barrows. She demands Tyrfing heedless of its history or the disaster it will surely wreck on her descendants. Her father yields it with this last warning:

Wield it but warily,
Touch not its edges;
In the twain there is venom,
Worst of all evils
That men may suffer.



After pursuing a Viking career with the blade, Hervor gives it to her favorite son Heidrek, a vicious berserker. He turns outlaw and kills his gallant older brother with Tyrfing. He commits many other treacheries with the sword until his own thralls use it to murder him. Heidrek's sons wage war for possession of Tyrfing. The elder slays the younger and concludes the saga with this plaint: "A curse rests on our kin.... Evil is the doom of the Norns."

The themes of a broken and reforged enchanted sword and sibling incest occur in VOLSUNGA SAGA which translator William Morris called a tale of "utter love defeated utterly." Here Odin personally manipulates the heroes' lives just as he does in the Anderson novel. King Volsung is the great-grandson of Odin, born as a boon from the god. Odin appears at the wedding of Volsung's daughter Signy and in ironic use of a Norse marriage custom thrusts a marvelous sword into the main house pillar. The only man strong enough to pull the sword out is Signy's twin, Sigmund. Signy's envious husband subsequently kills her father and other brothers. In order to breed a pure Volsung to avenge them, Signy visits Sigmund's hiding place in disguise and sleeps with him. When her husband later captures him and their bold son Sinfjotli, Signy provides them with Sigmund's sword to free themselves. She orders them to kill her legitimate children and husband, then vengeance complete, chooses to die in her husband's burning hall.

Sinfjotli is ultimately poisoned by a stepmother and Odin himself carries his body away. Sigmund enjoys many glorious years as a warrior king until Odin appears in the midst of a battle and shatters his sword.

The shards pass to Sigmund's posthumous son Sigurd who has them reforged as the blade Gram. With this "wounding-wand all wrought with gold", he kills the dragon Fafnir. Odin favors him with advice and a horse sired by his own divine steed. After adventures familiar from Wagner, Sigurd is murdered by design of his first love, Brynhild. She then slays herself and is burned on Sigurd's pyre along with his horse and sword.

Norse literature abounds in references to doomswords forged in hatred or under duress, hidden under the earth and retrieved at frightful effort to perform grim deeds. There are garbled associations of such swords with the giant Mimer and the World Ash Tree. Examples include Laevateinn, forged in Hel by Loki, and Dainsleif, forged by dwarves, which demands human blood each time it is drawn. A murderous enchanted sword is among the treasures Saxo describes in the bound giant Geirrod's ghastly underground realm. Saxo and Asmundar Saga Kappabana both mention a cursed sword once concealed in a lake or cave which brings death to the descendants of the king for whom it was made. A sword forged by a giant to wreak vengeance on the gods is brought out of Mimer's Grove in Niflheim in Svipdagsmal. According to Saxo, a mortal prince fetches the sword of Mimir (who is either Mimer or his son) from the underworld, using it to defeat the Aesir in battle and kill Balder.

Anderson incorporates cultural as well as literary precedents into his fantasy. Although his own weapon is always the spear, Odin gives swords to his chosen heroes just as mortal kings distribute them to their warriors: to bind the subordinates' loyalty. Swords were divine solar and fertility symbols in the Bronze Age. The Vikings associated these precious family heirlooms with their cult of dead ancestors.

In mythic chronology, THE BROKEN SWORD falls after the death of Balder and the binding of Loki. The future holds only Ragnarok. Thus Odin's ultimate motive in molding the fates of the Volsungs and Skafloc is naked self-interest: he is breeding, training, and gathering troops for the last battle. In Eiriksmaal Odin explains that he allowed his protegee Erik Blood-Axe to perish because "it were safer for the gods to have such a hero in their own midst as a bulwark against the Fenris Wolf."

Odin is the crafty but fickle god of battle death and magic. Deceit is ever his favorite weapon-- perhaps his capricious habits partly reflect immortal boredom like that of Anderson's elves. The ruse by which Odin steals Freda's child comes from a Scandinavian

folktale. In it the god bargains with a woman for "that which is between her and the beer vat"-- not her belt but her unborn child. Bolverk (Icelandic Bölverkr, "evil-working"), the giant who mends Skafloc's Tyrfing, not only recalls legends of crippled enslaved smiths like Wayland, his name is an alias of Odin, used when he stole the mead of inspiration from a giant.

But of all supernatural races it is the elves and the whispering glamourie of their twilight lands which dominate THE BROKEN SWORD. They are the same cloudy-eyed, immoral immortals who reappear in THREE HEARTS AND THREE LIONS but here the plot emphasizes the perpetual war between elves and trolls. To counter their foes with iron-wielding warriors, elves exchange changelings for human babies. Conscious of their soullessness, they sometimes envy their fosterlings: "Happier are all men than the dwellers in Faerie -- or the gods for that matter," says Imric. "Better a life like a falling star, bright across the dark, than a deathlessness which can see naught above or beyond itself." The elves do not worship the Aesir-- they themselves were once minor earth deities-- but some serve in the palace of the fertility god Frey. In THE BROKEN SWORD they are allied with the Sidhe, Irish divinities rarely portrayed in modern fantasy. Both Sidhe and elves are doomed to dwindle away to sprites and vanish into folklore.

The conflict between elven and human ways which so rends Skafloc is repeated in Anderson's recent story "The Queen of Air and Darkness". He has always maintained the superiority of mortal men. As the dwarf king says in THE BROKEN SWORD: "...Humans, weak and short-lived and unwitting, are nonetheless more strong than elves or trolls, aye, than giants and gods. And that you can touch cold iron is only one reason."

As befits a tale of enchantments, the novel's language is lush, conjuring up gemfire and silver gleam, eddying wind round starry spires, ice crags and salty spray, blossoms and cursed weapons' clangor. Poetry in the scaldic manner also plays a prominent role. Anderson has long exercised a considerable gift for translation and adaptation: translating the Eddic Song of Grotte in TWILIGHT WORLD and part of Jens Peter Jacobsen's Gurresange in TAU ZERO; composing a new ballad on medieval models for "The Queen of Air and Darkness."

An appreciation of his method can be gained by comparing the gravemound scene in THE BROKEN SWORD with The Second Lay of Helgi Hundingsbane from the ELDER EDDA and the ballad Aager and Eliza, a twelfth century Danish version of The Unquiet Grave. Here Skafloc, accompanied by Freda and her mother, raises the shades of Freda's father and brothers. In Scandanavian popular imagination, the dead dwelt within their barrows, ready to destroy interlopers but willing to counsel and bless their descendants. Freda's older brother greets her:

Gladly see we
gold-decked woman.
Sun-bright maiden,
sister, welcome!
Ashy, frozen
are our hollow
breasts with grave-cold.
But you warm us.

Her father greets her mother:

Dreamless was not
death, but frightful!



Tears of yours, dear,
tore my heart out,
vipers dripped
their venom on me
when in death
I heard you weeping.

This I bid
you do, beloved:
live in gladness,
laughing, singing.
Death is then
the dearest slumber,
wrapped in peace,
with roses round me.

"That I have not strength to do...." She replied: "There is frost in your hair. There is mould in your mouth. You are cold, Orm."

"I am dead. The grave lies between us."

"Then let it be so no longer. Take me with you, Orm!"

She follows her husband's ghost back into the mound, never to return.

In The Second Lay of Helgi Hundingsbane, Queen Sigrun addresses her recently murdered husband:

Ah I will kiss
My king laid lifeless,
Ere thou castest by
Thy blood-stained byrny.
O Helgi, thy hair
Is thick with death's rime,
With the dew of the dead
Is my love all dripping;
Dead cold are the hands
Of the son of Hogni!
How for thee, O my king,
May I win healing?

Helgi replies:

Thou alone, Sigrun
Of Sevafell,
Hast so done that Helgi
With grief's dew drippeth;
O clad in gold
Cruel tears thou weepest,
Bright May of the Southlands,
Or ever thou sleepest:
Each tear in blood falleth
On the breast of thy lord,
Cold-wet and bitter-sharp
Swollen with sorrow.

Sigrun offers to sleep with him in the barrow but Helgi is called away by cockcrow. Sigrun dies of sorrow soon afterward.

In Ager and Eliza the dead knight tells his widow:

Every time that thou rejoicest,
And art happy in thy mind,

Are my lonely grave's recesses
All with leaves of roses lined.

Every time that, love, thou grieve'st,
And dost shed the briny flood,
Are my lonely grave's recesses
Filled with black and loathsome blood.

Eliza, too, promptly perishes of grief.

THE BROKEN SWORD is the earliest-written and by far the saddest and most sensuous of Anderson's novels. Michael Moorcock himself indicates this was the remote inspiration for his gorgeously gruesome Elric stories. Between THE BROKEN SWORD and his forthcoming "Merman's Children", Anderson took a lighter approach to fantasy: the romantic THREE HEARTS AND THREE LIONS, a clutch of comic short stories ("The Valor of Cappen Varra"), THE FOX, THE DOG AND THE GRIFFIN for young children, the rationalized and domesticated Thaumaturgic Age series (OPERATION CHAOS) or else sounded the horns of Elfland in science fiction (LET THE SPACEMEN BEWARE!, "The Queen of Air and Darkness").

The differences between the 1954 Abelard-Schuman hardback and the 1971 Ballantine paperback are greater than the author's modest introduction to the revised edition would suggest. Anderson has thoroughly re-edited the novel, improving both content and form. The sword's name and history have been added to the second version and its appearance drastically altered-- an enchanted weapon ought not to rust. Not Satan, but Odin in Satan's guise advises the vengeful witch on destroying Skafloc's family. New passages clarify Freda's psychology. Some details of combat have been altered for realism.

Innumerable stylistic improvements have been made: extraneous modifiers pruned, substitutions made for precision, freshness, crispness, rhythm, or consistency. A single sentence can demonstrate this. Old (p.100):

The great dim splendor of the castle which was also a barren crag, the sorceries drifting in the very air of its eternal twilight, the presences haunting hills and forest and sea-- all these oppressed her with their strangeness and aloofness.

New (p.77)

The dim splendor of the castle which was also a barren tor, the sorceries adrift through its eternal warm twilight, the presences that haunted hills and woods and waters oppressed her with strangeness.

The revised edition is altogether smoother and surer.

THE BROKEN SWORD's theme is man and fate in the northern tradition, a subtype of Anderson's perennial theme, man and the challenge of the universe. Living on the edge of calamity made it easy for the Norsemen to believe in Ragnarök. Their response to a brutal world and fickle gods was courage of a particularly steely sort: courage that echoes in the death-lay of Ragnar Lodbrok: "All hope of life has fled, and laughing I go toward death."

Foreknowledge of doom-- personal and cosmic-- breeds no bitterness but rather incites men to brave deeds while life lasts. Skafloc is not motivated by the usual pagan incentive, survival in admiring human memory. He is thrust back upon heroism for its own sake. "Will shall be the sterner, heart the bolder, spirit the greater as our strength lessens." Tolkien cites these lines from The Battle of Maldon as "the finest expression of the northern heroic spirit, Norse or English; the clearest statement of the doctrine of uttermost endurance in the service of indomitable will."

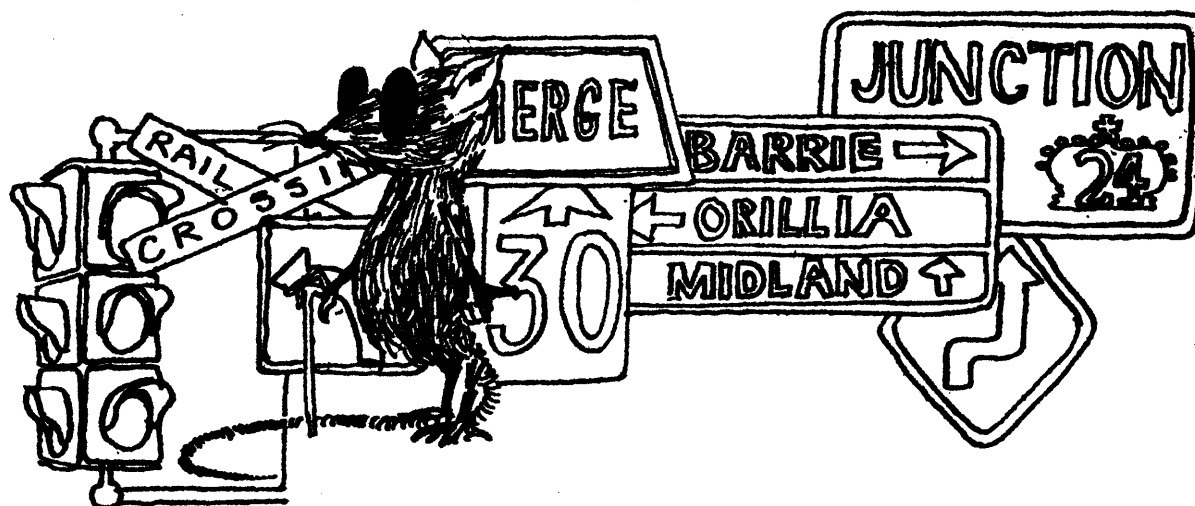
Skafloc's code is faithful to this tradition: "There is no other road than the one we take, hard though it be. And no man outlives his wierd. Best to meet it bravely face to face." Their father imparted these same principles to Freda: "None can escape his wierd; but none other can take from him the heart wherewith he meets it."

Skafloc is ground between supernatural forces like grain between millstones. Yet he dies no pawn of Odin nor of Fate that stands beyond the gods. He dies a man. His is the indominability that reappears again and again in Anderson's work from his earliest novel, through THE ENEMY STARS, to his recent TAU ZERO. His heroes say, "A man can try," even as they realize Time's arrow points but one direction. Man's purpose is to face the unfolding challenge of the universe.

Reading pleasure aside, this account of courage can encourage us. As William Morris concludes his translation of VOLSUNGA SAGA:

Now may all earls
Be bettered in mind,
May the grief of all maidens
Ever be minished
For this tale trouble
So told to its ending.





TRAVELLING BLIND bob toomey

DONE UP BROWN

Recently (at least in the geological sense; in actual time it was probably all of eight or nine months ago) Alex Panshin and I were sitting around in the wee small hours of a whimsical Pennsylvania morning, rapping about science fiction. DEJA VU, by Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, Dallas Taylor & Greg Reeves, was being outstanding on the stereo. Lee Hoffman and Cory Panshin had fallen asleep. The conversation had turned and turned, from rock music to the fucked up state of the world to the hex signs on the barn outside the window to Alex's latest novel which he wasn't writing because he was blocked to my latest novel which I wasn't writing because I was blocked, and thence to science fiction in general. We were reminiscing the plots of various books we'd read and loved or hated for various reasons. The plots were gone into in detail. That's what writers do when they get together. They tell each other stories. There's something compulsive about most of the writers I know. Not too long ago, I met Poul Anderson, and we spent about thirty-six hours alternately telling each other every joke we could think of, with an obsessional singlemindedness that amounted almost to an outright preversion. Lee Hoffman was there, and as I recall, she fell asleep on that occasion, too.

See.

Compulsive.

Anyhow, at Alex's the subject of Fredric Brown eventually came up, and we commented on the very odd fact that the subject of Fredric Brown hardly ever comes up. Which is not only odd, but quite undeserved, since Brown was one of the better writers to have tried his hand at science fiction. We ran barefooted through the plots of all of his books we could remember, especially one titled ROGUE IN SPACE, a beautiful piece of absolute nonsense, and then and there we resolved that we'd both sit down and separately write articles about Brown in order to revive his memory among those who'd forgotten him, and to clue in those who'd missed him during his heyday. I'm not sure what, if anything, Alex has done on this project. Every time I ask him, he asks me what I'VE done, and I'm forced to leave the room with tears of embarrassment streaming down my cheeks.

No more.

This is what I've done, Alex.

Your turn next.

Brown was best known as an uncommonly good mystery novelist. Most of his books in that field are set in and around Chicago. He was fascinated with newspapers, carnivals, Lewis Carroll, and psychology, and he was addicted to puns. He was well respected. His mysteries won awards and any one of them is more than worth your while. I recommend THE FABULOUS CLIPJOINT, NIGHT OF THE JABBERWOCK, MADBALL, and THE LENIENT BEAST. Everything he wrote was good.

But Brown had a wild streak in his makeup that conventional mysteries couldn't contain. So he wrote science fiction and fantasy, much of it highly original, all of it fun. I'm not going to embark on a fullscale study of his work. I'll leave that to Mr. Panshin, who has distinguished himself with fullscale studies of authors before, and can do it much better than I (take a bow, Alex). Instead, I'd rather concentrate on what it was that I liked about Brown, and still do, and why.

First and foremost was his sense of humor. Brown was a very very funny writer. His humor was of the sort that I generally think of as being wacky, irrepressible, screwball, far out. In this context, I'll mention what I consider to be his best novel, WHAT MAD UNIVERSE. The book was based on the theme of alternate realities, one that hadn't been explored to any great depth before it was written. Since then, Phil Dick has just about made it his own personal province, but Brown was the innovator. He called it "Huckleberry Infinity". Puns. He said that if all possible universes are possible, then somewhere, in an infinite number of somewheres, Huckleberry Finn is floating down the Mississippi on a raft, just as Mr. Clemens described him. That in an infinite number of them, you are writing this article and I am sleeping with the Queen of Sheba. That the smallest number in infinity is infinity and if you don't get it you shouldn't be reading science fiction. You should be dropping acid. Then you'd understand. Or, if you didn't understand, you'd realize that understanding it doesn't matter.

WHAT MAD UNIVERSE is more. It is also an hilarious, purposeful and affectionate parody of old-timey PLANET STORIES type pulp science fiction, with every cliché in place, and every cliché justified in a way that it never was in old-timey pulp science fiction. With Model-T Fords and space travel, with the impossibly brave and brilliant and sexy superhero (relegated to the status of an offstage minor character), everything, space warps and space wars and sentient mechanical brains and beautiful, scantily clad heroines. And it's not only funny, it's exciting. Because Brown was well aware that parody must be as good as its model in all the ways that its model is good, and that it must know all of its model's weaknesses, and that it must function on its own terms as



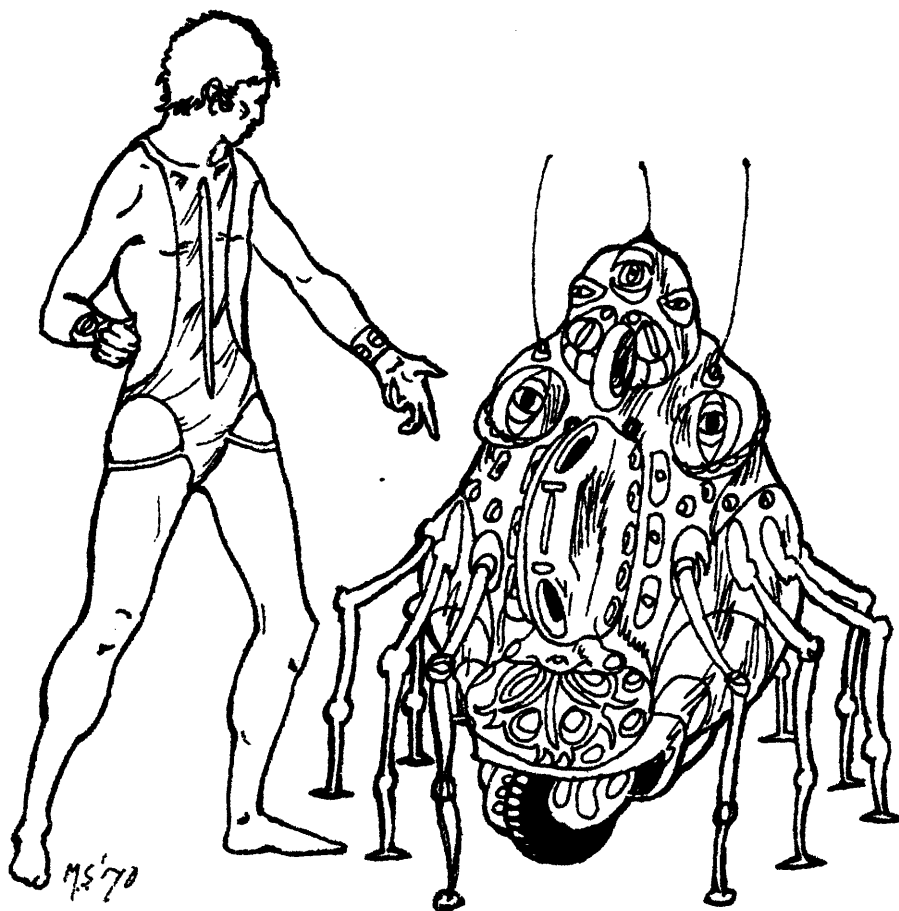
well or it won't work at all. Thus, Brown, the writer of realistic mystery novels, put suspense and real people into his mad universe and wrote a classic that stands up and casts a shadow instead of being the shadow of an ingroup joke, as it easily might have been. He made it beautiful.

THE LIGHTS IN THE SKY ARE STARS is just the opposite of WHAT MAD UNIVERSE in all but quality. It is a very serious, very human novel about the early days of space travel, written many years before these present early days of space travel. It is about the people involved in an impossible dream. No slambang melodrama slambanged in for the sake of slambanging the reader into semiconsciousness, not that I disapprove of that sort of thing. LIGHTS is a human document, however, and the people in it are just people, not supermen, doing their thing, dreaming their dreams, falling in love, getting hurt, and being painfully real. Not much of this sort of writing was done in those days. Goddam little of it is being done now.

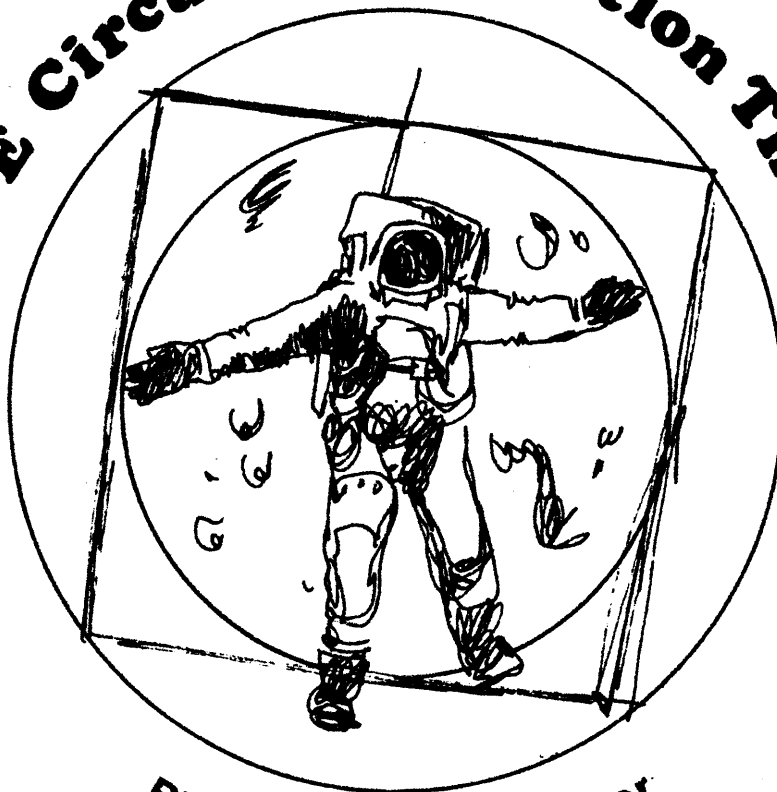
Additionally, I should say something nice about Brown's shorter works. He was an exceptionally able short story writer. The same things that epitomized his novels, the humor, the irony, the verve, the solid craftsmanship, the fine characterization, the original plotting, all of these things were equally a part of his shorter works. I could single out twenty of them. I don't think I will. I'll blanket endorse them. Try his collections. ANGELS AND SPACESHIPS (STAR SHINE in the Bantam paperback), SPACE ON MY HANDS, HONEYMOON IN HELL, and NIGHTMARES AND GEEZENSTACKS. The last is filled with short-shorts, stories between five hundred and fifteen hundred words. Brown was a master of this most difficult form. He was a master period.

Looking back, I see that I failed to mention MARTIONS GO HOME, a very funny book where the Martians come to Earth to bedevil mankind for the sheer utter hell of it. And I didn't mention ROGUE IN SPACE except in passing. Oh, well. This isn't a fullscale study, after all. It's an appreciation. As such, it should be brief. I appreciate Fredric Brown.

Your turn, Alex.



E Circular Revolution Th



By Darrell Schweitzer

Political revolutions have a tendency to run around in circles and end up with conditions about the same as they were before the shooting started. The French threw out a king and got an Emperor; the Russians did in an autocratic czar and wound up with an absolute dictator; the English bounced a king and recalled his heir.

How about other kinds of revolutions? Like literary ones, for example? There is no question that the science fiction field underwent a considerable upheaval in the last decade with the advent and passing of the new wave. John Pierce cites 1964 as the beginning, because that was when Moorcock and his associates took over *NEW WORLDS* and "Paingod", the first really new wavish Ellison story, was published. (FANTASTIC, June) I'd say the whole thing reached a peak of frenzy about 1967, when *Dangerous Visions* came out, the Arts Council started financing a slicked-up *NEW WORLDS*, the serialisation of *Bug Jack Barron* began (NW 178, Dec-Jan), the Aldiss Acid Head stories began to appear, and the furor in fannish circles was at its height. Now that it's all over, I think we might be able to begin to look back objectively (the time of the Holy War is gone) and evaluate what effects the "movement" or "non-movement" (depending on whom you listen to) has had.

I think it has been mostly beneficial. With the passing of the Wave, the worst excesses of that type of writing have also passed. Lately I haven't seen any more of those navel-gazing things that only the author and one or two friends can understand at all. (i.e., there have been none of Ballard's "condensed novels", or imitations thereof, published this year, and only one last year.) There haven't been very many pure technique stories around lately either. (A pure technique story is one that consists only of style for the sake of style and has little or no content. Giles Gordon used to write nothing else for NW.) But I have seen a general upgrading in standards, and a greater concern for literary and human values in the best of today's writing. Also the taboos everyone harped about are gone. I have been unable to find any story in either *NEW WORLDS*, *Dangerous Visions*, or anywhere else that couldn't be published today solely because of tabooed

contents. (Many of them, or most of them in the case of the Ellison anthology, weren't worth publishing, but that's an entirely different matter.) Some of the stuff that has been in GALAXY in the last year or so would have been "too hot to handle" in about 1965. The Heinlein serial, cruddy or not, is a perfect example. It was filthy, and it appeared in a magazine that a few years earlier was overly worried about corrupting the morals of its "younger readers". Another good example is Langdon Jones' "The Time Machine", which was considered so obscene when it went to press in NEW WORLDS 174 that the printer refused to print it, yet when it appeared in Orbit 5 it didn't raise any stir at all. In all probability, if Norman Spinrad had submitted Bug Jack Barron to Jakobsen, it would have sold, or if it didn't, the sex in it wouldn't have been the reason.

To carry the political revolution analogy a little further, one might say that 1969 and 1970 saw the beginning and end of what you might call the Thermidor period following the new wave. It is significant that England, the country from which most of the new wave came, produced one of the most old-fashioned and downright reactionary magazines in years, VISION OF TOMORROW. (Issue #3 even contained a stern editorial assuring the readers that there would be no "pornography" in VoT. Unfortunately, there weren't very many good stories either.) My guess would be that the publishers of VoT took the continual floundering of NEW WORLDS to be a sign that the readers were tired of that kind of writing, so they launched a magazine which was "traditional" in the worst sense (i.e., it contained stories that read like the doings of the worst British hack-writers of the mid-fifties -- as a matter of fact, many of them were by the very same writers, Sydney Bounds & Co.) In America, SPACEWAYS came back for four issues, and presented fiction that read like rejects from PLANET STORIES and the better fiction-publishing fanzines. ANALOG became more and more reactionary, and started publishing more and more of those popular science articles thinly disguised as fiction that Hugo Gernsback was so fond of back in the days of SCIENCE AND INVENTION, with the only difference being that Campbell insisted on real science (or only his personal brand of pseudo-science) and the most frequently appearing writers were those who echoed back the JWC party line. But fortunately, this trend did not spread, and Campbell is no longer an important part of the field and may be overlooked as a curious atavism and nothing more.

So much for the reaction; what about the future? I'd say we're about one step up the ladder of progression or whatever you want to call it, but basically the field is in the same condition it was in 1960. In the November 1960 NEW WORLDS (#100) there is a letter from one John Peters of New York which contains the statement: "There is a continual outcry throughout the fan field that it is difficult to choose outstanding stories because of their sameness these days." If this isn't the state of the field today, it will be by 1973 or so. In 1960, the upheaval that had been started by Campbell in his more progressive days in the 1940's and had been carried to completion by H.L. Gold and Anthony Boucher, had totally petered out, as the new wave has just about done today. The result, then and now, is that stories that at one time would have been very innovative become conformist. Today we have a new wave conformity. There are lots of markets for "experimental" work (QUARK, for example) but such material just isn't experimental anymore.

So here we are looking around for new directions again. If we're lucky, someone will come along and introduce something new and push the field off in another direction, and before you know it Ballard and Disch and Moorcock will all be labelled conservatives. Otherwise the field will stagnate.

So goodbye new wave, with some regrets maybe, and I'm wondering what's next. In the meantime, what ever happened to good old-fashioned Jerry Cornelius?



Some neos burst into fannish prominence with the pyrotechnics of a roman candle. Bob Bloch claimed that Shelby Vick became a Big Name Fan within six months of beginning activity, due to his efforts to bring Willis over for the Chicon II in 1952 and publishing CONFUSION.

There are other neofans who must, like good vintage wine, mellow a few years before their excellences are ready to come forth. All too often, fandom chases the phenoms and all but ignores the steady improvers. Then, when the phenoms have all gone to their deserved gafia, we find ourselves still blessed with such slow starters as Ted White and Steve Stiles.

And Terry Carr.

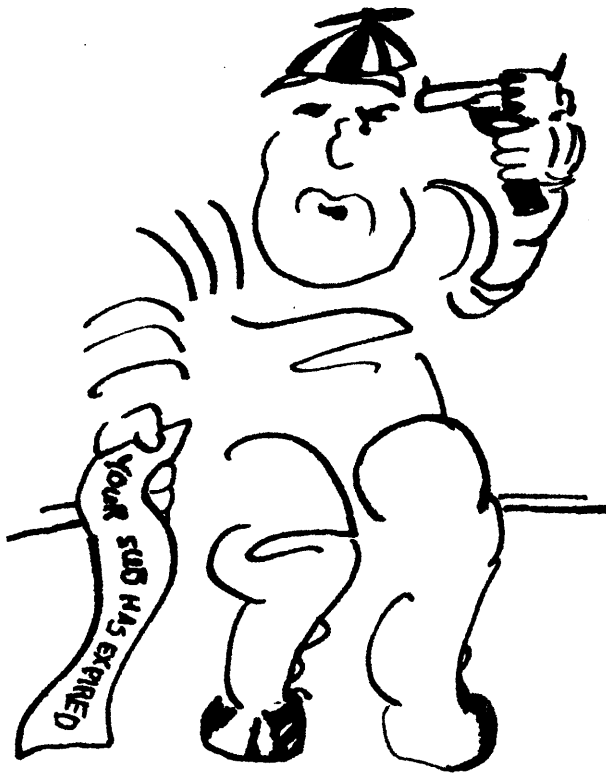
Terry entered fandom in 1949, writing the usual brand of wretched amateur science fiction which new fans of all eras have thought was de rigeur. Though he continued to improve as he moved through his teens and had such credits as a regular column in Charles Lee Riddle's long-running PEON, I don't think fandom was ready for INNUENDO #1 when Terry Carr and Dave Rike published it in June, 1956, 31 spottily ditto'd pages.

Rike and Carr were the editors of record for the first issue, but Dave was actually a late addition. INNUENDO had been projected as a collaboration between Terry and Boob Stewart, with Rike doing the duplicating since he had a machine. Boob, no relation to the more famous Bhob, did the work of a co-editor, but he was fannishly spent by the time the issue finally took shape. Stewart withdrew in one of his periodic fits of gafia, Rike jumped into the vacancy, and INNUENDO was launched as a Rike-Carr venture.

The editors used reprints to set the tone they wanted for INNUENDO in the first issue and brought the works of Burbee ("You Bastard," said Al Ashley) and Tucker (reprints from LE ZOMBIE) to fandom 1956. The resurrection of Charles Burbee, then in total eclipse, was one of the outstanding achievements of INNUENDO. Not a reprint, but very much in the spirit of establishing fandom's continuity with its past, was "A Likely Story" by "damon kyoungfan". This was Lee Hoffman's first major appearance in general fandom since the QUANDRY years and signaled her return to activity.

The first issue didn't have a full-page drawing on the cover, sporting instead the table of contents and a Boob Stewart illo of a bunch of characters building a tower out of cans. In the colophon was the message:

"No subscriptions accepted and any monies received will be gleefully dropped into the endless well of the Fund to Build a Tower to the Moon out of Bheer Cans."



This started the Bheercan Tower to the Moon mythos in INNUENDO. One of the most amusing fantasies to come out of Berkeley fandom of the day, it was an example of the type of humor sometimes called the "scientific sortie". It was handled better than most examples of this type of humor. The Tower Project really hits its stride in Terry's editorial "Inn a Mist" in INN#3:

"First we decided to figure out just how high the Tower will have to be, which of course means we had to find out how high the moon is. I took a course in astronomy last year at college, you see, and I suggested we try the triangulation method for determining the height. Well, the moon looked to be about 60 feet away from us, directly above a point at the rear of the yard. It was about 40 feet to that point and the angle at our feet was about 20 degrees (figured by the ascension of the moon). That gave us side-angle-side. Figuring roughly, that works out to a height of 15 or 20 feet

for the moon (at that time only, of course... but that's the only time the moon is directly above Carl's backyard, anyway.)"

The scheme's possibilities were amusingly explored in INNUENDO's letter column, "Innvec-tive."

A mythos of even greater importance reached general fandom in INNUENDO #1, as Carl Brandon contributed "Why Johnnie Can't Read Fanzines" and was the subject of a short Terry Carr piece, "I Fear The Worst."

Carl Joshua Brandon was unquestionably the finest hoax fan ever created. Following a trial period in the Cult, Carl burst into fannish prominence with a string of long pieces such as "Cacher of the Rye", "My Fair Femmefan", "The Purple Pastures", and "The BNF of Iz", interspersed with many shorter, though still excellent articles.

Carl wasn't just a writer, he was an active participant in Berkeley fandom. It was a rare Berkeley Fandom article that didn't recount something witty Carl had said.

The nub of Terry's article was that Carl had just finished a 30-page parody of Salinger, "The Cacher of the Rye" and had gotten so involved in his work that he had begun to talk in Salinger's writing style. Moreover, he had started to slip into the persona of Holden Caulfield. As he told Terry:

"'That's not all,' said Carl. 'I'm even thinking like the character in that ghudam book. I mean, I keep thinking like Holden Caulfield would. For instance, I was in my English class today and the goddam teacher asked me something about Shakespeare. You know what I said? I'm a fugghead, I swear to Ghu. Anyway, I just said, "Boy, he's been dead for so long, you ought to let him stay dead. What I mean is, there are a lot of writers around today that are just as goddam good. Take my brother D.B.--" Then I remembered that I don't have any goddam brother, so I sort of shut up. But boy, did the professor hit the roof when I said that. I'll bet I'll even end up flunking out of college like Holden Caulfield did.'"

INNUEENDO 2, though excellent, didn't seem to fit into the run of issues. One reason is the lack of material, particularly an editorial, under the Terry Carr byline. Though Brandon is among the contributors, he is represented by a short piece, "My Evening", instead of "Cacher of the Rye". The bheercan tower, though given mention in the colophon, is passed over in #2, receiving its full elaboration in the next issue.

INN #2 was a thematic unit dealing with conventions. Rike's report on the 1956 Westercon and Ron Bennett's account of the 1956 British Convention are the two major articles in this 27-page mimeographed issue. Dave's report is unusual in that it isn't told through straight exposition. He has himself tell about aspects of the convention in response to questions from interlocutor Carl Brandon. The approach achieves a dual purpose; it makes the Westercon report a little different from Bennett's piece and further solidifies the image of Brandon as a Berkeley fan personality.

Brandon's article, about not going to the Westercon, a page of TCarr "Face Critturs", and a short faan fiction story by Larry Stark round things out. Stark's story, a good example of sercon faan fiction, concerns a non-fan husband who finds out that his usually proper fannish wife sleeps around at the sf conventions she attends.

"The Cacher of the Rye", Carl Brandon's first major work, began serialization in INNUEENDO #3. It was written by Terry Carr, with a little help from Boob Stewart and ran four installments.

Brandon excelled in one specialized type of parody; transposing a mundane piece of literature into fannish terms. After the hoax had been revealed at the Solacon, Terry offered this explanation of the Brandon technique in "Inn a Mist" in the ninth issue:

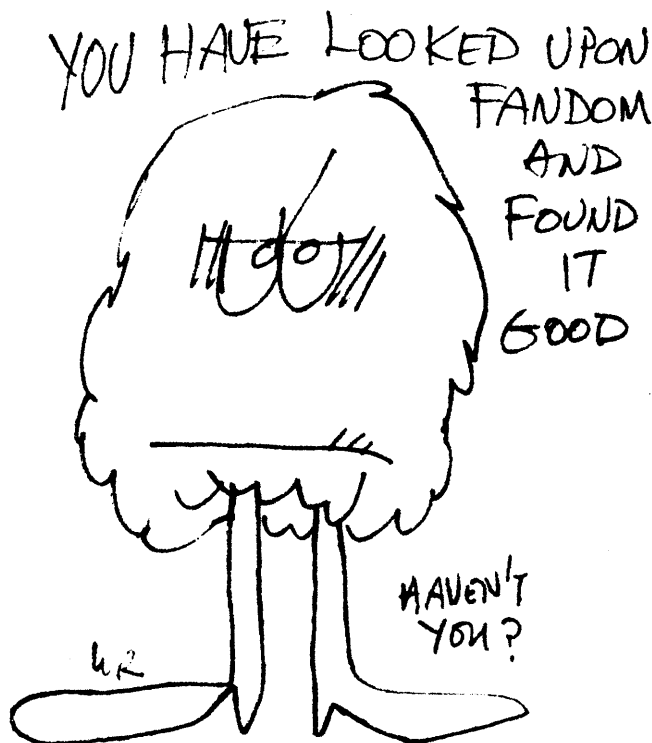
"The particular form of parody used under the Brandon name, it seemed to me, was that of transposing the values, problems, and aspirations of every day life into their closest fannish equivalents and thereby showing how ridiculous fandom can be when made a way of life."

A new fanhistorical element was added to the use of reprints when the "Fanoirs" articles commenced in #3. The series led off with Jack Speer's account of the production of the first Fancyclopedia in the mid-1940's.

Near the end of his article, Speer switched his focus from the past to the present and suggested that the time had come to update his tome. He was pessimistic about the chances for such a project, lamenting the inability of fans to channel their energies long enough to complete a second Fancyclopedia. Speer turned out to be a poor prophet when Dick Eney published the Fancy II about two years later, in 1958.

The third, fourth, and fifth issues were published in a five month period during the winter of 1956-57. These issues were a plateau of quality between the experimental INNs which preceeded them and the large size ones which followed.

Despite the fact that #4 and #5 switched back to ditto, all three issues were similar in appearance. Rike did all the illustrating. He really did illustrate, too. INN wasn't the first fanzine to try to have the art re-



late closely to the text, but it was one of the most successful at it and spawned a host of imitators

INNUENDO #5 had several noteworthy pieces, most especially "Way Out West in Texas", serious faan fiction by Marion Zimmer Bradley. It rates high in its depiction of the human element in fandom. Marion explores the differences between in-person and on-paper relationships as she describes the feelings of a youngish male fan who finds that his favorite correspondent is old enough to be his mother and has a daughter whom he wants to date.

A different note is struck by a reprint entitled "Reflections on Falling Over Backwards In a Swivel Chair" by Carlton J. Fassbinder, the penname of T. Bruce Yerke. In my opinion this piece far outshines the Laney reprint about Yerke with which it is paired. To quote from the story:

"You see, in a swivel chair, as one leans back more and more, the three legs of the tripod base remain on the floor, while the chair itself bends rearwards, building up tension on the springs. The point of over-balance is attained, and I, the experimenter, am breathless with anticipation.

The tripod snaps up, out from under the chair, and resumes its normal position in relation to the seat. And for a brief moment, the chair and its occupant are suspended at a 45 degree in the air! At that moment, sitting up there in mid-air, I felt all, I knew all! The world was at my feet! The most treasured secrets of life were mine! I was one with the universe. And then there was the unparalleled descent to the floor, and the shattering, tingling shock of the crash."

Fassbinder, like a man who has glimpsed the great white light and fallen in love with it, repeats the experiment:

"One again, I sat suspended in mid-air. Once again I was God, Jupiter, Apollo, Zarathustra, and all the rest rolled into one. I was just beginning to see the True Concept of the World when it was blotted out by the face of the desk, cutting across the view as I descended abruptly to the floor."

Shortly after INNUENDO #5, Terry became immersed in college life, and the next issue of INNUENDO didn't appear for awhile.

The fifth issue was the last attempt at a monthly INNUENDO, as #6 began the series of large issues which continued through the rest of the fanzine's existence.

But that's for next time.

WAY OUT WEST IN TEXAS

By Marion Zimmer Bradley -- INNUENDO 5, 1957

A "Light of Other Days" Fabulous Fannish Reprint

Yeah, sure, I'll write something for your fanzine some day. Only right now I don't feel much like writing anything. In the first place, I told my kid sister she could use my typewriter while I was in the army. Paulette's taking a commercial course in high school this year, and she needs a typewriter to use. I'd feel like a rotten heel if I asked her to wrap it up and express it to me right in the middle of the school year, after telling her she could use it and everything.

Anyway, I don't have much time, life here on the base is pretty drastic, just one damn thing after another. Every time I get a minute and sit down to do something, one of the guys busts in and wants to know what the hell I'm doing and why don't I come play ping-pong at the Rec or something. So you see how it goes? And --well, you remember last month I was in Nevada and before that they had me in Texas and here I am in Montana. My mail's still travelling all around the circle to catch up with me. Sure, every time I move I pick up the phone and call my family, and tell them about it, but I can't send out notices all over fandom, canI?

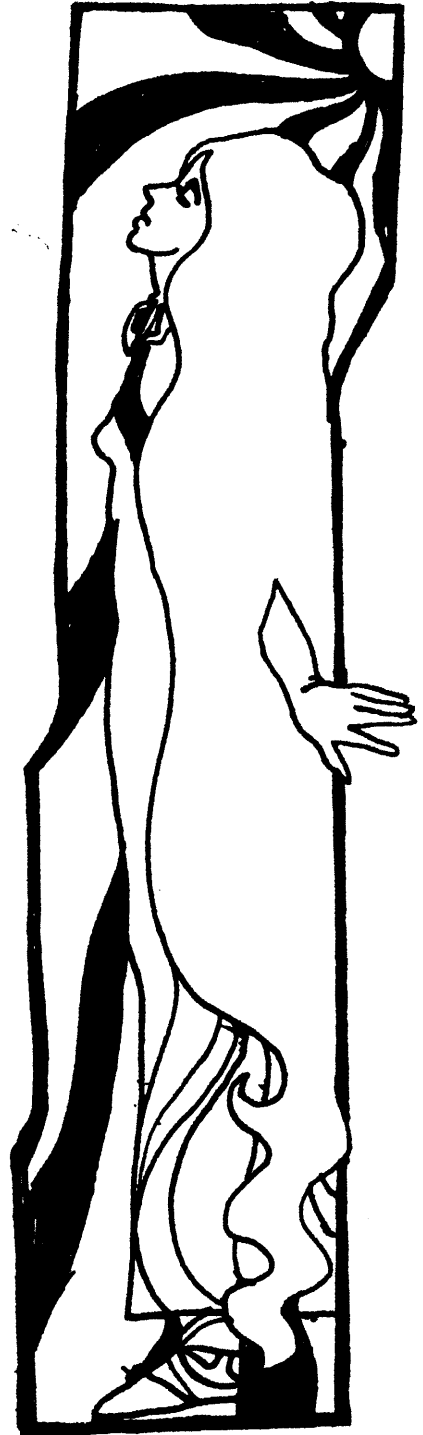
And as a matter of fact--well, no, that isn't all. Listen, I'd like to tell you about it, only it's going to sound absolutely nuts to you. I mean, like I was going crazy or something, not just goofy, I mean real gone, psycho, crazy.

You're right about when it started, it was when they sent me to that big air base in Texas. I was real keen on going there, for a funny reason. Yeah, you probably can guess without my telling you. I mean Margo Sanders--Margo Bellew Sanders, that is.

Now look, don't get the wrong idea right from the start. It's just that I've known Margo ever since she--I mean, ever since I was a neofan. I guess she must have been the first fan I wrote to. She was just plain Margo Bellew, then. I guess it must have been an awful crazy letter, I didn't have a typewriter then, so I didn't keep a carbon, but she wrote me back an awful nice letter, I guess you'd say gracious, and sent me a couple of copies of her fanzine. I guess you're too new in fandom to remember BELLOWINGS. It was one of the first of the individzines. She got tired of it, after a while, and it never had been a top fanzine, but the people who wrote in to it, sure had fun with it.

I got a real shock when she got married. Oh, I wasn't jealous of Sanders, or anything like that. He was a good guy, if he was kind of stiff and stuffy. I always thought Margo ought to marry a fan, and sure enough, she did. Well, for a while after that, I kind of lost track of her. You know how it happens, how femme fans drop out of sight for a year or two after they get married?

She sent me a few copies of one-shots and FAPazines she put out after that, but it wasn't till a couple of years later that we started corresponding again. It was a different kind of corresponding now. I mean, we didn't just talk about science fiction magazines and fans and fanzines and stuff like that. We didn't talk personally, either, I don't mean that. She never told me anything much about her marriage (although she had a lot to say about Texas!) and when her baby was born I read about it in another fanzine--she'd never said a word to me about it. What I mean was, we talked about ideas. I still have the letter she wrote about school segregation in Texas. She was wild about it. I mean, she was so mad she just blistered the paper, but she didn't get crazy mad--not the way Marion Bradley used to, for instance, talking nasty about anybody who disagreed with her; Margo just sounded indignant and reasonable--and sort of mournful. And we talked a lot about books. She loaned me some books on music--she had a lot of them--and some novels by modern writers she liked. If Margo had one talent, it was for wading through all the pocket-size paperback trash and coming out with real honest-to-gosh good books. She



could find real good novels on the book racks--no matter how screwball the covers looked. I introduced her to Dostoyevsky, though, and Sigrid Undset. I even checked one of Sigrid Undset's novels out of the high school library and mailed it to her because she wanted to read it. It was taking an awful chance, but she got it back inside of two weeks.

And we talked about people. I don't mean gossiping about people we knew, I mean talking about what made people tick. Sometimes when I read her letters I was reminded of that old English goon who used to call himself the Spectator or something. It made me blink to think there might be people who sat and watched others like that, and then went home and wrote down, so damn devastatingly, what they were like, seeing right through to their insides.

I guess what I'm trying to say is, she helped me grow up. I knew she was a year or so older than me--I wasn't sure just how much. But she seemed like a lot older than she was. You know. Heck, you've read her stuff. When she had her first story published, she sent me a copy autographed "To my best fan and friend, Bryan Sears," and I almost bust. I was just as tickled as she was, I'll bet.

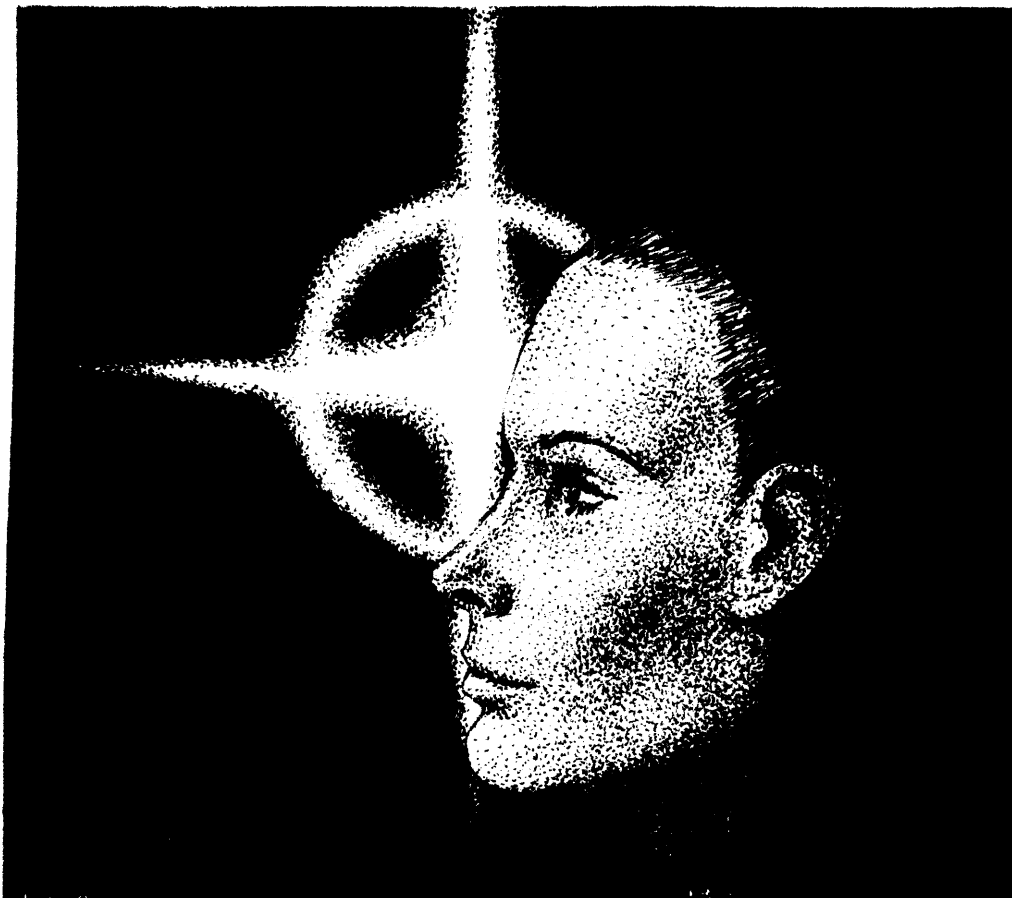
Heck, I'm getting long-winded, and I've got to be back at the Base by eleven. Let's skip all that--and pour me out some more coffee, will you? I wish to gosh they could sell beer in these damn fool towns, but I suppose your family wouldn't like it.

So let's skip all that and come up to where I landed in Texas. One afternoon I called Margo up long-distance, and told her where I was, and the first thing she did was suggest that I come up and spend a week-end with them. Well, of course, I'd been hoping all along that she'd ask me, and you can guess what I told her. I was just as excited as a kid, and I could tell from her voice that she was tickled to death, too. So I arranged for a weekend pass, and Saturday morning I landed up in Clearwater.

It was a funny little town, like all those Texas dryland towns: a watertank standing head and shoulders above all the funny little one-story houses, and flat as a griddle. The first thing I saw, of course, was the Sanders drugstore, and I went in and met Tom Sanders behind the prescription counter.

He was quite a shock. I'd pictured him as being stiff and stuffy, and instead he was a round, chubby, balding guy, sort of middle-aged, if you know what I mean. And --jovial. He kidded and joked all the time. He acted like he was really glad to see me, though. He shook hands with me, and made some kind of wisecrack about what kind of Air Force was it where I could get away with long curly hair like that--as it happens, I'd missed out on a haircut for about a month, so I didn't have a crewcut, but anyway --well, it doesn't sound so funny unless you heard Tom Sanders saying it. He asked me to sit down and have a milk shake on the house while he got Margo on the phone and asked her to come down and pick me up. So I drank a chocolate malt--he made good ones, the way they ought to be made, with chocolate ice cream and frozen milk, so thick I had to eat it with a spoon--and we talked some about jet planes. He'd been a radioman in WW2, and was keen on flying. Then he stood up and said, "Oh, here's Margo," and I turned around and met her.

Well, she was a shock too, in a way. You know how you make up mental pictures of people? Margo was short and fat, and she had straight black hair whacked off across her forehead. She was nice-looking in a way, too, that was the funny part of it, and she had the nicest speaking voice I've ever heard. Her voice was just as pretty and gracious as her letters, and here's the funny part, after the first little shock at seeing that she wasn't young or pretty, I got used to her and hardly thought about what she looked like. Oh, yes. This was the real queer part of it. She wasn't young. I guess she must have been 35 or 36. It was hard to tell, and of course I didn't ask her, but I'd say she was about 35.



Well, I went up to the house with her in the car--she was a good driver, too--and saw their house. It was a nice house, in a way, and there were books all over the place, but it was--well, it wasn't neat. There was dust on the furniture, and Margo's desk was the worst mess I ever saw, and she didn't have a cover on the typewriter so the keys were all clogged up with sand and stuff. Oh, it would write, all right--she asked if I wanted to write any letters or anything while I was there, because she knew I'd left my typewriter at home. But it had a jumpy feel, as if somebody'd been banging on it a lot.

Well, there isn't so much to tell, after all. I talked a lot with Margo and played a while with her little girl, Peggy--she was a cute little dickens and no mistake about it! Margo had some work to do in the kitchen and she said I could use her typewriter if I wanted to, and just help myself to stamps and paper and so on. And of course she said to make myself at home, look over the books and magazines all I wanted to, and so forth, and I did just that. She sure had some marvelous stuff, old Clayton Astoundings, Merwin Startlings, Brackett's books all bound in hard covers, and all that kind of thing, but of course I already knew about that.

And then about five, the door opened, and the cutest chick I ever saw, walked in the door. I guess she was about sixteen, and brother, was she stacked! In a nice way, that is. Everything in the house was nice, that way--I mean, Margo wasn't prissy, or prim, but you just knew, from looking around and from reading her letters, that there wouldn't be anything cheap around, and there wasn't. Especially not the girl. She had gold hair. Real gold, not just yellow--just the color of a wedding ring. Her eyes were dark blue, not the wishy-washy color either, and as I say, she was stacked, in a nice way, and she had on a cute little pink sweater and a skirt that didn't hurt her any, either. She looked a little surprised when she saw me, and then she said, "Oh, you must be that friend of mother's. Mr. Sears. I'm glad to know you."

Yes, she really said Mr. Sears, and my lord, she could see I wasn't much more than eighteen, for the luvvagod! And then Margo came in and said, "Bryan, this is Priscilla

Bellew. My daughter by my first marriage." --and I damn near fell off the sofa. I mean it.

Oh, lord, why go right through the weekend blow by blow? I slept in Priscilla's room-- she moved in with the baby, Peggy, while I was there. I didn't want to put her out, I said Margo could make me up a bed on the floor or anywhere, but she said, no, Priscilla's room was really a guest room but they let the girls have separate rooms when they didn't have company, and Pris said she didn't care, Peggy's bed was more comfortable than hers anyway. They were awfully nice to me. I didn't have much of a chance to talk to Margo, though. I guess she saw the way I looked at Pris, so that first night she said there was a good movie at the Drive-in and why didn't I take the car and take Pris to the movie. Pris acted like she wanted to, so I did. And the next afternoon, Sunday, we all went on a picnic. It was a lot of fun, too. The only thing is, somebody who knew Margo came up and asked if I was her son. And Pris followed me around. I mean --well, I guess I encouraged her. She was the cutest thing I'd ever seen by a long shot, and after I got her to call me Bryan, she was all right, too.

But--well, there was this. You've got to face it, she was dumb. I don't mean she was a stoop. Margo wouldn't have a creep for a daughter. But--well, let me show you what I mean. I said something about a book I'd talked over with Margo, and Pris said, "Gosh, I'm not smart enough for that stuff. Mother's all the brain we've got in this family, I guess." She didn't know what science fiction was--honest, I mean that. She said when she was a little kid her mother tried to get her interested in it and she was just plain bored. And she wanted to know if our high school had had a good football team. For creep's sake, how would I know? And when I said I'd never seen a football game, she just stared at me as if I were a green bean, or something.

And then, Sunday, Pris went to church with her father and the baby, and I stayed home with Margo. We tried to get to talking, but I just couldn't straighten myself out. You see, after the movie last night, Pris and I had stopped on the way home and--well, you know. Nothing to worry about--I'm not that kind of a bastard--but anyway, we'd done some pretty heavy making-out, and it made me feel a little funny with Margo. All the girls I date have mothers, sure, but I don't get so friendly with most of them. So by the time we got packed up for the picnic, Margo had given me up as a bad job, I guess, and treated me the same way she'd treat any friend of Pris'.

When the picnic was over, it was time to get back into uniform, and catch the bus for the Base. Margo gave me a copy of the new GALAXY and an old copy of S-F with one of her stories I'd missed, and a couple of fanzines, to read on the bus, and Tom shook my hand and made a few more wisecracks, and Peggy gave me a moist and sloppy kiss and a bite of her candy bar. Pris said--she was being awfully grown-up all of a sudden--that she hoped I'd come back for the Homecoming football game that Thanksgiving, and couldn't he come then, Mother? And Margo said sure, she'd love to have me any time. Then the bus came in, and all of a sudden a funny thing happened. Margo put her arms around me and stood up on tip-toe and kissed my cheek. That got to me. I mean, it really did. I found--now don't think I'm getting gooey or anything--but my eyes were all wet and teary when I got up on the bus, and I stumbled over an old lady's feet.

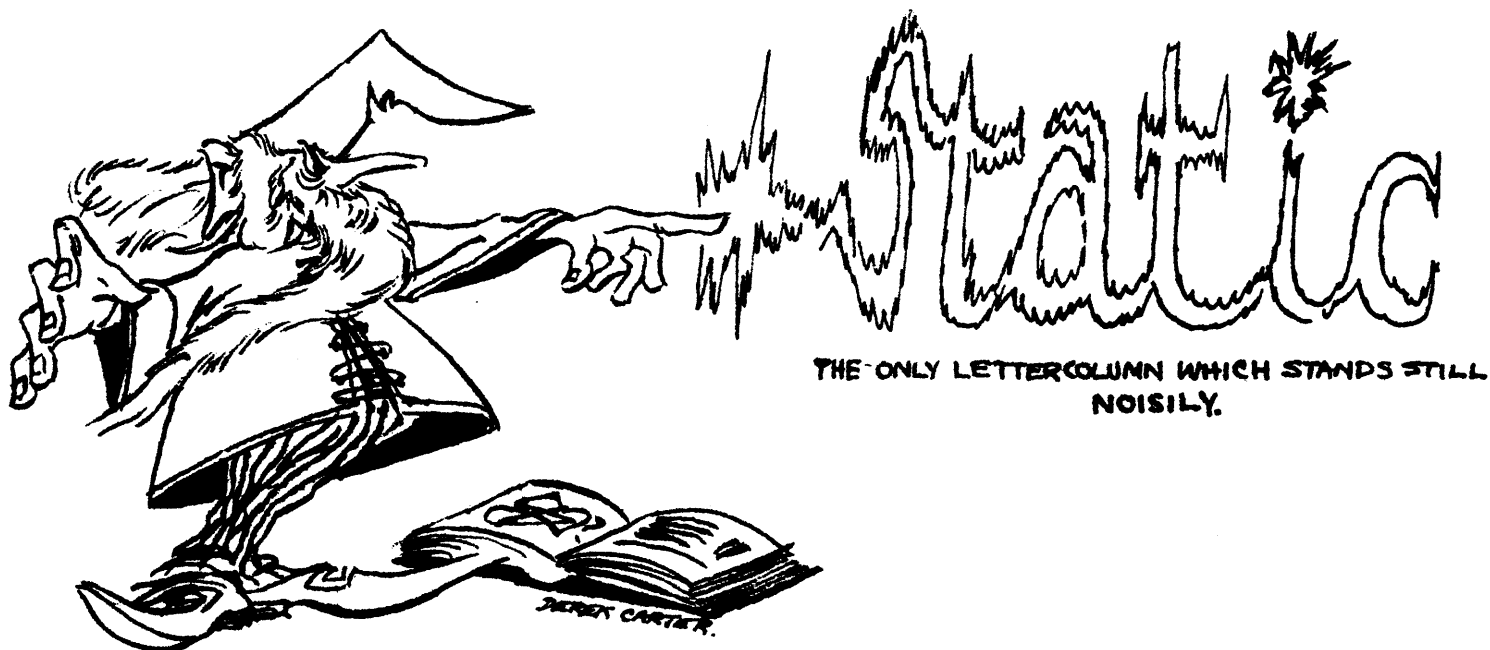
Well, that was it. I told you it wouldn't sound like it made sense. Even to me, it doesn't. Now don't get me wrong. I wasn't in love with Margo. I'm not just disallusioned or anything like that. But she was an awful big hunk of my life--I never knew it till now. When I think about fandom I think about Margo, and that brings me round to Pris again. If I gave myself half a chance, I could flip over that girl Pris. And some way that doesn't seem right. In a crazy way, it's Margo I want, or maybe I want Margo to be Pris, or Pris to be Margo.

So that's it. Hey, listen, I told you I had to be back at the base by eleven, where did I stick my coat? Anyway, that's all it is. Maybe Margo wrote me, I don't know, like I said, there's been mail following me all around from one base to another. I did write her a letter to thank her for the weekend, but I didn't have time to say much except

what a nice time I had. You know, like I told you, the Base is just one damn thing after another and like I said, fandom seems awful far away.

But yeah, I'll try to write you something for your fanzine, some day, when I get around to it.





RICHARD E. GEIS
PO Box 3116
Santa Monica, Cal.
90403

You know, an uncharitable person with a suspicious mind might suspect you of trying to...um...influence the Hugo voters by your splurge of two fine issues of **ENERGUMEN** in one swell foop. And they are really swell. I enjoyed #7 immensely...probably because I was mentioned frequently I suppose. It is a curious feeling to have a Champion fighting for my and SFR's honour. But I enjoy it very much, even if I suspect that Ted Pauls has his tongue glued firmly glued in his cheek as he battles the faaans. His change of style in the column is the clue. Like Menken, he may be enjoying "stirring up the animals."

I suppose the only way to get Bill Rotsler a Hugo will be to make a special award one year...to The Best Fan Artist Named William Rotsler. I'll vote for that!

It would appear that Arnie Katz is joining Harry Warner, Ted White and Terry Carr as a Fan Historian. A good thing, too. I consider him a fine writer and a fair one, in spite of his feelings about the current Hugo situation and his reservations about SFR's direction (when it had a direction).

There is an astonishing amount of truth in "How To BNF Without Tears". It is amazing how blase one can become. Letters from pros (yawn), a phone call from Heinlein (so what else is new?) and Personal Communication from Harlan. But what croggled me was a phone-call from a neofan here in California recently--he could not believe that Richard E. Geis answered his own phone! He expected to fight through secretaries! He was stammering and flustered. He was speaking to Dick Geis! That's a weird feeling, Mike. Glorious, of course, but weird!

((You know, Dick, an uncharitable person with a suspicious mind might not realize you were being facetious--luckily they don't call me the Don Rickles of the Faned Set for nothing. Readers may like to know that before I performed my editorial duties, Dick's letter was full of typoses and type-overs thus proving that Dick Geis types his own letters, too! Yeah, I agree that we Hugo nominees get pretty blase after a while. Susan, he called me 'Mike'! Dick Geis called me by my first name!! HE CALLED ME 'MIKE'!!...))

PERRY CHAPDELAIN
Route 4, Box 137
Franklin, Tenn.
37064

Dear Susan: I'm writing direct to you because I'm not at all sure Mike is capable of reasoning so well. Your article in #6 was excellent, the first I've seen in fanzines relating the discipline of mathematics to art. The world of math starts with undefined terms, defines things in terms of undefined terms, invents postulates (as-

sumptions), then says if...., then..... And the game follows a creative structure within the framework of either Aristotelian logic or non-aristotelian logic; single-valued logic or multiple-valued logic; fuggheadedness or no fuggheadedness. Unless math is applied, it's simply a grand, disciplined land of let's pretend.

And so is much SF and fantasy.

Your husband's reaction to my inventive fantasy--which I call phatics--makes me feel he's not been introduced to this world properly. Usually in any family it's the man who's mathematically oriented, and the female is not. Could there be an inversion here? Otherwise yours and Mike's fanzine has my usual comments: Gorgeous artwork, material inside too bland; also my amazement at your energy (energies).

((Ouch! Aiming for the jugular, eh Perry? But at least it's nice to hear you call your escalations of the SFWA mess and the Williams thing 'inventive fantasy'.))

ROGER BRYANT Well, wouldn't you know? Turn my back on you for six weeks and you go
647 Thoreau Ave berserk on me. It makes me feel a bit silly getting a berserker in
Akron, Ohio whose very lettercolumn you have printed my confident statement that
44306 you couldn't go berserk.

Okay, Mike Gilbert, I'm ready to see you and the others experiment a little. When are you going to start? Why wasn't it with the pieces that accompanied your text?

The way these fights grow amazes me. I read Ted Pauls' first installment and liked it. You know, for you printed much of my reaction to it. I remember reading what Ted had to say about SFR, noting in my mind that I disagreed with his opinion, and forgot about it. It was sufficiently trivial that it didn't occur to me to register my actual disagreement except in a parenthetical aside. The reaction you got, and even had to mention in your editorial, was remarkable to me. I agree that if it gets worse you as editor should ignore it. That in fact was the very reason that my enjoyment of SFR was always spoiled somewhat: Geis never made any effort to soften the verbal blows of those who like to hew and hack at others, however much unpleasantness and bad feeling it may cause. Some say that's what made SFR great, but I think it wasn't worth it.

But anyhow, what really disappointed me was Ted's second column, which surpassed by far the viciousness that has yet reached your lettercolumn. The contrast between the two is like the difference between black and white, and I found little enjoyment in this new version. Except, of course, the first and last sections, which would have been delightful by themselves. But I had to come back the next day and re-read them to get full satisfaction from them.

I was over at the Bowers' home the other night, with other area fans. Once I went upstairs to go to the bathroom, and when I returned Bill said, "Well, did you take my best material and throw it out the window so you can pick it up later and send it to Glicksohn?"

"Really, Bill," I answered, "that wouldn't be necessary. I could smuggle your best material out in my shirt pocket here..."

And although I won that one, you should beware, for Bill is quite a master of the sharp retort. Watch out for him at conventions. I keep telling him, when he zings me, that it's a shame none of that sparkling wit ever shows up in his fanzine.

((Don't worry about trying to steal me the best material for OUTBURST #9, Roger, I kept a carbon before I submitted it to Bill. Mike sent the title drawing for his piece last time and I chose the others from my file to show some of his styles.))

ELI COHEN

417 W. 118 St, Apt 63
New York, N.Y. 10027

I found Susan's review in #6 both moving and thought-provoking. I was a math major as an undergraduate--at a college noted for the pure math emphasis of its department. I chose applied math for a number of reasons, but one of them was the conviction that I simply do not possess the creativity and mathematical talent required to be a pure mathematician. I haven't read Hardy's book, though I think now I may hunt it up; I nevertheless feel profound awe and admiration for that particular type of artist called a mathematician.

A truly elegant proof is a thing of beauty (isn't there a poem "Euclid alone has looked on beauty bare"?)--and conversely, an ugly proof, though it may accomplish its purpose, is like a discoloured brick in a gleaming edifice; OK for temporary support, but one expects to replace it.

I think mathematics contains quite a large amount of Sense of Wonder, if one can appreciate it. The very concept of infinity is dazzling to some--how do you describe the sensation when you see a simple elegant proof that the real numbers are a higher order of infinity than the integers? And that beyond them, and in fact beyond any infinity of any order, is a higher order of infinity, and so on (if you'll forgive the expression) ad infinitum. But this is just set theory, which one of my professors continually referred to as "abstract nonsense." (In fact, in his books, he actually uses it as a synonym, to the point of saying "the proof follows by abstract nonsense.") It leads to expressions such as Bertrand Russell's "Mathematicians form tautologies out of undefined terms."

Russell notwithstanding, I think one of the most sublime, mystical identities in all of mathematics is

$$e^{\pi i} + 1 = 0$$

There it is, a single equation uniting the five most important constants. I find contemplation of this an infallible cure for failing Sense of Wonder.

Say, do you know the physicist's proof that all odd numbers are prime? "1 is a prime, 3 is a prime, 5 is a prime, 7 is a prime, 9 -- experimental error, 11 is a prime, 13 is a prime..."

((That poem is by Edna St. Vincent Millay -- obviously a non-mathematician!))

MIKE DECKINGER

25 Manor Dr, Apt 12J
Newark, N.J. 07106

The fan categories have come up with some weird selections for this year's Hugos. Terry Carr is the best choice, on the basis of his writings of past years. Most of his recent stuff has been his FOCAL POINT columns which are frequently so bad they seem to be ghost-written. Ted Pauls doesn't belong in the running, nor does Liz Fishman. They are both congenial intelligent persons who give the impression of enjoying what they're doing but there's nothing in either's writing that would qualify them for special commendation. Liz's humour is too forced, too artificial and too obvious, while Ted writes indifferent reviews that have the distinction of being everywhere at once. Tom Digby's nomination proves it's nice to have friends.

I don't quite dig kumquats but I thought Ted's column was quite adequately handled. It was far better than his reviews, certainly, and almost as good as his column in the new OUTWORLDS. I guess that Ted is better equipped to write in this mode, than in a depersonalized review. I skimmed over the first section which really didn't interest me. The second portion is of considerably more interest. I haven't seen POTLATCH, but the report of such obvious self-promotion is quite understandable. Terry Carr, in a recent FOCAL POINT column, suggested that FOCAL POINT itself would be a good choice for a best fanzine Hugo. This remark easily qualified Terry for the best humorist cate-

gory, should one ever be created. FOCAL POINT is a sad compendium of outdated news, weak columns, a few pointless articles, and letters that are of interest to no one. It was begun on a worthy enough premise; to provide competition for LOCUS. But that has long been forgotten, and I've long wearied of vapid recitations of the sins of Sidney Coleman, or else the spectacle of a bunch of big, brave boys subjecting Linda Bushyager to a frenzied excess of offensive diatribe. Those who remember the original FOCAL POINT under Brown and McInerney can only shake their heads in dismay.

The most disturbing feature of all is that most of the characters connected with this grim Passion Play, notably Arnie Katz and John D. Berry, are usually fine writers who can write with considerable wit and originality, when not informing the public at large of their mutual delight with each other. If they would only pick more flexible topics and stop thrashing away at polishing the other's star.

I suppose I should modify my views on Berry since I really have little feeling for him. About a year ago I scraped together the required quantity of stamps for EGOBOO and mailed them off to him, along with a request for a sample copy. A month went by. No word at all. I sent him another supply of stamps with a like request. Two months later: nothing. A third note was sent, asking if he had received my first two missives and promising similar compensation for a copy.

I'm still waiting.

I can understand that one letter might be misplaced by the Post Office, possibly even two, but certainly not three, sent within a short span to the same California address. John D. Berry may be a nice guy, but I wouldn't lend him rent money if I were you.

TERRY CARR Mike Gilbert's and Jack Gaughan's articles complement each other well, 35 Pierrepont St though I think Jack gets further into the subject than does Mike. Brooklyn, N.Y. Jack hits the nail on the head, unfortunately, in naming The Villain 11201 of the Piece. And he's right in saying that it was unfair to pronounce "The Dillons weren't selling"; the fact was people weren't buying. If the covers had been done by someone like, say, Valigurski or Leo Ramon Summers, it might be fair to say it was the covers that were lacking, but with artists of such talent as the Dillons have the question becomes not "Will the readers put up with it?" but "Can they dig it?" I thought for a while, as Jack did, that the SF Specials covers had ushered in a new era, and our sales reports during the first year, when we were using a sort of gimmick cover format, seemed awfully promising. But I noticed how popular Star Trek was even among fans, who are presumably aficionados of science fiction, and I wondered and began to worry. And lo! my worrying was not in vain, for it came to pass that the word was given forth that the Dillons weren't selling. In a publisher's office, as Jack knows, you can argue all you want about whether it's the covers' or readers' fault if sales are poor; any publisher who's a publisher will tell you that sales, not philosophy, are what matter.

Oh, and by the way Mike Gilbert, you forgot to mention the single most important element that must be on a Gothic cover if it's to be successful: the single lighted window in the mansion. Carol was once discussing Gothics with somebody, and mentioned that in the books it's imperative for the heroine, upon finding there's a deadly mystery in the house, to go exploring alone in the dead of night "with no motivation, just a candle."

I liked Arnie's piece on BEM, which was indeed a fine fanzine. The Willis article reprinted with it is first-rate stuff, and I think your remark in your editorial that you noticed "some anguish and perhaps even a hint of bitterness" in Walt's detailing of the trials of BNFdom is a good observation. Walt has always felt obligated to repay fannish debts of any kind, and has usually done so several times over. That fandom didn't give him as much as he gave us was inevitable, Willis being as talented as he is, but when

smaller fans (I mean the adjective in all its senses) tried to gain reputations by climbing over his back with hobnail boots, or perhaps garroting him with climber's ropes, he was certainly justified in feeling hurt. It only amazes me how forebearing Walt has always been.

Oh, and while I'm looking at your editorial, let me decline the label of being a "one-fanzine writer." Last year I wrote articles not only for FOCAL POINT but also for WARHOON, CRY and EGOBOO, plus stuff in two apas and the usual bunches of letters of comment. (I don't see that it matters, though, whether Liz Fishman writes a dozen good columns for YANDRO or spreads them over several fanzines; it's the quality we're supposed to be judging, isn't it?)

LISA TUTTLE Oh, gloat gloat gloat! I found out something. Chuckle. It will
6 Pine Forest Circle rock all of fandom!! Oh, the malicious pleasure that fills me
Houston, Texas 77027 is indescribable. What is this choice bit of gossip? Just that...
 Michael Glicksohn, famous Toronto fan, is supporting the Dallas
bid! Ah, yes! I found out. You (foolish boy!) bought a dollar membership to support
the Dallas Worldcon bid some time ago. Have you considered taking out a Toronto ad in
the next Dallascon Bulletin?

Reading Mike Gilbert's article before Jack Gaughan's made me a little uncertain of what Gaughan was saying--or if he really knew what he was talking about. If Mike is right about the Gothic cover design and survey then I don't see how Jack can say "I know of no case, particularly in SF, where a cover made a book sell more than it normally would..." Because, like it or not, a cover IS packaging and is what catches the eye and sometimes the buyer. Example: a couple of Silverberg books recently came out from Signet (I think) and had very similar covers. Now, some continuity might be desirable in a series, or in some sort of set (all same author, etc) but too much isn't good because people who bought one will notice the other on the stands and not buy it, thinking it is the one they have already. And since people DO buy in categories quite often, a book which doesn't look like SF may have problems. Like, a book with a Western-type cover might get passed over by the SF fan...and then not bought by a disgusted Western fan who picked it up, read the blurbs, and discovered it was SF rather than a Western. SF covers have, I think, more chance to blend in with the mainstream, to become less typecast even as the fiction is, because more of the general public would read "an exciting story that could make tomorrow's headlines!" than "The white men had cast him out--would the Indians accept him?".

Besides which, telling the reader it is HIS fault doesn't alter matters. The reader who will see that article is the reader probably least influenced by cover and most likely to scan everything on the newsstands in hopes of finding something good as compared to the mythical public person who wants a good yarn and looks for a cover with rockets on it.

Oh dear, I just noticed from Alex Eisenstein's letter that other people know you were "once a staunch supporter of the Dallascon..." Sigh. And here I thought I had grounds for blackmail...

((The failure of the latest DCB to reach Canada is disappointing to me. I'd hate to think that Tom is deliberately snubbing a rival bid, but it is strange that not one Canadian fan has received the newest Bulletin, although we all got the previous issues. Many people pointed out that Jack's article, although true, was less applicable to fandom than to the general buying public. Most fans were enthusiastic about the Dillons covers and even those who didn't really groove on them bought the books anyway. Just another example of the unimportance of fandom to the SF field as a whole. I'm inclined to think that a particular cover might sell more copies of a book within fandom, but, as Jack said, would have little influence overall.))

MIKE O'BRIEN
511 E. Hoover #11
Ann Arbor, Mich.
48104

I note that the subgroups are coming into their own. Now, I regard this as a very interesting phenomenon. It really does amaze me how mere membership in one such in-group can distort a person's perceptions of other in-groups to the point of irrationality. Thank heavens, that hasn't happened in the present discussion. The original target has become pretty much irrelevant now that SFR has folded, save only that the Hugos remain to be voted on. This was always a rather peripheral thing anyway, or so it seemed to me. The main discussion seemed to be about the weird attitudes of cliques. I hate to sound cliché, but the main reason for these divergent viewpoints is non-communication. Figure: most fans are in fandom because there are people like themselves there. Now that fandom's gotten so large, it's become pretty easy to find a subgroup in fandom which is more like yourself than anybody else. So, once you've found this group, one temptation might be to ignore the finer points of the other groups. Oh, it wouldn't do to forget their existence entirely, especially if they're important, but your concept of them can be allowed to simplify into a sort of stereotype, so that you can think of them as a simple object with certain properties and attitudes. Once such an image has been formed, you don't tend to change it too easily.

On top of this is man's natural instinct towards tribalism. The result is that if one of these groups which is not your own starts attacking something which your group supports, you go to war. It's an outside force running counter to something you favor, and the natural tendency is to attack it rather than think about it. Presto! Instant fan feud. At conventions, where other groups have the tendency to become people instead of fanzines, more feuds are ended than in any other fashion. The printed word in fanzines is unfortunate in this respect, because dialog takes so long, and you don't have a chance to modify what you've said until two issues from the one you said it in, when the returns are in. In a face-to-face dialog, misconceptions can clear up by magic. Obviously, sometimes they don't. But languages are set up in such a way that dialog is best carried out rapidly, restating and refining your position as you go, until the issues become clear. Three-fourths of any discussion is usually taken up with discovering the exact nature of the issues, and defining common ground. The rest is either taken up with name-calling or defining the (usually obvious) solution, depending on how well the first part of the process is carried out.

What's the solution? Well, the painless way is to attend a con and talk it out...rationally. This will accomplish the same thing as the second method, which is to realize that your group is not all-knowing and the Only Island of Rationality in a Beleaguered World, but one of several (or many) such groups, all with their own opinions. The various views may be demonstrably right or wrong individually, but you're sure as hell not going to bring the light of reason into the world single-handedly by standing on your own high horse, or that of your group. Reason Will Out...and even if it doesn't, the whole thing will blow over surprisingly quickly.

According to popular myth, you're always supposed to be able to sell your soul. I don't think I could take having it refused. The cover illustrator must really be the forgotten man of publishing. It's a crying shame for a member of IPA fandom to be treated so shabbily. Especially one as talented as Jack Gaughan. I remember his introduction at St. Louiscon. He's a true pro--good and on time. I've noticed something about his covers, too. He seems to me to exercise a sort of critical faculty on the books he does covers for. Regular potboilers get regular covers, but the really excellent ones, or at least some of them, seem to get special covers, with a lot of white on them. The Blind Worm and King Kobold spring to mind most readily as examples. I've never seen a Gaughan white-background cover on a truly mediocre book. How about it, Jack? Deliberate or no? They certainly are arresting; and, of course, good.

I'll admit you certainly have telephone problems. Our family is unique in my acquaintance though, in that we've had two of them. The first wasn't so bad. It came in the days of the changeover from operators to dial phones, so I'm too young to have experienced it directly (and I'm of age now--creak your bones, thou ancient ones who remem-

ber local operators). There was an insurance company, which also made loans, whose pre-dial number was 5811. Our dial number is 222-5811. The insurance company refused to put their new number on their literature. So, we kept getting calls where the person would launch right into a routine of, "Hey, listen, my dog just bit my wife and they both died and the tree in my front lawn just fell on both of them and my house and car, too, and the lightning that made the tree fall cut off both my legs and I can't make the next payment so could you..." On into the night with no chance to get a word in edge-wise. You have no idea how long people will blather when a loan payment is at stake. For the longest time my father kept interrupting them to tell them of their mistake, and then calling the loan company with complaint after complaint. No response. Nothing. They wouldn't be bothered. Finally, in desperation, my father hit on the perfect ploy. He played insurance man--the debtor's dream of an insurance man. "Sure, I realize things like that happen! Of course you can have an extra week! Take two weeks!" That's about how long the insurance company took to have new literature printed with new numbers, too.

A worse problem is our long standing similarity of numbers with the police department on the wrong side of the tracks. We average a call or more a month something like "(crash, bang) Hey, send a car (SMASH!!), uh, right (bang) away to Jake's (TINKLE) Tavern, we've (BANG, crash), ugh, got some trouble here." Those calls are infrequent enough to be fun. Slice of life sort of thing.

((Your analysis of fan feuding is, unfortunately, extremely accurate from what I've observed. I see such blanket oversimplifications all over, and am probably guilty of some myself. Perhaps if we all made a special effort...? Susan told about our half-dozen calls a day for the Motor League but didn't mention the calls we get for Eatons of Canada ("Where's my new bed?"), Womens' College Hospital ("So how's Mrs. Pulaski doing?"), The Alcohol and Drug Addiction Research Foundation ("My son says he wants to win a Hugo but I think he's just sniffing the corflu."), The Scarborough Board of Education ("Where can I learn to tie-dye?"), and the long-distance collect calls for Canada Cement. And I am not making any of those up.))

RICHARD HARTER I see that Ted Pauls is still singlehandedly taking on Ted White,
5 Chauncey St #2 Arnie Katz, Terry Carr, and all the rest of the Faanish establishment.
Cambridge, Mass. Hmm, looks like an even fight to me. It hardly seems fair to inter-
02138 vene, but who can resist the temptation? Ted White does make some
 vaguely valid points in his letter. It is unreasonable for someone
who doesn't know what is going on in fandom to vote in categories like best fan writer,
best fan artist, and best fanzine. However, the fact of the matter is that most people
who don't know what is happening in the fanzine scene don't vote in these categories.
His discussion of the merits and demerits of a large mailing list and its effect on the
voting has some point, but not much. It is true that a large circulation zine such as
LOCUS or SFR stands a better chance of getting nominated and of winning. Consider, how-
ever, the chap who sits in his attic and puts out a one-man fanzine which he sends to
no one whatsoever. It may well contain the very best writing in all of fandom. However,
if no one gets to read it then it isn't going to get nominated, and deservedly so. The
essence of writing, after all, is communication. Poor writing fails this test simply
because it is poor writing. But good writing which is hidden also fails this test. I
think that some effort should be made to look under rocks for hidden treasure but there
are limits. One can find a lot of worms and slugs that way that are best left hidden.
In any case, I don't think that there is any real difficulty about a high quality zine
with a circulation of two to three hundred getting on the ballot. It takes surprisingly
few votes to get on the ballot in most categories.

I do have one suggestion for the Hugo nominating procedure and that is to use multiple
nominations. (This is something which does not, as far as I can tell, require any rule
changes.) One general trouble with the nominating procedure is that in a number of cate-

gories one or two of the nominees get a majority of the nominations. Who else gets on the ballot depends highly on the vagaries of bloc voting for some local favorite, and random chance. I suspect that the procedure would be much fairer if everybody nominated three candidates for a particular category.

((I agree whole-heartedly with the multiple nomination idea. Why not propose the change in Boston, Dick? I'm sure it would get a lot of support.))

JAMES GODDARD Alex Eisenstein's comments re Ballard interest me in a number of ways, 1 Sharvells Road but primarily as someone who has a great interest in Ballard's work, Milford-on-Sea and as someone who has corresponded at length with Ballard about his Lymington, Hants. work. For a start, Ballard has never seriously tried to claim that England his writing is surrealistic. Ideas like this start because people misinterpret what he has said about his own work. Ballard has said, "All my fiction is really the substitute work of an unfilled painter." (Direct quote from an interview with Ballard in CYPHER 3), no mention of surrealist there. Of course, the surrealist painters have an obvious fascination for Ballard, as witness a lot of his reviews in New Worlds, and other British periodicals, but to say that Ballard tries to emulate them, using words instead of paints, is an absolute fallacy.

Ballard is a writer, and the fact that his work is not easily categorised into any of the regular genre divisions can't alter this. Most people seem to forget that Ballard doesn't write SF at all, he is a writer of fantasies, beautiful, imaginative fantasies, many of them, and as such his work need have no point of contact with real-world literary restrictions. He is an artist in words, and the undiscovered places of time and space are his canvas. He has no need of wrapping his creations in the arbitrary trappings of genre writing. Of course, we all know that Ballard's writing is set in an unreal world, that the happenings he propounds could never really come about, but the same, surely, applies to most other SF writers, or writers whose work has been labelled SF. I can see Ballard taking the same step as John Wyndham did with his British publishers, refusing to have them published under the SF banner. To suggest that Ballard is a mediocre craftsman is laughable. He is one of the most able and literate writers working today in the SF field. I will admit that his characters, sometimes, are wanting, but with Ballard characters aren't the most important component of a story, and, on occasion, neither is plot. What is important to him is imagery, style (something, which despite Alex's statement, Ballard has in abundance) and the evocation of the seemingly impossible. At this he succeeds. It all seems to boil down to the fact that Alex has decried what he has been unable to understand.

GRANT CANFIELD Mike Gilbert wants fan artists to "experiment" more, I see. I dun- 328 Lexington no. I suppose he's right. I suppose there is a static quality, a San Francisco, CA. "sameness" to most of the fanart appearing these days (as well as 94110 pro art), but I just haven't seen enough fan art to be able to express a definite opinion. Certainly much of the work I do see in fanzines is of an astonishingly high quality (such as ConR's heading for the Gaughan article in #6). And certainly, much of it is crap. Wouldn't Sturgeon's Law apply here the same as anywhere else? I know that I have contributed a sizeable quantity of pure debris in the past year (or can debris really be "pure"?), including at least one of the illos you used with my article. But I'd venture to say that the bulk of the material I contribute to fanzines, however "good" or "bad", is significantly "experimental". I was trained in architecture, not fine arts, so everything I do in the field of illustration or "art" has to be something in the way of an experiment. I don't have formal training; I'm just trying to train myself. I consider myself fortunate that fanzines can provide me with a "medium of exposure" for my work, since many of my experiments are unsuccessful (and are therefore successful in another way: I might as well learn

from my mistakes.) For instance, Jerry Lapidus wrote that he considered much of my work to have a "hard" or "harsh" quality which he found unpleasant. I think that is a reasonable criticism; certainly a criticism which I cannot deny. Perhaps it is a function of my architectural background--perhaps I am used to thinking in terms of hard edges. At any rate, it is a quality that I sometimes try to work with, sometimes try to combat. And sometimes I am successful. And sometimes I'm not. That's the way it goes. But "experiment"? I think I do. Or at least I try to. The two illos you used as covers on #6 were, for me, experimental. They reflect a concern and interest I had been developing at the time (and which is reflected in some of the rest of my work from the same period, which isn't that long ago) for contrast, an optimum usage of black vs. white. And, I think, they show that I may be developing a better understanding of the page (its dimensions, proportions, limitations, etc.) than I have previously consciously exhibited. I've done some other experiments recently, including collage. Some collage based pieces are due to appear soon in other fanzines. Fanzines don't offer much opportunity for color experimentation, obviously, but I even got a chance recently to try my hand at that. The result is due to appear, in three colors (pre-separated), as the cover for Jay Zaremba's THE ESSENCE #5. So, in answer to Mike's plea for more experimentation (I realize he means in content as well as stylistically), all I can say, thinking it a worthy challenge, is, "Well, I'll try..."

BOB SILVERBERG	I meant to write you early in May to tell you how much I enjoyed
5020 Goodridge Ave	ENERGUMEN 6 & 7, I really did....but I've been on holiday from the
Bronx, N.Y.	typewriter all this time, and the holiday seems to have extended to
10471	letter-writing as well. And now, of course, all those sharp first
	impressions have blurred and faded. But you have a damned fine mag-
	azine there, anyway -- attractive, intelligent, coherent.

The stuff I recall best now are Grant Canfield's marvelously funny (and occasionally profound) thing about art criticism, and Susan's piece on G.H. Hardy -- both of considerable interest to me because of the way they key into my own current complex & constantly shifting theories of the role of the creative artist: Hardy's notion that a mathematician is a maker of patterns, a creator of abstract figurations, sits well with my present notions of novel-as-verbal-object, and no I do NOT want to put these notions on paper for ENERGUMEN, or for anybody else. And Canfield, though his apparent intent is a burlesque, gets down a lot of Real Stuff about the relationship of the artist and his audience, which as you learned at the Lunacon is a problem I've been brooding over too. So thank you for those two fine items, and for all the peripheral stuff in both issues that I enjoyed without salting away for later reflection.

A pity that such an intelligent girl as Susan should make such a botch out of understanding my TOWER OF GLASS -- this a response to her LOWDOWN evaluation, which seems a total misreading. First draft, indeed. But I do believe in the possibility of redemption from sinful error: perhaps she'll be her usual clear-eyed self when she gets to the new one, SON OF MAN. I'm most curious to hear reactions to that one, and am perturbed by the possibility that the \$1.25 price will turn people off. If there's one book of mine that I want the whole world to read, it's that one.

JERRY LAPIDUS	Grant's article puts to shame any further ideas about "artists not be-
54 Clearview Dr	ing able to write well," or similar claptrap. An outstanding piece;
Pittsford, NY	the humour is excellent, though subtle, and the serious points under-
14534	neath it are not at all lost in the lighter tone. One of the most en-
	tertaining pieces I've read anywhere in quite a while, and the illos
	by the artist/author are only icing to the cake. Good things from Mike and Jack too--
	no slight here--and altogether a very nice collection of insights into the minds of the
	three artists. Though I expect some will find this a bit much on a single topic in one

issue, I applaud it; this allows for direct comparison/confrontation, and actually enhances each of the individual articles.

As partial comment on Mike's comments to Ron, let me note the rise in some areas of a sort of anti-nostalgia, somewhat in reaction to the nostalgia wave. In theatre, where perhaps this trend is most noticeable in shows like "No, No Nanette" and "70, Girls, 70" --shows of the old style and proud of it--we have "Follies" in reaction, the latest production of Harold Prince and Stephen Sondheim. In a show that on the surface seems another paean to the Good Old Days, we actually have a literate and uncompromising look at modern society--a look rarely seen on the New York stage at all, no less in the musical theatre genre. Can we not see some of this in the field of art and specifically fan art? The use of techniques and styles very familiar to the audience to examine themes and ideas perhaps not so familiar? Certainly Delany and Zelazny have used old-time sf literary forms in new and different ways. Why then do we condemn the Austins and the Fabians for employing accepted techniques, simply because the techniques are not "new?" The important question concerns what they're doing with the techniques, not whether the techniques themselves are unique. And this question doesn't seem to be getting much airplay these days.

"I think it will be quite a while before the majority of Hugo voters are sufficiently familiar with the music scene for an album to make the final ballot." So much for Mike Glicksohn, Boy Prophet. Anyway, to Dave Hulvey's list of major sf rock albums, we should also include the Moody Blues "To Our Children's Children's Children" and the Stones' "Their Satanic Majesties Request," both unquestionably sf in theme and content.

I can't help but agree with you on the subject of the fan artist Hugo, and the proposed rule changes. Much as I'd like to see a better chance given to people like Bill, I agree that this would both be difficult to administer and would lead to a ridiculous proliferation of categories. That's one reason I really hoped Rotsler would win the TAFF race last year; Elliot is a great guy and all that, but perhaps winning might have given Bill some of the recognition he so richly deserves.

Although I'm not anywhere near as nuts about the fannish greats as Arnie is, I must confess his choice for a first column--and in fact the idea for the column itself--are both precise and to be commended. I think I could get tired of too many fannish reprints from Arnie and Terry after a while, but so far they've all been quite enjoyable.

Um. I think this is it. [These seven legal-sized typed pages are] Probably the most I've ever written to a single faned in one letter. And you, unfeeling as you are, will probably use TWO PARAGRAPHS of the damn thing!!!

((It never occurred to me that the vast majority of nominees would vote 'No Award' in the Best Dramatic category, thus allowing the records to get on the ballot with a mere handful of nominations. I wonder if 'No Award' will be the winner this year? Sorry to use so little of your excellent letter, Jerry, but it was too much, too late. But I did use six paragraphs--so much for Jerry Lapidus, Boy Prophet!))

AND NOW SOME SHORT QUOTABLE QUOTES:

GREG SHAW: "You know, we live in curious times. Fandom seems more "polarized" than anyone ever dreamt it would get. Most fanzines today are dull, dull, seemingly fascinated with every slight tremor in the pro world, much like fanzines in the 1930s, only worse. Yet what kind of alternative do we fanzine fans offer? There's quite a few zines of lighthearted chatter, but they're missing something too. The really great fmz of the past had equal amounts of fan humor and SF talk, they were much more balanced. And you seem like a throwback to that area, able to talk shop with all the precocious budding writers/hotshot critics, and also to relax and have a good time drinking bheer with the fans."

MORRIS KEESAN: "I refer Ted White, in his statements about limited circulation fannish fanzines, to the definition in the Legal Rules: 'Any generally available non-professional magazine devoted to science fiction, fantasy, or related subjects...'"

WILL STRAW: "Willis was fine this time, but he never seemed to make up his mind between an all-out piece of humor and his actual feelings on Fan Status And What It Means. The concluding pun seemed almost contrived; word plays lose their effect on me if I think the writer has been directing the whole flow of the article in order to set himself up. I think BoSh surpassed him this time; Shaw spent a good deal of space building up his frame, like Willis, but the climax seemed an integral part of the article, not something added to round it off nicely."

BOB VARDEMAN: "Rosemary's column points out what makes for a very good fanwriter. Not so much writing about entertaining stuff but writing entertainingly about things that others would never consider to be fit topics. Relating about arsonists and junkies and grubby landlords and the like doesn't sound like it could be hysterically funny. By the time I got to the point where Mike was lamenting the loss of all those ENERGUMENS, I had changed my mind. Definitely and totally. It's not what you say, but the way you say it. And Rosemary says it beautifully."

GENE WOLFE: "Glad to see my Milford sparring partner iron-jaw Keith Laumer (the man of whom Voltaire said, "His employment of sarcasm sometimes exceeds -- you take my meaning, ami?") in your pages. No one else is so adept at puncturing an inflated opinion or a Montgolfier manuscript; no one else is so admirably persistent, so sound of strategy, so damnably clever, in his attempt to deflate a stone. How much richer we would all be without him. And how much flabbier."

ALEXEI PANSIN: "I was shocked to read in ENERGUMEN 6 that Andy Offutt had a writer's block for forty-five minutes. The chance to finish two books, gone, just like that."

HOUSTON CRAIGHEAD: "The Rotsler cartoon section is terrific! I am framing two of them for hanging on my office wall. For my money, Rotsler and Tim Kirk are the best fan artists going--by far. I fail to see everybody's fascination with Alicia Austin. She's o.k., but she's not at all humorous--and those beaded naked ladies become boring after awhile."

NED BROOKS: "...for the great unwashed a western must look like a western, a gothic like a gothic, and sf... Now that I think of it, I'm not sure this can be applied to sf. The sf pb covers are so varied now, I think the great unwashed are confused. I've noticed that the clerks in the pb places (who I suspect are illiterate - probably chosen for that reason, so they don't get eyetracks on the stock) often put mainline books with weird covers in with the sf, and sf with 'non-sf' covers in with the mystery books or the mainline. Currently two different local stands have THE STAR LOVERS in with the sf --I didn't recognize the author so I looked into it. It's about Rock stars, a groupie novel or somesuch..."

AND, LASTLY, WE ALSO HEARD FROM (AND WOULD HAVE LOVED TO INCLUDE HERE, BUT...): Bill Bowers (who!?), Kenneth Faig, Rick Stoker, Jodie Offutt, Cory Panshin, Yale Edeiken, Devra Langsam, George Proctor, Ron Clarke, Michael Teruya, Cy Chauvin, Jan Evers, David Hulvey, Jeff Schalles, Alpajpuri, Jim Andriano, Dan Osterman, Don York, Tim Murphy, Rich Benyo, Gregg Davidson, Bruce MacPhee, Bill Rotsler, Connie Faddis, Ruth Berman, Sandra Miesel, Mae Strelkov, Vincent Di Fate, C. Lee Healy and Dave Piper. PHONE CALLS were received from Andy Porter, Arnie Katz, Cliff Stenberg, Randy Bathurst, Jonh Ingham, and Astrid Anderson. LAST MINUTE COMMUNICATIONS FROM A. W. Knox, Robin Shuster, J.K. Klein, Bruce Gillespie and Mike Glycer. ENERGUMEN has been, is, and will be primarily a response-oriented fanzine so all locs are greatly appreciated. However, if you wish your comments to be published, please type your letter. All hand-written locs will go into the WAHF section. The last line of the table of contents was inadvertantly omitted: it should read DESIGN CONSULTANTS: DELANNA DESIGNS. See you in Boston -- peace.



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