J.Barr-1973

Blank Page

ENERGUMEN

15

The fifteenth and last ENERGUMEN is brought to you by Mike and Susan Glicksohn from 32 Maynard Avenue, #205, Toronto, Ontario M6K 2Z9. It is available for appropriate prior expression of interest or for $1 a copy (no US stamps or checks, please.)

CONTENTS

COVER by George Barr.
"For a friend - a rose and a tear"

THE LAST FEEDBACK FROM THE MIKE by Mike Glicksohn. Some explanations, reflections and figures..... 2

MY 2¢ WORTH by Susan Glicksohn. A three part goodbye with a variety of sentiments..... 10

KUMQUAT MAY by Rosemary. The last installment by way of an explanation and farewell..... 18

ALAS! POOR NERG... A folio..Facing 18

STATIC. Letters, quotes and generous helpings of egoboo, tastefully garnished with exquisite illustrations for your reading pleasure, including a folio by Bill Rotsler facing L17 and artwork by James Shull, Ron Miller and Steve Stiles facing L23.

BACK COVER by Steve Fabian.

ART CREDITS

Terry Austin	2,18
Randy Bathurst	L2
Grant Canfield	1,7,L5,L8,L9
Derek Carter	L1
Gregg Davidson	10,16,L17
Jack Gaughan	14,15,17
Jay Kinney	4
Tim Kirk	5
Bill Kunkel	L5
Bill Rotsler	8,9,L6,L11,L13,L14, L16,L20,L22,L24,L25, L28,L29
James Shull	12
Dan Steffan	L0

SUAMI PRESS PUBLICATION #33

may 1973

How do you introduce the last, full-circle issue of a fanzine like ENERGUMEN when that issue is less a fanzine than a mammoth egotrip? Do you point out how ENERGUMEN began as an "art-conscious" fanzine and comment on the pleasing symmetry of ending in a similar vein? Do you apologize to those coming here expecting to find a science fiction fanzine and confronting instead the blatant exhibitionism of this final issue? Do you comment on the difficulty of "topping" ENERGUMEN 14, or on the impossibility of finding a format that will ensure no loose ends after the final issue? Or do you simply have a lot of fun wrapping up a fanzine that has tried to have a bit of fun with every issue and hope that a sympathetic audience can stand the sight of so much naked ego? Rhetorical questions, of course. For better or worse, this is ENERGUMEN 15; we hope you'll enjoy it.

In issue 13, in announcing the planned end of the fanzine, I wrote of trying to finish ENERGUMEN "with a little class...no loose ends, no gradual fading away, but a blaze of glory..." Well, I always was a pompous bastard. I saw issue 15 as a wrap-up issue consisting primarily of the letters on #14 and designed to leave as little dangling discussion as possible. But while it was tying up as many loose ends as it could, I also wanted #15 to be a memorable conclusion to ENERGUMEN: part of that cliched "blaze of glory" I'd written about. And how could one issue accomplish two such opposing aims?

It was obvious from the start that as long as this issue contained a healthy letter column, there would be no way of wrapping things up completely. Every letter published would doubtless cause some fan somewhere to leap for the typewriter in joy or anger, only to be pulled up short by the thought that the lack of another issue would deny him or her the chance to refute/commend the arrogant fugghead/perceptive critic who'd written such a letter. I accepted that, for there was nothing we could do about it, other than publishing a follow up issue of letters on the letters, and that way lies madness. But it did seem reasonable to try and restrict the written contributions in #15 to material that essentially summed up what it had been like to produce or write for ENERGUMEN: material which would hopefully be of interest to you, without provoking much in the way or argument or discussion.

Editorials alone, though, scarcely make for a memorable fanzine and letters are soon forgotten, no matter how cleverly written. So this issue also features material I think is memorable, material that can be appreciated and enjoyed and remembered, but again material which will not create a lot of discussion. (Comments, however, are hoped for and will be welcomed and forwarded to the contributors.)

In a veritable orgy of editorial swollenheadedness, I wrote to the artists who have helped make ENERGUMEN whatever it is today and asked for one last contribution: an artistic reaction to the demise of ENERGUMEN, for a folio to be published in the last issue. The response was simply overwhelming. With characteristic generosity, the artists showered us with cartoons and comic strips and serious illustrations. And as egocentric as it most certainly is to end the fanzine with such a tribute, we hope you'll forgive us this excess and share with us and enjoy the output of some of the many talented artists who've helped us with ENERGUMEN.

Inevitably, with a summation of this type, you must draw the line somewhere and exclude things that you'd have liked to include. With just the letters and the artwork, this was close to being the biggest ENERGUMEN yet. It just wasn't feasible to ask for a contribution from each of the many fine writers who have given so much of their time and skill to the fanzine. So I regretfully forced myself to limit severely the written contributions to the issue. But no-one has been intentionally slighted: forty-nine different writers contributed to the main pages of ENERGUMEN and we are sincerely grateful to each of them. Without them, and without the fifty-five artists whose work graced these buff and blue pages, this fanzine would not have existed. And perhaps the eighty-seven creative people in these two groups will allow me to thank on their behalf the exactly one hundred different published letter writers who responded to what they had done and so helped make their efforts worthwhile.

And from me, personally, a word of appreciation to every writer, every artist, every letterhack, and every subscriber who has helped create ENERGUMEN. It's been a lot of fun, and worthwhile too, and I hope you've enjoyed it as much as I have.

+ + + + + = + + + + +

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST... In issue 13, I wrote an overview of my thoughts on ENERGUMEN in which I tried to express, in my stiff and serious manner, what the whole thing had meant to me. I'd like to add to that here with a few personal and hopefully more informal reactions to these last fifteen issues.

Did ENERGUMEN really "burst upon the fannish scene" back in February of 1970 as it says in the lettercolumn of this issue? I'd say that was a bit of an exaggeration, but those early issues did garner a fair amount of favorable reaction and even by the second issue NERG was being touted as an 'art-oriented' and 'appearance-conscious' fanzine. In AMAZING John Berry described issue 2 as "literate from cover to cover", "pleasing to the eye" and "neatly typed and mimeographed." Blush.

Looking back at that first issue, though, I find the production values embarrassingly inept, at least by my current standards. What may have been "neatly mimeographed" in those halcyon days seems downright spotty to me now. Did I really publish -- and distribute -- such faded pages? And what clumsy slipsheeter allowed those set-off pages to appear? If nothing else, then, I guess ENERGUMEN has helped raise the standards of fannish mimeography, and that strikes me as a good thing.

It's usually difficult to view something you're closely associated with in the proper perspective, so if everyone felt that ENERGUMEN immediately became known as a superiorly-printed fanzine, I'll have to accept that. But there had to be more than just neat printing to account for our early 'fame.' To me it's clear that NERG owes its success to the presence of a group of relatively new and extremely talented people in those early issues who carried it, and me, to fannish notoriety on the points of their pens.

I was fortunate indeed to be able to introduce to the general world of science fiction fanzines five people then comparatively unknown to fandom at large. Alicia Austin, Derek Carter, Angus Taylor, Rosemary Ullyot and Susan Wood had all had previous contact with various fringe areas of fandom, but through ENERGUMEN they received their first consistent exposure to fandom. And as they became "known", so did the fanzine. By utilizing "new" talent, as well as artwork from most of the established fanartists (one definite advantage of having spent three years in fandom before publishing a fanzine), NERG was able to achieve an atmosphere of freshness and energy that is essential in a fanzine. Add to that vigour printing that was at least competent, and the "rich get richer" principle ensured that by its fourth issue NERG was attracting "outside" contributions from writers and artists who were able to maintain the momentum of the earlier issues.

"LOOK AT IT THIS WAY...AT LEAST YOU'RE IN GOOD COMPANY."

In addition to having a growing variety of contributors, my own fairly catholic interests in matters fannish and science fictional meant that those early issues weren't typed as either particularly fannish or sercon, so writers in both areas felt at ease contributing material. Sandra Miesel became a regular contributor of scholarly critical articles while Bob Toomey felt at home with a fannish column. And as my ability with a mimeograph increased, artists such as Grant Canfield and Jim Shull started to view ENERGUMEN as a fanzine where their work would receive the quality treatment it deserved. With such an array of talent behind it, how could any fanzine be other than successful?

While much of the success of ENERGUMEN was due to the new talents who so generously contributed to its pages, it would be remiss of me indeed not to mention three "old timers" whose support and encouragement was also instrumental in the growth of the fanzine. The talents and the generosity of Jack Gaughan, Bill Rotsler and Harry Warner are legend throughout fandom. All three made major contributions to ENERGUMEN and helped to shape its continuing development.

Continuing development? Yes, I think so. I'm not going to try and discuss if or when ENERGUMEN "settled down" into a fixed format, or became "bland", I'll leave that for the fan-historians. The basic idea of ENERGUMEN as a genzine in which artwork was of major importance was clear from the start. Yet looking back over the last fourteen issues, I can see improvements in every issue, both in conception and in execution. And each time that first copy of a new issue was collated and stapled, I've felt that we'd put together our best issue yet. While this may be totally subjective, it's what keeps a faned publishing.

Once the basic idea of what an ENERGUMEN was had become established (but never static), the fanzine could almost have run itself. But it didn't. Despite the idea

that genzine editors are essentially "passive", accepting whatever comes their way and cobbling together an issue as best they can, NERG was usually not produced that way. Certainly we got a great deal of unsolicited material, some of which we used, but as much again was material we specifically requested. And if an unsolicited contribution, article or artwork, didn't fit a particular issue, we simply held it until we had the right spot for it. So there is a degree to which the production of ENERGUMEN was a creative procedure, as well as being an act of spontaneous generation. Whatever that may mean.

As satisfying as it was to conceive and carry through an idea for an article or an issue, I certainly can't deny the thrill of a really worthwhile unsolicited contribution. Several of our best published pieces were windfalls of this type: the Avram Davidson letter, the Walt Liebscher Noreascon report, and the reminiscences of Bill Watson, for example. Bill Rotsler's piece last issue, which perfectly complemented the rest of the issue, arrived completely unexpectedly, although Bill did know all about the theme. And how much different might things have been if I hadn't received, back around issue three, an envelope of sketches sent to a two-year old address and miraculously forwarded to me, along with a note to the effect "I'm trying to get into fanzines and yours has been recommended to me...Grant Canfield"? The rich get richer.

Speaking of getting richer, that anecdote exemplifies perhaps the greatest reward we've had from publishing NERG: it's brought us into contact and helped us make friends with a lot of truly fine people. Oh, perhaps we'd have met them anyway, at conventions or through other fanzines, but there's something about sharing the creation of a fanzine that's a little special. And we have NERG to thank for special friends such as Bill and Joan Bowers, and John and Sandra Miesel, and Walt Liebscher, and Grant Canfield, and John Berry, and Roger Bryant, and Jim Shull and Andy and Jodie Offutt, and many many more. Long after all the egoboo has faded away and "ENERGUMEN" is just another fanzine title, these will be the important and lasting results of having published this fanzine.

Still, everybody likes to imagine that he's been responsible for Important Events and Significant Changes, so what, if anything, can we give ENERGUMEN the credit or the blame for? Are things any different in the world of fanzines and fandom because we've spent part of the last three years producing NERG? Well, probably not, but as I suggested earlier, perhaps we did raise the standard of mimepgraphy slightly. And just possibly NERG had a hand in increasing fannish awareness of matters such as layout and reproduction and artwork and (dare I say it?) "graphics", and if matters got a little out of hand, well the original idea remains sound. And possibly too ENERGUMEN had a part to play in adding to the amount of feedback and commentary on artwork, and that's another positive thing to my mind. On the negative side, a large part of the responsibility for the "sercon-fannish war" could be placed here, although fortunately that's one tempest that appears to be already forgotten. And some have argued that the sizeable amounts of money we put into NERG created a false impression that only an expensive fanzine could be a top fanzine. From the number of simple unpretentious fanzines still arriving here, though, I'd say this accusation was largely unfounded. Overall, then, I would have to realistically conclude that NERG was a good fanzine, but scarcely any sort of focal point in fandom. So it goes.

What was ENERGUMEN then?

Maybe ENERGUMEN was one of the best mimeographed fanzines of its time...and maybe not. Perhaps it was the best-mimeographed fanzine of its time...and then again, perhaps not. To me it was full page drawings by Alicia and bittersweet columns by Rosemary and intellectual wordgames by Angus. It was scholarly research by Sandra and perdue-like articles by Susan and editorials that never said what they were

supposed to say. It was affectionately derogatory remarks about OUTWORLDS and jokes about mathematics. It was striking offset covers and art folios by Rotsler and Barr and Carter and Canfield and McLeod. It was fannish and sercon and the best of both. It was writers talking about writing and artists talking about artwork and fans talking about fanning. It was IPA and Monty Python and the Goon Show. In other words, it was a fanzine; but our fanzine, or my fanzine, and that says it all.

+ - + - + = + - + - +

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY... In the preceeding comments, I mentioned the alarm in some areas of fandom over the amount of money we spent on ENERGUMEN. Now I personally feel that this is entirely our own concern, and if we want to and can afford to indulge ourselves where the fanzine is concerned we shouldn't be criticized for that choice. However, during 1972 we did keep accurate records, and the totals were a bit shocking even to me! The figures are a bit misleading since some of the printing and supplies were used on this 1973 issue and we sold a few more copies of #14 this year, but here are the crude figures:

EXPENSES		INCOME	
Postage:	$256.57	Sales:	$367.50
Printing:	$231.60	Radio show:	$ 26.80
Supplies:	$364.56		
Misc.:	$ 53.59	TOTAL:	$394.30
TOTAL :	$906.32		

(APPARENT) LOSS FOR 1972: $512.02 !!!!

As I said, these figures do not reveal the exact picture, and since I'm not an accountant there are probably credits and debits that I simply forgot to include, but they give a pretty fair idea of the situation. In addition, I must point out that owing to fortuitous circumstances, a large percentage of the stencils and the ink we used in 1972 didn't cost us anything, and of course every single electro-stencil was completely free, a saving of at least $100, perhaps much more. It may boggle your mind, but I wouldn't have done it any other way.

-oO(+)Oo-

I am by nature a maker of lists and a keeper of records. More for my own interest than anything else I've drawn up lists about ENERGUMEN and the people who created it and they appear on the following pages. Those with absolutely no interest in knowing who had the most drawings in ENERGUMEN or how many full page pieces of art we printed have my permission to skip this section. But there's a quiz later on...

Facts & Figures

ENERGUMEN

Approximate Circulation:

Issue #1	170
Issues #2-4	220
Issues #5-13	245
Issue #14	295
Issue #15	245

Number of Covers	30
Number of Pages	684
Number of Folio Pages	81
Number of Supplement Pages	23
Number of Foldouts	4
TOTAL PAGES -----	822

WRITERS

Listings for contributors of written material are in alphabetical order and show Number of Issues-Total Pages Contributed. Page count includes artwork used with the material. An 'r' indicates reprinted material.

John Baglow	2-6	Peter Gill	1-2	Andy Offutt	2-9
Fred Barrett	1-2	Manning Glicksohn	1-3	Ted Pauls	5-17
Greg Benford	1-2	Mike Glicksohn	15-97	E Hoffman Price	1-3r
John Berry	1-2	Susan Glicksohn	14-71	Bill Rotsler	1-4
Marion Bradley	1-5r	Charles Haines	1-4	Darrell Schweitzer	1-2
Bubbles Broxon	1-2	Joe Haldeman	2-2	Bob Shaw	1-3
Roger Bryant	1-2	Margaret Hamer	1-3	Bob Silverberg	1-12r
Ginjer Buchanan	1-3	Don Hutchison	2-9	Rick Stooker	1-3
Grant Canfield	1-7	Arnie Katz	2-10	Angus Taylor	7-21
Terry Carr	2-3	Dean Koontz	1-4	Bob Toomey	3-10
Avram Davidson	1-4	Jerry Lapidus	3-14	Rosemary Ullyot	14-51
Lydia Dotto	1-4	Tony Lewis	1-3	Harry Warner Jr.	1-2
John Douglas	1-4	Walt Liebscher	2-7	Bill Watson	1-5
Janet Fox	1-1	Jerry Logher	1-2	Ted White	2-15
Jack Gaughan	2-10	Sandra Miesel	5-21	Walt Willis	1-3r
Mike Gilbert	1-4	Debbie Munro	1-1		

ARTISTS

COVER ARTISTS

Alicia Austin	3	Alex Eisenstein	1	Tim Kirk	2
George Barr	2	Steve Fabian	3	Joe Pearson	1
Bonnie Bergstrom	1	Ken Fletcher	1	James Shull	2
Grant Canfield	3	Jack Gaughan	2	Dan Steffan	1
Derek Carter	2	Rudy der Hagopian	1	Bill Rotsler	2
Gregg Davidson	1	Eddie Jones	1	Art Thomson	1

INTERIOR ARTWORK

Artists are listed in alphabetical order with an indication of 'number of issues-number of drawings +number of full page illustrations(if applicable)'. As the listing is for appearances, multiple uses of a single drawing are counted separately.

Alpajpuri	4-8	Ken Fletcher	1-1	Jim McLeod	10-20+3
Alicia Austin	9-51+4	Jack Gaughan	5-11+7	Sandra Miesel	5-7
Terry Austin	6-20+2	Mike Gilbert	7-27+1	Ron Miller	2-1+1
Brad Balfour	2-2	Alexis Gilliland	9-16	Paul Neary	1-1
George Barr	2-1+9	Giminez	1-1	Dan Osterman	6-7
Randy Bathurst	5-8+4	Rob Gustaveson	1-1	Joe Pearson	1-1
Bonnie Bergstrom	5-6	Rudy der Hagopian	5-8+1	Andy Porter	4-7
Bernet	1-1	Joe Haldeman	1-1	George Proctor	1-1
Dave Birdsong	1-3	C. Lee Healy	4-6+1	George Rolfe	2-2
Kathy Bushman	1-1	Jonh Ingham	8-20	Bill Rotsler	14-76+24
Grant Canfield	9-34+9	Frank Johnson	1-1	Jeff Schalles	4-5
Derek Carter	12-26+12	Jay Kinney	5-14	James Shull	9-20-2
Jeff Cochran	3-8	Tim Kirk	12-20+2	Dan Steffan	5-15+1
Gregg Davidson	6-8+1	Bill Kunkel	3-3	Steve Stiles	1-0+1
Vincent Di Fate	4-4	Marty Larson	1-1	Mike Symes	4-5
Paul Docherty	2-2	Chris Lea	1-1	Michael Teruya	2-5
Steve Fabian	1-0+1	Murray Long	1-1	Art Thomson	2-2
Connie Faddis	7-6+3	Barry Kent Mackay	1-1	Bjo Trimble	4-5
				Bernie Zuber	2-2

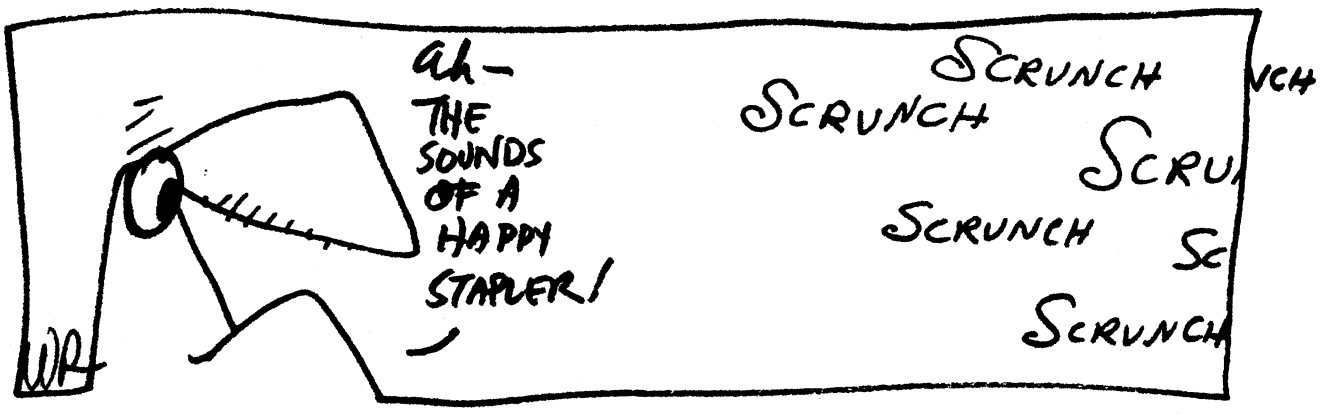
LETTERHACKS

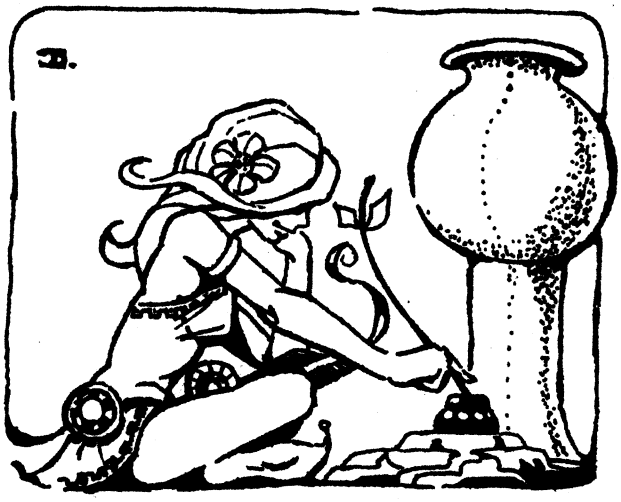
ALL-TIME energumen CHAMPIONS -- EIGHT LETTERS EACH

Jerry Kaufman Jerry Lapidus Sandra Miesel Harry Warner Jr.

Seven Letter Men: Roger Bryant David Hulvey Six Letter Man: Mike O'Brien
Five Letter Men: Mike Deckinger Grant Canfield Darrell Schweitzer

Most Often Short Quoted: Aljo Svoboda





My 2¢ Worth

SUSAN GLICKSOHN

What are you supposed to write when something you married, something you've shared your life with for three years, is being killed?

A polite obituary? A gut-wrenching True Confessions analysis? A chatty fannish goodbye?

A polite obituary would follow the lines set down by Michael in the preceding pages. I've been associated with ENERGUMEN ever since the first issues were hacked out on my old portable in the den at the William Blake People's Memorial Revolutionary Collective in Ottawa. From the first I, a relative neo, was proud to be associated with such a handsome,interesting project, not to mention its handsome,interesting editor. We have both, in our different ways, worked hard on the fifteen issues. The results have given us pleasure; there is nothing, absolutely nothing, to compare with the moment when you hold the first collated copy of a four-months-in-the-making issue in your hands. It even makes de-slipsheeting worthwhile! And then there's the egoboo. Yes, it matters, too, that ENERGUMEN has given You Out There pleasure, interest, intellectual stimulation, even the proper degree of annoyance to write setting us right--or to do better yourself! In the three years of publishing NERG, we have had three, only three, days on which the mailman passed us by. Today, the box contained...three birthday cards for Mike. I'll miss that egoboo, and the communication with fandom that it represented.

Keep in touch, please?

In the process of fifteen issues, I have developed my writing skills (and to some extent my editing, layout, mimeographing, de-slipsheeting and bundling-into-envelopes skills)--a process made entirely possible by You Out There. That this encouragement includes two Best Fanwriter nominations leaves me delighted, a bit croggled (do you really think I'm <u>that</u> good?), a bit hassled (since my advisor wishes I'd get on with my blasted thesis...however)--and determined to write more. Which brings me to the Real Soon Now Fannish Syndrome. I finished my three doctoral comprehensive exams just a year ago; and have been working on an extremely complex thesis, absolutely the first in my field, involving just about every English and French Canadian novel ever published, as well as history, sociology, sermons, criticism...roughly the Canlit. equivalent of writing a history of international sf <u>and</u> of fandom. I was also involved, until Hugo time, with TORCON 2, and am still planning a major fanhistory display for it (HELP!!! Ideas? Material you could lend, under strict security? Please!) And I've been ill, and... Anyway, this is getting out of obit into True Confessions. The point is, I simply have not, for the past 18 months, had the time or energy for much fanwriting. The drawings accompanying this article have no apparent association with "My 2¢ Worth." But they in fact represent what <u>my</u> part in the Death of ENERGUMEN is all about. Each of those drawings has

been sitting in the fanart file for over a year. I kept two of them to use with a planned-but-never-achieved study, in my own personal-cum-academic style, of children's vs "adult" fantasy. Still mean to write that, someday. Call it ENERGUMEN fallout; and watch for it, probably (oh, treason--still, he needs help) in OUTWORLDS.

I would like to add to what Mike has said: the whole ENERGUMEN experience, egoboo and all aside, has meant a great deal because, through these pages, I have met a great many fine, talented, GOOD people. New fans, old fans; Harry Warner and C. Lee Healy; Walt Liebscher and Grant Canfield; too many names to list--but I must single out Sandra and John Miesel, Bill and Joan Bowers, and Mae Strelkov.

ENERGUMEN took one hell of a lot of work. Nevertheless, I think it was a good fanzine. And it was more. It introduced me to a lot of really fine people. To everyone who helped create these issues: thank you. Say goodbye, as we must, to ENERGUMEN: but don't say goodbye to us!

+ - + = + - +

The True Confessions version would be about saying goodbye to something that was never mine to begin with. About how it was, as Peter Gill always called it, "Mike's Fanzine," even though initially, at least, he tried hard to share it with me. About how discouraged I would become when everyone in fandom (and Mike too, it sometimes seemed) seemed to regard my contribution as worth exactly two cents. About how, initially, I had four years experience writing, editing, and doing layout for a damn good (right, Richard Labonte? right, Elizabeth Kimmerly?) university newspaper--and I resented that those skills were ignored, partly by Mike, partly by You Out There (dammit, Jerry Lapidus, if the drawing is facing off the page it's to make a particular point, not because I'm ignorant of basic layout rules!) About how we were trying to work out an equality-based marriage in a society which considered ENERGUMEN "Mike's fanzine" and Susan "Mike's wife"--that nondescript, mousy-haired girl with the glasses who did some writing, but mostly ironed the shirts, cooked the meals, did the housework, tried to keep up her graduate-school work (on the grant that basically supported us and NERG for the first year) and was available for the shitwork: collating, stuffing envelopes, baking cakes for the collators. And who tried not to mind when Boy Wonder increasingly retreated from her into his study to type stencils, write locs, design layouts, and generally fanac.

That sounds bitter. It isn't meant to be; it's just meant to be frustrated. Michael insists that two people cannot co-edit a fanzine without either compromise or destructive tensions. For the former: we tried, after my long comics article, co-editing the lettercolumn so that I could reply to various comments. It was, frankly, very difficult. We have also tried several times going through the locs together, selecting passages to print, WAHFs, etc. Again, compromise; and Mike doesn't want to compromise. As a writer and editor (THE CARLETON; ASPIDISTRA--and yes, yes, yes, there WILL be a last ASP) I fully sympathize. Yet as a wife, as a person with some relevant talent, and a person whose life was completely bound up with the magazine, (no matter who physically typed the stencils or whose money paid for the Gestetner) I feel that ENERGUMEN was as much my magazine as it was Michael's.

Compromise: and conflict. In the old days, sf was a male-dominated hobby, tolerated by disinterested wives. This attitude was summarized perfectly by Gregg Calkins, former editor of OOPSLA, in a loc on E 12: "I'd have to say that I prefer the conversation of men to that of women, by and large. I find what the men have to say more interesting than what the girls have to chatter about." So! When at different conventions I was discussing mediaeval history with Sandra Miesel, or running a worldcon with Joyce Katz, or the role of the monarchy in the Canadian constitution with Leigh Couch, or the problems of running a large-circulation genzine with Dena Brown, or creative writing with Rosemary Ullyot...I was just chattering. Thanks. Well, that attitude is changing. But the problems I have faced will recur, again and

again. I refer you to GIRL'S OWN FANZINE #1, edited by the Duchess of Australian Fandom, Sue Smith--engaged to Ron Clarke, and now residing at 78 Redgrave Rd., Normanhurst, NSW 2076, Australia. In her first issue Sue asks the all-important question: "Would you marry a fan?" She gets a lot of interesting replies. Mine would be: "That depends. On you. On the man. On whether he/she uses fandom to enrich life--or to escape from it. Or whether you do the same. And on what you intend to do as a fan couple."

Compromise and conflict: I was thinking about the whole problem when I got separate pieces of mail from Seth McEvoy and Jay Cornell, friends who used to publish the interesting, informative, chatty personal-newzine, AMEBOID SCUNGE. Apparently they've split up--because of editorial differences. I'd like to see a discussion of the whole co-editorship problem, particularly from the Coulsons, the Luttrells, the Bushyagers and the Browns. I notice, for example, that despite all Dena's work, LOCUS is still generally regarded as "Charlie Brown's zine." How do you split up the work, cope with problems of compromise or open disagreement, even deal with niggling little things like a package of absolutely great art from a Big Name, obviously meant for "your" magazine, which you can't open at 9:30 am because it's addressed to Mike only and he's at a staff meeting until 5:30?

The True Confessions version would also include a lot of confused and rather bitter stuff about Growing Up In Fandom. About trying to distinguish the people who can become real, true friends from the host of acquaintances who seem friends, who share your thoughts and your company and your hospitality--and then remain superficial convention "friends", vanish, or become actively hostile. The True Confessions article would equally involve a heartfelt tribute to that very abil-

ity to make almost instant contacts, far more easily than in "mundane" society. Fans are interesting, outgoing people. Fans will talk to you. John Millard, a member of First Fandom and TORCON 2 Chairman, talks to me as an equal, and trusts me to organize an important display--a display presenting fannish history and traditions made years before I was born (HELP!!!) The fact that, within fan society, John Millard, Walt Liebscher, Leigh Couch, Harry Warner will treat me as a person, and as an equal, is very, very important and meaningful. The True Confessions article must involve a tribute to the generosity of fans, an overwhelming generosity which outweighs all the silly feuds (forgotten a year later), all the "friends" who turn out to actively dislike you, all the people you want to know--who've vanished from your superficial acquaintance by the next convention.

And I appeal to that generosity.

There is a warm, wonderful, fascinating lady in Argentina who has become, for me, a True Friend on paper. Her name is Mae Strelkov. Many of you know her too, from her letters and articles in CRY, ENERGUMEN, OUTWORLDS, WSFA JOURNAL, MOEBIUS TRIP, PLACEBO, GEGENSHEIN, TOMORROW AND..., ASPIDISTRA--and I know I've missed many, many other fan contacts too. I would like to meet her; and I think other fans would enjoy her company too. That is why, on the basis of a suggestion I made a year ago in ASP, and following the enthusiastic reception of that suggestion, Joan Bowers and I have started The Mae Strelkov's Friends Fund. You may already have heard of this: the Official Organ is the Bowers' INWORLDS, but it's been mentioned in LOCUS, SCUNGE and various other places (it seems, in fact, to have Plunged All Apa-45 Into War, but that's another story.) Basically, the fund, a non-profit organization, hopes to raise $700 US to fly Mae from Buenos Aires to DISCON II in Washington in 1974. We need: cash donations, obviously. Please make cheques payable to Joan Bowers, Box 148, Wadsworth, Ohio 44281. If the trip doesn't materialize this money will be refunded. We also need material for a fan auction: items already received include sets of DOUBLE: BILL and OUTWORLDS, art from the Glicksohn collection, and a fantastic package of art from Steve Fabian. For details, get a copy of INWORLDS (25¢) from the address above. Finally we'd like material for a joint Glicksohn-Bowers fanzine. Think about it!

Fandom is really a good place to be. In the month since the Fund was announced, we have received $193, plus masses of auction material. Please keep up the support!

Fandom is a group of people, a set of attitudes, a set of traditions. As I work on the Strelkov Fund and the fanhistory display, the "All Our Yesterdays" Room, I come to value them more and more. ENERGUMEN introduced me to them. That's what it means to me.

- + - = - + -

And the fannish goodbye? That's really a "hello!" ENERGUMEN has given me a whole new way of looking at the world. I used to be that sorry spectacle, the would-be creative writer who had the honesty to realize that the world did NOT need another bad novelist; so she became a Creative Critic instead, not because (as writers usually charge) she wanted to be a parasite on their efforts, but because she had some genuine skill at interpreting an artist's work to the public. She did, however, remain in Abject Awe of Real Live Writers.

See Little Susan Neo at Fan Fair 1 in Toronto, overcome because GoH Roger Zelazny talked to her about a review she'd done of LORD OF LIGHT. See Little Susan Neo, thrilled because she'd written an academic paper on THE FOUNDATION TRILOGY--and had received two encouraging letters from Dr. Asimov in response to the idea, and the paper. So she packed five people into her beatup VW , drove fourteen hours to Boston--and found Dr. A doing his Dirty Old Man act, with time to grab but not to talk. So she talked to Mike Glicksohn instead, and...

Susan the Canlit student, 1973, at a poetry reading, saw her longtime Favourite Canadian Writer and heroine. Afraid to approach the lady, until she told herself, firmly: "Pretend she's Robert Silverberg." And trotted over to tell the Favourite Writer how much she admired her work. And discovered, again, that Writers are People and People are Human and Human Beings are Appoachable. See Bill Rotsler's article in ENERGUMEN 14. NERG has helped me meet, and get to know, all sorts of people --from Aljo Svoboda, out there in Orange, California, lamenting he's a neo who'll never get to a con, to Bob Silverberg the fan who published SPACESHIP 1 in 1949 when he was fourteen. NERG has introduced me to Famous Pros and Famous Fans--and has helped me realize they are all people, appreciative, not of adulation or Abject Awe, but of honest egoboo.

And ENERGUMEN has warped my mind.

I have developed a Fanwriter's Outlook on life.

A month or so ago, I was racing down the subway stairs to catch my train home from the university. A scruffy-looking individual rushed even faster, jostling several middleaged ladies, and me. "Sorry" he muttered. I, with my arms full of Canlit books, pointedly ignored him. And the train pulled out without us.

"So what were we all rushing for?" said A Voice. Naturally: it was Scruffy, a fiftyish, bearded, beknapsacked, comfortable-grubby-clothes Individual. Then he noticed the books. "THE HOMESTEADERS! FRUITS OF THE EARTH! TRENTE ARPENTS! What, my dear, are you doing reading those? Are you...Interested in Canadian Literature?"

Now he seemed apologetic, pleasant and interesting--and after a solid year of, basically, only talking to the mailman, the lady in the post office who thinks I must eat stamps, and the checkout girl who charges me more for milk each week, I, who Do Not Talk To Strangers, Ever, decided to smile and chat. The disapproving stares of the growing crowd of matrons added to the fun of our mutual game.

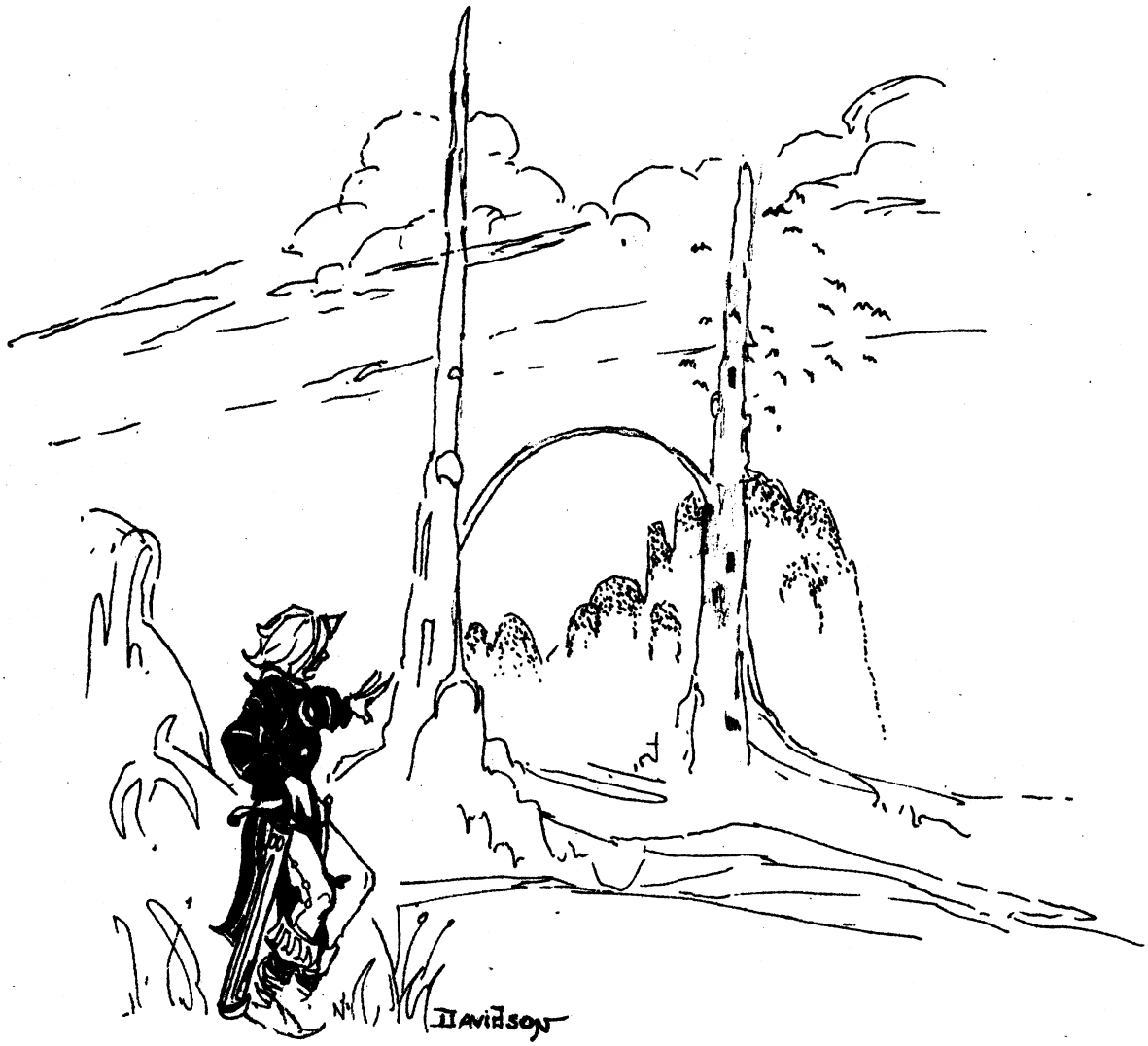
Mainly, though, a little voice in my head was saying: "He seems like A Character. Make him into a fanzine article."

Scruffy Individual didn't really want to talk about Canlit. He wanted to talk about Unknown Canadian Authors--namely him, Hal Conroy, author of A MUG OF BOATY TEA (Toronto: PaperJacks, 1972. 95¢. Buy it.) He produced a battered copy, proudly. He was An Author!

"Oh!" I said brightly. "Of course! I haven't read your book," (his beam of appreciation vanished)"because I'm so busy with my thesis. But I did read the review in BOOKS IN CANADA"(basically a Canlit fanzine) "and it sounds Absolutely Fascinating." He agreed; and promised faithfully to send me a copy--he'd appreciate "intelligent response."

Writers appreciate response. Unknown Authors crave egoboo. He flattered me, I flattered him, we had a pleasant subway and streetcar ride. He tried to pick me up, a process I usually detest, but it was Part of the Game. And, too, it was part of the little voice, which said: "Shit! Wow! Nothing like this ever happens to me. Rosemary, all the time, column-worthy things happen to her. Not me. Gotta remember all this. What a great fanzine article!"

"Let me take you away from all this. A lovely girl like you shouldn't be wasting her time on dull books like those. You can crew on my boat--she's a lovely boat--and we'll have all sorts of adventures for another book. And (with a well-practised leer) my intentions are 99.4% pure." I declined, gracefully--as I was supposed to do. What Mr. Conroy really wanted was not my off-white body and pleasant smile, but a sympathetic audience to whom he could discourse about his Life as an Eccentric



Character (he insists, for example, on sailing only under the Irish flag) and, especially, to whom he could read a long, enthusiastic review/biography on A MUG OF BOATY TEA--written by the friend who illustrated the book.

I played Susan the Admiring Audience. He played Artist Flattered by Sensitivity of Sweet Young Girl. We both enjoyed ourselves, got off the King streetcar at our respective stops, and went on with our lives.

And I kept thinking, not "What a Great Eccentric Character"--this nutty writer with his boat, his wolfhound, his carefully-maintained image, his deliberately-weird opinions (I refused to argue with him, and spoil the mood; read the book, he really is outrageous)--but "What a great Eccentric Character to use in a fanzine article!"

Problem: when Mike got home, and I recounted my adventure, his reaction was "Oh yeah, that old guy. I see him all the time on the subway, chatting up young girls." Conroy never sent me the book, either. Now: which of those facts do I use as my punchline?

I see the world through the eyes of a fanwriter. Recently, Mike and I were witnesses at the civil wedding of two local fringefans. The affair was a potential fiasco from beginning to end, because the presiding judge had been called away unexpectedly to pass sentence in the criminal court next door. The hall and a small waiting room were filled with a complete cross-section of humanity: brides in long white

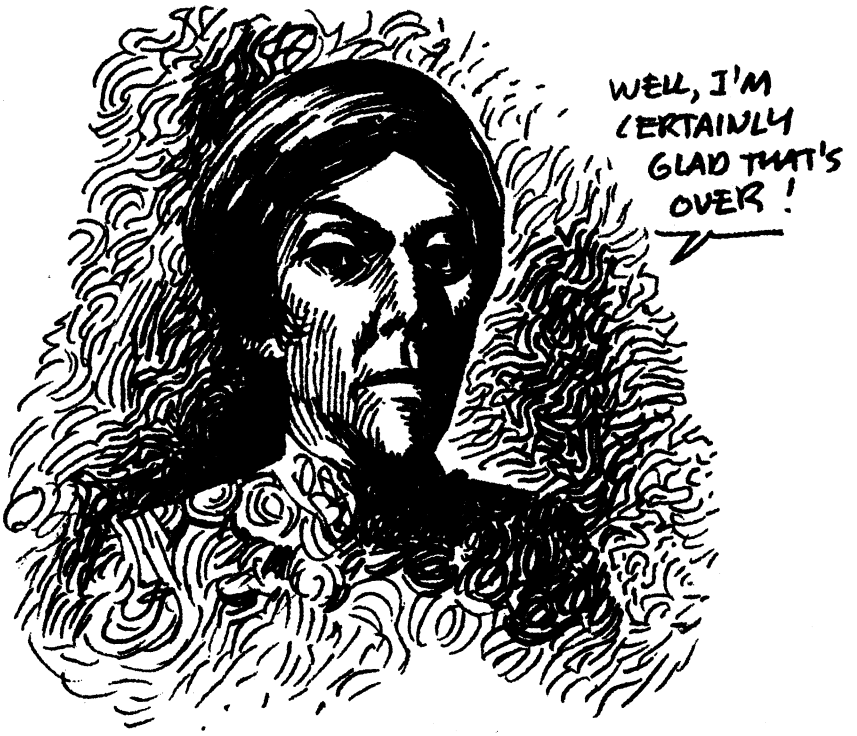
dresses (mother of the bride: "I didn't think they let you get married in white in City Hall"), brides in pastel dresses with artificial flowers in their elaborately lacquered curls, brides in jeans, grooms in jeans, a hippy groom with flowing hair and a blue velvet suit and his granny-gowned lady, anxious parents, crying children, masses of people piled up, waiting, waiting. A hassle? Hardly. Mike, Ken ("our" groom) and I kept saying "Did you see that?"--that being something like a 300-pound female blob, trailed by a depressed looking skinny kid in burgundy jeans, who waddled into the judge's private chamber chewing gum--and waddled out four minutes later, a ring on her pinky and the gum still sloshing in her mouth. "Did you see that? What an incredible fannish article this would make! Wow! Ken, you've gotta write up your wedding! Far out! Hey, look over there..."

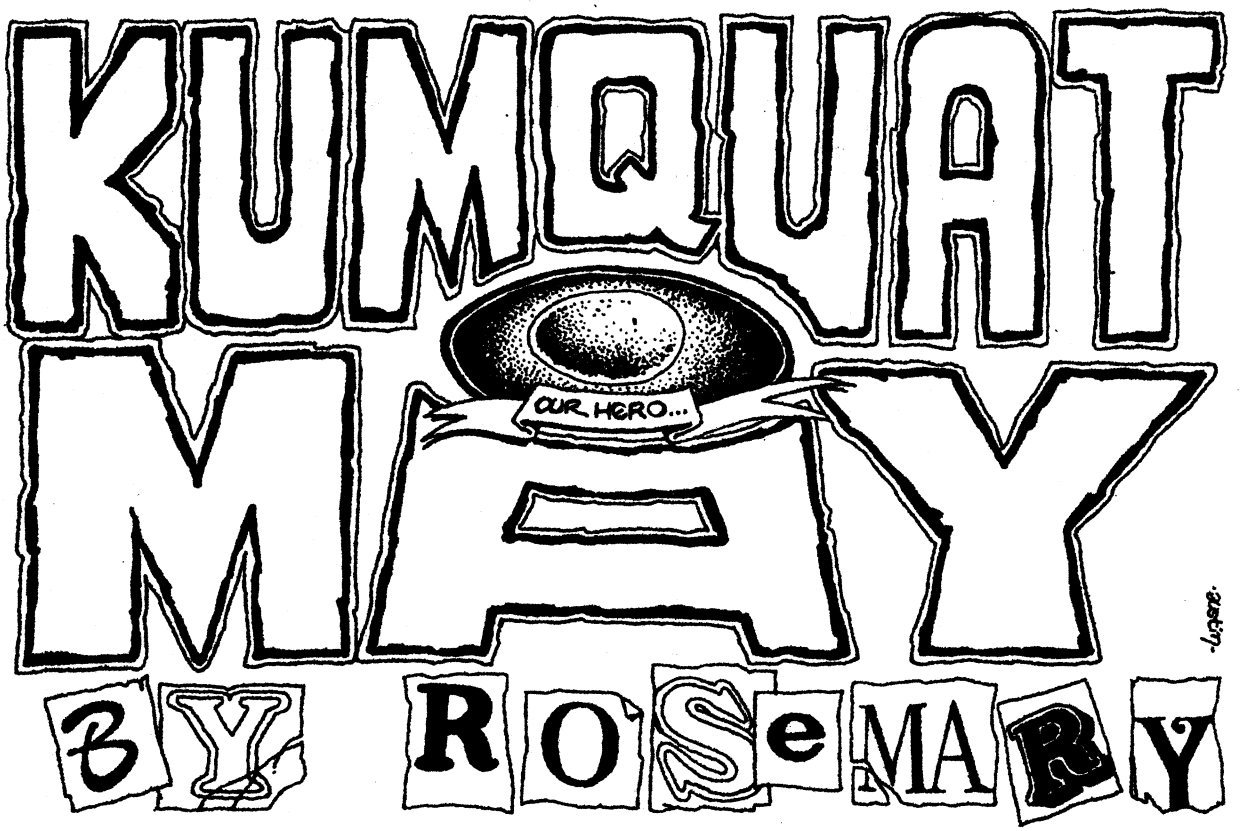
And that, too, is what ENERGUMEN has done for me.

I hope that, even with the pressure of NERG's deadline, and my sense of responsibility (gotta be good, it's for Mike) gone, I'll keep looking at the world through a fanwriter's eyes. I want to redeem promises I've made to the Luttrells and the Bushyagers--after TORCON, please, people. I have promised Joan I'd help Bill raise the level of OW. For that matter, I have a terrible guilt complex: for THREE YEARS I have owed Pete Weston of SPECULATION and Bruce Gillespie of SFC at least a meaty loc, better yet, a good scholarly article. Please, have patience; I cannot spend all day on literary criticism, and then turn to producing the type of serious writing you want and deserve. So: NERG has not made, but confirmed me, as a fanwriter. Not goodbye: hello.

Frustration and rewards. ENERGUMEN has meant a lot to me. I initially rebelled against Michael's decision, but I soon came to agree with it: better to sum up the whole thing, finish it, start in new directions (hello, XENIUM) than let something that meant so much to both of us drift off into fanzine limbo. (Whatever happened to the Willis issue of WARHOON?)

It's been a good fifteen issues, old friend. I'll miss you. Goodbye.





Writing last columns is a drag. They invariably turn into sentimental drivel. This, therefore, will be short, sweet, and, I hope, painless.

The other day someone asked me why I wrote the column. The only answer I could think of was that one day a long time ago Michael asked me to, I did, and the whole thing sort of snowballed.

It started out, albeit unintentionally, as a sort of 'Chronicles of the Canadian Fannish Renaissance' and ended up as a misconceived 'Perils of Rosemary.'

"Kumquat May" never really said anything. It wasn't supposed to. Looking back on it, I suppose it was an unconscious effort to introduce our segment of Canadian fandom to fandom in general, and in that respect I think it succeeded. I never had any pretentions about the column. If it had any purpose at all, it was to amuse by describing events as I saw and lived them.

I've been getting a lot of flack lately about the column. People didn't like it because it wasn't fannish, or it wasn't sf, or it didn't build strong bodies twelve ways. I've been called trite, banal, witty and absurd. The criticisms are all valid. I have on occasion been all these things. But I have amused people. And at the risk of being called banal, trite and sanctimonious, I've never hurt any one and I've never started a Great Fannish Feud. (Actually, I've always wanted to start a Great Fannish Feud, but I never knew how.)

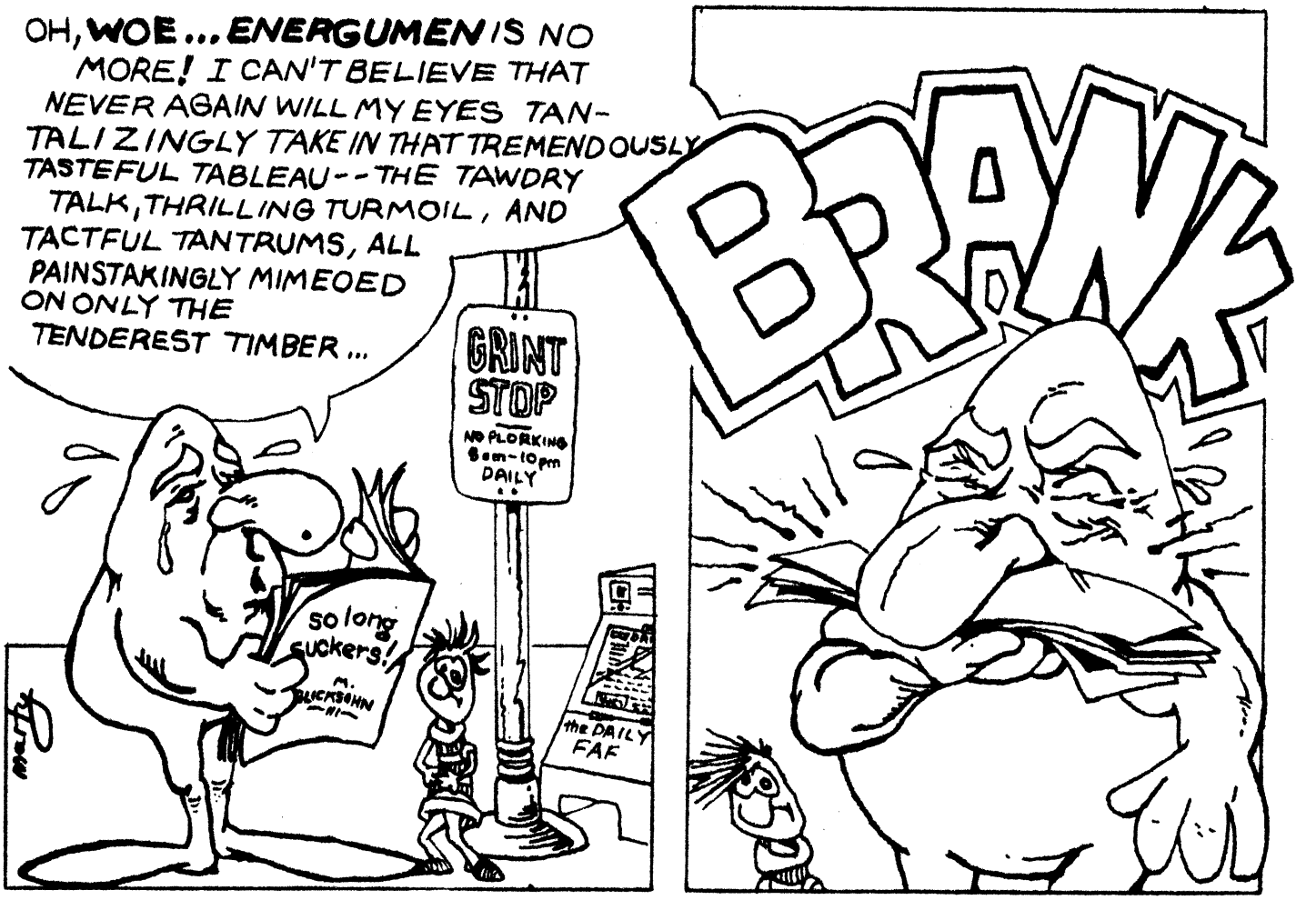
Harry Warner summed up the column very nicely in TOMORROW AND...9. He said: "Individuals are in the long run the most important things in the world, and some professional publications deal only with great masses of individuals because they lack the space to take them up one at a time. If fanzines have the space to describe what one human being does and thinks, then the world is a better place. /Rosemary's/ adventures make me feel that the world is worth preserving for the sake of such individuals."

I'm grateful for people like Harry. They read, they enjoyed.

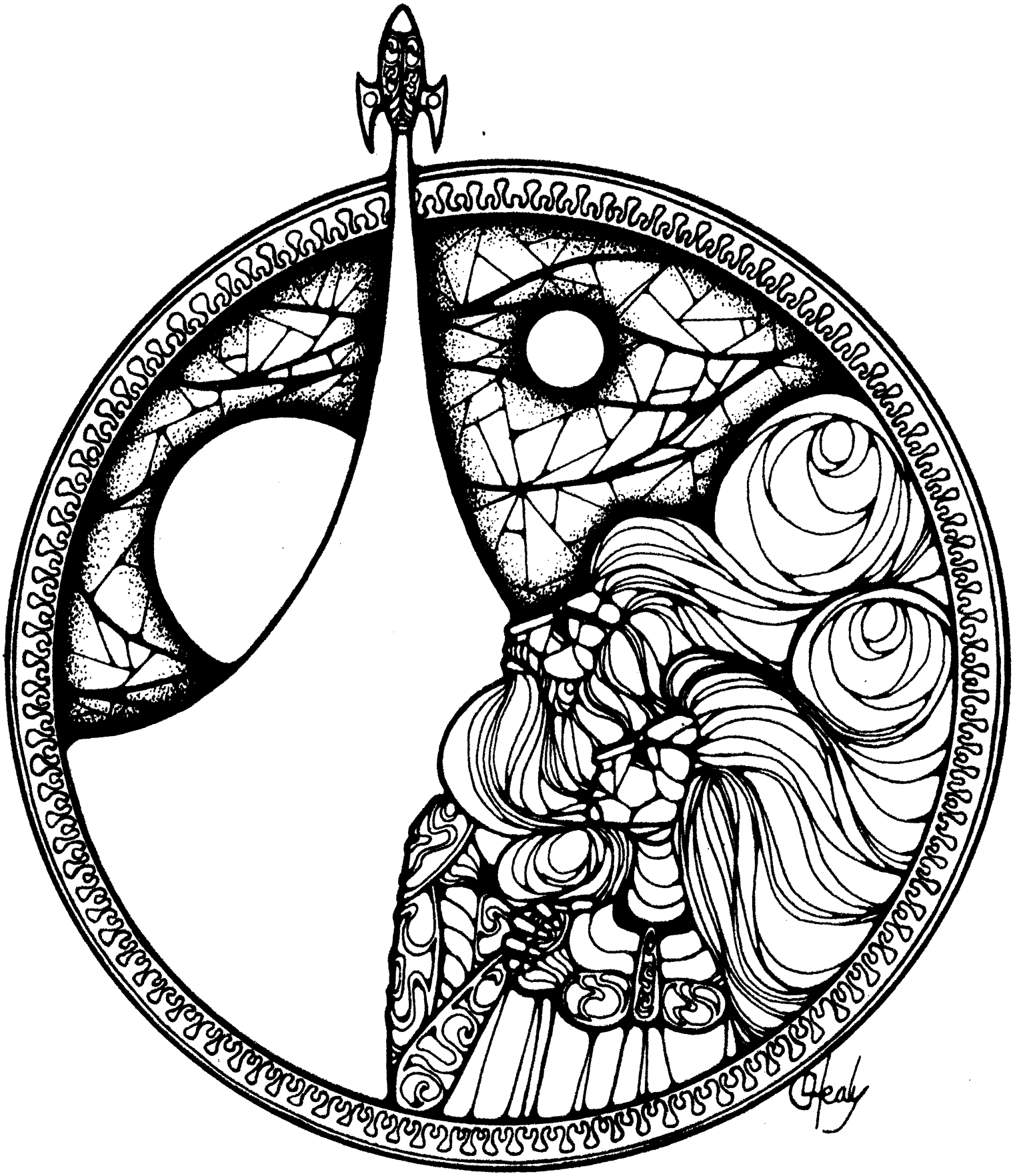
alas! poor Nerg...

A serious and sensitive folio of artistic reactions to the announced demise of ENERGUMEN by Grant Canfield, Marty Larson, C Lee Healy, Jack Gaughan, Randy Bathurst (4), Gregg Davidson, Terry Austin, Bill Rotsler, Jack Gaughan, James Shull, Jack Gaughan (3), Terry Austin, Grant Canfield and Tim Kirk.

Blank Page


OH, WOE... ENERGUMEN IS NO MORE! I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT NEVER AGAIN WILL MY EYES TANTALIZINGLY TAKE IN THAT TREMENDOUSLY TASTEFUL TABLEAU--THE TAWDRY TALK, THRILLING TURMOIL, AND TACTFUL TANTRUMS, ALL PAINSTAKINGLY MIMEOED ON ONLY THE TENDEREST TIMBER...
so long suckers!
M. BLICKSOHN
GRINT STOP
NO PLORKING 8am-10pm DAILY
the DAILY FAF
BRAM

Blank Page

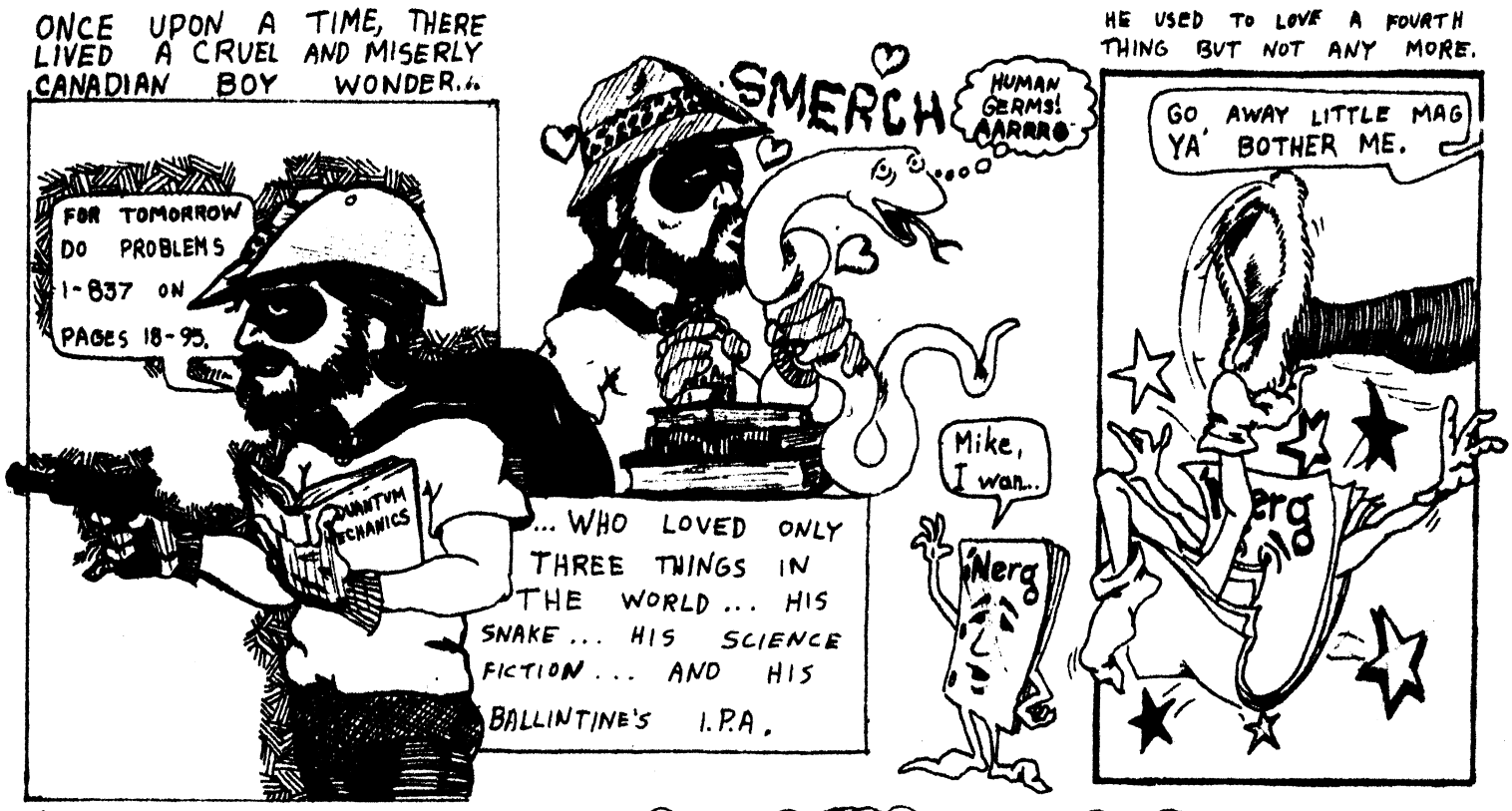


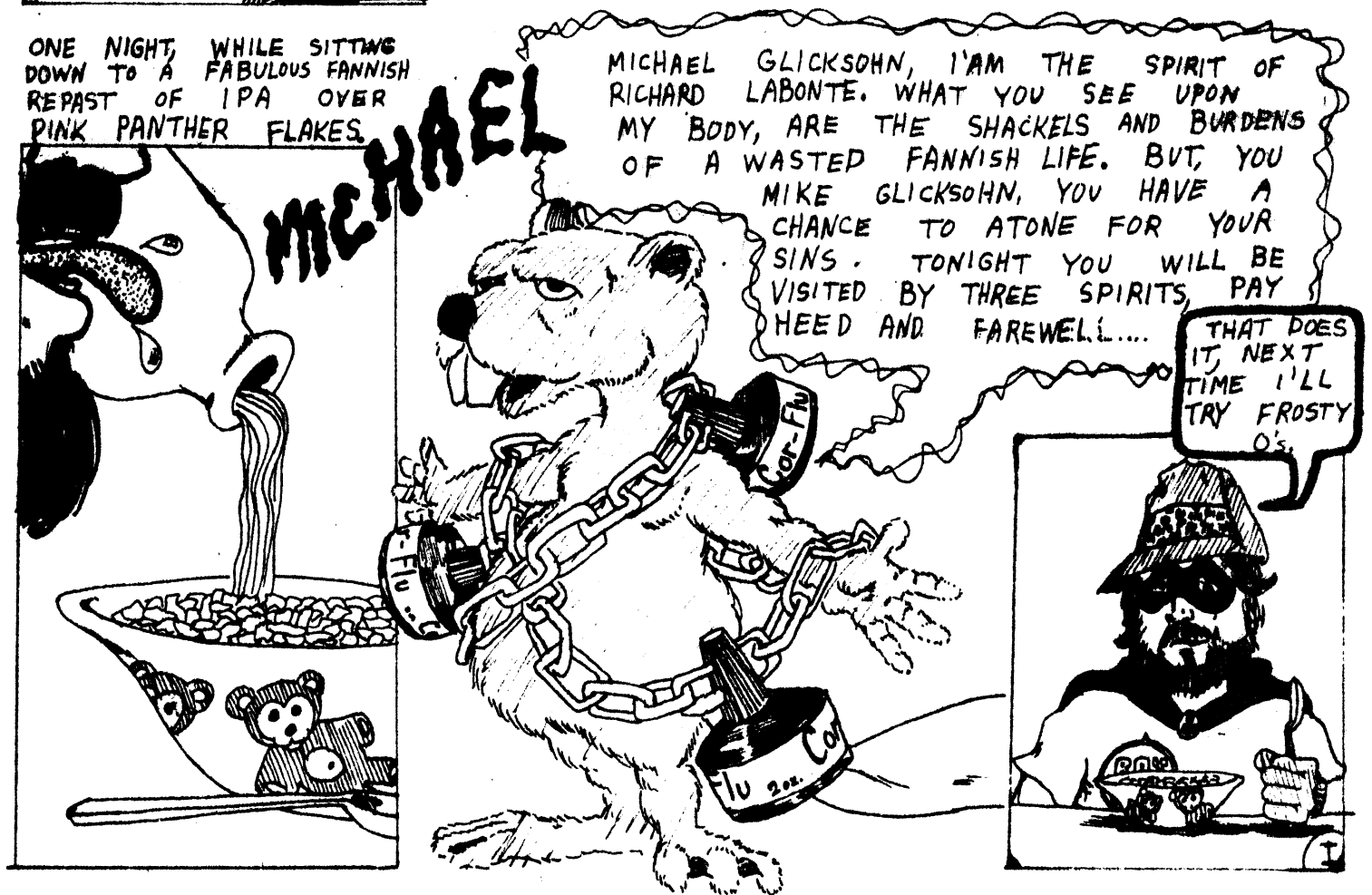
Blank Page

NO! IT WASN'T THE HUGO THAT KILLED THE BEAST---
--IT WAS THE CANADIAN EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM!
IF FOUND RETURN TO M. GLICK-SOHN

Blank Page

A Canadian Carol with a cast of 5 are





Blank Page

THAT MIDNIGHT.
DADDY!
WHAZZAT?
I AM THE GHOST OF ENERGUMEN PAST, AND I HAVE COME TO SHOW YOU...
Nerg
THIS!
REMEMBER. THOSE LOVELY EARLY ISSUES, AND THAT FANTASTIC ARTWORK BY AUSTIN, BARR, CARTER, KIRK, GILBERT, AND ROTSLER. NOT TO MENTION THOSE ARTICLES BY SUSAN WOOD, I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?
NOT TO MENTIO
GET LOST!
THUD

Blank Page

NOW LET'S SEE, WHERE WAS I... ... OH YES.... SHE CAME RUNNING TOWARDS ME, THE SUNLIGHT STREAMING FROM HER LITHE YOUNG BODY...
... THROWING HESELF INTO MY ARMS, SHE PROCEEDED TO... HUH.. WHAT... OH NO, NOT ANOTHER ONE!
AHEM
TUG
TUG
TUG
I AM THE GHOST OF THE PRESENT DAY, AVANT GUARDE, TASTEFUL ENERGUMEN, OLD TOP.
Nerg
YOU WERE GETTING PRETTY CLASSY, INTRODUCING NEW TALENT. SUCH AS STEFFAN, McLEOD, SHULL, CANFIELD, & TERRY AUSTIN. ALL IN ALL VERY CLASSY, EXCEPT FOR A FEW LAPSES OF TASTE BY THAT BATHURST FELLOW.
Nerg
ASS•CLASS•CL
SS•CLASS•

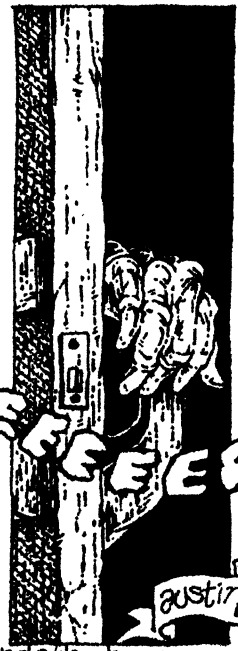
Blank Page

GET OUT OF HERE NOW!
BOY
WELL... I NEVER.. ... I....
Nerg
GOOD BYE!
HE'S GONE NOW TEDDY WE'RE ALL ALONE AGAIN.
NOT REALLY BOY, I'M THE GHOST OF ENERGUMEN FUTURE. AND I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU TO TORCON 3, IN THE YEAR. 2052. SO BRACE YOURSELF.
erg
Nerg
5 6 7
SAY DID YOU HEAR THAT MIKE GLICKSOHN IS DEAD.
WHO?
DIDN'T HE AT ONE TIME PUT OUT A FANZINE.
HEY THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME.
YEAH.:. ENERGUMEN.
GESUNHIET
NO.....NO. I'VE BEEN FORGOTTE.... HUH WHA... OH.. IT'S ALL BEEN A BAD DREAM....
... I WONDER WHAT BROUGHT IT ON.... GUILTY CONSCIENCE, UPSET STOMACH, TIGHT JOCKEY SHORTS... WHAT?
AH.. HA. WHO PUT CORFLU IN MY IPA
SNIFF SNUFFLE
THE END
-bathurst-

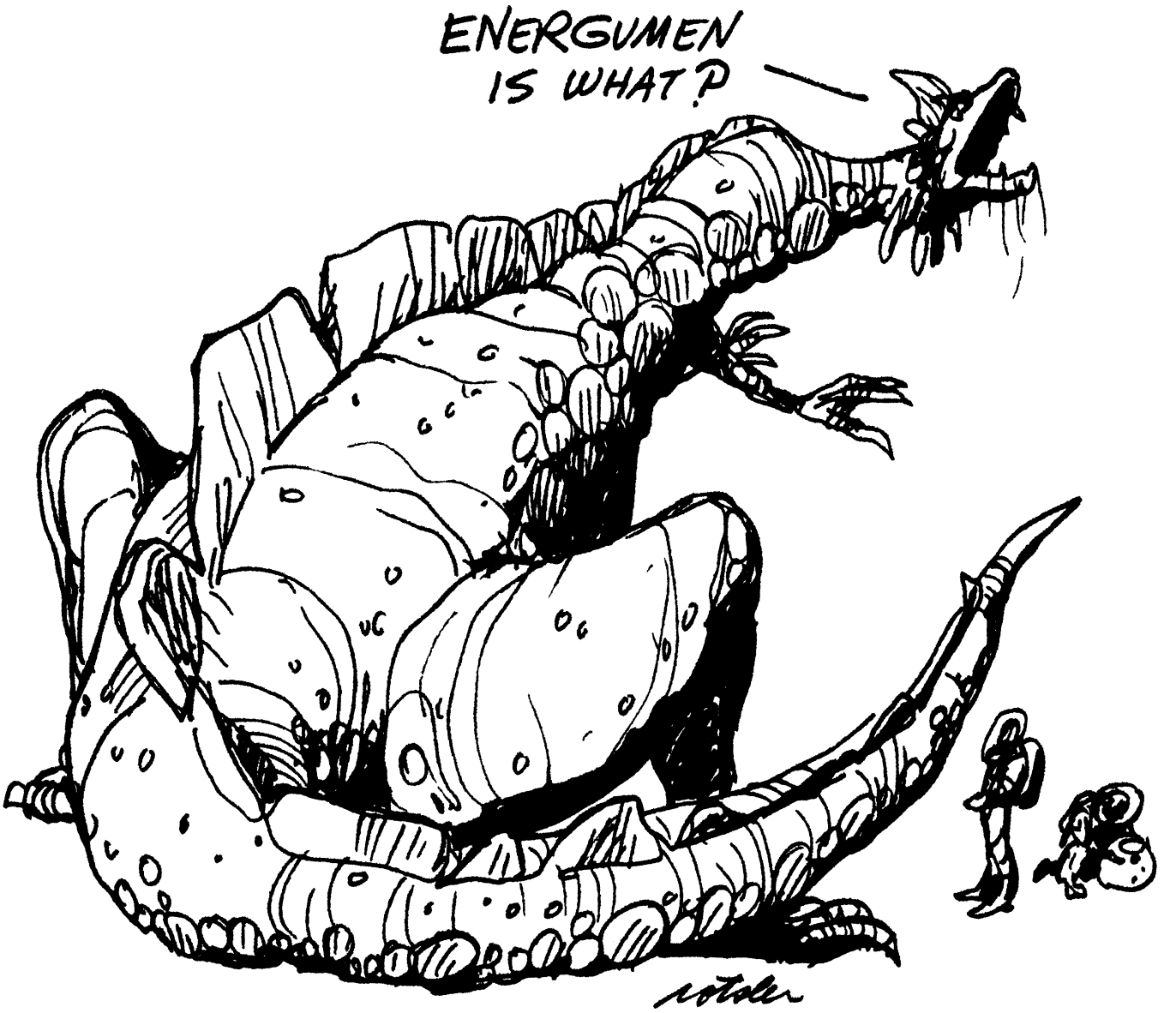
Blank Page

DAVIDSON

Blank Page



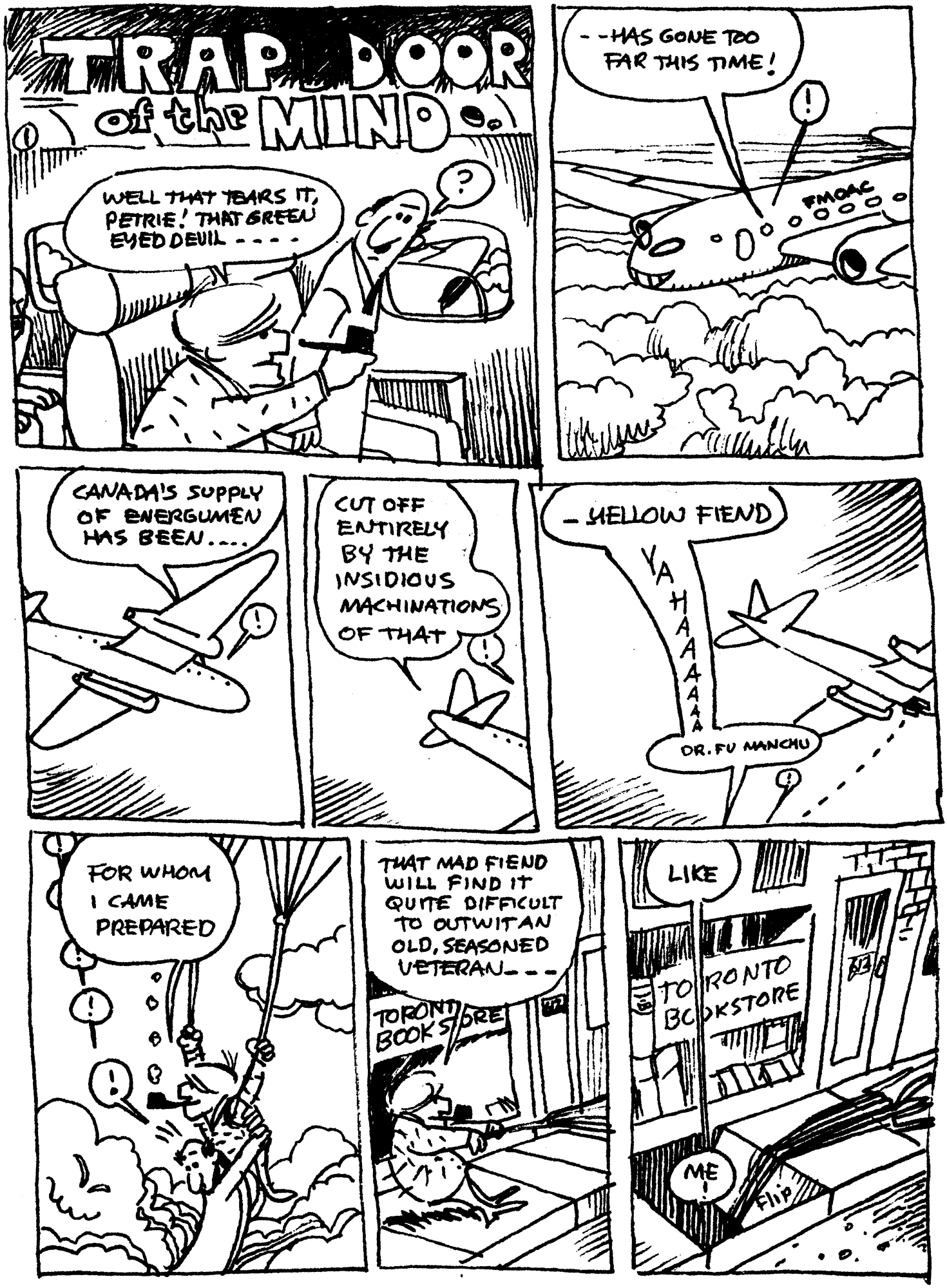
and the chronicles of Nerg the Barbarian endeth here...


ENERGUMEN
IS WHAT?

Blank Page

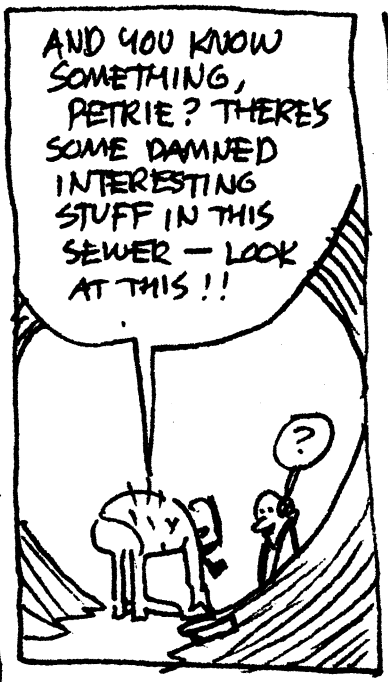
ZEEN
LIGHT HOUSE
SHERP
SHUTZ

Blank Page


TRAP DOOR of the MIND
WELL THAT TEARS IT, PETRIE! THAT GREEN EYED DEVIL - - - -
?
- -HAS GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME!
!
FMOAC
CANADA'S SUPPLY OF ENERGUMEN HAS BEEN....
!
CUT OFF ENTIRELY BY THE INSIDIOUS MACHINATIONS OF THAT
!
- MELLOW FIEND
YA HAAAAAA
DR. FU MANCHU
!
FOR WHOM I CAME PREPARED
!
!
!
THAT MAD FIEND WILL FIND IT QUITE DIFFICULT TO OUTWIT AN OLD, SEASONED VETERAN- - -
TORONTO BOOKSTORE
LIKE
TORONTO BOOKSTORE
ME!
Flip

Blank Page

2
WELL, YOU HAVE TO GIVE THE CANADIANS ONE THING... THEIR SEWERS ARE NEWER THAN THE LONDON ONES!
FA LO SEWER
!
GOO


AND YOU KNOW SOMETHING, PETRIE? THERE'S SOME DAMNED INTERESTING STUFF IN THIS SEWER — LOOK AT THIS!!
?

OH FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE SMITH! THROW IT BACK!
YECH!

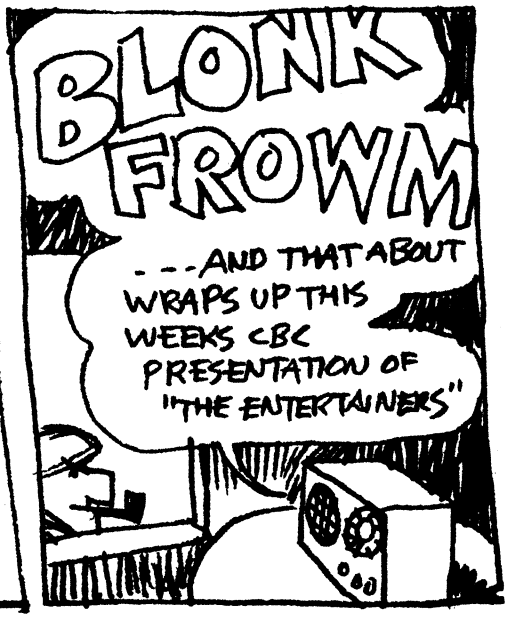
YES! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT! IT IS A LITTLE SOGGY - - - -
?

BUT YOU DON'T FIND TOO MANY OLD COPIES OF GRANFALLOON IN LONDON SEWERS
?

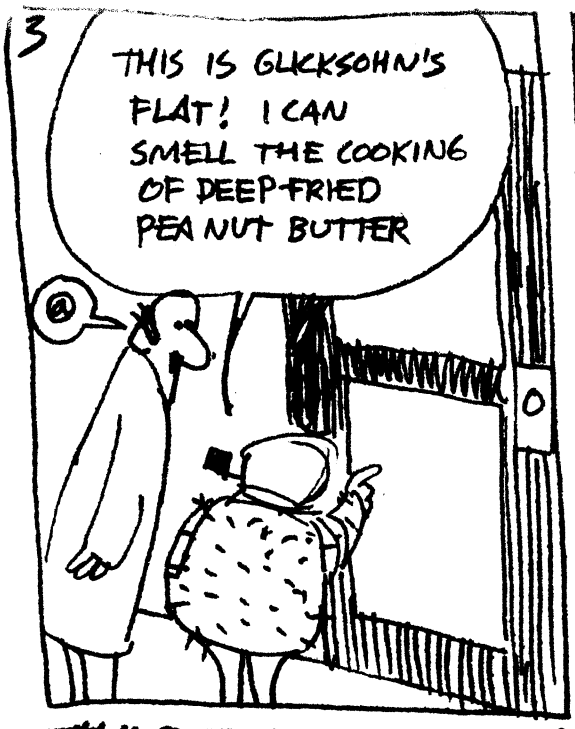
EDDIE JONES DRAWINGS, YES! BUT NOT GRANFALLOON
?

YHT
HOO
WALL
HONK

WO
HO
WANG
BONK
MY GOD! PETRIE! THE HIDEOUS HOWL OF A DACOIT!
?


BLONK
FROWM
- - - AND THAT ABOUT WRAPS UP THIS WEEKS CBC PRESENTATION OF "THE ENTERTAINERS"

Blank Page


THIS IS GLICKSOHN'S FLAT! I CAN SMELL THE COOKING OF DEEP-FRIED PEANUT BUTTER

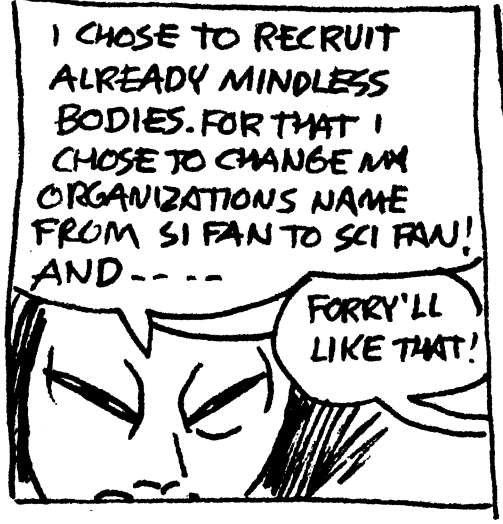
C'MON! WE'LL BREAK THE DOOR DOWN AND BARGE RIGHT--

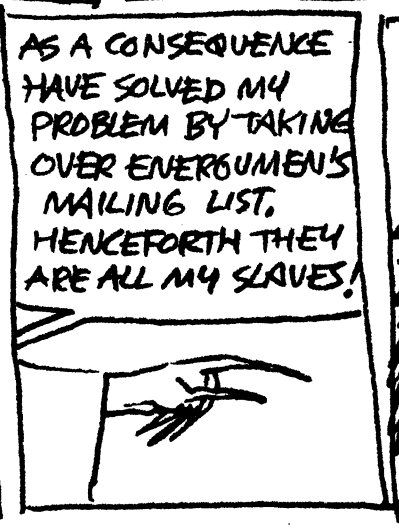
--IN!

GENTLEMEN! I'D BEEN HOPING YOU'D DROP IN!
SMITH! ITS...
WELL IT AINT A JOSEPH CLEMENT COLL DRAWING

BEFORE I FEED YOU TO MY RAVENOUS GIANT APHIDS I SHOULD EXPLAIN SOMETHING TO YOU.
I AM EXPANDING MY NUMBER OF FOLLOWERS—TO DO SO I NEED NUMEROUS RECRUITS WHOM I SHALL RENDER MINDLESS....

HOWEVER—RENDERING MULTITUDES MIND--LESS IS A COSTLY AND LENGTHY OPPERATION. AND WHAT WITH THE COST OF LIVING BEING WHAT IT IS AND TAXES WHAT THEY ARE---


I CHOSE TO RECRUIT ALREADY MINDLESS BODIES. FOR THAT I CHOSE TO CHANGE MY ORGANIZATIONS NAME FROM SI FAN TO SCI FAN! AND----
FORRY'LL LIKE THAT!


AS A CONSEQUENCE HAVE SOLVED MY PROBLEM BY TAKING OVER ENERGUMEN'S MAILING LIST. HENCEFORTH THEY ARE ALL MY SLAVES!

OH!
WELL, LISTEN! WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO?
I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING WRONG WITH THAT!
MAYBE YOU'LL GET A HUGO!
FINIS!

Blank Page

nerguman of the apes

OUR STORY THUS FAR: DURING A TRIP TO THE DENSE JUNGLE IN THE FORBIDDEN ZONE OF TORONTO IN SEARCH OF THE LONG-LOST POET "MAD BEAVER" MOREAU FOR HER THESIS ON CANADIAN LITERATURE, SUSAN DISCOVERS THE KING OF THE APES AND HIS TRIBE, CONVERSING IN THEIR QUEER APE TALK...

I'VE GOT IT! I'LL START ALL OVER-- I'LL PROVE THAT IT'S POSSIBLE TO TURN THIS DIRTY ILLITERATE SLOB...

$\Delta 9 = \frac{x}{\pi}$

TAP

$\sqrt{3} < +(-17)$

TIK

INTO A DIRTY LITERATE SLOB!

Energumen #1: Feedback fr the

DOO

DE DOO

DOO

HE DO.

THEY ARE MARRIED...

MAKE LASTING FRIENDSHIPS...

GET THAT ©★!!@ OFF MY CARPET--! OUT IN THE ©★!!@★ JUNGLE STEPPING ON TIGER TURDS ALL DAY!!!

ROSEMARY

HIS MAGAZINE BECOMES FAMOUS...

DAILY PLANET

ENERGUMEN S DEBUT-RE BOFFO!

AL PERIODICAL-

ASH HIT

UMEN!

DETROIT NEWS

HUGO NOM. FOR ENERGUMEN

TORONTO STAR

ONTO SCI-FI MAG MAKES GOOD

OIT FREE PRESS

WANNA BU A DUCK?

HE BECOMES A CELEBRETY...

BUT FIRST A FEW WORDS ABOUT MOTHER MURPHY'S SCRUMPTOUS FRENCH-FRIED CABBAGE ROLLS--

TASTE LIKE BUGS NERGUMAN EAT IN JUNGLE

GRRR

GRRRR

SETTLE DOWN TO APARTMENT LIVING...

DEAR? COME IN OFF THE BALCONY, PLEASE--

QUIET! BAD MAN COME--HIM BEND ART-WORK FOR LAST TIME!

CANADAPAEGUROO

I'VE DECIDED, DEAR, TO PUT THIS GIFT YOU'VE GIVEN ME TO GOOD USE!

YOU-- YOU MEAN-- ?? OH, I'M SO PROUD!

YES! I'VE DECIDED TO USE MY KNOWLEDGE ...

AND...

TORONT

EXTR

FANZINE EDITORS LOST IER GLE

TO HELP MY PEOPLE...!

STRAIGHTEN UP THERE, GUYS--

AND YOU FANARTISTS HAD BETTER SHAPE UP...

KIRK ASK: WHAT AM DRAGON?

BEST AMATEUR AGAZINE: Energumen

BULLW IS A DO

WRITE, WRITE...

WRITE...

HUGO NOMINAT

ATION

Energu

JAN 73

Austin

Blank Page

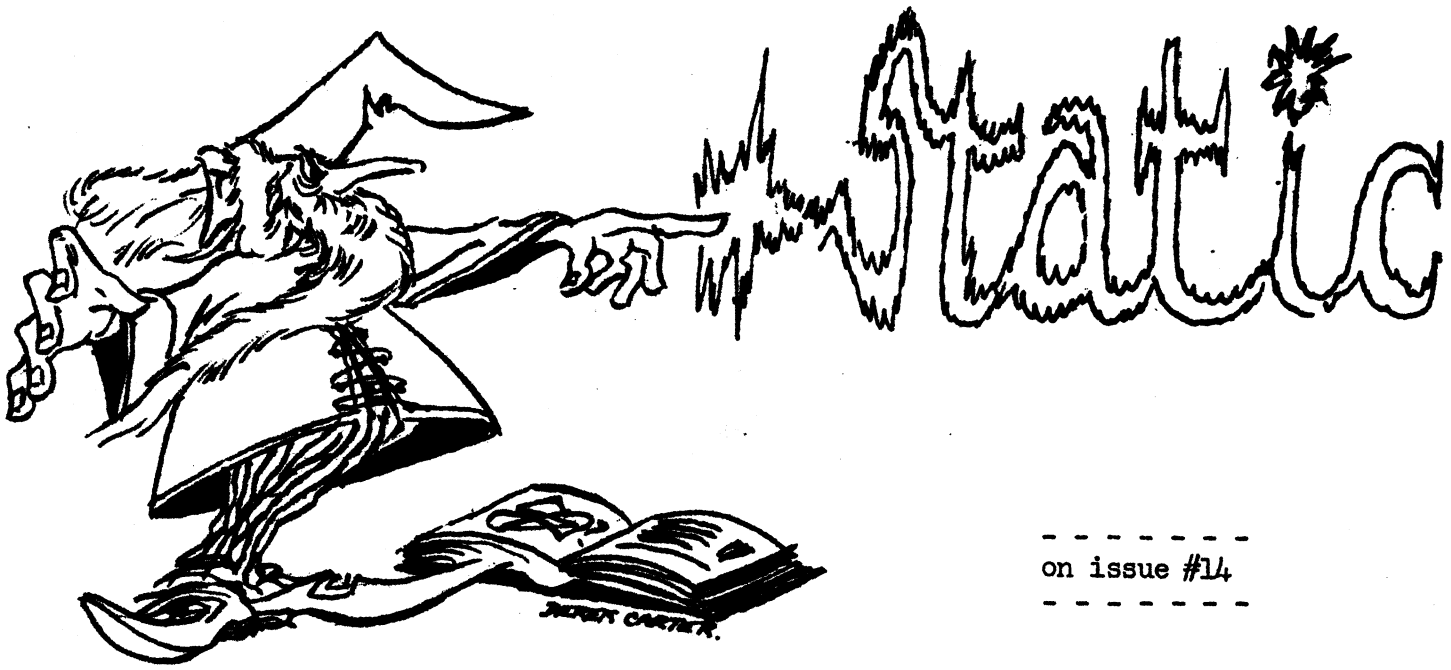
GRANT

Blank Page

NERG
T. KIRK

Blank Page

...and with that clearly in mind, it's time for the lettercolumn...



- - - - - - - -
on issue #14
- - - - - - - -

ROBERT SILVERBERG
Box 13160 Station E
Oakland, Calif.
94661

What particularly delighted me about your Robert Silverberg issue of ENERGUMEN was the absence of the usual boring overdone adulation that can so easily mar these Festschrifts. I mean, instead of devoting your editorial to a lavish overview of my career, showing how I struggled up out of the slime of fandom to a place on Parnassus only slightly below that of Faulkner and Joyce, you offer page after page describing how my lifelong buddy Harlan couldn't quite get around to **finding** anything to say about me. In the second editorial, Susan, you pass up your chance to heap superfluous praise on me and instead apologize for not having liked SON OF MAN as much as you (and I) feel you should have. Instead of getting any one of fifty well-known and lovely women to testify to my virility, you publish the lament of one I neglected to seduce and who, in fact, I seem to have infected with cancer in a passing interlude. And so on. I applaud your refreshing originality and I regret only that your ill-advised decision to fold the magazine robs me of the chance to do a major introductory essay for a special Harlan Ellison issue.

Well, no, really, I was flattered and pleased, and though I would have liked to see what Harlan would have written, he really did say it all in his postcard, and if I really did do that to Rosemary I promise to console her appropriately at Torcon, and I admire the deftness with which Terry Carr assembled that mosaic of my fan writings (he managed to avoid, somehow, anything that might embarrass me, and to revive a lot of passages I was pleased to see again myself), and I'm awed by Sandra Miesel's brilliant essay on SON OF MAN, and I love the portfolio of illustrations of my books by Faddis and Canfield and Fabian, and I thank all concerned for providing me with a few hours of pleasure and egoboo this rainy day.

As for Rotsler...that story about the fan who wanted to know what magic Bill has that makes him acceptable company to the likes of me puts things in a new perspective for me. You see, when I broke into fandom a quarter of a century ago I was a runny-nosed pubescent kid and Bill Rotsler was even then a fannish demigod, whose exploits left me dazed and envious. I hoped that someday I would grow up into a person worthy of his attention. Well, in due course I did, and we met and liked each other and eventually became water-brothers, or whatever; but all this time that neofans have been congratulating Bill for having found his way into the prox-

imity of such titans as Robert Silverberg, Silverberg, remembering the relative accomplishments of himself and Rotsler circa 1949, has felt pretty damned glad to have earned the friendship of Rotsler. Someday, but not very soon, I'll do a piece for somebody on the whole Big Name Pro trip and how it relates to reality.

- -

ANGUS TAYLOR
221 Avenue Rd #2
Toronto
Ontario

Yes, #14 is a very nice issue, especially artistically, though I would have liked another one or two critical articles along the lines of Sandra Miesel's on Silverberg's fiction. You know my own reaction to SON OF MAN: basically a loud guffaw. The dancing the Skimmers do is no doubt the "evolutionary twist" Sandra mentions on page 13, perhaps an instinctual evocation of the shape of the DNA molecule. (I can see it now, the creatures of the, uh, Paleozoic or whatever, all fins and tails and petergills, clambering and sliding up out of the green sea in bizarre couples, bouncing and undulating onto the beaches to the vocal stylings of some amphibian Chubby Checker.)

- -

But don't cut me off here: I do in fact like much of Silverberg's writing; I just don't believe SoM succeeds at what it attempts. I thought A TIME OF CHANGES much better as a "serious" novel, and I thoroughly enjoyed it from beginning to end. THE BOOK OF SKULLS, for its part, starts off wonderfully well, but suffers towards the end, it seems to me, from the limitations deliberately imposed at the beginning, so that the plot contrives toward a predetermined conclusion, rather than conveying the impression of evolving naturally (any twists notwithstanding.) Perhaps I say this because I share Darrell Schweitzer's dislike for the faithful reconstruction of the past in the present or future; in this vein I am not very impressed by the mere fact that a writer can submerge his plot in biblical, mythical, or historical references; such a gambit seems to me often more a sign of weakness than of strength, though of course I admit that in moderation, and with intelligence, such references can be useful.

- -

But while we're in the general vicinity, Darrell, let's have a little less talk about extrapolation in science fiction. Extrapolation is the dead hand of the past in the present, the dead hand of the present in the future. In that superb cartoon creation, Derek Carter says, "We tend to dramatise the ordinary and thus enhance any latent fantasy the world may hold for us mortals." Derek's great tower is more enhanced fantasy than mundane extrapolation, but perhaps is none the less real for being so. And is a great deal more exciting. Which brings me rather neatly to the demise of ENERGUMEN. ENERGUMEN, the Enhanced Fantasy. Soon to be removed from the printer's wheel, the potter's press, to become myth. Uncorruptible, inviolable, in a place where the summer sky cannot crack open and the black of space descend to breathe on the pages and scar the art folios with eye-tracks. The ideal, Platonic ENERGUMEN, the pale, decaying imitations of which we clutch in our grubby little hands. I think I understand your decision to cease publication of this particular fanzine. Look at it this way: it hasn't been published at all until it's been published for the last time. It doesn't exist until it no longer exists. ENERGUMEN always was a fantasy of the mind; it always will be.

PATRICK McGUIRE
11A Grad College
Princeton, N.J.
08540

I think Sandra set an excessively modest task for herself: all she does is to point out numerous Biblical allusions and to relate these to a handful of themes to be found in SON OF MAN and other of Silverberg's works. This is in itself no mean accomplishment, and I will be grateful if I ever attain half the insight and erudition necessary for it, but the very ability to perform this task of exegesis superbly also implies the ability to perform additional tasks which are at least as important. Susan, for example, in her few words on the novel, isolates a central theme which holds the rest together: "the process of /moving from/ Man-made-from-Clay to godhood." It is implicit in Sandra's analysis that she sees no such clear trend, since she merely mentions Clay's "attain/ing/ Saviourhood" in a listing of the various things that happen to him.

Yet Sandra never does state whether there is or is not a central theme, much less what it might be...Unless, of course, we are to take the very last paragraph of the essay as such a statement. But if this is the case, it should have come much earlier in the article. In any event, Sandra does bring to light numerous allusions which very few readers could be expected to recognize on their own. And Silverberg himself must be fully aware of this. It seems likely that he expects certain symbols to have impact even when they cannot be recognized as Biblical. How might this be so? Sandra does mention THE HERO WITH A THOUSAND FACES in passing. Could it be that the novel's effect depends on the operation of symbols as archetypes? Sandra does allude to elements common to various mythologies (eg., the World Axis and World Navel), but does not generalize on how much of the symbolism is at this level -- common to divergent cultures and therefore very possibly in the subconscious of us all.

((I'd be more inclined to think that Bob expected the mass of his audience to read the novel without catching the symbolism at all, rather than reacting to it on an archetypal level. He undoubtedly hoped that a smaller group of readers -- such as Susan, Sandra and yourself -- would see more of what he was trying to accomplish and appreciate the book on a deeper level.))

Next, Sandra shies away almost entirely from evaluation. After all this network of symbolism has been described to us in detail, it is certainly of interest whether or not the symbolism works. Susan feels it does not, for her. She sees what is going on but cannot become involved with it. (Could this perhaps have been Silverberg's intention? Some sort of statement about modern man's ultimate alienation even from his own myths? Compare the sequence in THE WORLD INSIDE where one character searches for metaphysical significance to life, cannot find it, and commits suicide.) Sandra, who has analyzed the work at great length and should thus be in a better position to judge, remains nearly silent on this issue. We have a few judgements on parts: Silverberg "infuses classic sf themes with a freshness all his own"; the work is of "Stapledonian grandeur"; it is "witty" (and also "sensuous" and "didactic," but these are not, I think, evaluations but rather descriptions). On the other hand, Sandra implies, with rather excessive understatement, that Silverberg is overdoing the theme -- obvious enough, after all -- that sex with love is better than sex without love. But we never have a general evaluation.

Silverberg thinks the book is very important. Susan cannot, for all her respect for the author, rate it this highly. Is it too much to ask Sandra, after such a careful study, to put forth her thoughts? Sandra is probably the best elucidator of thematic elements of a number of authors (eg., Silverberg, Delany, Saberhagen, Anderson) that fannish criticism has ever had; but there are to my mind "higher" callings than this, and I am certain that Sandra could acquit herself most creditably in more highly evaluative work. Indeed, it might be that the need to substantiate evaluative opinions would give her exegesis a focus which it now lacks. In this case, it seems entirely possible that Sandra could become in every sense one of the two or three best critics in all of (at the least) science fiction.

SANDRA MIESEL
8744 N Penn. St
Indianapolis, Ind
46240

My reaction to SON OF MAN was much like Susan's: elaborately clever, totally uninvolving. So I approached the analysis as a purely intellectual challenge. I wouldn't have made the effort for anyone less dear than Silverberg. (Yet another point on Clay's Messiahship -- one of the few details of his appearance given is that he's six feet tall, the legendary height of Christ.) In discussing SoM with Patrick McGuire, I facetiously asked if he wanted Robert Silverberg to die for his sins. He snapped back: "I need all the help I can get."

Re comments on my Saberhagen piece: the author's science and sorcery trilogy (THE BROKEN LANDS, THE BLACK MOUNTAINS, and CHANGELING EARTH) is better-written on the whole than the Berserker stories but lay beyond the scope of the essay. Will it spoil anyone's enjoyment if I point out that TBL is based on a minor myth of Indra, the Hindu god of energy? And no, it isn't just my opinion. The identification is clearly made right in the novel. It annoys me no end when my source-hunting articles are brushed aside as so much guesswork without noticing distinctions between prototypes which are certain to have been sources and those which are merely similar to some element in the story under discussion. For example, in the SoM paper, the Rites of Opening the Earth and Filling the Valleys have to come from the verses of Isiah quoted, probably via Handel's Messiah, while the other rites resemble various images from the OT but are not derived from any specific Biblical lines. The similarities noted are strong enough to establish my case by themselves without reference to the author's thought processes while writing. But whenever possible I clear my critiques with the authors before publication and incorporate information they have provided such as Saberhagen's space battle at Stone Place being modeled on Lepanto.

((Looking at last issue's letters, I find no-one accusing you of guesswork so I gather you are not referring specifically to reactions to your contributions here. While there are those who do not care for this type of material, I've always found that even your detractors on these grounds admit to the excellence of your scholarship. As well they should.))

The art was particularly outstanding this issue, with Connie's serigraph the finest item in a fine company. Derek Carter certainly captured the quintessence of our furry littul precious....

((Now that will be enough of that sort of remark! After all, you can easily be replaced by Franz Rottensteiner, you know....a joke, just a joke!...I was only kidding!!...Sandra, put that down!...a jest, a mere jest...no....NO!!!!))

- -

MARK MUMPER
1227 Laurel St
Santa Cruz, Ca
95060

Sandra Miesel, while indulging a bit in the master's thesis approach which sometimes turns me off, has done an admirable job of placing SON OF MAN in literary/theological perspective. Of course, she has by no means exhausted the dense imagery and symbolism of the book, but her effort capsulizes well most of its intent. I would still rather immerse myself in the beautiful feel of the novel, letting the connections and meanings surface at will in the aftermath of reading, but her writings are appreciated.

It may be interesting in view of Susan's troubles with SoM to note that the most powerful effect the book has had on me yet was during a reading of passages from it by Silverberg himself. He spoke at the College of Marin north of San Francisco about two months ago. The flowing prose and brilliant coloring of the writing nearly brought me to tears as I let myself enter the realm of the voice emanating from the man. I have found that the effort needed to experience SON OF MAN best is simply allowing oneself to become Clay and be swept up in the tide of feelings that soak into him. Perhaps the book is meant to be read aloud -- I don't know. All I can say is that the oral reading transformed me.

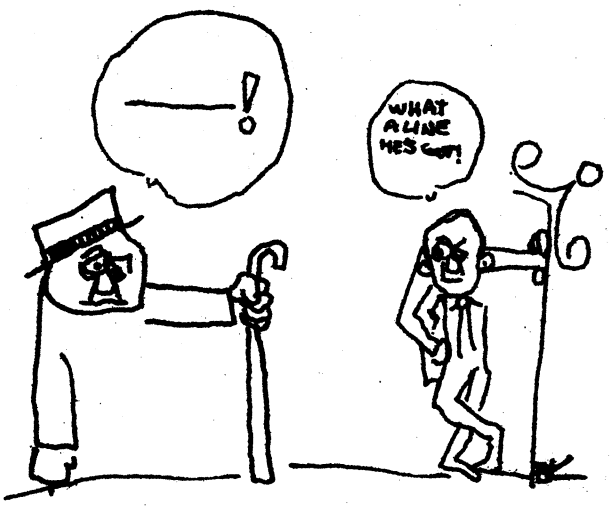
((Identification with the main character is the key to the appreciation of a great many books, but SON OF MAN has proven itself resistant to this sort of emotional attachment for a good many readers. Few, though, have criticized the writing in the book, rather complaining of an inability to relate to Clay.))

Connie Faddis' portrait of Wrong is extraordinary. I don't want to remove it from the zine, but I'd like to file it in a more flattering place than my bookshelf; for instance on a wall. Would you feel up to running off more copies?

((I'm delighted so many of you shared my enthusiasm for Connie's beautiful print, but I must make it clear that all the work and most of the expense was Connie's. She volunteered a print for the folio, and we were delighted to have it, but the credit for the entire thing goes to Connie.))

BOB TOOMEY
72 Byers St
Springfield, MA
01105

Thanks for sending me E14. As usual, I found it highly entertaining. I do think, though, that as a Silverberg Issue it would have been better served by some analysis of Bob's work as a whole, rather than by such a heavy concentration on SON OF MAN. In spite of Bob's own strong personal feelings about the book, I hardly feel that it stands as representative of his entire output. Bob Silverberg is, if anyone is, the Compleat Professional Writer. Singling out one particular novel doesn't really do justice to him. I must also add that my sympathies lie more with Susan's feelings than with Sandra's. (Hi, Susan. Hi, Sandra.) SoM left me pretty cold, while other Silverberg works, notably NIGHTWINGS and HAWKSBILL STATION, have seemed more human and alive.



Terry's selection from Bob's fanzine writing was simply great. (Hi, Terry. Hi, Bob.) A good editor is a good editor, no

matter what he edits. A perfect example of this is the way Terry has rejected every story I've ever sent to him for publication. So has Bob. For this both of them will be reincarnated as snails. What a way to spend eternity. Sorry to see ENERGUMEN fold, but at least you're quitting while you're ahead. Rest in peace as my Mom used to say. (Hi, Mom.)

((In answer to your comment on the makeup of last issue, I think you, and several others, misinterpreted somewhat what we were doing. The issue was not supposed to be a definitive report on "Robert Silverberg: His Place In Science Fiction" complete with bibliographies and cross-indexed dissertations. We'll leave that to the WSFA JOURNAL or SPECULATION. Ours was just a highly personal tribute to a man who's given us much pleasure in many ways. In fact, issue #14 gives perhaps the best possible answer to that question which has long puzzled scholars and philosophers, "Daddy, what's an ENERGUMEN?"))

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

to feel because, like the scholar she is, she concentrated too much on Silverberg's stylistic tricks (which I admit existed, but which I enjoyed discovering).

Don't be ashamed, Susan, of dismissing the book because you stumbled into making the story an analytical exercise rather than an emotional experience. Just don't do that sort of thing too often, lest you become another Sam Moskowitz.

And don't make flip, throwaway comments in a seriously intellectual article, especially when they might damage my reputation as a sarcastic, somnolent and blithe philosopher-king.

((But, Richard, I too found myself more intellectually impressed by the skill of the writing than emotionally involved with Clay, and I'm hardly a scholar...hell, I'm one of those drunks you won't talk to.))

Also -- I didn't ever take Robert Silverberg's Hugo away from him; I held -- hardly even a fondle, since I have no pretensions in that direction, unlike some almost-washed-up faneditor I know -- the silver statue for a few moments and joshed I'd be glad to take care of it. Shame, Rosemary, for sullying Kumquat May with such tales.

My place in future histories of Canadian fandom will hardly be justified if chronicles such as enshrined in My 2¢ Worth and Kumquat May are passed down to fan historians.

It's good ENERGUMEN is being folded, Mike.

((If nothing else, the folding of ENERGUMEN pried our first loc from you, Richard, and since you Helped Start It All and then Helped Continue The Thing, this seems only right and proper. And never fear, your place in the Canadian Fannish Pantheon is assured: who could ever forget the fan who, through his own bad example, taught the Boy Wonder how to slip-sheet?))

- -

MIKE O'BRIEN
945 Troost #7
Forest Park, Ill
60130

I'm afraid I'll have to agree with Susan on SON OF MAN. I have never been particularly talented at living vicariously through other people's apocalypses, unless they're very, very good at getting them on paper (like Solzhenitsyn). I noted, as Sandra did, the similarities to A VOYAGE TO ARCTURUS, and while I wasn't as fast as other people to condemn that book, I didn't goshwow over it either. Well, I did, but this was in a period when I was easily impressed by stylistic extravagance.

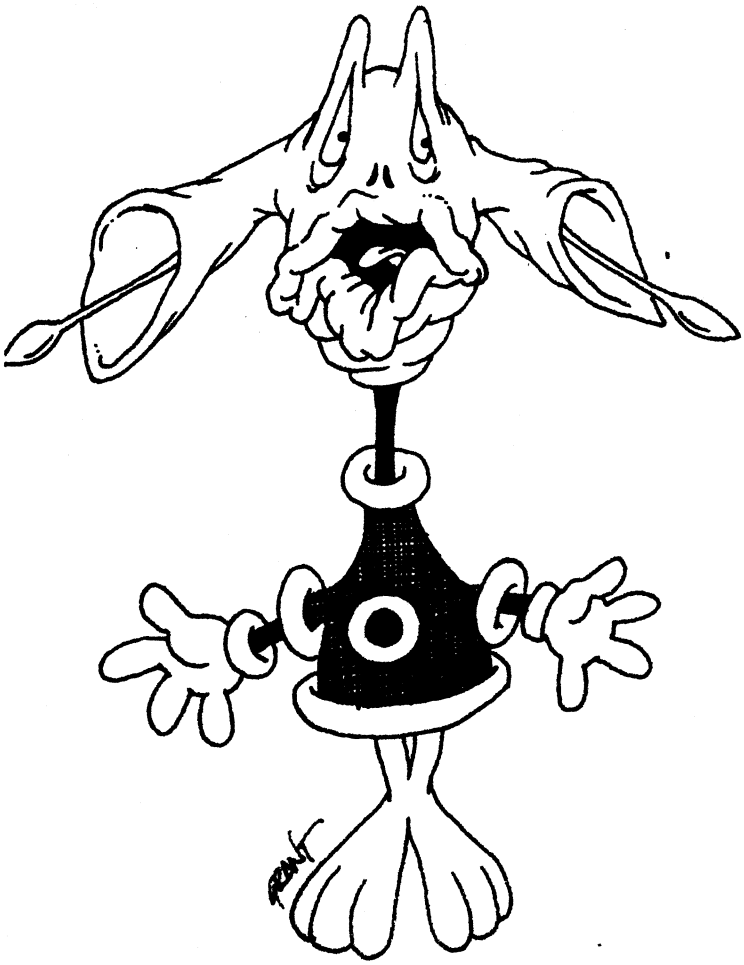
SoM struck me in much the same way. Here is an author trying too hard to get his soul onto paper, but his brain is firmly locked in the "Filter" position. Everything that comes through has to be checked and looked over before it goes on the paper. The result is just what you might expect: an edited apocalypse. Oh, it's recognizably an apocalypse, all right, and has lots of nice, rich structure and symbolism, and hangs together lots better than you might expect (well, you might expect it, it's Silverberg, and his continuity's great), but something got slowed down in production when the factory was taking the lumps out. The result is lamentably like so many "enriched and improved" products on the market. You can't be urbane and write good apocalypse. Quite frankly, I think Bob's too cultured for his own good, in this case. In this case. Other cases, he's frighteningly good, but in this case he's too good. Suffice it to say I didn't think the result was too hot. Now according to C S Lewis, all you have to do is get the opinion of everyone else who read the book, and you'll know if it's a good book or not.

I sincerely applaud Bill Rotsler's article although I can't help but wonder if it will be taken to heart in the quarters where it's most needed. For all fandom's new-found eclecticism, it still seems to attract a large share of adolescent minds who haven't been able to make it in Mundane. Whole great bunches of my friends were once among this number, but I can't claim the extreme cases are any fun to be with. There seems to be at least one at every con and some are attaining the status of local fannish legends. The trouble is that these are exactly the people who would most benefit from Bill's article, and these are exactly the people who can't. At least, not yet. They'll become mature, for the most part, but currently they're pretty raw. They are miserable, though, and those who can should help them along. For all their faults, they're fans too. Bill's article, it occurs to me, could well serve as a model of fannish etiquette, which should be expanded to cover more of this most arcane of all lore. There are fannish unwritten laws that are known to altogether too few people for the comfort of those who depend on them.

((Unfortunately, people like George Senda and Rotten Robert will neither read nor understand Bill's article. But the positive response from many of our readers for whom TORCON 2 will be their first convention indicates that the article has reached at least part of the audience it was aimed at.))

Well, the cover. Now, this one I feel at home with. Much easier to talk about than the last one, which you'll recall I had trouble with. This one, being representational, presents no such difficulties. I mean, a mailtruck is a mailtruck, whatever. Right?

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -



And that's why I can't write a long letter of comment, as it happens. I am too choked up by the demise of ENERGUMEN. Truth; ever since I plugged into the ENERGUMEN pseudoworld, which was back around issue #3, it's been my Favorite Fanzine. You've done some amazing Stuff with it. It honestly saddens me to see it go.

And you, sir, have been one of my favorite people in fandom for approximately the same length of time. You have always been courteous and friendly as a faneditor, and have always treated me with, at least, consideration and fairness. I suppose this has all been a form of compensation for your regrettable handicap in size. After all, how many other faneds have been forced to hold convention conversations face-to-kneecap; how many other fan editors type stencils by jumping from key to key; and how many other fan editors have been kidnapped in the middle of an issue by a frustrated mother titwillow and tucked into the corner of the nest to get sat on for three nights running? Not many, I'll wager. But you've handled yourself well, Little Guy.

((You were really going nicely there for a while, but you couldn't leave well enough alone, could you? How it saddens me to realize, fellow fans, that this man, whose cartoons are conceived by well-intentioned middle-Americans in 19th century villages in Missouri and executed by an imbecilic chimpanzee with a Paint-By-Number set, this man is going to win a Hugo. Is there no justice?))

- -

DARRELL SCHWEITZER
113 Deepdale Road
Strafford, PA.
19087

Bill Rotsler's article is a very good study of fan sociology and at the same time a piece of solid advice. However, I think he skipped the essential issue by not asking why people want to get into exclusive, pro-filled circles. I suspect the three youngish fans in question were after egoboo. They wanted to be able to assure themselves and their friends that they were "good" enough or whatever to rub elbows with the Pros. This is the old writer-worshipping syndrome in another guise. It seems to me these people need to make the personal acquaintance of a professional writer right away, so they'll learn that the Big Names are just people. Then they won't have this craving to go storming up the sides of Olympus all the time and can set about making their own friends and building their own clique. Very possibly most of the people in any Big Name clique knew each other and were friends before any of them became famous.

In other words, the only way to properly get into a clique of famous Big Names and Secret Masters of Fandom is this: grow your own. Simply make friends, and if one or more people in your circle becomes famous, well there you are. If not, you still have their friendship, which is what matters anyway.

((Very sound and sensible advice. My own earliest friends in fandom were just newcomers like myself and many have become rather well known. Gradually I've come to know a great many 'famous' members of the microcosm and I value many of them as friends. But one of the joys of fandom is that just about anyone who'll observe the rules of common courtesy and who's willing to put in a little time in a sort of fannish "apprenticeship" can share to the fullest in the pleasures of being a fan.))

I don't share all of Gary Hubbard's fascination with word meanings, but I may be able to help him a little. I have it on reasonably good authority that the word 'fuck' was originally an abbreviation. In Elizabethan times, when someone got into trouble with the law for, ahem, screwing around, they would be summoned to court For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge. The first letters of these words then became a word in themselves, the same way that lasar and radar have more recently. I'm not sure that's the explanation, but it's as plausible as any others I've heard.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Good God, I'm talking about science fiction in a science fiction fanzine! I don't believe it.

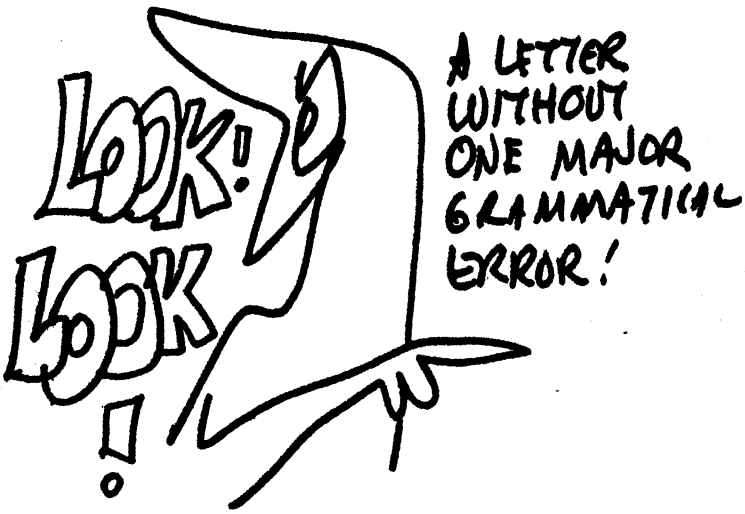
((Fear not, John, we won't print that paragraph of your letter. Or if we do, it'll be where it belongs: in the fannish fanzine EGOBOO we publish under the pseudonym 'Ted White'.))

- -

ANDY OFFUTT
Funny Farm
Haldeman, KY
40329

It's a looverly ENERGUMEN, and I thank you for it. It's sort of emotional to see a Good Writer get the sort of attention you gave to Richard Silverman (whom I really don'y know well enough to call by his nickname, Silverdick.) Damn; I've got unserious already. Didn't mean to. I think it's really beautiful, and I'm extremely glad that you did this for one of the few fine craftsmen in the business.

- -



- -

Specifically, I responded most to Rotsler's article. I wish I'd said that. In a way, I have. A few years ago I returned from a couple of back-to-back cons, bearing bruises. One resulted from a deliberate attack, a totally unprovoked and very nasty verbal slash. Those around me were (A) too shocked, (B) too chicken, and (C) not sufficiently Friends (Friends are protective, ever notice?) to jump the low bastard, and I wasn't sufficiently experienced. Since then several NY fans and other dwarves have callused my innards -- cicatrices on cicatrices -- and I can handle such things. The other bruises were caused by stupidity on the part of others, not deliberate attacks--which I guess I prefer. At any rate, a while later I was talking about these negative personal and fanzine experiences (in the fanzines they always call you by your nickname, whether they've met you or not), with a few friends. They told me I should write an article: How To Behave At Cons. I've been told that eleven times since. But I haven't done it. I DID once perpetrate an article on fandom, but it was done wrong; the humor failed to show through but the bitterness did. Snider published it over here and Lindsay in England, and my god was I ever roundly slapped, denounced, and trounced, not to mention excoriated and personally slandered. Perhaps with some justice, though all I thought I'd been doing was recounting bloodyawful fandom encounters with specific individuals; true stories. It should have been done as humor, of course, the way Bloch would have done it.

I'd still like to do an article on How To Behave At Cons (study the Glicksohns; good people), with How to Approach BNFs and Writers And The Like. But I don't dare. I'd probably get negative, and I'd be attacked for having attacked, or I'd list some Do's and Dont's, and get attacked for playing God, or, as is usually the case, get attacked for egotripping. And all by total strangers referring to me, even as they put in the knife, by my nickname.

But Rotsler is beloved Rotsler, and he can and did do it, and I doubt he'll be at-

tacked. He says it all, in the Be Yourself admonition. The trouble is, of course, as those of us unstraights know, that perhaps one in 163 CAN be himself, because one in 163 KNOWS who he/she is.

((As Bill himself said in his article, he was undertaking an almost impossible task, but I can think of no other fan better suited to make the attempt. Even the few who found the article ill-advised granted that it was done with the best of intentions. And while it's true that the nature of fandom tends to encourage an often obnoxious "instant familiarity", to me the free use of nicknames is the least objectionable of its manifestations. Whew--wait while I untie my tongue! That's as far as nicknames such as 'Mike' or 'Andy' are concerned, that is: I draw the line at being called 'tweetie' by a stranger...))

Maybe nametags are a mistake! I once had a very nice and relaxed conversation at poolside at Midwestcon, about 10 pm. It was very dark. No one knew who anyone was, just shapes and voices in the darkness, so we were all being ourselves. That's how I met Jackie Franke, who has one of those beautiful and nicely-furnished interiors. Subsequently learned that she'd previously been too shy to come say Hi to me...but at least didn't cover her shyness with bristling armament!

((Granted that no nametags might help avoid some of the negative aspects of conventions, they'd also interfere with the many positive reasons for wanting to locate a specific unfamiliar person. For me, a large, clearly readable nametag is a vital part of a convention. Besides, if we faneds didn't wear them, how would you pros know who to pester into accepting your articles?))

PS: At 1;30 this morning, about 15 minutes after we'd retired, some stranger from Texas called. A fan. Probably a decent person; shy, barely capable of talking. But Jodie was asleep, and <u>we</u> weren't drunk. Hey, Rotsler: add "Be considerate." !

- -

GREG BENFORD
Physics Dept.
Univ. Calif.
Irvine, CA
92664

It's a strange sensation to read a fanzine article about some closed elite that is supposedly hard to get into, and realize that the author is talking about you and your friends.

Bill's piece is filled with sound advice that customarily needn't be handed out past the age of 20, but in the context of free-wheelin' fandom is always needed. Wow, fans can be gauche. And boorish. But they can also be amusing, light, approachable immediately on a level seldom achieved with 'straight' friends. I think the person who asked Bill "how to get into" his own personal circle of friends was missing one vital fact -- there are inevitably groups of people that attract because of similarities of outlook, emotional tone, lifestyles, etc. and these people needn't be an elite of any sort.

I don't think of my fan friends as a special, highpowered group. As I said to Bill the day after reading his article, "If <u>we</u> are the elite, I'm worried." But we do have similarities, have been in fandom a fair while, etc. Still, I enjoyed Rotsler's Rules For Breaking In. By the time one knows these rules, though, I think he will have given up the desire to Break In. Friends shouldn't be viewed as achievements or badges of accomplishment.

- -

DENNIS DOLBEAR
217 Betz Ave.
New Orleans, LA
70121

When I first heard about this issue of ENERGUMEN, and about the Rotsler article contained within, my reaction was, "Jesus--there is no possible way he can do it and not come out looking bad." Well, lo and behold, I was right. Sorry--very sorry--to say, not

even Rotsler was able to pull this one out of the fire. It came out sounding exactly the way he was trying to avoid it sounding -- as A Compleat Manual As To How To Be A Beautiful Person Somewhat Like Me.

Of course, this is to imply that if Rotsler cannot pull it off, no man living can. I perfectly well realize he didn't mean it that way; unfortunately, the odds were stacked heavily against him all the way.

((You can't please all of the people...but in over 60 letters, only two had this reaction, so...))

However, that article was superfluous to the real meat of the issue, the Bob Silverberg tributes. It's rather unfortunate, locwise, that the bulk of the issue is composed of Silverberg reprints. They make for little comment, except to say that I enjoyed them immensely. Outside of the reprints, the best things in the issue are the portfolios. The Carter comic strip combined sharp wit with his usual excellent (although offbeat) draughtmanship. Rotsler's folio was superb, but I would have preferred a folio of cartoons. There are better illustrators, but no better cartoonists.

The Silverberg portfolio, now--that was truly outstanding. Unfortunately, Canfield turned in a below-par piece. I'm not reacting in shocked moral outrage here; the plain fact of the matter is that it was badly drawn (in contrast to all of his fine material in the previous issue). Connie Faddis came through, not once but twice; once merely well, the other magnificently. Steve Fabian was at his polished best, and I was glad he showed some originality in choosing part of LOST CITIES to illustrate.

I think I can help Gary Hubbard in tracking down the word "fuck". A friend of mine claims the word is derived from the discoverer of the process, Sir Egon Fuck. (All conceptions before then, it seems, were by sheer accident.) I've also seen the American Heritage Dictionary claim -- and ludicrously so -- that it's derived from Middle English fucken, which means to ~~fuck~~ penetrate. I stand with good old Sir Egon. Sounds a lot more sensible.

Darrell Schweitzer is confusing some of the characteristics of a pseudonym with a hoax. Pseudonyms usually do the dirty work, both in and out of fandom. Hoaxes, however, are usually created on the whim of the hoaxer as an elaborate spoof. Don Markstein's hoax, Harry G. Purvis, was a good, albeit not-too-well-known example of this. Don went for years, without one single person ever suspecting that Harry Purvis, loc star, and prominent apa member, and Don Markstein, prolific apan and OE of SFPA, were one and the same. Don covered all of his tracks well, even explaining why Harry's fanzines bore his Press numbers.

- -

TERRY HUGHES
Route 3
Windsor, MO.
65360

Recently I returned from another stay in San Francisco and found several sacks of mail waiting for me at my midwestern mailbox. I won't fill this letter with accounts of my adventures there for that would only fascinate and amuse your readers. This is not then

and there but here and now, although this letter now and then may be here and there. But enough of this murking of muddy waters. Within those stacks of mimeographed matter I came across ENERGUMEN #14 with its go-go blue and white pages. Your color scheme reminded me of that all-time hit, "Can Blue Men Sing the Whites?". I'd sing it for you, but unfortunately I am using a typewriter and not a taperecorder.

Perhaps this is the best time to get down to the real ~~best~~ gist of this letter. I am a fan of the movies that D.W.Griffith made and, therefore, I possess a great love for the-last-minute-rescue. What better opportunity could there be for me to attempt just such a rescue than with ENERGUMEN itself, which you claim will perish with its next issue? I have a plan which, if successful, could prolong its life for years and scores of issues. You see, Mike and Susan, what you need is a good ad campaign. And I'm just the man to give it to you. It is a little known fact that I am the last living practitioner of the art form commonly referred to as the "jingle." Of course, my creations are far above the pedestrian examples that that term may bring to the minds of your readers. Here's a quick example I'll give you that will ensure a huge attendance at the 1973 Worldcon:

Don't Be A Moron,
Go To Torcon!

And I've got lots more every bit as good as that one. Why here's one I just thought of to kick off the Don't Let ENERGUMEN Go To The Dead Letter Office campaign:

Michael Glicksohn
Is The Canfan's Nixon!

That raw, emotional, gut-level appeal style will make you a winner every time. Of course, to really save ENERGUMEN I will do something of more epic proportions. I've got the cutest little iambic pentameter you ever did see and it will ensure the zine's existence. As soon as I distribute it, the outcry will be such that you will spend vast sums of money to publish ENERGUMEN for years and years and years and....

Of course, for payment of what, by comparison, is only a pittance, I will refrain from distributing this jingle and halt this campaign. Please send it in the form of unmarked bills. Thank you.

((Terry Hughes, whose letters read like David Hulvey with talent, was recently sentenced to three years in a marshmallow for impersonating a car axle on a Sunday. His left knee is reportedly living in a house of ill-repute in North Platte, Nebraska.))

- -

In 14 lettercolumns, this is the first time I've reached the bottom of a page without space to start a new letter. Terry Hughes is a carrier for Twonk's Disease!!

WALT LIEBSCHER
732½ N Robinson
Los Angeles, CA
90026

Anent Silverbob, I shall only say a few things. I think he is beautiful, his wife is beautiful, and he writes beautifully. I have never read a story of his that was uninteresting, some not always great, but always at least good and never dull. Some 11 years ago, I had the pleasure of my first professional publication. Really it was nothing more than an elaborate shaggy dog story. Nevertheless a week or so later I received a card from Silverberg congratulating me. He knew what it meant to me and his card was a pleasant extra. I mention this to give you just one of the nice sides of his character.

Back to ENERGUMEN generally. There have been remarks about your dragging the 'old farts of fandom' out from under the rocks. There is a very rational explanation for this. ENERGUMEN, besides being quite contemporary, has the flavor of the old days when fanzines were fun. I cannot recall anything in any of the issues I have on hand wherein some really nothing individual vented his vitriolic wrath on another person or persons. I cannot recall unkindness. All I can recall are good makeup, good illos, good contents, and good thoughts. And more than anything, that is why some of us 'oldsters' wanted to be included.

Anent Eric Lindsay's remarks about "Loves Of A Lexicologist". I wish I could send him a set of CHANTICLEER and let him see what fun we really had in the 'old days.' There were times when I wrote letters or articles under Bob Tucker's name, and he wrote under my name, and Bob Bloch would swear that they were written by Santa Claus. The spirit of cameraderie was unbelievable. Of course we had one thing in our favor. We knew each other quite well, as well as our subscribers. I think, today, one of the reasons I do not find most fanzines interesting is the fact that I do not know the people involved. An "I did this, and met them, and we did this" type article can be good egoboo for the publisher, but incredibly dull if you don't know the people involved. There is a minimum of this type of material, and a maximum of universally interesting material, in ENERGUMEN, and that is responsible for a great deal of its charm.

((Some of our middle-period issues had a little unplanned unpleasantness, Walt, but if we can be remembered as being "comfortable" or "fun" or having "charm", I think we'll be happy with what we've done.))

- -

GEORGE BARR
1569 Christopher St.
San Jose, Ca.
95122

First off: how to say in a picture how I feel about ENERGUMEN's demise....Why don't you try making a really easy assignment, like drawing the face of God? The thing that has always impressed me about the artwork you publish is the flawless repro you give it. The cover by Tim Kirk with the abominable snow man was as beautiful a piece of printing as I've seen. The highest compliment I can pay is to send you a piece of artwork that will tax your repro to its limits.

((George did, and it did, and we tried, and we think it's one of our best.))

The Eddie Jones cover /on #14/ is beautiful. He has a feeling for life and movement that I envy. Rotsler's work in the issue is spectacular. His cartoons, as excellent as they are, are so ever-present, and unvaryingly good, that I think a lot of people tend to overlook them, and think of them as just sort of fixtures. Some have doubted that he could really draw anything else. This issue should take care of that. I especially like the illo on page 12. Even more than the pictures in his folio, this has a sureness and a rhythm that is enviable.

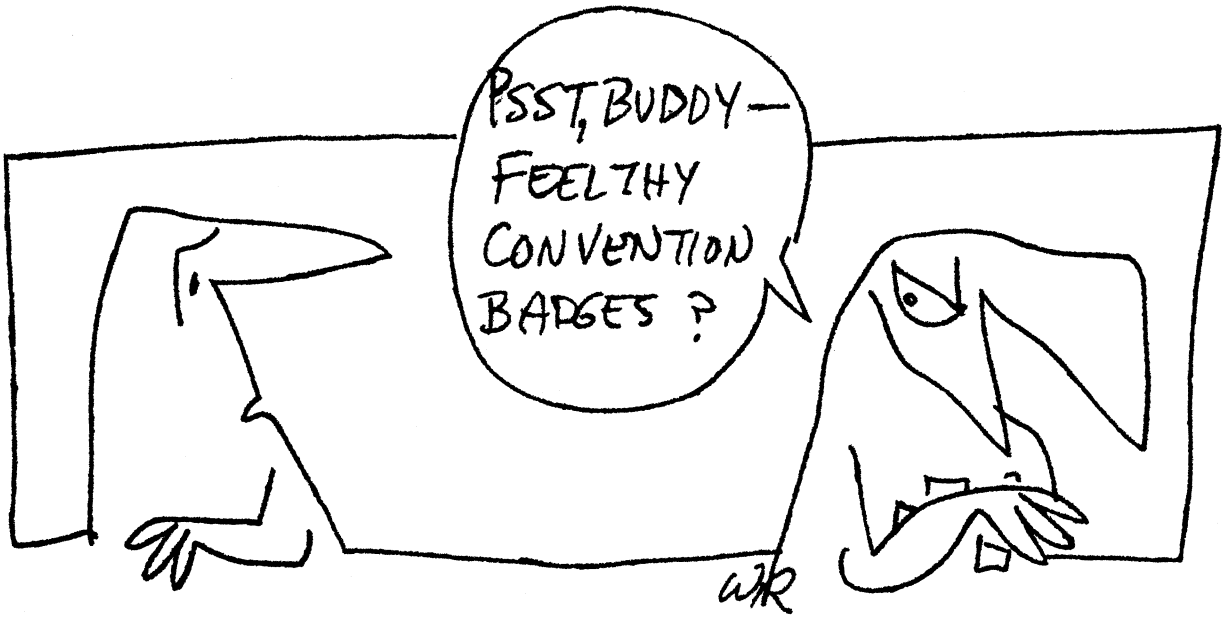
As much as I like Walt Liebscher, I must disagree with him about the art show awards.

The show was originally set up as a SHOW. It has become, in recent years, also an art market place, but its original intent was to show off the art. Many times I, and a number of others, have done one special piece that we have no intention of selling, or which was commissioned before it was done, or which is such that the artist knows he has no chance of getting, at the art show, the price that he wants. But it is, in his own consideration, one of the best things he has done and is worth showing. That's what the show is for. And these very pieces are the ones that, in the artist's estimation, have the best chance of all his work to take a prize. That's WHY they are entered. To eliminate them from the competition simply because they are not for sale seems very arbitrary and pointless to me.

And so far as the same artists getting the awards year after year...my feelings on that are the same as on the Hugos. If the person is best, and those presenting the award agree that he is, to disqualify him is to present a worthless award to someone who does not deserve it. If any rule prevents the best from winning in any category, then the whole contest is a farce. For this reason, I'm very much opposed to the recent ruling which prevents an artist from winning both the fan and pro-art Hugos in the same year. It's a useless rule. If the majority of the fans feel that the same artist does not deserve both, then obviously he won't get them; the rule is unnecessary. But if the majority of voting fans DOES wish to present both Hugos to Gaughan, di Fate, or whoever, any rule which prevents their doing so is an unjust rule and makes the award useless. Who wants to win a Hugo simply because the best man was disqualified? Anyone who does art for fanzines is a fanartist, whatever his professional standing, and he should be allowed to compete. After all, it isn't a matter of his entering competition, or campaigning to win. The award is presented by the fans who consider him best qualified. That should be enough, I think.

((In essence, I agree with you. But if the rule is changed to allow an artist to be eligible in both categories once more, then I'd insist that the definition of 'fan artist' return to the previous concept of someone who does work for fanzines. As it now stands, someone who works primarily for the art shows should not be considered a fan artist on the basis of work that is essentially commissioned or intended for sale.))

At the 1972 Westercon, I disqualified myself from the art show awards for two reasons: to be a judge in the show, and because there had been so much talk about the



same people taking the awards time after time. There's no way of saying that I might have won so there's really no way of determining who received awards because of my not competing - if any did at all. It was still the best people who won, as it usually is. Tim, Alicia, Gregg Davidson, I remember getting awards. If any would have been mine, they got them. And though I was one of the judges, I in no way controlled the voting of the others. Besides, I think I can be objective about other people's art. Although Alicia and Tim are two of my closest friends, I don't pretend to like absolutely everything they've done. Because I know their work so well, I tend to be more critical of it, and certainly more aware when a piece does not measure up to their proven abilities.

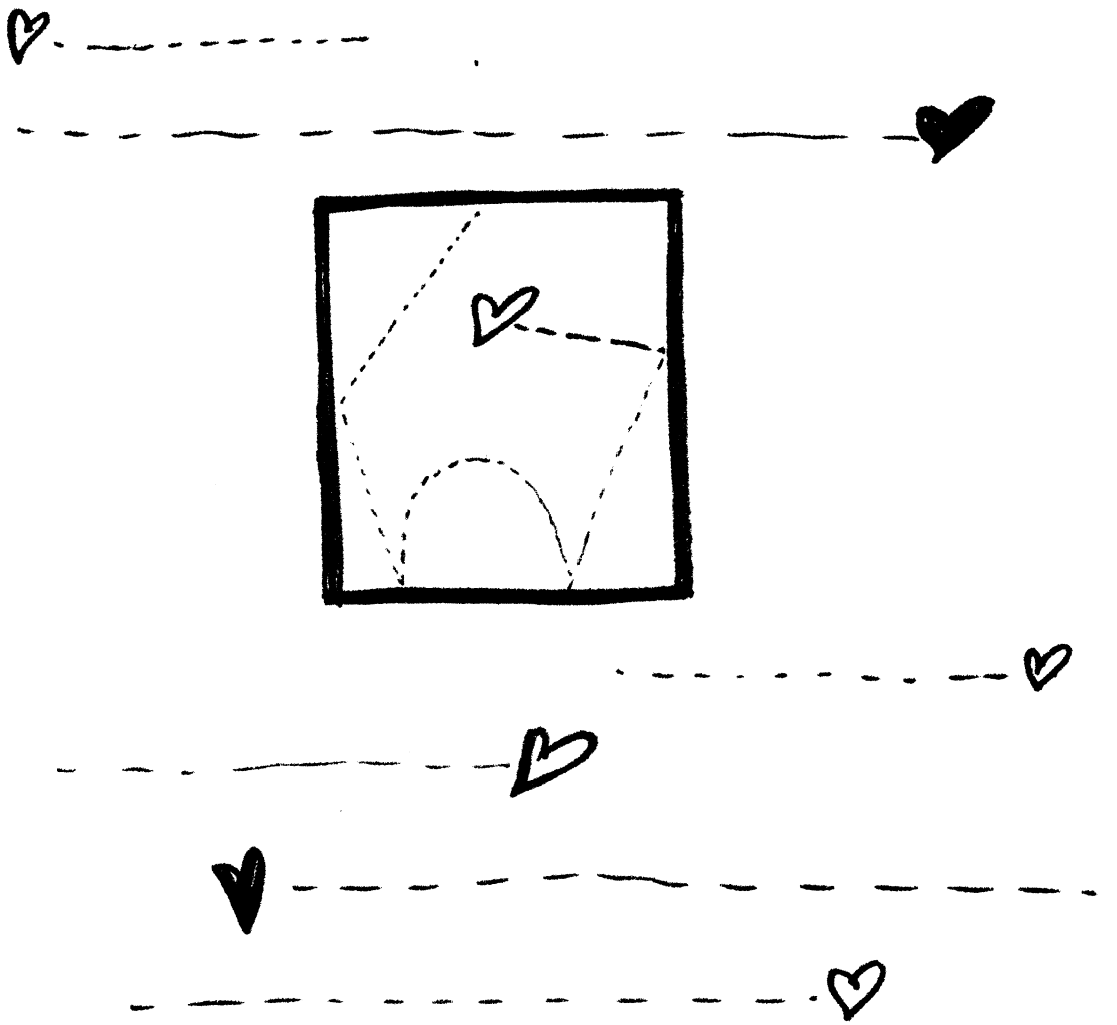
The only way to keep the same people winning year after year -- and still have the awards mean anything at all -- is to be better than they. That way the whole field improves. Killing off one's competition may result in more prizes, but no one's any better an artist for it.

I found Rotsler's article fascinating. I can't, and wouldn't, disagree with anything he said. It needed saying. I've been doing for the last fifteen years exactly what Bill says to do, and it has worked. I've done the things I've enjoyed doing, drawn the kind of pictures (mostly) I enjoy drawing...and become very close friends with the kind of people who enjoy the same things I do. I've seen many people who spent years social climbing to get to a particular level of society, only to find they had to spend the rest of their lives pretending to enjoy the friends they'd made. So I'd add this to Rotsler's advice: Look carefully at those people whose attention you crave, and ask yourself if they are doing what you want to spend the rest of <u>your</u> life doing.

I don't mean to imply that I wouldn't care to know any of those people who belong to the circles I'm not a part of. Many seem like fascinating individuals. But the fact remains, I am doing what I enjoy, and if that would have gotten me into the "IN" crowd, I'd probably have been there long ago. Obviously, the things I enjoy are not the same things they enjoy, or we'd have found ourselves doing them together long before now.

I don't find that something to regret or grieve over. Rather, I think it's a pretty darned healthy state of affairs. My friends are all big-names to me...and many of them are to the rest of fandom, too. But their big-name status is not why I like them, nor why I sought them as friends. I doubt I'd really be too interested in knowing anyone who sought MY friendship simply because they happened to consider me a big name. Friendship should be based on more solid ground than that.

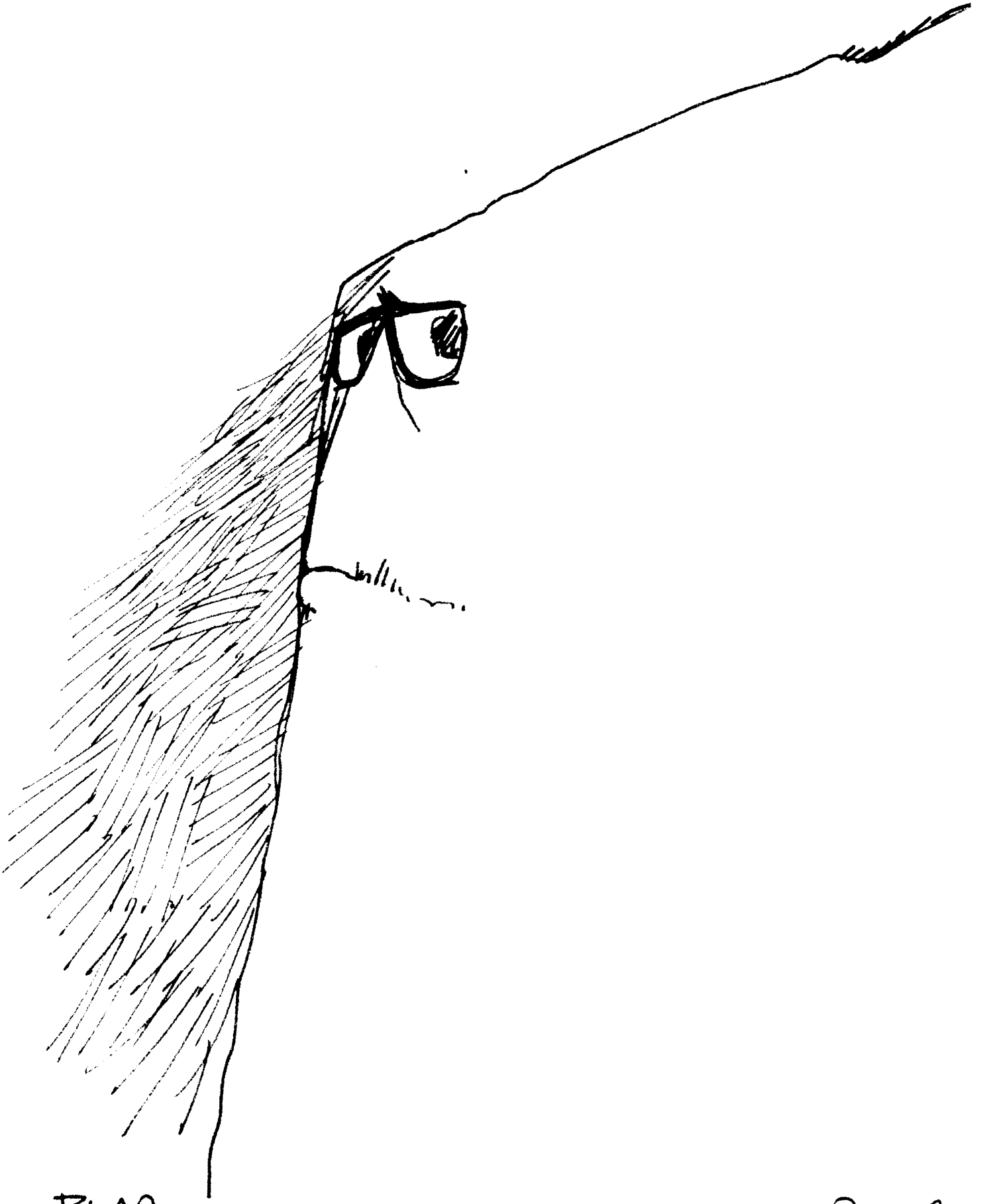
So I don't think a fan should feel too badly if his efforts have not landed him inside the inner circle. If he's being himself to the best of his abilities, he should look around: there's probably a circle there already that he's been too busy, and too close to, to notice.



FRUSTRATION

Litsha

Blank Page


FEAR
POZSLER

Blank Page

WHAT MORE CAN YOU EXPECT FROM YOUR FRIENDS THAN THAT THEY INTEREST, AMUSE, AND PROTECT YOU?

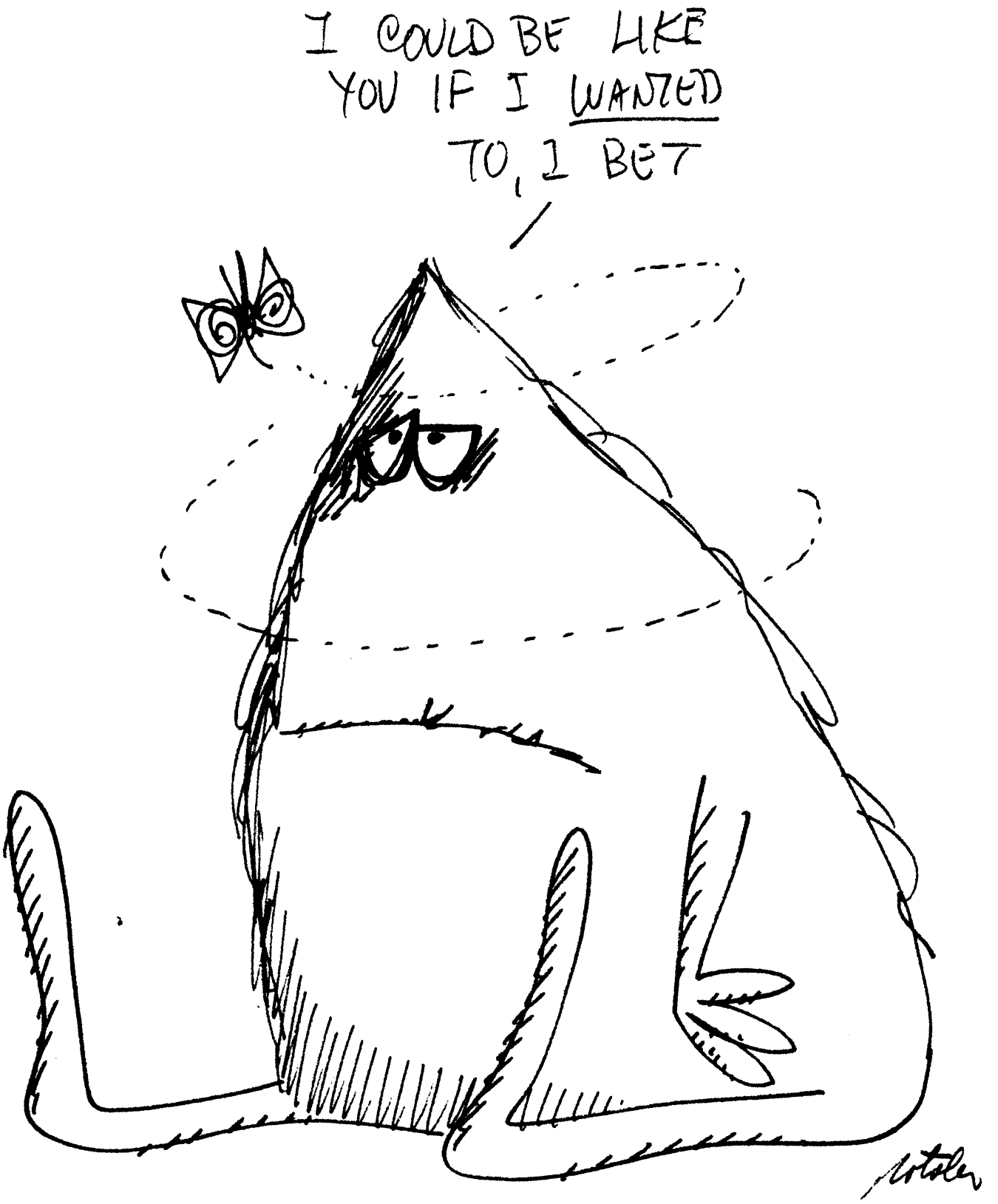
THEY SHOULD BE GODS, MAYBE?

BUT THEN WHAT GOD COULD DO MORE?

THINK ABOUT THAT WHEN YOU HAVE THE TIME IF EVER

WK

Blank Page


I COULD BE LIKE
YOU IF I WANTED
TO, I BET

Blank Page

MURRAY MOORE
Box 400
Norwich, Ont.
NOJ 1PO

Your editorial, which was especially fine this time, did contain a couple of sobering lines. I suppose it is partly due to my lack of personal contact with fans and partly due to my naivety, but your casual mentioning of the payment of funds, cash, money, for art for ENERGUMEN was slightly in the way of illusion cracking. This is the first time I've ever come across any mention of it anywhere. I'd always assumed that you, and a few other faneds who publish folios and excellent covers, who generally have almost a monopoly on the grade A art in fanzines, managed to attract the cooperation of the artists with your excellent repro and care of page layout and general force of personality. I always considered the fact that writers and artists contributed for nothing but a copy of the fanzine in which their material appeared to be the major characteristic which set off sf fandom and fanzines from all the other fandoms, most obviously comics fandom and fanzines. From now on I shall be unable to refrain from wondering whether that Bowers cover or that Bushyager folio was printed because the artist cared or whether an amount of money helped him or her to decide between doing something for art's sake for fanzine X and something for fanzine $. Doesn't it come down to the fact that the richest fans will have the best looking and illustrated and written fanzines, just as the comics fans with the most money will have the "best" collections and libraries? No, No, you protest, 95% of this issue was "free". And I know that no "bought" issue will be better than a fannish issue, if I may be simplistic, but it is still a trend with unfortunate possibilities, a trend which if popular would be opposed to the core suppositions of fandom as I have always understood them.

((Repair those cracked illusions, Murray, and set aside those niggling doubts. It's a simple misunderstanding, from my poor wording, no doubt; the essential generosity of sf fandom is exactly as you have thought it to be. I was a buyer and collector of fan -- and pro -- art long before I was a faned. My reference to buying art for ENERGUMEN was in connection with the few occasions when we have purchased original art because we wanted to own it, and having done so have killed the traditional two birds with one stone by using the art in the fanzine. No artist, EVER, has had us buy artwork in order to use it in the magazine. The very opposite, as you have supposed, has been true: of the 30 front and back covers we have had, fifteen have been donated to us as gifts from the artists. Another was commissioned as a birthday gift from Susan to me and two others we bought after we'd used them because we wanted to keep them in our collection. You'll also be glad to know that Harlan returned our cheque, thereby restoring our 100% amateur status. Rest assured, Murray, that the generous and free contribution of material is an integral part of sf fandom and one of the most rewarding aspects of our unique hobby.))

- -

MIKE GLYER
14974 Osceola St
Sylmar, Calif.
91342

Are the buzzards circling around Toronto yet? Hungry, bony faneds with wide wingspreads wafting on the updraft high over the site of the 1973 convention? NERG is about to go -- its here-now body fades from life, even though its spirit is permanently present in that stack of superb issues I've accumulated. Rejected articles are exhaled, art bounced, subbers reimbursed and turned back, files chucked, records buried, addresses left to gather dust. The buzzards wait to feed on the material all great fanzines leave in their wake -- the carcass of SFR fathered two fanzines and fueled issues of half a dozen others; NERG will certainly leave a legacy to compare.

On another level, NERG #14, although a theme issue, captures most closely what I feel fandom is about in this span of time -- a not-easily-defined mixture of interest in fanhistory, SF, conventions, fannishness, personal comment, "professionalism" and superb art. The issue leaves nothing wanting -- except an opportunity to

go on like this for a few more years. Which is best. The diversity of people contributing, and commenting, gives the issue an unusual sense of interconnectivity -- also, closing off NERG at the point where you and fandom have come into closest harmony seems like having you, the host of this party, decide to go to sleep and throw everyone out of the house. I keep expecting someone to write in and say, "Okay -- we can have the party over at my place. My fanzine is at... Bring your own ink."

((You swell my head, Mike, and I'm not at all sure what you say will happen. So far we've only had one request for material, etc.; a begging, pleading, whining letter from some fellow in Ohio somewhere with a fanzine called OUTBACK or something... It is to laugh.))

The announcement that NERG was departing the scene sapped my frantic, loc-writing reflex, though a certain amount of concern cropped up in lieu -- wondering if I'd get an issue #14, and feeling as if I'd failed to fulfill a responsibility, you being the only faned I know who conscientiously writes locs, doubtless as an exchange of services since you want locs from everyone else. I did get a copy anyway, which is good. Yet #14 is a fanzine of such excellence that now my paranoia lights in neo the name S E N D A -- I'll have to build a safe in my wall to store this zine in. (Neo was a typo, but it's such a <u>good</u> typo.)

Jeff Schalles, Walt Liebscher and Greg Burton may be erring on the side of righteousness, but they err nonetheless. To start off with, Schalles is groping for statistics to use in determining who/how many are qualified to vote for fan Hugos -- and by going on to state his conclusion without having them, ends up using his beanie for a bullhorn. According to the figures in LOCUS, 472 voted for first place in fanzines. 405 voted for second place, 379 for third place (although 84 of those were for no award.) If your figure of 240 copies of past issues was the same for all those out in 1971, that means that, theoretically, half the people who voted could have received NERG. Discarding "no award" votes (which those debators of statistical honesty may argue -- I tend to think that a "no award" vote in first or second place means ignorance of the category), the figure becomes more favorable among the remaining voters, both for their knowledge and taste (since you did win #2)(but I don't mean to defame those who voted for the other zines.)

One might think that "Goshwow -- if everyone had been able to see NERG it would have won." Possibly. Yet Brown, who had 1400 different readers last year, was seen by nearly three times as many as voted. And he got only 223 1-4th place votes. So there is room for difference of opinion. If everyone who had seen your zine had voted for the Hugo, and picked you 1-4, you still could have won. Yes, this is statistical bullshit, but we are discussing possibilities, and the possibility exists -- easily -- that a zine with under 300 hundred circulation could still win in the race as it exists now. So why screw up the voting with weighted distribution and other prejudicial gerrymandering? I say that if 223 think LOCUS is better than NERG, we'll have to live with that, even if they spent all year reading <u>Reader's Digest</u> instead of other fanzines.

((I agree with your conclusion, Mike, and have always tried to make that clear. We'll try to win within the current rules, but if we can't, we can live with it. Speaking of possibilities, though, what you're saying is that LOCUS can win if less than one reader out of six bothers to vote, but for a zine of NERG's size to win, <u>every</u> person on the mailing list must vote. This may be a possibility, but it's a very remote one.))

- -

We interrupt this letter column to present the following commercial messages.....

- -

A SHORT SELECTION OF REACTIONS TO THE ANNOUNCED DEMISE OF energumen

- -

GREGG CALKINS I for one understand the way you feel about not wanting to continue ENERGUMEN in a different form. The thing that finally put OOPS out of business as much as anything else was the sheer hours of labour required to publish regularly. I refused to slipsheet, thank goodness, or I would have ended years before I did. One of the outs available to me then was to go the way Geis and others have taken and switch to photo-offset or some similar method where the finished product is delivered ready to mail. I thought about it long and hard, but to me that kind of a product just wouldn't be OOPSLA! and I just couldn't bring myself to do it. As a matter of fact, I'm not at all sure a non-mimeographed product would even be me, which may be a major factor behind the fact that I talk a lot about publishing a genzine again but I never do anything about it.

I gather from some of the things you've said that you are taking a temporary respite from publishing but that you feel you may be back with a different fanzine someday. All I know about it from my own experience is that once you stop it's hard to get back into the old groove again. I sort of suspended OOPSLA! because I hadn't the time required nor had I the stamina necessary to face up to the chores every time publication day rolled around. I always thought of it as a temporary thing but now over a decade has drifted soundlessly past....

+ + + + + + +

ALPAJPURI Your editorial policy isn't mine, but I can understand, I guess. It's just that it seems like it would be such a drag to think out in advance what your fanzine was going to be -- publishing it would be merely completing your self-imposed task. Of course, there's a lot of positive reinforcement in putting out a good fanzine, but for me, letting the future surprise me is half the fun of living...and pubbing.

MARK MUMPER As for ENERGUMEN, I can say no more about its excellence than has been demonstrated in its pages and in your editorial in the 13th issue. If you feel it's time to move on, I can only agree -- your zine will indeed go out in style, and of course it will remain as much alive as the memories it's instilled in its small world of readers and correspondents. As much as any fanzine creates a "family" about itself, consisting of contributors, readers, and letter-hacks, ENERGUMEN has done so and more. I have never gotten a more pleasant feeling of togetherness and good vibrations from a fanzine as I have from NERG. I can only say thanks for bringing it to me.

+ + + + + + +

LESLEIGH LUTTRELL I guess the most interesting thing in [#13] is Mike talking about how there will be only two more issues of NERG. I know we will all miss it, but I think I can see your point. You want (I think) to be able to have a file on your desk and say 'This is ENERGUMEN', and not have it go through all sorts of metamorphoses like most fanzines that last a long time. I think I can understand your wanting to start a new fanzine because, perhaps, you have new goals in mind for it. To me, though, the effort of getting a new fanzine started wouldn't really be worth it. I wrote a little piece in the last STARLING about the various changes the magazine has gone through, and it doesn't really bother me that such varying publications all have the same title. It's kind of nice to be able to say that you've been publishing the same zine for x many years.

+ + + + + + +

YALE EDEIKEN I do wish to comment on your announcement of the suspension of ENERGUMEN. Until I began to consider the labor and energy that must go into a genzine of the highest quality I was a little piqued. I think that I can now not only understand your decision but endorse it. I guess a great deal of the excitement of publishing a fanzine can be correcting past errors until the zine fulfills the limit of the standards that were set when the thing was started: once that is done, the intellectual labor must cease and the pure drudgery of repeating the winning formula begin. This happened with ENERGUMEN about two issues ago and since then the experimentation, and with it the intellectual excitement, must have passed. Congratulations on doing what you did and best of luck with what you try next.

+ + + + + + +

ALJO SVOBODA Here's a big serving of egoboo, piping hot: the measure of ENERGUMEN's greatness (to use the rhetoric of the politician) is found in its lettercolumn. I don't think there has been an issue yet without at least one piece not revered as the ultimate by at least one person in the next issue, and #13 was no exception. In fact, you've risen to such heights I expect you'll receive thousands of letters this time around protesting the folding of ENERGUMEN. If you refuse not to fold, I expect a campaign will begin to save ENERGUMEN, like the one to save Star Trek. Maybe these devotees will call themselves Nergies. The Nergies will eventually, of course, put out Nergzines to prove their devotion. And conventions will sell Rosemary Ullyot's instead of Spock ears, and IPA bottles instead of Tribbles. The whole cult of devotion will culminate in a gigantic Nergcon attended by 5000 Nergies and covered in TV GUIDE and LOCUS. Rumors, at that point, will start springing up, that ENERGUMEN is about to revive and that everything is worked out except that Rosemary Ullyot doesn't want to rejoin the staff... Mike Glicksohn, you're the Gene Roddenberry of tomorrow!

+ + + + + + +

ANDY PORTER The announcement that ENERGUMEN is going to cease publication was

unexpected, but not amazing. After the initial issues, which burst on the fan scene with a definite bang, ENERGUMEN seemed to consolidate its position. Perhaps you might not agree with me, but I think it reached a plateau of excellence at which it's been for several issues. Your ideas of layout and content have stabilized and ENERGUMEN has reached the point where it could become the rich man's YANDRO -- going on, in it's own excellent way, for years -- but I was sure you didn't want to choose that route.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

sure that I feel a life and identity in a given fanzine title that would make me discontinue it, only to start up a new one with a different title, but you, Geis, and some other fans apparently can't bear a change in personality or character without a change in name, and if you promise to publish something else I won't feel too unhappy simply because--and you might guess the surprise ending--the title itself doesn't mean enough to me to make me lament a fanzine's death, as long as the same person or persons will be publishing under another title. I still have some hopes that you will reconsider when you think some more about all the reputation and charisma you've built via ENERGUMEN and how some of it will drain away if you discontinue a title that has caused these Pavlovian pleasure reflexes for most of its readers.

+ + + + + + +

WALT LIEBSCHER

Alas, old kind and faithful friend
We come to your very last (the end)
And as I reach out and grab a tissue
I weep profusely, for I will missue

Alas, Mike's sprightly first remarks
We'll see no more, for Heavens sarks
And Rosemary's Kumquat May, forsooth
I'll really miss, and that's the trooth

The Two Cents Worth of Glicksohn, Susan
I'm sure I'll really miss perusan
For after all, I really arter
For it was worth at least a quarter

At night, in bed, I'll think of illos
To be no more, and wet my pillos
With tears that flow on unabated
And leave me completely dehydrated

I'd say goodbye, if I could manage
In a foreign tongue, like French or Spanage
Instead I'll have to wax archaic
And merely say ta ta (that's Gaelic)

Oh, ENERGUMEN so fair, so rich
I'll miss you like a sonovabich
Your passing will leave me morose and weepy
So much so I may not be able to peepy

+ + + + + + +

DICK GEIS Your reasons for ending NERG are of course good and sufficient; all a fan really has to say is that he's sick of the damn thing and wants to do something else with his time. Once the fun is gone it's a dreary game.

+ - + - + - + - + - + - + - + - +

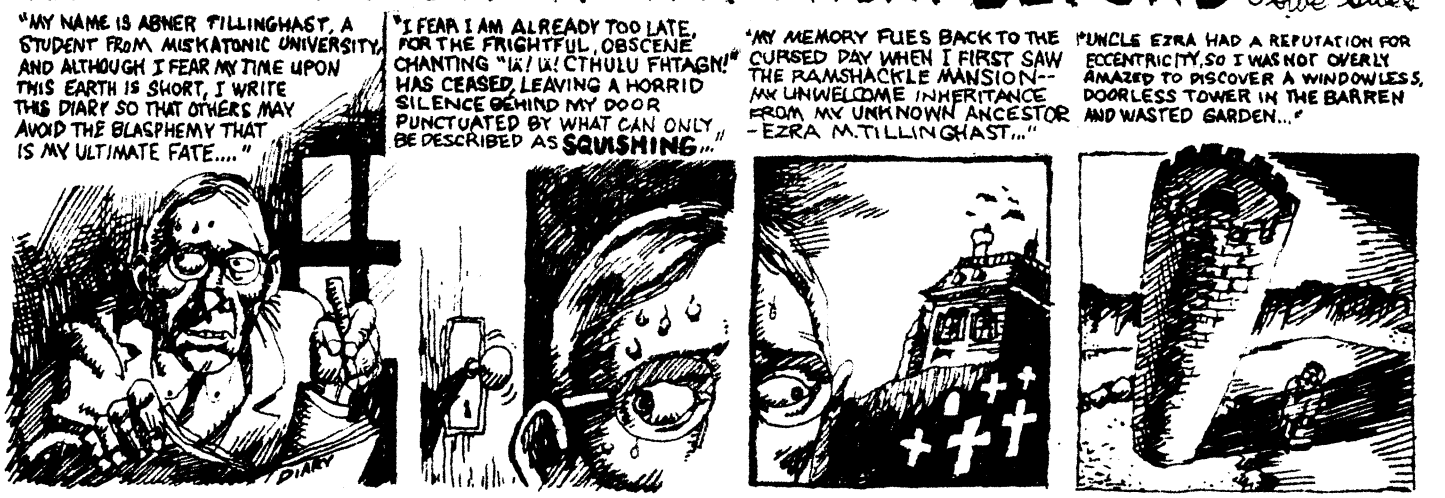
With the exception of Walt's poem, all of the above comments were written after the announcement of our demise that appeared in #13. Much as I'm tempted to discuss them here, I think I'll let my previous editorials and ENERGUMEN itself stand as my statements on these matters. We do want to thank all the other readers who complimented NERG and said that they would miss it once it finished. A weaker fan might have relented under this deluge of egoboo and revived the fanzine...but I guess I'm just too Old and Tired right now to be weak. Thank you all, for making it worthwhile.

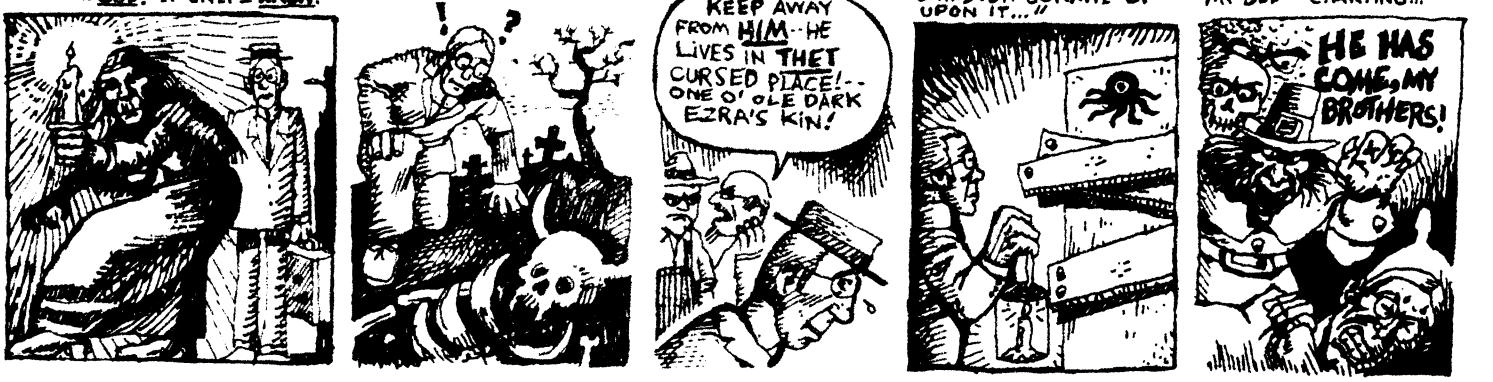
Blank Page

Blank Page

THE CREEPY UNKNOWN FROM BEYOND

© Steve Stiles





Blank Page

AND NOW A SCINTILLATING

SELECTION OF SAGACIOUS

SALLIES, SHORT SQUIBS &

SOMEWHAT SEVERE SORTIES

ROBERT BLOCH Much as I appreciated the articles on Bob, I must admit I found Rotsler's piece the most impressive, and most reflective of thought and considered judgement. Surprisingly often, fans ask questions about the matters he discusses, and surprisingly seldom do they get any answers. So his sensible and sensitive approach is very welcome: I'll probably save the article to show the next fan who brings up the problem. Rotsler is hip enough to realize that there are times when one should be straight -- and he has the courage to say so, which I find admirable.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

erally part of the program, and who are pretty much expected to be willing to go on talking to any fans who want to discuss what the author said on the ____ panel or who want to ask a couple of questions about the author's writing. Those short conversations are pleasant for all concerned, but there are usually too many of them for any one to develop into friendship, no matter how personable the fan is. ((I've never felt that the authors were "expected" to do anything at a convention except enjoy themselves along with all the other attendees. That most are willing to share themselves with other fans adds to the enjoyment of the con, but I wouldn't want to see anyone suggesting that this is their obligation. Essentially you are right about conversations at cons, but enough of them, at enough cons, can lead to friendship and the chance to meet each other in a more relaxed atmosphere.))

CY CHAUVIN Every time I finish reading one of Sandra Miesel's articles, I'm nearly always left lacking an answer to one question: Was this book (or short story, or whatever) good? And if so, why? I suppose Sandra assumes we know the answer to that question; I believe she only writes articles about books she considers good. But all those long articles about Tarzan in RQ seem to start out with that same assumption, and I always consider it sort of weak. People have dug all sorts of things out of the Burroughs books, but nearly all of them are poorly written; likewise, Sandra has written on NOVA, Saberhagen, and now SON OF MAN, but I don't know if the authors she's discussed are any better. Still, Sandra's articles are enjoyable to read; perhaps she is writing about what is good in a certain story, and I'm simply not comprehending.

ALAN SANDERCOCK Sandra Miesel's article on SON OF MAN was interesting. Surely, however, there are parallels between this book and A TIME OF CHANGES which could have been pointed out? I'm thinking mainly of similar scenes in both novels describing sudden sexual disorientation for the male as a result of a reversal or merging of the sexual roles. In both cases this is described as occurring in mystical circumstances. The only difference (and the point of interest) is that it is a drug-induced effect in A TIME OF CHANGES. For the article itself, though, Sandra seems to have appreciated the book much more than I did. It was readable only to see where it would all end up and for some of the individual incidents. The writing itself just seemed too forced or stylized.

GARY RICKER Have to agree with Susan on SON OF MAN. I could read it only as a scenario, screenplay if you will, with a messianistic tying of loose ends as a finish. All very discouraging, as she states, in light of Bob's loc. The only change in the book I'd make would be to stretch SLOW into many, many pages with large type. Why not pad out a buck-25 book? Ah, if Bill Bowers were a pro editor! ...and ain't it neat how REVOLT ON ALPHA C is actually BOOK OF SKULLS?

ERIC LINDSAY What can I say - ENERGUMEN 14 is beautiful. I feel I may have to abandon my star and start ~~initiating~~ following ENERGUMEN instead of OUTWORLDS. It is interesting to note that the only page that didn't work out right was an offset page in Derek's cartoon. I don't know what this is supposed to prove, maybe that faneds can do a better job than regular printers. The difference must be that faneds care. Even when they complain about the cost, and the work, and the money, and the effort, and the dough, and the difficulties, and the green stuff they waste. They care, and this makes a fanzine something different. ((Right On!!))

PHILIP PAYNE I was overjoyed to find in my 'Penguin Book of Modern Quotations' several by Spike Milligan, including seventeen from the Goon Show such as: "Not so loud, you fool - remember - even people have ears", "Are you going to come quietly or do I have to use earplugs?", and "A floor so cunningly laid that no matter where you stood it was always under your feet."

Your cover was superb -- best ever. The rest of your artwork was again splendid. My favourite was Grant Canfield's interpretation of THE WORLD INSIDE. I also liked Bill Rotsler's folio, and I loved their joint illo on page 35. ((I'm sure Grant will be flattered, Philip: his 'joint' illo with Rotsler was pure Canfield.))

GEORGE BARR I'm interested to learn that to Mike Gilbert, cartoons, unicorns, and "fantasy decorative drawings" cannot qualify as illustration. That seems to exclude me, Alicia Austin, his good friend (who has better things to say of Mike's work) Tim Kirk, Grant Canfield, Steve Fabian, Bill Rotsler, ATom, etc.etc. In fact, who does it leave in the fan art field who can qualify as an illustrator...besides Mike himself, of course? I've had many professional assignments in the last year or so which involved such over-worked decorative fantasy subjects as elves, dwarfs, flying horses, dryads, minotaurs, centaurs, etc. I didn't know that doing this kind of thing prevented me from being an illustrator. It's nice we have these more knowledgable people to keep us from getting too secure in our delusions.

GREGG DAVIDSON When I think of ENERGUMEN.... For some reason I have this unrelenting image of myself and all the contributors to ENERGUMEN meeting twenty years from now in a bar in Tangiers toasting a 4½ foot tall Canadian fanzine while it blows Auld Lang Syne on the bag pipes. The beer is good, the flies are like dive bombers and the top staple of ENERGUMEN bobs in and out drunkenly as it waits for a refill. As fate would have it though, Canadian fanzines are considered underage in Tangiers and the poor zine sheds bitter mimeo tears as it is refused a final "one for the road."

MOSHE FEDER I really enjoyed the reprints. Terry has fine taste and his introductory remarks were worth reading. I especially appreciated the piece on Robert Silverberg's first novel. He really captures the gruntingly hard work of writing respectable fiction and leaves out only one aspect -- how quickly one outgrows one's own work and wishes it were possible to go back and make changes or perhaps cancel out the whole thing. My own stuff hasn't even appeared in print yet and already I'm a little sorry. But there is the consolation of the money and of the knowledge that the next time you'll have a chance to prove you can do better.

LINDA BUSHYAGER I agree with Susan about SON OF MAN. It's a good book, full of deep philosophical insights, but somehow you can't get into the character enough to really care about him. The book seems to a philosophical treatise with plot and action superimposed on it, rather than an action plot with a deep theme. Sandra's review/essay was great. She summed up the problem of SON OF MAN: "This sensuous, didactic, and witty novel avoids both melodrama and most ordinary dramatic tension." That's the main problem -- SON OF MAN reads more like a philosophy essay than a novel.

GOOD GRIEF! LOOK! LINE AFTER LINE OF PURE UNABASHED, UNADULTERATED, NAKED

egoboo

WHERE WILL IT ALL END?

SANDRA MIESEL Rotsler's counsels ought to be engraved on tablets of bronze and set up before the entrances to cons. But that presumes that the people who most need to know these things can read.

MURRAY MOORE Everything in ENERGUMEN is worthwhile but "Everything..." by Bill Rotsler was easily the best aspect of the issue and one of the best things that you have ever published.

JOHN D BERRY I haven't a great deal to say about the reprints from Silverberg's fanzines, other than to express my enjoyment. Of course, I reveled in Bob's descriptions of writing science fiction; I suppose almost any sf fan can get off on talking about writing. The travelogs, though, are still more fascinating to me, since I am a fan of exotic cultures and far-away lands. I might add that Terry did a good job of selecting reprints, and that his introduction is as fine as the material reprinted.

JOHN CARL Dammit, Terry Carr's selection for his "Entropy Reprints" was nothing short of brilliant, and I don't use that word offhandedly. I immensely enjoyed both sections, and I pity any poor soul who didn't.

GREGG CALKINS I think even if /Harlan/ had been present the guts of the issue would still have been Terry Carr's "Entropy Reprints", which has to be the best series of articles ever done in fandom's various journals. Harry Warner's splendid "All Our Yesterdays" may be an equal, but no more; Willis' "Harp That Once or Twice" a very close second.

MIKE O'BRIEN I well remember the tale you were telling me of /hassling Customs for/ Connie's silkscreens. Yecch! The results are worth it, though, and I agree with you: I've never seen art or technique (considered independently) that good in a fanzine before.

MIKE GILBERT ENERG just loped in and I rejoiced in an interesting and attractive issue. I was especially pleased with Connie's silkscreen, which is a most excellent piece of work just from the standpoint of being a print alone. My appreciation to Connie for doing it and you for including it.

MOSHE FEDER What can I say to describe my reaction to ENERGUMEN 14? You must be tired of hearing the superlatives by now. Wow, you weren't kidding when you said you were going out with a bang! Three separate offset folios and a foldout Faddis silkscreened print that has got to be one of the all time masterpieces of fan (or pro) sf art! I feel genuinely privileged to have received so fine an issue, an issue that will certainly go down in fan history as one of the heights to shoot for. ((My head swells to bursting; but the Rotslers were mimeo, not offset.))

MARK MUMPER What can I say about NERG 14? Well, actually I have much to say about the contents, but the full impact and beauty of the issue cannot be expressed in words that haven't been used too often before. You have indeed reached the summit of fanzine production, and I think this is recognized by most of the small segment of fandom that is into the better zines.

WALT LIEBSCHER Damn it, Glicksohns, I'll just come right out and say it without reservations. ENERGUMEN 14 is the most beautiful fanzine I've ever seen. The logos, the cartoons, the artwork in general, all is impeccably right.

RICHARD E GEIS How you like my new letterhead? Eat your heart out. That's what I did when I saw ENERGUMEN 14. I have seen you top yourselves, I have seen near perfection in a fanzine (I spotted one typo), and I came close to cutting my throat. Your mimeography is incredible. You should win a prize for it.

ROSE M HOGUE This is bar none the best dedicated-to-a-pro-SF-author fanzine I've yet seen--it covers every aspect of Silverberg quite adequately, remains completely readable and entertaining and is something so beautiful that many will treasure it long past their fannish days...I know I will!

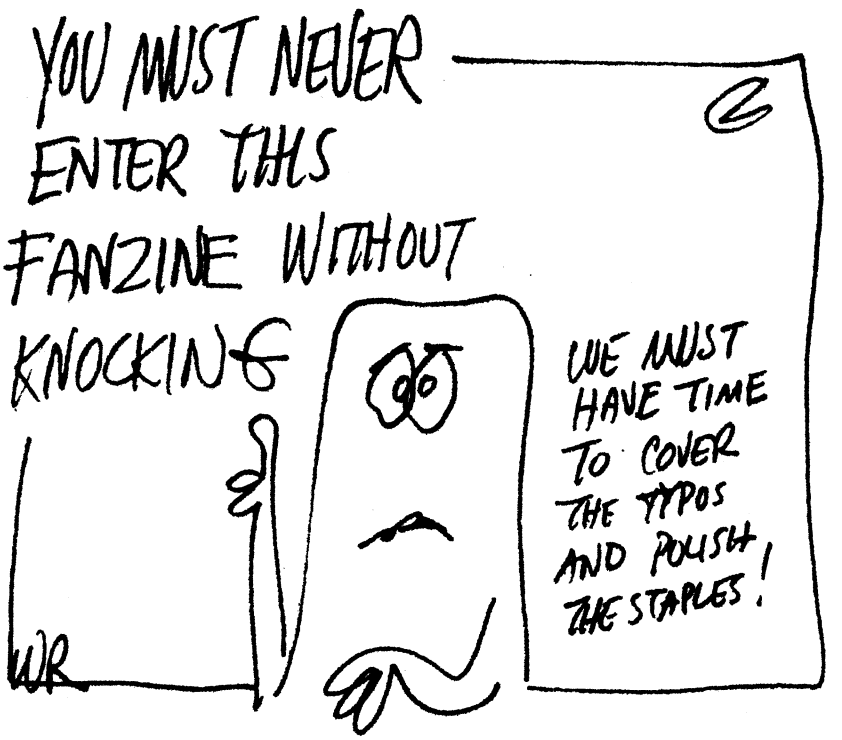
ALJO SVOBODA I can restrain myself no longer. ENERGUMEN 14 is the most beautiful fanzine I have seen since the issue of POTLATCH which contained my first published loc. Of course, that was mostly a subjective judgement. ENERGUMEN, on the other hand, is "visually stunning" and "marvelously entertaining" and my judgement is clearly objective: everyone else is saying the same thing. (Notice the vein of "subtle egoboo" that suffuses this statement, so refreshing after the grovelling, whining flattery I'm sure you've been getting of late...)

D. SCHWEITZER This issue strikes me as the kind that will receive much praise and little comment. In other words, it's very fine, one of the best single issues of a fanzine ever published, but remarkably devoid of comment-hooks.

GREG BENFORD I'll save a special place in my fanhistorical heart for ENERGUMEN -- you've really achieved a high standard, the best in years, with the last six or so.

JEFF SCHALLES Yes, yes, this is an incredible issue of an incredible fanzine. You've done it, or at least come as close to it as can be possible for a pair of fans of your tender age: you've published nearly the perfect fanzine.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Laurine White, Jerry Shifrin, David Piper, Sheryl Birkhead, Jay Kinney, Alex Robb, Fred Saberhagen, Alpajpuri, Sandra Dodd, J K Klein, Ian Maule, Peter Shragge, Will Straw, Greg Burton, Philip K Dick, Windy Dolan, George Flynn, Verne O'Brian, C Lee Healy, Alan Stewart, Ron L Clarke, Don Ayres, Norman Hochberg, Douglas Vaughan, Nicholas Grimshawe, David Stever, Harlan Ellison, Dennis Geraghty, Michael Carlson, Eli Cohen, Denis Quane, Bruce Gillespie and Harry Warner, whose excellent letter will appear in XENIUM.



This is the twenty-ninth page of the lettercolumn
and
the seventy-fourth page of the issue
and
the seven hundred and ninety second page of ENERGUMEN
and it is also

The End

Blank Page

SF

Energumen 15 Original Colour Paper