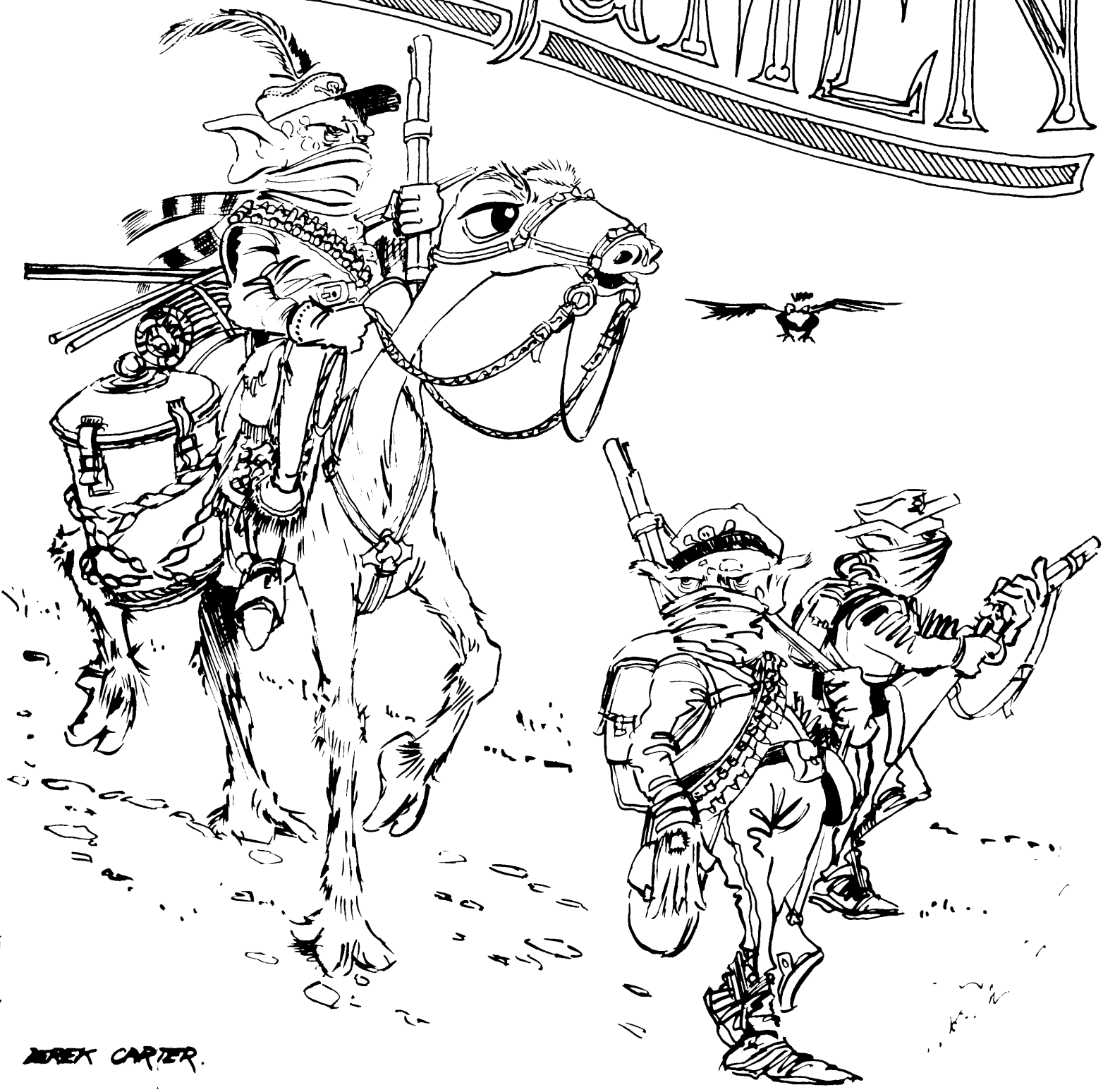


MICHELLE'S
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REX CARTER.

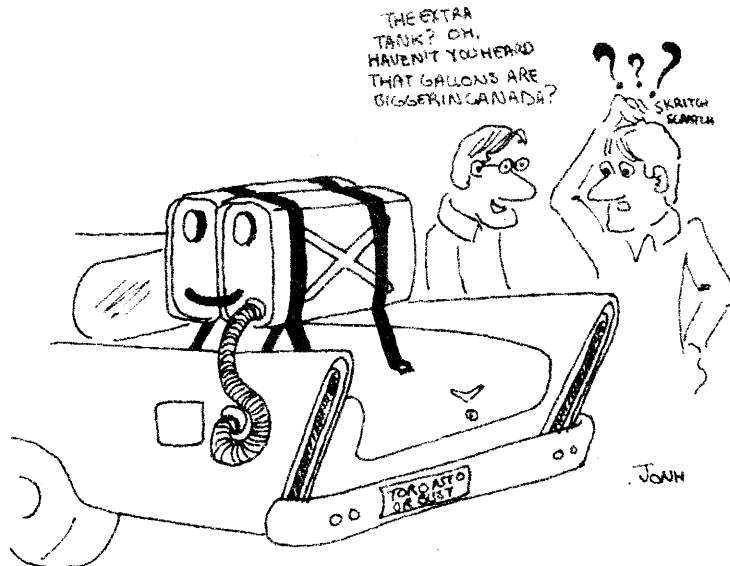
 ENERGUMEN 5, being the fifth issue of a quarterly genzine, is edited by Michael Glicksohn
 267 Saint George Street, Apt 807, Toronto 180, Ontario, Canada. It is co-edited by my
 wife, Susan, and published on the Pressed HaM Press either in Ottawa or in Toronto, de-
 pending on where said press happens to be at the end of the month. ENERGUMEN is available
 for substantial loc, arranged trade, contribution of written or artistic material, or,
 as a last resort, for 50¢ an issue--absolutely no cheques accepted! Cover is by Derek
 Carter, backcover by Alicia Austin, folio by George Barr. February 1971

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FEEDBACK

FROM

THE

MIKE



In a letter most of which appears elsewhere in this issue, Jerry Lapidus aired the following thoughts: "Now, Michael, I know you, and I know your real attitudes; so when you joke about the Hugo and that, I know you're not really thinking so highly of yourself and can join in the fun. But I really wonder what the fan who doesn't know

Mike Glicksohn at all is going to say about things like "If you do a good job I'll let you polish my Hugo," and "think how bad a missed issue will look in your boxed set." Perhaps if you're really serious--and I think you are--about that Hugo, it might really be better to limit such remarks to people who know you don't really mean them." Okay, all you people out there who only know me through the pages of *ENERGUMEN* and are convinced that I must be the most arrogant bastard in fandom, be reassured. Jerry tells you it really isn't so. I confess to an overwhelming streak of flippancy and facetiousness, a trait that has gotten me into difficulties through misunderstanding in the past and will doubtless do so regularly in the future. But that's the way I am.

I'm proud of my magazine, Jerry, damned proud, and like every faned anywhere, I'd love to win a Hugo someday. Charlie Brown said that *ENERGUMEN* was easily one of the ten best fanzines of 1970 and I figured that maybe, just maybe, there'd be some people who might think it was one of the top five. But then a rumour started circulating that fanzines that first appeared in 1970 weren't eligible until 1972. I was certainly arrogant enough to want to correct that impression and I did so in my usual flippant fashion. If I turned some people off by the way I did it, well, as you say, they just don't know me all that well. And the other point is that this is not a personalzine and hence depends

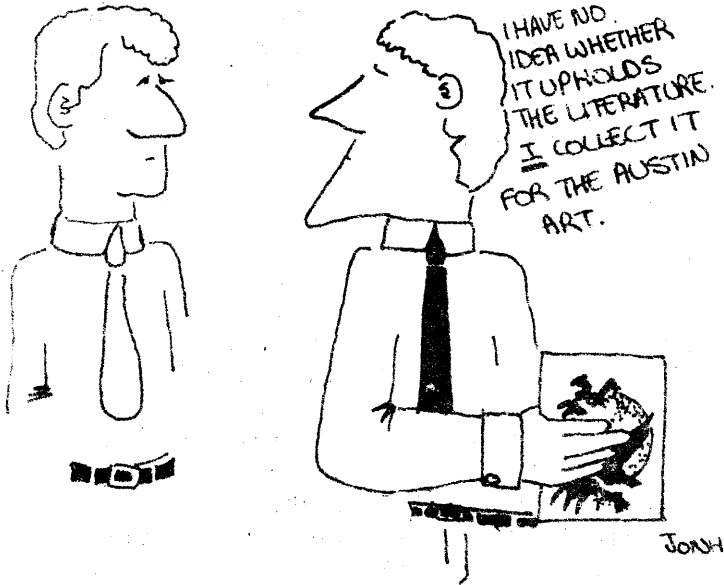
upon contributions and response for its existence. I guess I could send out official "This is your last issue--please renew your subscription" notices, but what the hell: this is a fanzine, not LIFE, and I'd rather encourage people to respond with what seemed to me a humorous little remark. After all, this whole fannish thing is a voluntary activity and I'd rather keep it fairly light-hearted. Don't worry, when I'm serious about something, I'll let you know...until then just remember that I tend to be irreverant about most things, okay?

And just in case there's anyone out there who thinks that I'm really trying to put down Bill Bowers or OUTWORLDS, I'd better make it clear that Bill and I are the best of friends and both have considerable admiration for each other's fanzines. If this weren't the case I'd never make the facetious "cracks" that I've been making. (There's another one in the lettercol this issue, but it's all in fun, folks, all in fun.) It's just that both Bill and I started publishing around the same time in early 1970 and our fanzines developed similar reputations as "artzines" and "appearance-conscious". People began mentioning us together and we gradually became "friendly rivals". Now I think Bill and Joan are two of the most delightful people in fandom and I have tremendous respect for Bill's ability as an editor and publisher and since I'm sure they know this, I went ahead in my usual way and levelled a couple of apparently derogatory remarks at OUTWORLDS. But for Ghu's sake, don't take me seriously! If you must know, I think Bill deserves a Hugo nomination for the five excellent issues he produced in 1970. He's forgotten more about editing and graphics than I know and my only consolation is that he's been publishing for about forty years longer than I have. Having straightened that out, I feel no reluctance at all in pointing out that the lazy bastard still hasn't locec ENERGU MEN despite my regular letters to OUTWORLDS. Fink!

Speaking of Hugos, he said, subtly introducing the subject, now's as good a time as any for me to urge all fans to nominate as widely as they feel qualified for these important awards. Only with extensive participation by well-informed fans will the Hugos have any real meaning, so even if you only feel knowledgeable in one or two categories, get a ballot and send it in. And do it soon! My own feelings run this way: 1970 was a pretty lean year for novels; all the best books I read turned out to have pre-1970 copyrights (PHOENIX, WIZARD OF EARTH-SEA, Keyes THE TOUCH etc). My own nod went to Tucker's YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN and I expect to see AND CHAOS DIED and RINGWORLD on the ballot although I found both to be flawed works. My most fervant prayer is that I WILL FEAR NO EVIL--Heinlein's colossal monument to bad writing--isn't nominated on the strength of Heinlein's reputation. I'd be more than a bit disgusted if it was.

There's really too much short fiction for anyone to be able to recommend one piece over several other equally valid choices. It all depends on what you like to see emphasized in your shorter works--plot, character, atmosphere etc. Myself, I voted for Simak's "Thing in the Stone" and Lafferty's "Been a Long, Long Time". And although neither of these appeared in AMAZING, I still think it was the best of the prozines last year. I enjoyed much of the fiction and particularly liked the editorials and features. But I admit to a slight fannish bias in these things. The usual five will be on the final ballot anyway, so you get the standard choice. As far as fanzines go, SFR was still a top fanzine and OUTWORLDS should certainly be on the final ballot...and I wonder if there are any faneds who do not nominate themselves? Perhaps someone should take a poll?





In the Best Fan Artist category, there should be no question. Alicia Austin is a clear choice; her work in the first four issues of this fanzine, her appearances in LOCUS, SFR and many other fanzines plus her spectacular entries in many regional convention art shows make her the obvious choice for this award. Best Professional Artist is a tougher decision though. I'm torn between Jack Gaughan, whose covers for the early issues of IF and GALAXY last year were among the finest magazine covers I've ever seen, and the Dillons, who continued to produce some of the finest paperback covers in the field. Either would be a worthwhile winner.

Another difficult choice is for the award for Best Fan Writer. I finally decided on Ted Pauls for his copious and excellent book reviews which I have always found to be literate and entertaining even if I didn't always agree with them. The very afternoon that I made that decision, the mail brought me the first installment of a column by Ted and I'm delighted to have him in these pages. Lastly, there's the Best Dramatic Presentation award: since I haven't seen "No Blade of Grass" and UFO, the British science fiction series (although this is a case where the term 'sci-fi' might be more appropriate) is abysmal, I'm passing on this one. However, as I've said, it isn't necessary to nominate in every category--just those in which you feel qualified. So if your opinions are based on a reasonably broad spectrum of the potential candidates, send in that nomination ballot. Maybe it isn't as important as saving the world from pollution-death, but it gives a little meaning to what we're doing, it can't be all bad.

+ + +

Many of you reading this will also have a copy of the first issue of my wife Susan's new fanzine ASPIDISTRA. ASP is sort of an ecology/heavy raps/fiction/personal zine which is entirely Susan's creation. Apart from acquainting her with some of the physical facts about producing mimeographed fanzines, I've had no part in the generation of this first issue, it is uniquely and entirely hers. Which delights me, because Susan's interests and mine are often quite divergent so she's publishing material the worth of which I recognize, without wishing to publish it here in ENERGUMEN. For example, Susan is an English major and she knows and likes good poetry and fiction. She'd like to publish this kind of material if she gets it and since I was considering phasing it out of my own fanzine, this works rather well. So after this issue, there will be no more poetry in NERG but it will definitely be considered for future issues of ASP. Our fanzines will thus tend to complement each other, but it sure as hell's going to confuse our already bewildered mailman!

Also with this issue should be (I hope!) a folio of illustrated George Barr limericks. George sent them back with Rosemary from the 1970 Westercon and wondered if I'd be interested in publishing them! Of course, I jumped at the chance but told George I couldn't afford the expensive offset processing at the time and might have to wait for a while. George was agreeable, so I've kept them around, but I still can't afford the expensive offset processing and probably won't be able to until this time next year. Rather than wait that long, and remembering how well George's snail electrostencilled in issue #1, I'm going to try and reproduce the folio by this less expensive method. If it works out, the limericks will accompany this issue; but if they're not representative of George's originals, you'll all get an apology next time out.

+ + +

There's a well-known fannish phrase that goes "Real Soon Now"; it's used in connection with all those things that one has always meant to do or promised to do but has never gotten around to. Well, in this household, we have a slight variation that is used at least twice a day. It goes "Next Year When I'm Working..." and, as you might imagine, is used in connection with the many things we'd like to do but cannot afford as two not-exactly-wealthy students. However, I'm in the process of becoming a teacher and prospects for employment next year do look rather good so perhaps for the first time in our lives we'll have the money to do some of the things we'd like to do. So...we're going to Boskone, Next Year When I'm Working...and we're going to buy our own mimeo, Next Year When I'm working...and we'll never again have to return absolutely stunning multi-section covers to Grant Canfield because we can't afford the expense involved in printing them, N.Y.W.I.W....and we will buy original hardcover SF, N.Y.W.I.W....and to hell with nine people in a double at conventions, N.Y.W.I.W. The way it looks now, although we're just about maaging financially this year, next year, when I'm working and we have at least twice and maybe three times as much money coming in as we do this year, we'll be hopelessly in debt!! I'm kind of looking forward to it.

+ + +

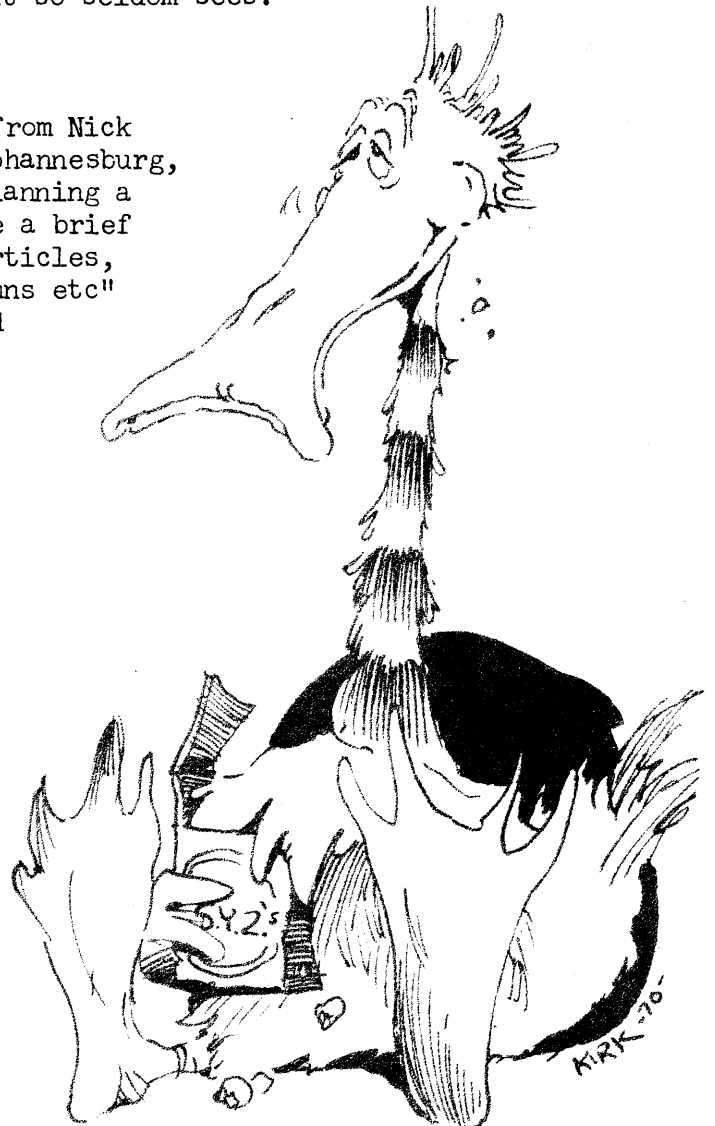
One word about Avram Davidson's contribution to this issue. It was originally part of a loc on E4 which I asked Avram for permission to publish as an article. He said fine as long as I mentioned it was originally written as a letter, not as an article. Letter or article, I personally think it's the most fascinating thing I've published in these first five issues, the sort of thing an editor dreams of receiving in the mail but so seldom sees.

+ + +

Letters, we get letters...like the one from Nick Shears, 52 Garden Way, Northcliff Ext. 4, Johannesburg, Transvaal, Republic of South Africa who's planning a zine called ENTROPIAN and asks if I'd "place a brief plea for contributions, fiction, artwork, articles, reviews, offers and samples of regular columns etc" Why, I can't do that, Nick. That's news, and LOCUS would never forgive me!

+ + +

Now that we're almost through the program, I hope you realize that you have to have the commercial. And the plug this issue, and the next issue and the one after that, is for the Toronto in '73 Committee. I've had many encouraging letters supporting the bid, especially since the Minneapolis people withdrew in favor of Toronto. Now there exists a clear-cut choice before fandom (see Jerry Lapidus' letter in the lettercol for more ideas on this) and I urge you all to consider the Toronto bid. We have the people, we have the facilities and we certainly have the city. For that matter, we have the country! Imagine--a worldcon in Canada! Why, we're almost a foreign country... you could make a vacation out of your trip to the con. For those of you who

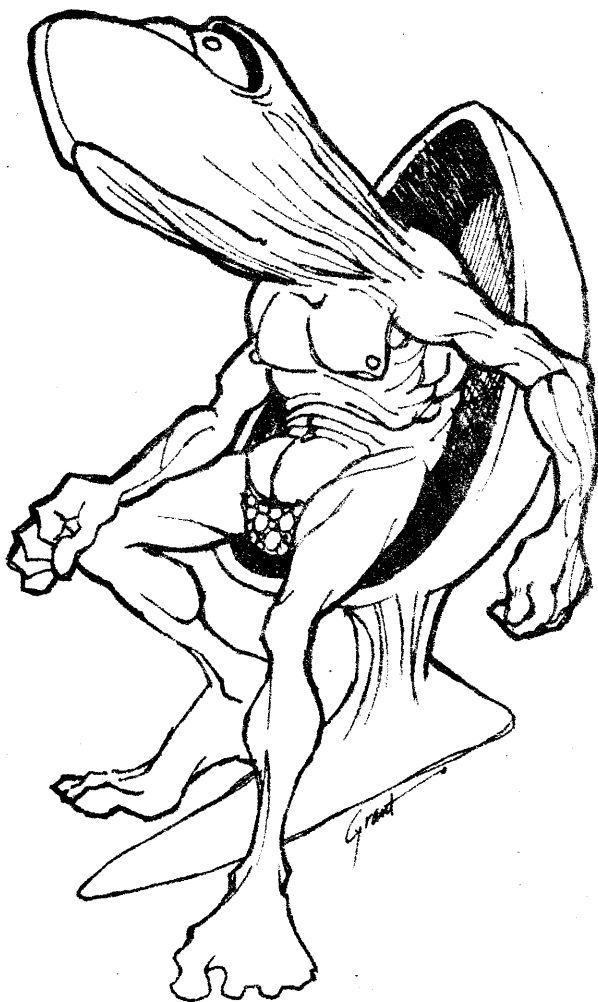


have asked what you can do to help the bid, my answer is "Talk it up." Tell all your friends about the bid, if you have a fanzine, mention your support for Toronto in it, and, most important of all, make every effort yourself and encourage all your fanzine friends to go to the Noreascon so you'll be on hand to vote for the 1973 Worldcon site. With your help, we'd like to show fandom that Canada can put on the best Worldcon ever!

+ + +

This issue is actually quite a large one, despite the lowish page count, since it is entirely typed in elite (well...the two poems would take two pages no matter what type size I used. Effectively it's all typed in elite.) This saves me approximately 20% on space used for written material and hence lowers the page count and saves me money. Hurrah! Besides, now that Susan has her own fanzine, we need both typewriters for cutting stencils and since I use elite for the lettercol it seemed logical to go ahead and use it throughout. For those with weak eyes who will therefore have to hold this issue closer than usual in order to be able to read it, I recommend viewing it through a sheet of clear plastic to avoid getting eyetracks on the pages (oops!...sorry, Jerry, I got a bit carried away.)

Well, that's it until May. Thanks to all those who responded to the last issue in one way or another. Oh yes, in keeping with modern trends, if there's a 'T' on your mailing label, we trade; if there's a 'T?', I'd like to trade if you're willing; and if there's an 'F', this is the final issue you'll be getting unless you Do Something... Real Soon Now! And in all honesty, I think future issues will be worth getting since I do have some plans for improving ENERGIUMEN. All I need to implement them is the money and the time to devote to my fanzine that I'd really like to, and I expect that these will soon be available...like, maybe Next Year When I'm Working!



MY

2¢

WORTH

BY SUSAN GLICKSOHN

Yes, I know your **ENERGUMEN** fell apart. From the Bronx to the BArea, from Hazeldean, Ontario to Blue River Ranger Station, Oregon, from Glasgow, Scotland to Ararat, Australia, copies of **E4** self destructed on arrival.

I could insist that the whole thing was a McLuhanesque exercise in artistic involvement. You got these basic materials, see, and the chance to create a personally involving and meaningful zine. You could put your letter first, if you liked, frame the Fabian cover, arrange the columns in order of merit... Wow! Outsight!!

I could say that. But the truth is, I knew that the weekend we ran **E4** would be a disaster before it even started. Richard Labonte, Wielder of the Neuronic Whip, and owner of the Pressed Ham Press, the only electric mimeo ever to be converted to handcrank (don't ask me why--Richard bought it that way!) phoned from Ottawa one evening in October.

"I have the electrostencils, the ink, the covers, the 6,000 sheets of buff paper, and the sixty eager coolies ready" he said. "There's only one problem. I'm sick."

"But Richard," my unsympathetic husband protested, "you're an android. You don't eat, sleep or get sick. You just read newspapers. Besides, you can't get sick. Susan is a sweet girl, but I won't be there, and who knows what she'll do to the...Sweetie, Richard says stop yelling 'Augh!' and kicking me....Oh. Oh, I see. That's bad...Yeah, take care of yourself, man. G'bye."

"What's the matter with Dickie?"

"He has Bright's disease. What's Bright's disease, Rosemary?"

"What? It's a kidney infection! He could die!" she shrieked.

"He said that he'd leave us the mimeo," sniffed Michael, wiping a tear. "He also said the doctor wanted him to go into hospital but he went 'augh' and kicked and yelled just like a true Canfan. He is taking pills though...33 a day." Which is serious when you consider Richard is the only kid I know who's so down on drugs he'll borrow an Excedrin tablet from you, break it in four pieces, and give you back three.

Ostensibly, I was enduring five hours on the bus to attend Carleton's graduation ceremonies. The only problem was, Carleton claimed I owed them \$1.50 for transcripts. They kept sending me bills, and I kept sending back Xerox copies of the receipt which proved I'd paid the miserable money, and U. of Toronto kept sending me letters saying "Where are your transcripts?" Finally, the day before I was due to leave, I got a letter, addressed to Mrs. Susan Wood (all those forms in triplicate and they still couldn't get my name right!) regretting that students with outstanding debts to the university could not





graduate in fall convocation. Mighod! I shrieked. I Carried On. I overheated the phone lines to Ottawa. I was assured that "the matter has been cleared up, Mrs Wood." Ha! I knew my bureaucrats.

The final touch to my this-is-going-to-be-a-bummer disaster feeling came when I crawled off the bus in Ottawa. No wheels. I had to take another bus. "Oh, just a little trouble with the brakes" said my Obliging Brother Bob. "Don't worry, I'll have it fixed by Saturday so I can go hunting." (Brother Bob belongs to the Ottawa Duck Club, a strange organization which breeds baby ducks, bands them, lets them loose in the bush--and rushes out each fall to bag their legal limit. I don't argue too much; roast duck, if you ignore the pinfeathers, is good. However...)

"But you said you'd help run ENERGUMEN. You promised!"

"Stop wailing."

Long ago, like when I was twelve, Bob was eight, and he started to outweigh me and I learned to use cunning. "But we need you to run the press because you understand machines, I'll cook you a fabulous spaghetti dinner--stop cringing, Michael likes my cooking--and you'll get a free ENERGUMEN, and I'll stop bugging you about the money you owe me for the car."

"What time are we leaving for Richard's place?"

Friday morning, I arrived at Carleton to pick up my cap and gown. "Sorry, your name isn't on the graduating list. Do you have an outstanding debt?" I was referred to the registrar's office, fuming. Enroute, I met Elizabeth Kimmerly, who cheerfully announced "I saw you forgot to pay for your transcripts, so I paid them the \$1.50 and picked up the garbage." "Augh! Elizabeth, I didn't owe them any money in the first place!" "Aw, what do you expect from the capitalists," she said, grinned, clenched a fist, and bounced off. The registrar's office sent me to the cashier in the business office, who referred me to the registrar's assistant in charge of convocation, who sent me back to the business office until I became mildly annoyed and threatened to kick Lester Pearson (yes, that Pearson--he retired from being Prime Minister to be our Chancellor and appear on State Occasions) in the shins during the ceremony and make him give me my degree.

Yes, they let me convoce.

Saturday morning, 10 am. In the kitchen of the Earnest Hemingway People's Memorial Revolutionary Collective, Brother Bob dug the mimeo out from under the stairs, while I posted the list of instructions Michael had given me as a parting gift. "Check inking" said every second one; and the last read "Staple neatly, huh? Like, tap it up nicely, and staple not too far from the edge, etc. I worry a lot." And as we parted, he had whispered to me "If it doesn't look good---don't come home!" Richard hovered, looking pale green.

"Go to bed, Dickie." I ordered, firmly.

"Well, ah, yes, but some of the people who said they'd help couldn't show, and Michael wanted me to keep an eye on you, uh, the zine." So he cranked--for seventeen hours he cranked, and slip-sheeted, and stapled. While I worried. Thank you,



Phil, Elizabeth, Mark, Collin, Linda, but I wish you'd been able to stay longer. Thank you, Bob and Peter for many long hours--you (sniff...emotional accents) Saved ENERGU-MEN (and probably me). And they aren't even fen. (Although Peter works as a researcher for the House of Commons, which must come close to being an sf fan!)

I hovered, checking the inking every twenty-five pages.

"Go away, Susan. You're making me nervous!"

"But Michael said..."

"The inking is fine," Bob assured me. "My sister fusses a lot," he explained to Richard, politely.

"But if it comes out grey, Michael will never speak to me again."

"Stop wailing" the gentlemen sighed.

"Go to bed, Dickie!"

Page 1 took half an hour. So did 2 and 3. We were picking up speed when...

"Rich-ard!!!"

"No I will not go...oh no!"

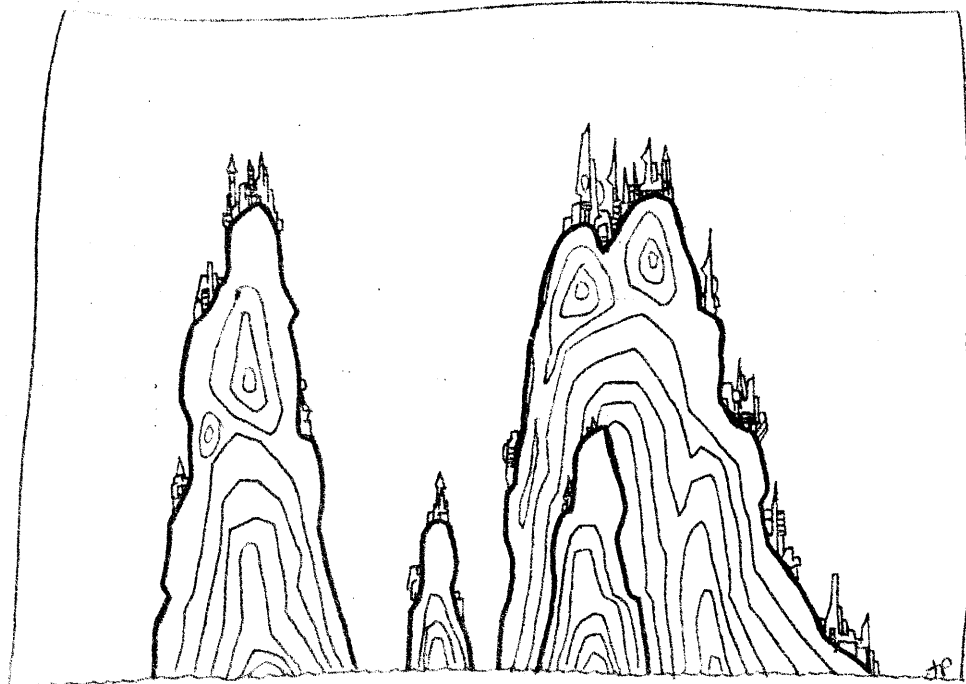
The electrostencil for Alicia's drawing hadn't been cut properly. It ran grey. We turned up the ink feed, ran slowly--and the ink built up behind the stencil and globbed out all over the pages. We ran 400 copies, for our print run of 250, which I kept throwing away, muttering, "Michael will never understand" --in fact, we ended up 30 copies short. Then we realized...

"Rich-ard!!!"

"No I will not...oh no!! We're acting like a bunch of neos!"

We ran 4 on a blank sheet instead of on the back of 3. We pulled the same stunt with 10. Then IT happened. An electro-

stencilled title gave way and the page tore in half on the drum. Peter retyped it. It came out too light. Richard retyped it. Ever tried gluing in an electrostencilled illo three times? Appropriately enough, it was page 13.



Saturday afternoon, 5pm. Four people, having passed beyond hysteria, take a solemn vow. They will forget about Michael. They will forget about the inking, and run the stencils fast instead of dark. They will ignore the vast piles of discarded crudsheets, the dwindling ink supplies, the grey electrostencils, and the pick-up which, despite assiduous slipsheeting and cleaning the rollers, mars some of the best art. Four people. Cranking, slipsheeting, de-slipsheeting, stirring the spaghetti and keeping Karl (an inquisitive two-year-old child) and Rex (an inquisitive two-year-old Doberman) out of the ink supply.

"Richard! Go to bed."

"No. You need me." He looks beatific. Also pale green.

Sunday morning, 12.30 am.

"Richard! That's the last sheet. Go to bed!"

"No, you collate; I'll staple."

"Rich- hey, Labont--dummy! I told you to keep an eye on those idiots in the print shop."

"I did. The cover is beautiful."

"Sure. It's also trimmed a quarter-inch too small!!"

"Stop wailing. Maybe no-one will notice."

Thump, crunch.

"Su-san! The big stapler is broken!"

"Use the little one, Richard. And stop wailing. Maybe no-one will notice."

Sunday morning, 2am. Everyone feels a little let-down when a zine is finally born. But when it's not as pretty as it should be...

"Well...at least it's done."

"Yeah, Dickie. Here's your copy."

"Thanks. Say, it doesn't look all that ba...Hey! What...?"

"Your staples just fell out. Go to bed, Dickie."

But as we loaded up the car, I heard a faint cry..."This is fun! I think I'll start publishing again!"

Halfway home, we had to pull up sharply for a red light. Bob hit the Austin's brakes. There was a funny grinding sound. As Bob quickly shifted down, he muttered some of the terms we'd applied to the Pressed Ham Press.

"Wha?" I muttered, sleepily.

"I think we just lost your brakes."

Sunday, midnight: I crawled off the bus with cramped legs, my suitcase and a box full of zines. The rest, enveloped, bundled and in zip-code order, were awaiting the Ottawa Post Awful's attention. (Nine weeks later, they still hadn't been delivered in L.A. But that's another disaster.)

"Does it look good?" my sweetie demanded, tucking me under his arm and kissing the zines.

"Well, we had a little trouble" I quavered. "Here."

And as he opened it, the staples flew out in all directions.

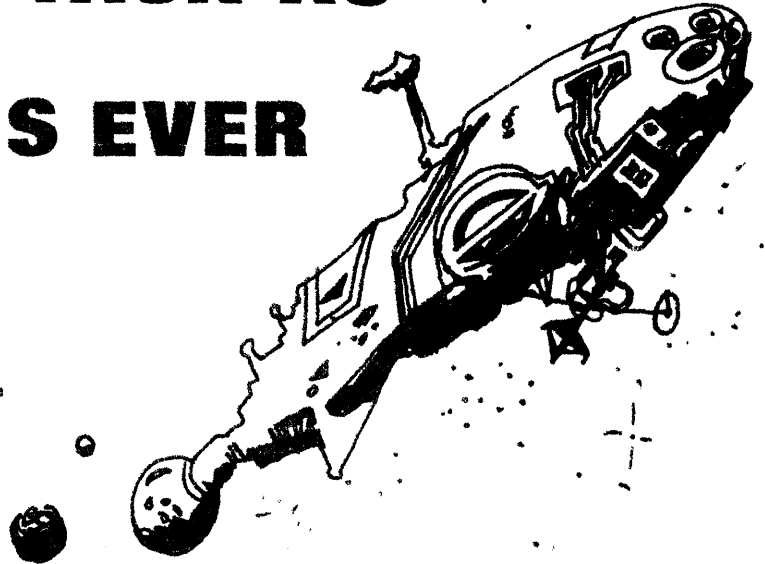


... "AS HARD A TASK AS HUMAN BEINGS EVER UNDERTOOK."

A REVIEW OF 'TAU ZERO'

BY POUL ANDERSON

BY SANDRA MIESEL



TAU ZERO embodies the most ambitious concept Poul Anderson has yet employed--human survival beyond the death of this universe. Greatly expanding his GALAXY serial "To Outlive Eternity", Anderson runs human and scientific problems in characteristic parallel. On the one hand is application of strict Einsteinian physics and on the other an unprecedented test of will. The protagonists' hardships are torments of mind and spirit only. There are no physical privations in the novel nor personal violence beyond minor fisticuffs.

TAU ZERO's premises were explained at length in the SFWA FORUM. Briefly: a colonial expedition comprising a cross-section of humanity in twenty-five couples is launched to travel thirty light-years in a "Bussard spaceship". This is fueled by interstellar hydrogen and travels close enough to the speed of light to take advantage of the time dilation effect. But en route an accident occurs. In the course of making repairs, the ship approaches limiting velocity so closely she travels unimaginably far beyond her galaxy and her time. Then it is decided to drive tau even closer to zero--tau approaches zero as the ship's velocity approaches the speed of light--so that the voyage continues past the dissolution of this universe and the formation of the next.

The idea of new beginnings has long fascinated Anderson (cf. "Flight to Forever", "Wildcat", AFTER DOOMSDAY, numerous lost colony stories). Here is a beginning of uniquely absolute newness.

But before the Rebirth, there must be the Death. Placid Earth of the twenty-third century is slowly stagnating, slowly dying. After an atomic war, Sweden has become the international peacekeeper, not without the resentment of former great powers. The Swedish-dominated world is generally clean, orderly, and just--but not innovative or creative. Extrasolar colonization is to provide the necessary fresh frontier. As the colonists prepare to sever ties forever, there are evocations of the homeworld's beauty and intimations of its mortality. Hero Charles Reymont takes a last pessimistic look: "'I'm only certain that nothing is forever. No matter how carefully you design a system, it will go bad and die.'"

Reymont, "pragmatism personified" is one of Anderson's most indomitable characters. His beloved, Ingrid Lindgren, is an ideal romantic humanist. Although her tact and sensitivity are important for the company's survival, his determination and leadership are indispensable. (Similarly, WAR OF THE WING-MEN/ "The Man Who Counts" contrasted attrac-



tive and effective behaviour.) Supporting characters represent a variety of viewpoints: Elof Nilsson is a neurotic realist, Johann Freiwald a cheerful Nietzschean, Emma Glassgold a devout Jew, Lars Telander a staunch Protestant, etc.

Some critics, like Christopher Priest in *SPECULATION 26*, have objected that the microcosmic composition of the group is too schematic. Although the device is hoary, it is nevertheless plausible. Good genetics and good public relations suggest choosing representative racial types for such a colony--even though Canadian readers may have as much reluctance to identify with lusty Jane Sadler as Americans have with boorish Norbert Williams. Stateless Reymont is the only exception to the pattern: he is a Western-flavored universal man.

Although the colonists are supposed to represent humanity's best, they are all too frail. Their plight demands a tougher response than romantic humanism. Ferociously stubborn Reymont makes himself de facto king of the expedition and forces it to survive sanely even against its will. To him the voyage is "our way of fighting back at the universe." No Ballardian resignation to natural disaster here: "I think we have a duty--to the race that begot us, to the children we might yet bring forth ourselves--a duty to keep trying, right to the finish." Instinct prevails where philosophies fail. Once settled in the new world, Reymont gladly lays down his burden and his crown. Anderson's familiar theme of kingship is brought to a remarkably tranquil resolution, without irony, without that lacrimae rerum touch so often encountered in his serious writing.

The magnificent communal accomplishment submerges individual failures, numerous as these are. Although the author resisted the temptation to write the great intergalactic pornographic novel, the somewhat prosaic interactions between his characters have been faulted. But this is a deliberate feature of *TAU ZERO*. The petty lusts and jealousies of individuals contrast with the epic experience of the group. In this work and others (such as "No Truce With Kings") Anderson maintains that real heroes are often quite unglamorous. "Stubbornly ordinary" behaviour persists always and everywhere. Or as Auden reminds us in "Musee des Beaux Arts" during the holiest martyrdom "dogs go on with their doggy life and the torturer's horse/ Scratches his innocent behind on a tree."

To handle his large cast conveniently, Anderson uses a cinematic technique, simply observing characters externally. This tends to flatten the subsidiary characters somewhat but effectively renders the fiercely private personality of Reymont. As usual, the author's chief interest is the adventure, not the "grubby little personal neuroses" of the adventurers.

The stylistic device used to propel the voyagers through time and space is especially successful: the time scale of *TAU ZERO* is a logarithmic progression. Shipboard time is "logarithmically" related to cosmic time. (Recall $\log N$ increases very slowly as N

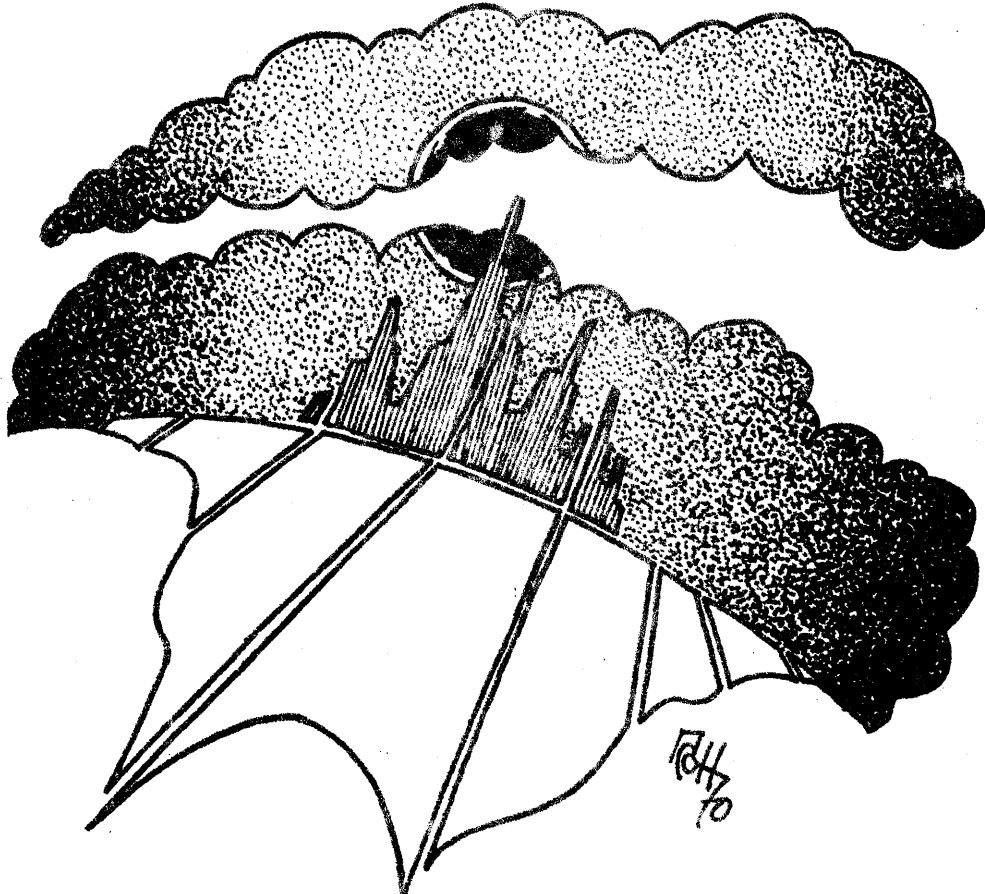
approaches infinity. $\log 10=1$ while $\log 10,000,000,000=10$.) The opening chapter takes place in a few hours, the next in a few days, until eventually eons fleet by in heartbeats. No one infuses astrophysics with such passion as Anderson. His are Bonestell images painted in sensuous words. His are the beauty and terror of the infinite spaces where icy winds of passage rush past the pitiless stars. This breath-stopping sweep is best appreciated by reading the novel in one sitting.

The death and rebirth scenario of TAU ZERO culminates in a true Magnus Annus during which the entire universe is destroyed and recreated. The highly economical climax parallels childbirth and cosmogenesis. The infant girl whose "first cry responded to the noise of inward-falling worlds" is never named in the story. Her potential mythic significance is left to the reader's imagination.

Within this structural framework, name-symbols like Reymont (king's mountain) and Lindgren (green linden branch) yield to examination, but Leonora Christine, the ship's name, needs special explanation. Leonora Christine Ulfeld was a seventeenth century Danish princess who endured twenty-two years of solitary imprisonment with sanity intact and wrote celebrated memoirs upon release. Like the ship's company, she endured and triumphed.

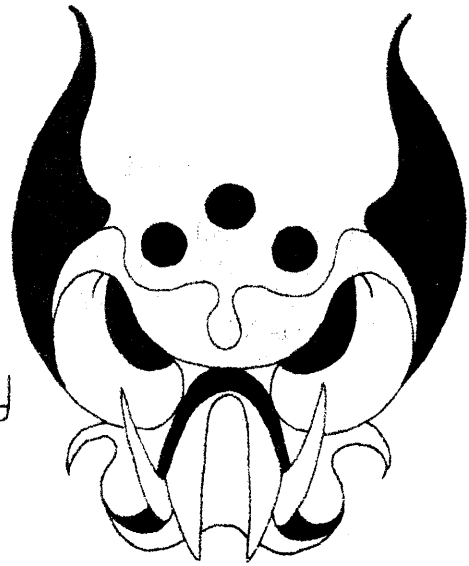
The ramifications of Leonora Christine's triumph are staggering. The universal paradise myth gave past human cultures a sense of loss and failure as their starting point. What kind of civilization would the descendants of men who had outlived their universe create? What epics would they write of their ancestors? Would they apotheosize them? (They are conveniently assorted for a pantheon.) And most intriguing of all, would future ships repeat the Leonora Christine's feat, propagating our species forever and ever, human worlds without end?

TAU ZERO is rigorously hard SF forged out of personal conviction. Its contemporary significance should not be overlooked. We are all aboard a Leonora Christine--spaceship Earth. The tenacity and dedication that saved that fictional spaceship are the same virtues Anderson advocates for saving this real worldship.



Kumquat May

a semi-regular column by rosemary



Canadian Fandom is well known for its idiosyncrasies. You all know about the Wood Gaughan, the Labonte syndrome and Rosemary's mouth. Now, kiddies, you are going to hear the sad bitter-sweet tale of Glicksohn's jeans.

On November 8, 1969, Susan and Michael bought Michael a pair of denim bluejeans as his old ones had worn out. They were spending the weekend with Alicia in our new apartment as I was going to New York to see "Hair" with the Langsams. Susan was going to use my sewing machine to ~~turn~~ the hem on the jeans as they were too long for Michael's stubby little legs. Of course, the first (and to my knowledge, only) time they were washed, they shrunk and now hit him about mid-shin. If there's ever a flood, Michael will be ready for it.

I was over at Susan's just the other day. "What are you sewing?" I asked, eying the grubby blue material.

"Michael's goddam jeans," she snarled. "He keeps wering them out in the crotch."

"Oh really?"

"Never mind, Rosemary!"

"Uh...Susan, isn't that a colored, flowered patch?"

"Uh-huh."

"Don't you think that that patch in that particular place will look a little odd, particularly when there's a chequered patch there already? I mean, after all, Susan, you're not impoverished. You can afford six dollars for a new pair of jeans."

"Oh Rosemary, stop!" Susan wailed. She put the jeans down to thread her needle. I very carefully picked them up.

"When were these things last washed?"

"I don't remember. It's all I can do to get them off him to mend them so his manhood doesn't hang out."

"I really don't think he has to worry, dear."

"ROSEMARY!! Rosemary, where are you going with Michael's jeans?"

"I'm going to do what you should have done ages ago, I'm going to throw them out." I walked towards the door, the jeans extended before me.

SNATCH!! GRAB!! "Just what the hell do you think you're doing with my jeans?" yelled Michael, rushing in from school while pulling off his suit pants. (He hates to be separated from his jeans for longer than is absolutely necessary.)

"I'm going to throw them out," I said, snatching them back.

"If you throw out those jeans," Michael said, throwing his body across the doorway, "you will not be welcome again in this house!"

"Is that a promise?" I asked, swinging the jeans.

"You'll never appear in ENERGU MEN again, I'll take all those compliments out of the lettercol and make up insults instead, I'll not vote for you in the EgobooPoll, I'll take out an ad in LOCUS telling everyone you don't write the column, Susan does, I'll..." By this time, he was getting red in the face and his beard was bristling.

"Michael," I said, "put your pants on. Your red face clashes with your chartreuse jockey shorts. Susan, can I have a cup of tea?"





IT CAME FROM BEYOND THE SEA:
children screamlaunder peek
between fingers/ Godzilla
hippetyhops between buildings,
steps on a Volkswagen/
subliminally "it" projects
a faceless face/ Radiant
cloud bestrides charred limbs twis
ted/ slaughterhouse sterilized
by flooding fire.

Eyeless, festooned in flesh
they have been escaping
are always
into lambent death.

"It" holds the blue and
gemlike world up between
thumb and forefinger while
Godzilla capers exuberantly amid top-
pling toy buildings and the
smell of popcorn.

Janet Fox

The Harvest

when the royal observatory revealed
the approach of a new meteor swarm
we set our nets by starlight
to catch the spore of distant worlds
hoping that morning would uncover
a wrecked sky treasure
from which we might sift
the seeds of fierce dragons
and winged men who speak in parables
and girls the colours of jewels
so that a jaded world might
once more tremble and delight
alas
months of careful cultivation
in his majesty's own gardens
produced only a sorry harvest
a handful of hairy savages
loud and foul of mouth and
fit only for the sideshow
of some gypsy caravan
who wander the land uninvited
alarming the simple folk and
muttering treason against the realm

Angus Taylor





TO SEE THE WORLD THROUGH FRACTURED MIRRORS

BY JOHN D BERRY

In the interests of scientific research and in order to supply the editor of this fanzine with flawless analysis in written form, I have spent a good part of the last four years traipsing about the country and occasional far-flung lands in pursuit of the science fiction fan in his native habitat. In most instances I have found him, sometimes rooting around in the ground for nuts and berries whose juices can be converted into mimeo ink and correction fluid, other times walking erect and carrying on what you would swear was an intelligible conversation were it not for the bright glimmer of madness in the eyes. I believe this quality is called a "starry-eyed look", and it is highly prized among the ordinary run of fans. It is a distinctive look that instantly identifies the science fictioneer, as very few other types possessing it are allowed on the street. (If you do not believe that you can always tell a fan from a less unique person, try sitting in the lobby of a convention hotel and place bets with a friend over which of the passers by are fans and which are ordinary, if puzzled, hotel guests. You will soon get to notice the traits. At the SFCon I was nearly stumped by an immense girl in garishly-colored clothes who looked for all the world like a fan but who gave every appearance of ignoring the steady stream of convention members eddying around her. Later, however, I saw her wearing a convention badge, and I was reassured that my judgement had not failed me.)

My travels have taken me through several major and minor fan centres, and since autumn of 1967, through the ingenious device of attending college in California while my family home is just outside New York City, I have felt rather like a commuter between New York and the Bay Area. In the course of this irrepressible bouncing-about, I've had time to make many observations on the state of fandom in its more well-known centres of civilization. The most important is an insight into how fans view each other. Now I've always, even in my most jaded moments, stood in awe of the intricate and completely unique system of loves, hates, feuds, and varieties of hero-worship by which science-fiction fans relate to one another. It has no parallel in the outside world, where there are no conventions, fanclub politics, fanzines, or N3F Hospitality Rooms. Sometimes I have trouble removing even my best fannish friends from the framework of "fandom" and regarding them without that deceptive light. In the case of some of the fans I deal with

less often, if I pluck them from the body of fandom, strip them of their fannish attributes, and hold them up to the light, I am left with only a handful of sand. I guess that any phenomenon that can play such a large part in certain people's lives is worthy of study, although sometimes I can only shake my head sadly and stand gazing at the wall with a goddam noble expression on my face.

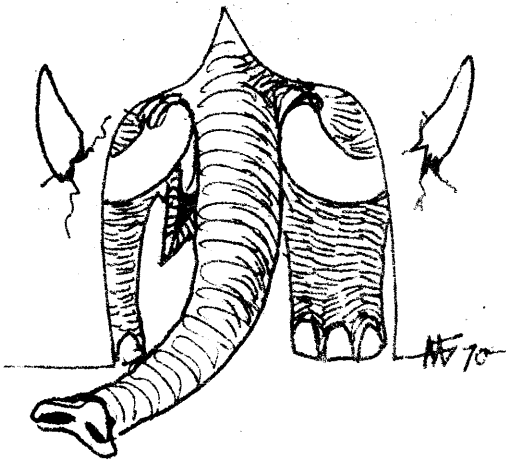
These fan centres I mentioned are like a series of puddles spread around the country, some of them large and some almost evaporated. In each of them is reflected the shining light of Fandom, but each muddy mirror throws back its own distinctive image, no two alike. If there is any regular contact among the fans in one area, they easily build up a body of common assumptions and outlooks, tempered by personal differences but still holding certain things in common, even if nobody is aware of it. The easiest examples I can use are New York and the Bay Area. Both are decentralized areas in fan terms, but there is a certain degree of contact maintained between all of the people who make up the circles I travel in. (There are often several overlapping fannish cultures in a metropolitan area, existing simultaneously but representing different periods of activity through the years. Nobody really knows where one Bay Area culture leaves off and another begins, since some of the most active participants in the fannish social scene deny that they are even fans, and in New York archeological excavations in Ted White's mimeo shop some years ago unearthed evidence by which scholars have traced that area's fan history back to the days when dinosaurs roamed the earth and Robert Bloch was a little boy.)

Let me explain to you what I mean. The most obvious way in which local assumptions show up is in jokes and the off-the-cuff putdowns that everyone smiles knowingly at. In New York, say, it may be accepted practice to pepper one's conversation with derogatory remarks about the sun-crazed debauchees of Berkeley fandom. Fine. If you make a crack about some Berkeley personality in the middle of telling a completely unrelated story, nobody will challenge you and ask you to justify making a slur on such a respectable character. (I am ignoring here the difficult process of learning a fangroup's basic set of assumptions and acceptable targets, and the equally-formidable task of keeping up with mores which may shift every time the rest of local fandom gets together without you.)

But if you then journey to Berkeley, attend a party, and heedlessly toss off the same barbed remark, expecting to get a laugh, you may get a stony silence or an angry protest instead. (In the larger sense, Berkeley may be something of a unique case, for, as Arnie Katz pointed out in *THE FANNISH WORRY BOOK*, detailing the difference between BASIC and BAROQUE Fannish Worries: "It is BASIC to worry about what Berkeley fandom is saying about you. It is BAROQUE to worry about what you are saying about Berkeley fandom." But this is itself an example of an Acceptable New York Crack, and I trust you won't mind my using Berkeley as an example. You should hear what Bay Area fans say about New York.) You may also find yourself struggling with the decision of whether to smile and remain silent or to rush to the defense when one of your own New York friends, or worse yet one of your idols, is torn apart in a casual remark that nobody around you raises an eyebrow at. The same situation works in reverse, of course, except that in the case of New York the slur is apt to appear not in party conversation but in print, where it will set emotions alight and plunge all fandom into war (or at least some of fandom into border clashes.)

There's no "solution" to this, of course. In my role as amateur sociologist, it is my place only to report on the phenomena as I see them, setting down the teacup tempests of fandom alongside solar eclipses and the advance and retreat of the polar ice-caps. One day an alien visitor to our long-dead planet will stumble across my notebooks and gain an enormous insight into the inscrutable patterns of our civilization, and from that day on all the casual cracks made by that alien race's members about earth culture will be determined by what I've written down here in my chronicle for the ages.

It makes one feel a certain power.



THE SALTY KUMQUAT

A COLUMN OF NEWS AND OPINION

BY TED PAULS

I was considering inaugurating this column with a lengthy introduction setting forth the reasons why I am writing it, the column's policy, and what it hopes to achieve. But I changed my mind. I am writing "The Salty Kumquat" because I feel like it--the editor is publishing it for an equivalent reason--, I hope to avoid its becoming pompous enough to have a "policy" on anything, and it doesn't plan to achieve much of anything, really, unless you count keeping me off the streets for a couple of hours every few months.

And yes, now that you ask, the title does have some esoteric significance, and one of these days I may tell you what it is.

-oOo-

Chances are, if you receive any sizeable number of fanzines, you will have read a few dozen book reviews by your obedient servant. Indeed, my veritable ubiquity ("veritable ubiquity" is a nice rolling phrase, don't you think?) in this area has led some fans to imagine that I am a fanatic who spends every available free moment reading or reviewing science fiction. Obviously, this isn't true (the present column being one proof of this). Actually, I reserve my fanaticism for other fields of literature, notably history. I have hardly ever been known to pass up buying a history book. For instance, I am always willing to pick up at a reasonable price Wells' "Outline of History". The fact that I already own four copies is beside the point.

There's this marvelous bookstore, Gach's, just a few blocks from the Haldeman slant shack, where also resides my mistress, Karen Townley. At least one evening a week, I or we visit Gach's (Karen has a complementary area of fanaticism; she's a classicist). One of the features of the bookstore is a "Quarter Shelf", which is not one-fourth of a shelf but rather a rack containing several shelves on which miscellaneous hardbacks are sold at 25¢ apiece. Happiness is arriving at the Quarter Shelf just after a new batch of books has been added to it. One may find practically anything there: Janet Tuckey's biography of Joan of Arc published by Putnam in 1880...Volume Two of Plutarch's "Lives"...a huge volume containing the complete poetic works of Victor Hugo, in French...an 1884 biography of Henry IV...a Greek New Testament with notes in German...the "History" of Herodotus in the original (classic) Greek.

Of course, I still haven't topped the day in the Florence Crittenden Shop in Washington, DC, when I picked up a 1400-page fully annotated "Complete Works of Shakespeare" in near-mint condition for a dime.

-oOo-

One of the advantages to writing a column like this is that it gives you the opportunity to shoot off your mouth a bit about anything that irritates you. If you don't

have your own fanzine in which to perform this therapeutic activity (and I don't), this sort of column is the next best thing.

What's irritating me at the moment is the clique of faaannishness, and by that I mean about two dozen people who read and write for each other's fanzines and believe that they are fandom. Now, these people, maybe eight or nine in the New York area and the rest scattered across the country, wouldn't be so annoying if they confined themselves to quietly conducting their mutual admiration society, embellishing Fabulous Tales about each other, and telling each other that they are Where It's At and that the other thousand or so of us in active fandom are hangers-on. Ridiculous, yes, but not annoying. Arrogance, unfortunately, is rarely a quiet fault, and some of the faaans spend a good deal of time clamourously insisting that they are the centre of the universe and putting down everything else.

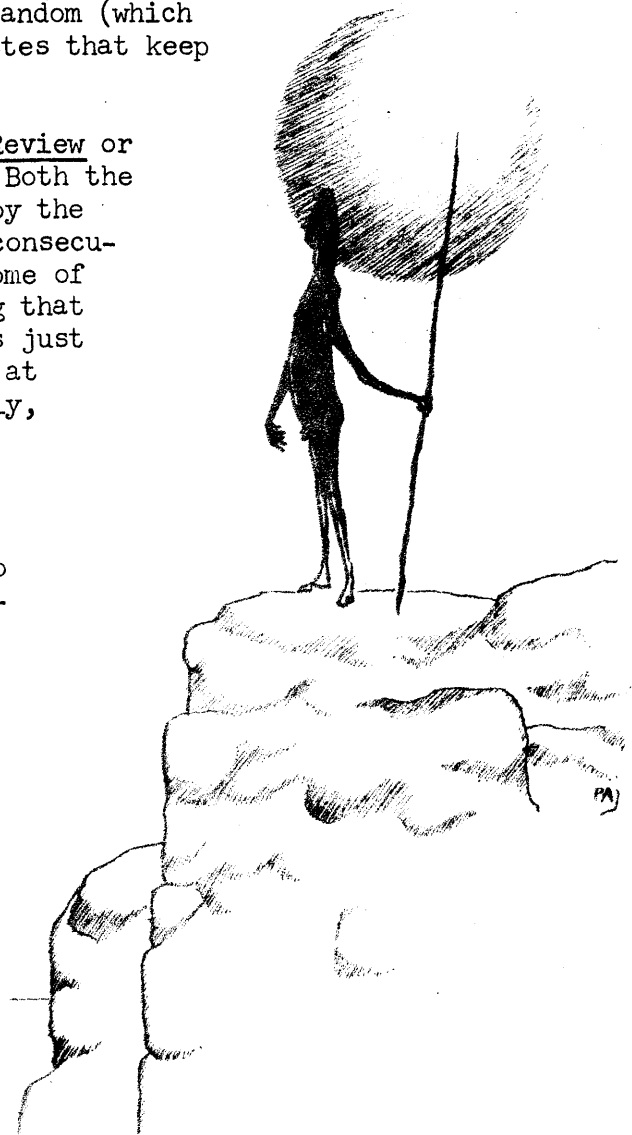
One of the favorite targets, inevitably, is Science Fiction Review, which commits the unforgiveable sin of being outstandingly successful while being "unfannish". More is involved here than merely a couple of people walking around in a permanent funk because SFR has won two Hugos and their fanzines haven't, although that is a part of it too. More important, though, Dick Geis' fanzine, simply by being the best, most popular and most successful (more paid subscribers than all of the faaannish fanzines put together have readers), serves as a constant reminder that the little fenced-off corner of the pond in which the faaans are big frogs is precisely that: minute and insular. This mightily threatens the psychological well-being of the members of the faaannish clique, so of course they strike out-- at SFR, at Geis, ultimately at the majority of fandom (which after all provides the subscriptions and Hugo votes that keep SFR Number One).

I do not propose to defend Science Fiction Review or its editor, because neither requires defending. Both the fanzine and the man are too big to be bothered by the frantic squeaking of tadpoles, and SFR's third consecutive Hugo will not be less meaningful because some of the faaans are belittling the award and implying that Geis "cheated" in some vaguely defined way. It's just that the faaan clique has become irritating and at the same time profoundly boring to me, personally, and I felt like saying a few words about it.

-oOo-

Now that I've gotten that off my chest, I do not want to give anyone the idea that I'm against fannishness. I object to people who are so hung up on fannishness that they compulsively put down other aspects of fandom, but the fact is that, far from objecting to fannishness as such, I tremendously enjoy it. As a matter of fact, I daresay that Karen and I are a pretty fannish couple. Fandom is definitely a Way Of Life for us, in that most of our social life revolves around fandom and nearly all of our friends are fans. Consider a not-especially-atypical string of recent weekends.

On the weekend before Christmas, following a Friday night WSFA meeting in Washington, we and Dave Halterman drove up to New

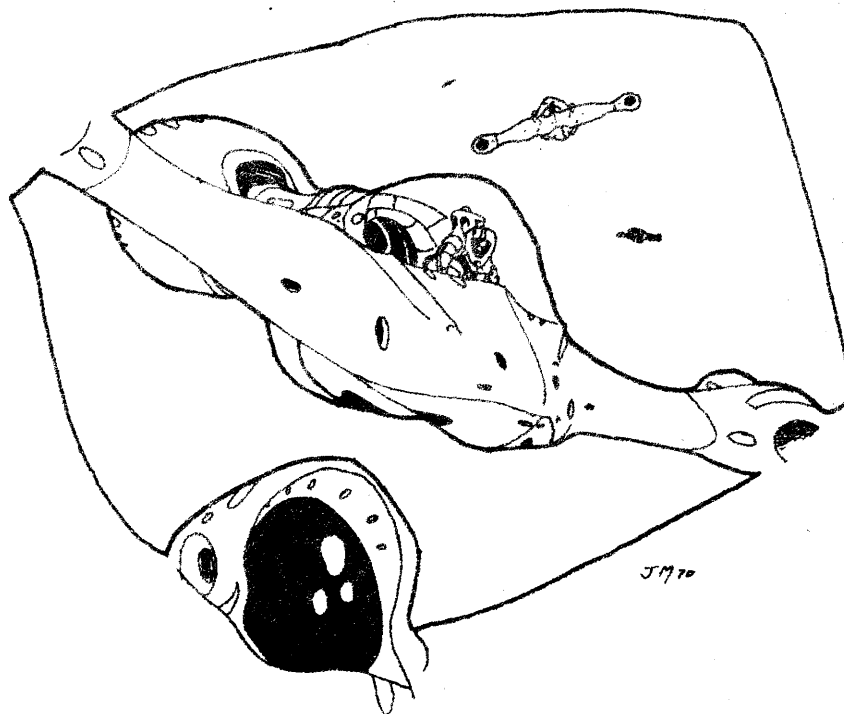


York for the Lunarians' Christmas party and then stayed over until late Sunday at Brian and Sherna Burley's in Hackettstown, New Jersey, with four or five other fans. Lounging around the living room Sunday afternoon, I happened to casually mention that there wasn't much happening the following weekend. Sherna promptly invited us up to Hackettstown again, and the thing snowballed until, within ten minutes, we had planned a Christmas feast involving ten people. On Christmas Day, Dave showed up at the Haldemans', Karen cooked Christmas dinner for us and Alice (Jay was grabbing some sleep in between working two shifts), and Dave stayed over that night. Bright and early the next morning, we drove up to Hackettstown and there enjoyed a second Christmas dinner with Brian and Sherna, John, Perdita and Karina Boardman, and Dennis McCunney. Once again we stayed over until Sunday.

A few days later, New Year's Eve afternoon, the Burleys, Dennis and Karina came down to Baltimore to join Karen and I and Charlie Ellis for an expedition to the WDC New Year's Eve party at Ron Bounds' house in the wilds of Gaithersburg. We left Baltimore in a heavy snowstorm, the seven of us packed along with baggage into the Burley Volvo because Karen had managed to lose one set of keys to our Rambler and Halterman had the other set in DC (we have subsequently had three more sets made and strategically dispersed...). Naturally, we had a flat tire on the Baltimore-Washington Parkway. Picture seven shivering fans huddled miserably around a crippled Volvo at night in a blinding snowstorm. We managed to get the spare on, and after another two hours of driving in increasingly heavy snow over increasingly impassable roads, we reached Ron's haven in the boondocks and joyously welcomed in the New Year. Everyone slept over at Ron's, of course, and the weekend festivities continued with a WSFA meeting on Friday night and another party at Dave's on Saturday night.

Naturally, we spent the next weekend at Brian and Sherna's, there being an SCA (Society for Creative Anachronism) Twelfth Night Revel in New York for us to attend (this was on Saturday, after we attended the Philadelphia SF Society meeting Friday night). Likewise, the next weekend, which was a Lunarians meeting weekend. And of course the weekend after that was MondoCon...

Yes, as I said, we do have a rather fannish life. Our great dream is to one day show up unexpectedly at an OSFiC meeting, and who knows...?



AVRAM WHO?

OR

SOME DAYS IN THE LIFE OF A WRITER

BY AVRAM DAVIDSON



Esteemed Energumenoi: If that is indeed the proper plural. Energumenides? Thank you for #4 and the kind review of THE PHOENIX AND THE MIRROR...no, I guess "kind" is not what I meant to say..."cheering" would be better.

MIRROR, certainly, is a Quest story, Auden's definitive phrase was "The Quest For The Numinous Object"...in this case, though, it is perhaps a quest for a numinous knowledge...or, more prosaically, for non-numinous substances which can be used to produce an at least briefly numinous object...before the vertue goes out of it. I could write a book, even if only a small one, about the writing of this book, and at matters merely hinted at in the final phrase of the Dedication which got left out of the hardcover edition along with the subtitle, both of them appearing in the paperback edition (thank you, Terry Carr, of Ace Books): but I won't, or, anyway, not now, not here. I am still in quest for numinous knowledge, I have much more to read, to transcribe, to assimilate --much more to see--I passed through Italy, including Naples, too swiftly, as though in a dream that allowed of no tarrying: I must return, see more, much, much more, and tarry more, much longer. I have to gather up pieces of mosaic, at least half of which are scattered at least 6500miles away and at some remove in time as well as space...and not all that "time" is the same kind of time we ordinarily deal with; and yet, to an important extent, both kinds of time are money. I haven't yet even been able to repay most of the money I had to borrow to keep the hardcover edition from being turned into cake cartons and butcher's paper...

...and here comes an echo some several centuries old, "...relics of the pie-man, and the bum..." Not altogether a new problem. But it is encouraging to have MIRROR called "A book full of beauty."

It is also rather frightening to have realized--long, long after the all-but-final draft was done--that I had written either a prophetic allegory or an allegorical prophecy of events in my own life. One must be careful. If one can. If one should? What does one dare, or dare not dare?

The Dillons' cover for the Ace edition is a rare thing of rare beauty and I cannot praise it too highly. It is an exemplum of what book covers should be, and seldom are... but cover artists receive even less encouragement than authors.

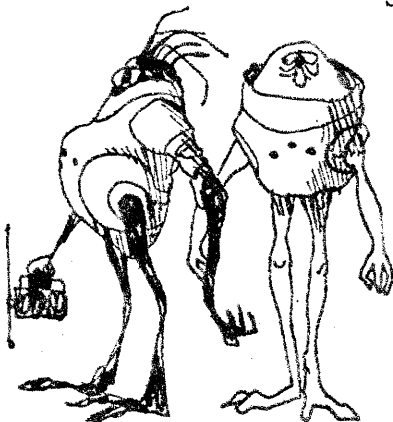
You say that "hardcover science fiction never, ever reaches Canada..." Well, at least ten copies of PHOENIX/MIRROR did. The summer of '69 found me in Vancouver City, confidently waiting on money from a contract just signed with another publisher, not for a VM book. For three bloody months there came neither word nor money, and one day, when I was down to my last quarter, my ten complimentary copies of PHOENIX arrived from

Doubleday. I bussed downtown and tried to flog them at Dutie's, the Vancouver bookshop(s), but the bossman cheerfully said there was no market for hardcover SF in Van City; recommended I try Smiths, the book wholesalers. It was a long lug thither on an empty stomach, and the Smiths people were not accustomed to authors appearing to peddle their own books--something which has not been usual for a few hundred years--and murmured that the bookbuyer was out of town, that someone had latterly been offering stolen books--at length I successfully identified myself, agreed to accept \$2 per each, marked down from \$4.95. The helpful young man who arranged it for me (I think his name was Alan Sugarman) said, "I've been thinking of writing, myself." Carefully stowing away the grumpkins, I said, "Do, Mr Sugarman; perhaps you, too, may have an experience like this, which will enrich your life as it has mine..."

The only paperback book I was able to find, new, of mine, for sale, was the Penguin edition of RORK!, which, for copywrite reasons, cannot be sold in the US, although copies of the US edition vanished from the racks years ago. Yet Bill's Book Box, said to have the best second hand selection of SF in Vancouver, had a sign on one bin which said that books by the following authors could only be bought if you traded in a book by the same (? or by one of the same?) author(s) at the time, viz., Asimov, Heinlein, Bradbury, Sturgeon, Clark, I forget the sixth, and the seventh was me, Davidson. If I am that popular--"It's the only way I can keep them in stock," said Mr Bill--second-hand, in Vancouver, how come I ain't selling anywhere even remotely like that, new? US and UK publishers each insist on Canadian publication of their edition, though sales be few, thus forbidding distinct Canadian editions, the sales of which might not be very large, but could scarcely be smaller. I take no stand on "Repatriation of the /Canadian/ Constitution", but I would be interested if something could be done about "Repatriation" or even dammit!--Patriation!--of Publication... even by non-Canadians...does this blibble-blibble make sense?



As for THE PHOENIX AND THE MIRROR and its lost chance for a Hugo: I will admit that when I finished the first draft I said to my then wife (presently Mrs Stephen Davis, whose assistance I acknowledged in the Dedication, and acknowledge here), "I have just completed the book which will crown my career, make me famous, and win me the Hugo." and I will admit that not even having been nominated for that award (though both James Blish and Miriam Allen De Ford wrote that they thought they had done so but perhaps did so too late) was a blow to me. I should not have minded being a close runner-up to THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS, a book which I tremendously admire. You say that, "Maybe even Avram Davidson blew /the chance for a Hugo/ by not insisting on hardcover and paperback publication in the same year, if he was in any position to insist": he wasn't. In fact, I never even thought about it.--My remarks about the Hugo apply to the Nebula, except that there was no such award when I did the first draft.

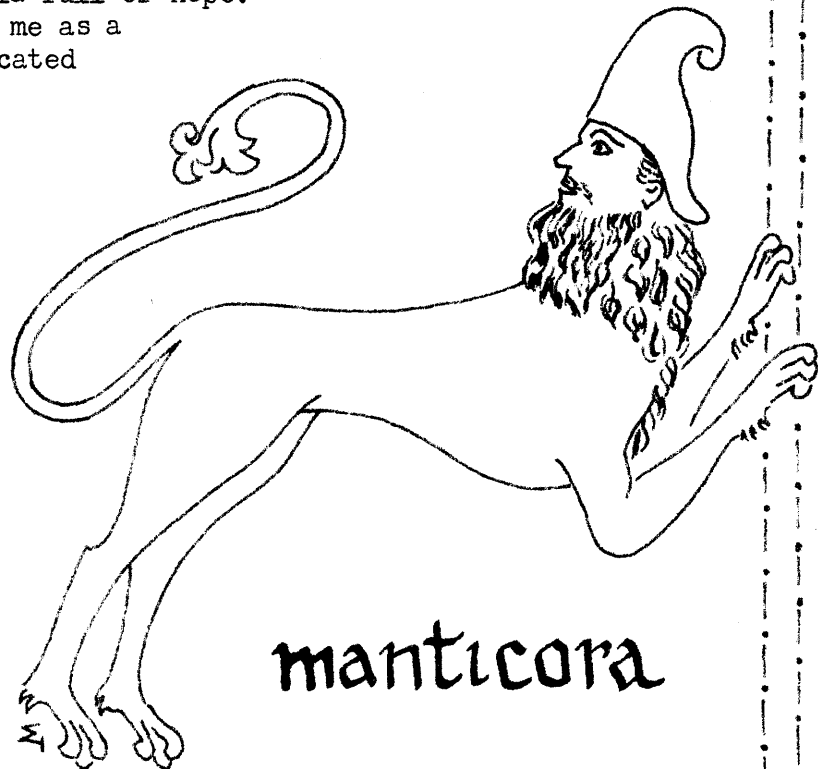


I really have no idea why Doubleday has taken to pulping

its stock-on-hand when declared out-of-print, rather than at least selling it to book dealers, cheap, as "remainders". Grania, my former wife, suggests that perhaps the publishing house is only a front and the real profit comes from the pulp mill!--but this sounds a little like the cat and rat ranch. The author of course gets no royalties from remainders, but at least his books are read...and some new readers may become customers for future works. I am fortunate; a book of Kate Wilhelm's was pulped even before she knew it, and a Nebula Winners Anthology was yanked, out-of-print, after only seven months! The economics of all this are over my head. Which Athenian philosopher was it who, tired of being asked, "If you're so smart why ain't you rich?" cornered the grain market, made a killing, and was never asked that again? If I understood the publishing or any other business maybe I'd be earning a Real Good Living that way, and writing in my spare time only those books I really want to write.

Like Vergil Magus.

You ask, "What does he /me/ live on while he's writing it?" A rhetorical, of course, question. One might ask, "What did he live on while he wrote the first one?" I can scarcely say. I think I wrote it slowly, and in between other books and stories. I was younger then, in better health, and had more energy and zeal. Perhaps I lived on hope. Presently, I find that they are the only books I really want to write: but the economics of it seem far from encouraging. It has been dinned into me as though with the clash of many brazen cymbals that there is no good market for fantasy serials, and this circumstance removes at least one third of potential income. The smart way to do it would be to write it in the form of novelets or short novels and get magazine publication for them, then get them together as a novel and obtain hardcover publication, and wait for probable softcover publication to follow. However, I don't altogether conceive of my material as being noveletable for one thing, the hardcover publisher takes one half of the softcover sale, and the whole thing involves a span of time, you see. An agent who shall be unnamed--well, what the Hell, no DNQ was ever asked by him, so--Carl Brandt waxed enthusiastic over PHOENIX and he said, "It's like White's book /THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING/ and it should be marketed like it; you should get an advance of \$4,000 to rewrite it /the first draft/ and then you should get another \$4,000 to do the sequel." And I returned to California full of hope. And then he simply backed out of having me as a client at all. Someone else made an educated guess that the Brandt and Brandt agency doesn't care to represent clients who make less than \$12,000 a year and that a second look at my work persuaded them that I wasn't going to be making such a sum. And I'm not. That I would have or might have made or be making at least that if they had pushed, no one can say.--But that figure of a \$4,000 advance--\$4,000 in one lump sum--though, minus commission it would be \$3600--has spoiled me. With \$4,000 (let's say I somehow had the other \$400) I could really sit down without worries, I could go to London and Oxford for research, I could buy the books in my two-inch-thick card deck, I could go to Italy and soak myself in the geographical background, I could--



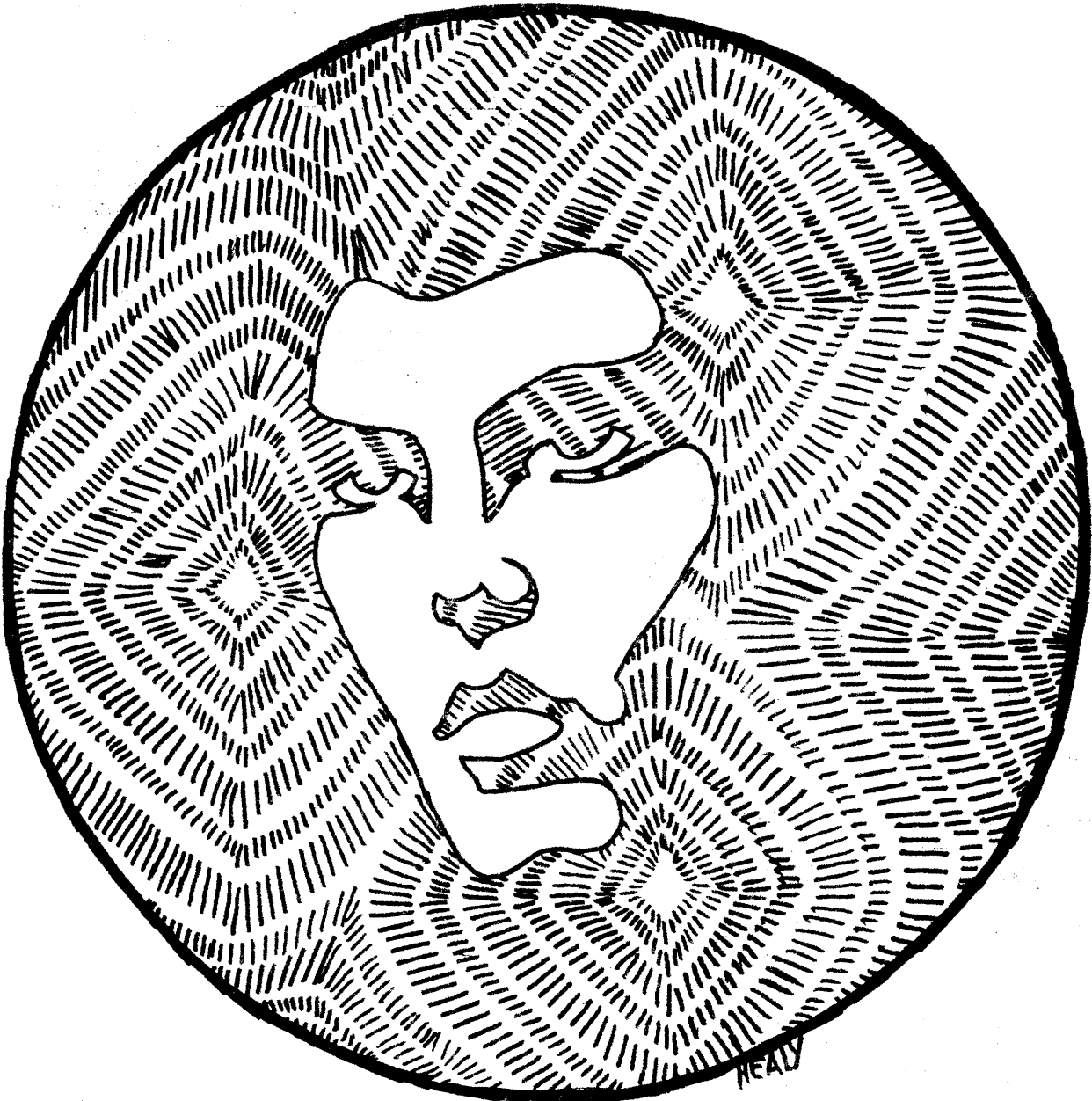
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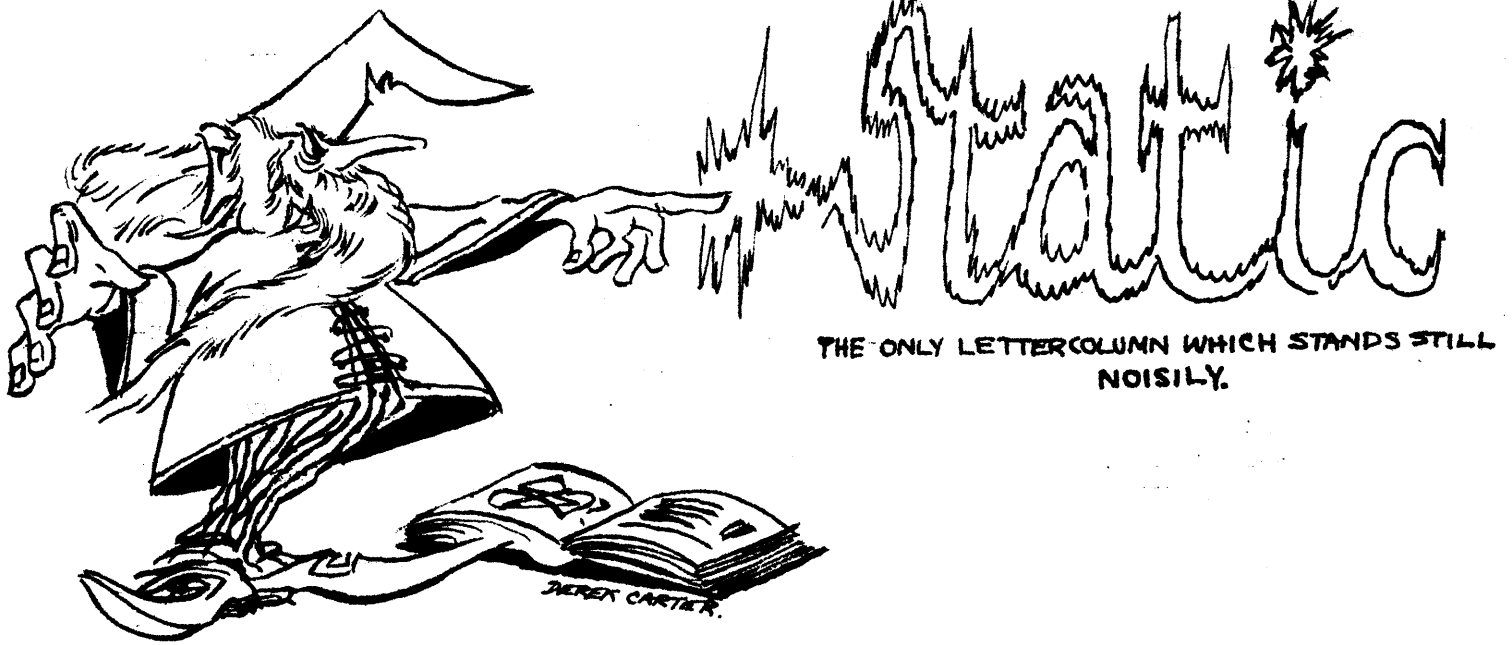
--and with \$675, the actual

advance money after commission, which is the limit I could get from Doubleday, who hold the option on a sequel--I can't do any of this.

So there it stands, and all I can say is: I am still making notes for future volumes: so perhaps it doesn't really stand, just flows like a plasma...

I don't necessarily want to denigrate the other books which I have been (slowly) writing these past some several years; only that although I feel I have certainly been giving both publishers and readers their money's worth, I myself would rather be writing--and perhaps at least a great many of the readers would rather be reading--further volumes of the Vergil- maguean cycle. Meanwhile, I have to get on with the task of trying to divide my latest other novel into two novelets or novellae or shorter novels or whatever, in hopes of getting some much-needed bread. --Your "ad" has already brought me one sale, thank you, for the \$3 with autograph (\$2.50, plain) edition of PHOENIX. And, regardless of other usage, I do indeed feel warmed and cheered by the usage which THE PHOENIX AND THE MIRROR has received within the comely pages of ENERGUMEN.





SANDRA MIESEL
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Mike, dear heart, don't you worry about putting gris-gris on your chances for a Hugo by so much talk? And might it not be a good idea to remind your readers that you wouldn't be eligible until the '72 voting? Now with you and certain competitors out of the race for '71, would you put in a good word for SPECULATION?

That's the fanzine we most consistently enjoy. The caliber of its articles and reviews is far superior to SFR. And perhaps due to Peter Weston's fine hand, its lettercol is notably polite and intelligent. So there's no art--does SFR's artwork contribute so much to its value?

Paul Walker should get in touch with Ace Books. He could write such effusive blurbs for their Specials. It would be tiresome to construct a complete rebuttal to his opinions on NOVA so I'll just concentrate on a few points. Far from vanishing after its initial Doubleday appearance, NOVA appeared as an Avon paperback and has been offered by the SF Book Club for the past two years. Ignored by fan critics? Well, NOVA was amply discussed in SPECULATION and the Australian SFC. I wrote both a review and an exegesis in '69 but the target fanzine folded. The latter article will appear in EXTRAPOLATION. A number of people besides myself have done considerable research on Delany's work as a whole.

I agree with just two of Walker's evaluations: that Katin and Mouse are two faces of Delany himself and that the "Set This House Afire" segment is marvellously good. The rest, NO! NOVA is organized around the subject of power as BABEL-17 was around communication. The rivalry between the Von Rays and the Reds can be considered a uranian-cthon-ic conflict decorated with pervasive bird and serpent symbolism. The three political groups in the novel correspond to Our World, New World, and Third World. (if there really is such a thing as a Third World Consciousness, Delany has it.) The significance of the company name "Red-Shift" is a scientific pun, dammit! It indicates the retrogressive character of the Reds. Another such pun is the title of the Alkane Institute, saturated with knowledge and artifacts. But NOVA "subtle"? About as subtle as a spike-studded club. And "brilliant /character/ portraits? Perhaps some might call enameled cardboard "brilliant"--it does shine. Bah. Readers interested in a truly judicious and intelligent examination of NOVA are directed to Pamela Bulmer's superb essay in SPEC 25.

But, Susan, I fully share your enthusiasm for THE PHOENIX AND THE MIRROR. Davidson's writing is like polished bronze spinning and flickering in the sun. This book is a triumph of lore and language: where is the International Fantasy Award, now that we really need it? Have you read ISLAND UNDER THE EARTH yet? It's the first volume of a projected trilogy and an exceedingly confusing book.

Finally, reading Susan's column is further evidence that Canadian fans do behave just as Rosemary describes. I once tried to take down a scrap of our domestic dialog in like manner, but a discussion of the merits of bonemeal as a dentifrice would sound too improbable even for fan writing. (See, Mike, we straights have a few little quirks of our own.)

((Jerry Lapidus warned that people who didn't know me might get the wrong impression from my facetious remarks. Okay. I was just kidding people. My perhaps-too-ebullient remarks were occasioned by the circulating impression that ENERGUMEN and OUTWORLDS etc weren't eligible this year. Having seen PHOENIX miss a Hugo nomination because no-one knew about it, I didn't want the same thing--no matter how remote the chance might have been--to happen to me. And let's face it, every faned would like to get nominated for a Hugo. I wish you hadn't mentioned having a few little quirks. I finally convinced Susan that I'm not going to buy her a cat and now she'll start bugging me again!))

ROGER BRYANT

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I suppose I shouldn't start out a letter by saying "I-told-you-so" but I really can't resist. It's only been about 6 months since I wrote you, "If your page count increases and your staple-gauge doesn't, we'll all be s.o.l. by issue 4." Well, to be entirely fair about it, the page count didn't increase, but the staples must surely have shrunk; my copy of issue 4 decayed into a gracefully fluttering flock of single pages immediately I opened it. So I took out my trusty swingline cub (honest!) and bolted it back together, and all is well. And it was worth the trouble. Avery good issue indeed. I noticed that your fanzine smells good. Perhaps Canada has a corner on perfumed mimeo ink?



Greg Moore is right about the English language but you have to remember that the Psalms were written in Hebrew. The 'King James' translation (following Wycliffe's) is right for a change. They might have used "shall" to imply courageous determination (I shall fear no evil, even though if I had any sense I'd be scared stiff). But the intention of the Hebrew is reassurance (I will fear nothing, for with God's protection I needn't give it a thought).

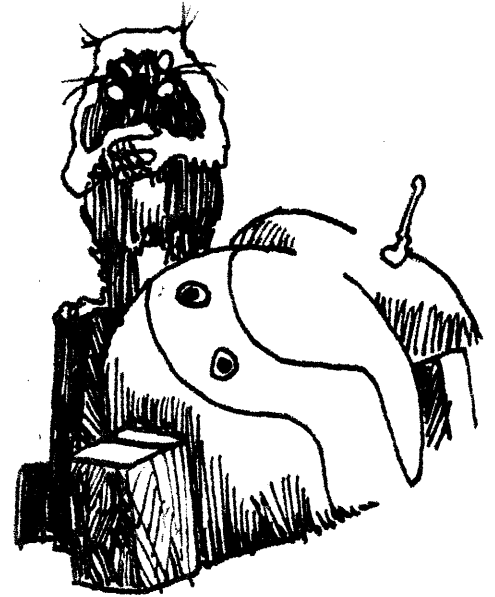
I wish I could convey to you Bill Bowers' witty, scathing retort to your scurrilous comment about his second-rate imitation of your fanzine but unfortunately I haven't seen him.

At the risk of being considered another long-haired male chauvinistic hippie anarchist pig, I have to agree with Mike about the presence of Susan's 'heavy stuff' in ENERGUMEN. It would spoil the fanzine as we've come to know and, uh, love it. Now, Susan, if you'd come out with an ecology-zine of your own I'd be the first to subscribe and contribute, 'cause we seem to think much the same way. But for ENERGUMEN it's not.

Rosemary's column is hard to make a comment on. All I can say over and over again is that she has me in stitches and if she quits writing I'll cry a lot. And you don't do so bad at that either, Susan.

Susan's article on PHOENIX is delightful. But frustrating. I was supposed to do an article on it for

MIRAGE 11 but I keep seeing pieces by Blish and Leiber and now this, saying the things I wanted to say and saying them much better than I would have too. You were wondering about the nature of history, and of reality. But really you answered yourself a few paragraphs earlier. Reality, in PHOENIX is what the people of the early middle ages believed. But Davidson's history is accurate, his research is meticulous. Sure we know that the Phoenicians traded in England when Stonehenge was only a glimmer in an astologer's eye. Phoenicia was more of an empire then than in Virgil's time. But those people didn't know that. Virgil was living when Julius Caesar conquered the Britons and re-opened the flow of tin. Tinland was more or less fabulous to the Napolitans of the first century in the same way that Cathay was to the medieval Florentines. (And anyway, I got the idea that the eagle was used for speed.)



((As far as the staples are concerned, I cannot tell a lie: it was all her fault! See the editorial for details. If all goes well, the first issue of Susan's zine will be distributed with this issue of ENERGUMEN...we hope. Bill Bowers? Name sounds familiar. Doesn't he have a fanzine called OUTHOUSE or something? Heh, heh, heh!))

JACK GAUGHAN BOX 516 RIFTON, N.Y. 12471 I was going to write you a letter on what I thought was the absurdity of George Barr's advice to Alicia but thought better of it: the same absurdity applies to my calling George wrong. There are no absolutes--certainly not in art and besides, Alicia's skill and taste (yes, taste) override any (spurious) question of propriety. +

I just read GRANFALLOON 10--get Ron Miller to do something for you. He's the only one (outside of myself--ahem, harrumph) who seems capable of writing about art beyond an anecdotal level. He seems a severe critic (but is not) and we need all the gooses we can get to get SF art out of the dark ages (sometimes known as "the good old days").

In your pursuit of the Hugo I'll do anything I can to help: Perhaps when an article occurs to me...??? What would you like an article on? Toast? Muffins?

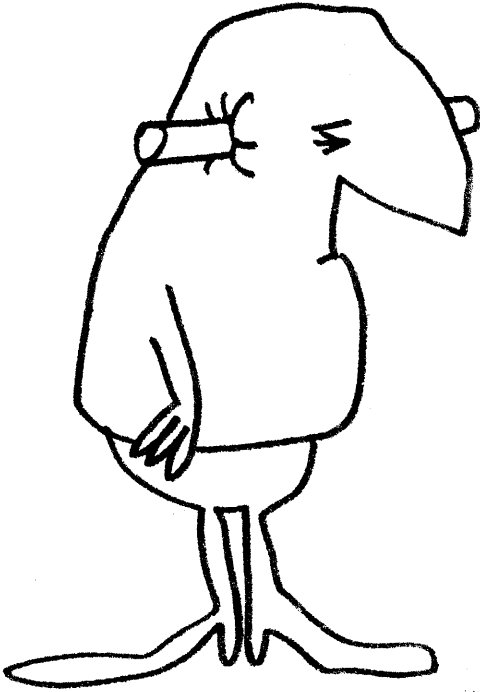
May I make a suggestion? When you refer to IPA fandom perhaps we should make it BIPA fandom as I've found IPA under several labels but only Ballantine's seems hardy (hairy?) enough to qualify for its own fandom. How's your liver?

+ Incidentally I bet I could give cards and spades to George when it comes to being a "prude".

((Okay, Ron Miller, are you out there? I'm putting you on the spot. How would you like to write and/or draw for me? And you should know better than to even mention an article to a faned, Jack. Right away he puts it down there in black and yellow, and there you are, back behind the old eight ball! That's a private joke, folks. But if you ever do get the urge to write, about the Goon Show, for example, I'm waiting. In the meantime, have a gorilla.))

BOB VARDEMAN
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Fiends, both of you. I've been languishing and semi-enjoying my fafia when along comes ENERGUMEN 4, stirs up the almost-buried letter-hacking spirit in me, and I loc. Sad, how a busy person in today's world simply isn't safe from having a commentable fanzine thrust at



him by the mailman. But of late, this hasn't happened very often. Meaning, my receipt of a fanzine I thot worthy of locing. After serious consideration of both ENERGUMEN and OUTWORLDS, I give the nod to E. Ow has had some really fine, outstanding even, pieces of art but I think E. has had consistently a higher average quality and a greater diversity of theme.

Paul's review of NOVA was the first major length one I've seen. As usual, he digs into the books guts and succeeds in letting the reader see what he as a reviewer has seen. In this case, tho, I think Paul is wrong about NOVA being a book ten years ahead of its time. In ten years, it will be long forgotten while novels like EINSTEIN INTERSECTION (which I liked) and BABEL-17 (which I didn't but still think is a memorable book) survive in Fannish memory. NOVA simply failed to get off the ground. I've thought about it and the only reason I can see is that the reader never really gets to see von Ray as a human being. And with so strongly a played up character as von Ray taking the spotlight away from the

more finely drawn character of Mouse, we're left with a hero who isn't quite human, certainly not a mechanical but in between where no-one can identify.

Greg Benford's article was a delight to read. I bet he wasted more time thinking of writing an article on wasting time than most people waste in producing a fanzine. I suspect that Greg is a member of the Procrastinator's Club (I was going to join but never got around to it...) since it seems his schemes for killing time are so well conceived. I couldn't help thinking up a title for an article on fandom, if Greg gets around to doing one: "Fandom, Loaf it or Leave it!"

I think Buck is wrong when comparing the "maturity" of fans with that of the general mundane populace. If the "silent majority" ever started getting off their fat asses and trying to do something, whether it be peace marches or war marches or, more to the point, spouting off in fanzines, I think he'd find they are as equally lacking in "maturity" as fans. Anyone can seem more mature if they don't say anything, never have their adrenalin flow a bit faster than usual nor do anything at all to evidence them as being alive.

If fans seem to rant and rave and scream and bite the postman because he didn't bring any fanzines, this hardly means that mundanes don't do the same sort of things (maybe they'd bite the postman for not bringing them their 'Saturday Evening Post' or 'Colliers' or 'Reader's Digest'). But we all hear about a fan's foibles since we're all part of a vocal subculture. And, Buck, if you don't agree with me, I'll stuff beans up my nose and hold my breath until I'm blue in the face and die. So there.

Mike, your comments concerning "creating an issue of ENERGUMEN" fascinate. Yes, really. Do you truly "create" each issue? Granted, the artwork is created by the individual artist leaving just the arrangement (and selection) of the artwork to the editor. I've always considered a fanzine as just kind of happening (like mine) or at best/worst (depending on whether or not you're a prolific time waster) as being planned. Planned like an architect would plan a building - not created like an artist sketching that ediface. One is a bit mechanical and the other, well, creative. Which isn't to say that being an editor is purely routine - innovation can occur in both (along with imagination) just as in the artist/architect analogy.

((I agree there are different levels of creativity but as long as zines have "personality" I'd consider pubbing a creative act. And thanks for the compliments.))

LINDA BUSHYAGER
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Pittsburgh, Pa.
15217

For some strange reason I have a copy of #1 lying here next to #4, and it's interesting to see that #4 is not a noticeable improvement over #1. Both are equally excellent.

I enjoyed the editorials and can sympathize with you both. It is hard to relinquish control over your fanzine to anyone, no matter how much you like them or how little they actually want to do. On the other hand, I see no harm whatsoever in having Sue do an editorial, on whatever subject she likes. I enjoyed her pollution column, and look forward to more. So why don't you two compromise: Mike runs the fanzine with help from Sue, and Sue can say whatever she wants to in the editorial?

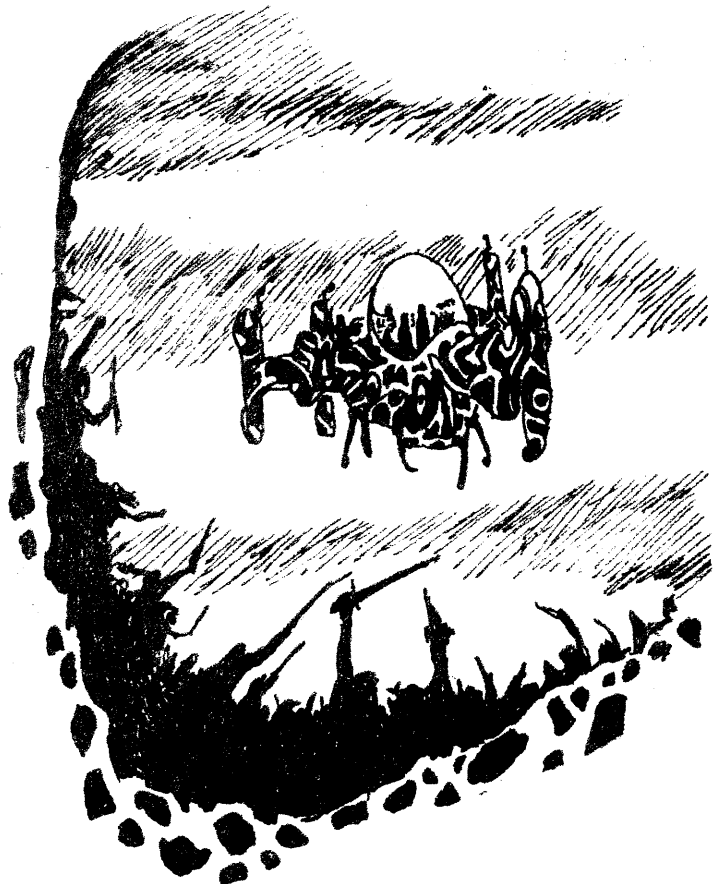
I very much enjoy Jonh's cartoons. He's rapidly becoming the best new cartoonist in fandom. And Alicia is very good, as usual. Her drawings very much enhance a story, and I've always found them most suitable when illustrating Rosemary's "Kumquat May". Speaking of which, there is no column I enjoy more in ENERGUMEN or in any other zine. Rosemary has a talent for capturing the zany flavor of Canadian fandom...And in this column proves that L.A. fans are really just as zany (but I think Alicia and Rosemary may have provided the impetus for increased hilarity.)

I thoroughly enjoyed this issue, and felt that, for a change, the articles in general surpassed the artwork. Where do you get such good writers? I've noticed a definite lack of good written material in fandom. Very few people send unsolicited written material, but everyone is glad to send artwork. And my attempts to wheedle an article from people have usually ended in failure.

((Susan has her own zine now so I've laid down the law--she gets 3 pages but no serious stuff! Rosemary hasn't quite perfected aerosol cans of the zany flavour of Canadian fandom but she's working on it... I guess I've been luckier at bug-ging people for articles than you have: most of my copy comes from friends who've gotten tired of getting my phone calls at 4 a.m. I've only received two unsolicited manuscripts myself and of course, I married one of my best writers!))

JERRY LAPIDUS I have before me a rat-
54 Clearview Dr her excellent issue of
Pittsford, N.Y. ENERGUMEN. Quite possi-
14534 sibly the best single
issue so far, with art-
work as good as any previous issue and
written material finally approaching the
illustrations in diversity and also
quality. The art first, I think.

Superb cover, also superbly reproduced. One of Fabian's more interesting illos recently; my odds are that if Kirk pulls out, Fabian will win the fan-artist Hugo in Boston with Alicia a close second and Mike Gilbert a pretty close third. The backcover, though, is a little botched. The Eisenstein drawing, although excellent and well reproduced, is a bit too wide for the page, and thus the side margins are far too thin and the whole effect is terribly cramped. Really, the drawing should have been reduced further--or failing this, another illo from your vast supply of excellent art should have been chosen.



The interior mimeo continues quite good, ranging from fair to excellent, although I continue to wish that with your superb artists, you'll eventually either go offset or be able to achieve the kind of mimeo results Ray Fisher hit with the final (???) issue of ODD. My major gripe this time is an overabundance, in fact a totality, of small, space-filler art, rather than solid half or full page work. With the exception of Alicia's illustrations for Rosemary's column, virtually all the art is relatively "minor" work, good but unexciting, and I know you've got larger and better stuff hanging around somewhere in that madhouse.

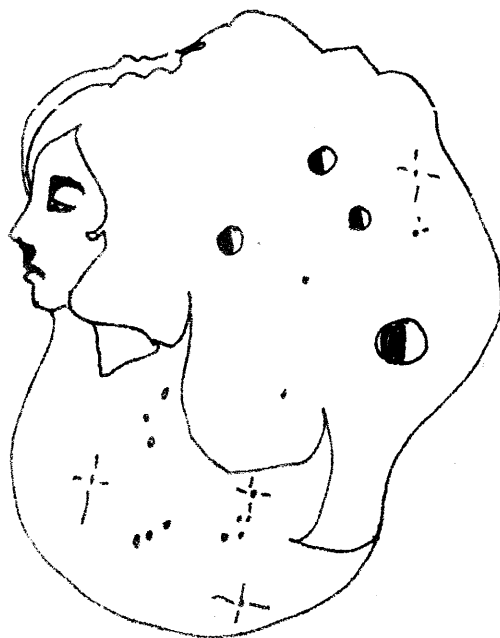
Now when we talked at Philcon, the new Toronto in '73 bid seemed the height of folly, something destined to split fannishly oriented fandom down the middle and leave the field wide open for Dallas. NOW, of course, the bid seems like intervention directly from heaven! So tell the truth, did you people and Minneapolis cook this whole thing up beforehand, with Minneapolis wanting to pull out but wanting someone first taking over? Or was this really a question of coincidence, with Canadian fandom being unable to bid for '74 but wanting to make a go for '73, and Minneapolis coincidentally--but happily, I think--having to pull out of the race? As it is now, things are the best possible, for Toronto should get not only most of the fannish and fanzine vote going to Minneapolis, but should also pick up some support purely on the basis of location. There are always fans anxious to spread the convention around as far as possible, to other North American nations besides the U.S. Then too, there are quite likely to be far more people interested in going to Toronto for a vacation/convention than in going to Dallas. I venture to guess that these factors, added to the fannish campaign idea, could serve to give you people more total support than Minneapolis would ever be able to get. And I for one certainly hope for your success, for should Dallas win, the era of the friendly, fannish bidding will be over. The large, high pressure bid, and corresponding high pressure convention (complete with hordes of comix and movie people) will be the permanent result.

Excellent column, Sue, both parts. The first section would make Terry Carr proud, so full is it of fannish good humour (see WARHOON 27). As to/ Sue's disgust at Phoenix not being seen by enough people in the original hardcover edition, this is a very common complaint, that hardcover fiction never, never, never gets nominated or wins. The exceptions always prove the rule, for the few exceptions that exist are books that got incredibly wide fannish discussion, were by major authors and were thus bought in hardcover editions by at least some people, and garnered enough fanzine controversy to make a name for themselves. (It happened first, I think, with Stranger in a Strange Land, again two years ago with Stand on Zanzibar.) The same thing happened last year with Silverberg's To Live Again, certainly his best book yet and a high quality book by any author. But it came out in hardcover only, didn't get much publicity, didn't get many reviews (although those it did get were generally excellent)--and didn't get nominated, while crud like Macroscope and Silverberg's own far-inferior Up the Line, published both in magazine and pb form, both were nominated. Perhaps the only solution for these (and for things like Delany's "Helix", which people are now saying didn't deserve the Hugo because it was substantially unchanged from the original British edition, published the year before) would be a special clause in the Hugo rules, to allow a work published only abroad or in hardcover the chance, if it doesn't receive enough nominations to be eligible in the year of publication, to compete the following year, when it's published over here or in paperback. With the rise of original paperbacks this may be less and less necessary, but it's still a definite possibility. What say, people?

This may seem like quibbling, Buck and Mike, but I think you're both wrong. Harlan Ellison is neither the Establishment of Fandom nor of Science Fiction. Rather he has become a Convention/Award establishment. If there's an establishment in fandom, it's



still the great fans and the great fanzines--Tucker, Bergeron, Geis, Warhoon, SFR, Bloch, Ted White, etc. Harlan has been part of this, true, but only part. And if we set up a hypothetical science fiction establishment, certainly it would have to be the big-name public successes--Asimov, Clarke, Heinlein, Bradbury, the few others of that group. Harlan, on the other hand, has developed a convention following, a group that follows him around--both literally and figuratively--and will vote for anything he writes and pushes, quality aside. Sad to say, it's much the same situation as with Heinlein and Asimov; their most minor, meager work receives Hugo nominations far beyond what it deserves. But for Harlan, this is so far only in terms of awards and fannish recognition. As far as public recognition, established public position such as these other writers have, Harlan is a lightweight. He gets no huge advances from hardcover publishers for incredibly bad novels, no short-shorts in Playboy whenever he feels like writing them, no fiction for the phone company. The difference is small, I admit, but I think it's important in this discussion.



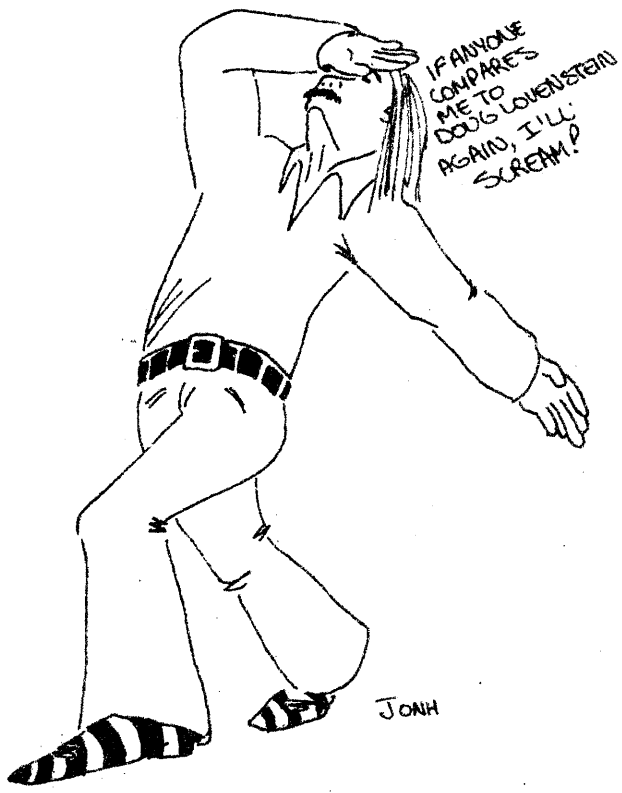
Paul Walker's sentiments are in the right place with his comments on NOVA, but he's got his facts a bit wrong. The novel has been reprinted in paperback, quite a while ago too; if I recall correctly, it came out just too late to affect Hugo voting. Further, in his character discussion he completely forgot to mention the twins/triplets from Out There somewhere, certainly as important as Sebastian and Tyy....and I think Paul is exactly right in his analysis of Mouse and Katin as sides of the author and I agree with most of the rest of his discussion. Well thought out, most illuminating. But one more technical detail--the excerpt in Amazing was "House-a-Fire" not "Set This House Afire".

On the subject of Hugo nominees, let me note that my prime candidates this year will probably be Ringworld and Tower of Glass in the novel category, "The Region Between" in the novella class, and "Runesmith" in the short story department. A Harlan Ellison unthinking voter? I don't think so; I just happen to feel these two works to be two of the best pieces of short fiction I've seen this year.

((Actually, Jerry, you're wrong--most of my on-hand art is of the less-than-half-page range. I have never felt that a drawing had to be big to be good and since money is, unfortunately, a major consideration right now, I try to use smaller pieces of art, saving room for the text and thus cutting down on the page count. This is particularly true of the lettercol, where it is very difficult to find art exactly suitable to the text and where getting as many letters as possible in as small a space as is graphically pleasing is vital. Which is why I generally keep my answers shorter than this. Let me say categorically right here that there was no collusion between the Toronto and Minneapolis committees in setting up the Toronto in 73 bid. We lost the Montreal hotel but still wanted to bid, that's all. But I can't say how our entry into the race may have affected their committee. And I'd be very interested to hear some response on your idea of a special Hugo clause to prevent good works going unnoticed. It would be hard to administer but I'd be in favor of trying it myself.))

JONH INGHAM
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Feel honoured: I actually read ENERGMEN the day it came, ignoring the pile of unread zines next to me. The cover is beautiful. Possibly among the top ten of Fabian's work, and definitely a mirror of what good art (ugh) is all about. The bacover, on the other hand,



suffers from the fish/eel in the lower right hand corner. It draws attention away from the man's face, which is supposedly a center of focus. The style, though, is very nice.

I agree with Susan's views on PHOENIX. I bought a copy in Yosemite (I never find any of the books I want in L.A. To buy a current ish of Fantastic I had to go to Fresno.) and got around to reading it in Santa Cruz, thereby adding a day to my journey while I sat and read. It's been a long time since a story's had me so enthralled I couldn't put it down, but this did it. And even better, Davidson does such a meticulous job of filling in the society and culture that my mental movie (I tend to visualize stories as I read them) would have won an Oscar. So of course I turned to the front to check up on the publishing date and then sat there dumbfounded for awhile trying to figure out how it wasn't even nominated. Ah, the injustice of it all!

I'm afraid any resemblance I might have to Doug Lovenstein ends at the art, and certainly doesn't extend to such exotic education as high school correspondance courses. I attend a brand new art school that was conceived by Walt Disney and contains 600 freaks, most of whom have hair much longer than my shoulder-length thatch. It's a very Progressive sort of place, with no grades or exams, and we study things like How To Be Smart and rock and roll. Next semester we start a course on science fiction, with me as coordinator. This, of course, will become the School of Science Fiction, and we will all wear t-shirts with a picture of Flash Gordon on them. It will be an honour to be an sf student. That'll show the buggers that deride Our Literature!

((Distribution is definitely a Problem here too. A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA never came to Canada, so we had to go to Philedelphia to buy a copy. Cost us \$76.75 but at least my run of Ace Specials is still complete.))

DAVID HULVEY
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22801

Angus Taylor's exposition on J.G.ballard refutes those unfortunate few who insist on specific labels to paste on individual artists. Well, I won't waste time attempting to touch the stone-minds of fandom that still refuse to judge a talent by its products, not its erudite pretentions, because, as I learned at Phillycon, some damn good authors can be boring when expected to perform before the fans--not as the sensitive human beings they are, but the pompous, garrulous ego-boosters for SF as Very Deep Reality.

Surrealism fascinates me. Laurens Vancreval, one of surrealism's greatest allies in Holland, expresses the essence: 'Surrealism is above all an attack on those systems which contract consciousness--rationalism, utilitarianism, dogmatism, all of which are based on fictions which justify what is in fact detestable in life. Such systems sacrifice everything, including man, to an abstraction known variously as public order, the free world, general welfare, the well-being of humanity, Christian civilization or technical progress.' Yes, it becomes worse. Although I can shake my head in agreement with these basic tenets, I fail to see the burning necessity for them to supercede the artistic statement. This artform movement presents the world with some beautiful imag-

ery, but poppycock sociology and polemics. Again, Very Deep Reality intrudes on art, perhaps to the point of suffocating it. Many surrealists mouthed abtruse statements like "Know that poetry is found wherever the stupidly jeering smile of duckfooted man is not." That was Lautreamont's echo of surrealism's disdain for popular appeal. Yet, I most enjoy these curious fellows when they decide to create a work of art, especially poetry. Joyce Mansour, who resides in Paris, although born in Egypt, presents this erotic vision:

On your wooden horse you advance
Your slender lance of flesh
Strong with the white odor of childhood
Straining before you
Determined to pierce the gross indifference
Of mushrooms dressed in pink satin
Who lie down in your bed
Of beardless cavaliers
Without stain and trouser-fly

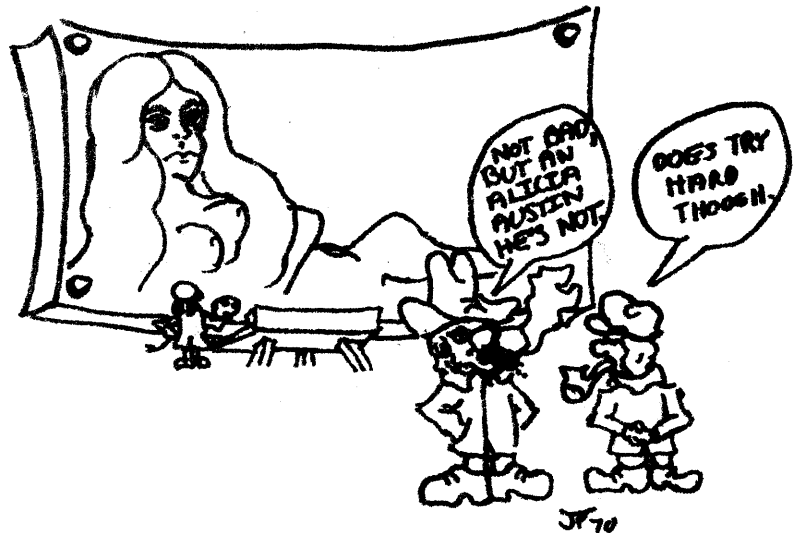
Interestingly, when giving credit to precursors of modern (circa 1970) surrealism, some include such diverse artists as H.P.Lovecraft to Peetie Wheatstraw (William Bunch) --an obscure blues singer--to early 1950s Bugs Bunny comic books. If anyone desires further info, it might help to write: ARSENAL c/o Franklin Rosemont, 1858 N.Howe, Chicago, Ill. 60614. He, with Penelope Rosemont, edits a periodical wallposter; Surrealist In-surrection.

The humorous portions of ENERGUMEN are expanding the usefullness of this zine. In fact, "My 2^d Worth" manages to expose some serious questions, but in a fashion not prone to arouse fandom's ire, just its belly laughs. Add "Kumquat May" to the brew and you have a beautiful balance between sercon and funnish fannishness. I enjoy it all, yet, isn't the format tactful; leaving each the choice of his own pleasure. You, I do surely declare, deserve a Hugo for a zine that respects this division so well, in such a lovely way with Alicia Austin's art +sigh+.

((If that's a standard example of surrealistic poetry, I find I prefer their paintings! Perhaps I should bill my fanzine as "ENERGUMEN: the usefullness-expanding fanzine"? And we could have underground reading parties?))

MIKE O'BRIEN Ah, ENERGUMEN! I don't know what I'd do if I missed an issue of ENER-
511 E.Hoover #11 GUMEN. Probably spend all of ten seconds mourning, read somebody
Ann Arbor, Mich. else's and say wotthehell.
48104

Delany had some good words in EXTRAPOLATION a few issues back. He doesn't view a book the way most people do. He sees reading a book as an ongoing process, whereby a single image that takes shape at the first word is expanded and refined and changed. A book is a string of words which do things, one by one, to an initial image. For this reason he sees style and content as inseparable, and thinks it impossible to discuss them one at a time. This is naturally reflected in his own work. A Delany book isn't a story, it's an image-modification machine, designed to leave you with an image after you



finish the last word, which image is the whole raison-d'etre of the book. The way he likes to make images, this comes out so that his books don't have much of a plot (active image), but abound in imagery, allusion, and characterization (static image). Time, though, is a real part of Delany's image (or, rather, what should ideally be your image when you finish [in this case/ Nova]). In Nova, we have, as Paul Walker says, a full picture of a future world. This references your time. The book is a mass of flashbacks and time-jumps. This references the book-time--Delany modifies the image a little here, a little there. The image is fourth-dimensional, with time as a dimension. I, at least, tend not to see action, but a static image with four dimensions (which I see, of course, only in cross-section). A Delany book can have six or seven dimensions, actually. That's why they take so much reading.

You're nasty, Rosemary. I suppose you've heard that before. How dare you interrupt people who are doing their thing, even if it is 4am and it's outside your door? One of these days I'll tell you about the stuff that went on outside my door at 4am, and quite regularly, too, all last year. Everything from Mini-frisbees to the Third Eye Beer Brewing boys. You have no patience. Or artistic appreciation, either, or you would at least have watched for a while. May your column continue (semi-regularly) forever. Or until somebody kills you.

Yes, Jerry Kaufman, there are strange people in fandom. Doug sounds like a typical atypical case of the Strange Fan. Last year I had the frightening experience of living with a bunch who had the fannish mentality without fandom to take it out on. Between them and the weird fans I've met, I find I have remarkably little trouble finding material for stories, both written and verbal. My current project, "The Night of the Hellwagon" is based on the time Rock, Inc. ("Five cents a pound and fifty cents a letter, we engrave and deliver.") found themselves in the middle of the main drag at 2am with a 3300 lb. monster with a busted laundry cart wrapped around it, explaining to a cop why he'd better call a tow truck and not attempt to tow it himself or you'll...oh, dear, your bumper has come off, hasn't it, sir? Well, don't say I didn't warn you...

JERRY KAUFMAN
1485 1/2 Penn. Ave
Columbus, Ohio 43201

I got ENERCUMEN the day after Phillycon. Do you know, it's going to encourage me to get the stapler I've always meant to get? Staplers are very useful things. I can put papers together for classes, put things up on the walls, keep all those negligible but historical rally notices, movie notes and Gnomoclave announcements together, repair Focal Points...



I have a number of courses this quarter that have managed to rivet my attention to the extent that I don't cut them every day. One of them, "Written Messages and Broadcasting", has no content. The class itself was supposed to set up the course, goals, curricula, projects and grading system. I'm not learning a damn thing, but my project is worthy. I'm developing a documentary series on science fiction. I mention in my development of the central idea that it's meant for Educational Television, but I really don't think anyone would watch it except for some English teachers, some SF freaks etc. It is designed as an introduction to the field, even though I don't expect non-sf people to be interested, and it goes into some detail in places. The segment on SF history, for example, dwells on Gernsback, Campbell and the New Wave, and brings in the fifties boom and bust cycle. I have segments on fandom, academe, and surveys of writers planned. One of the things I've enjoyed most is that since the

whole thing is hypothetical, I've been able to schedule all sorts of people for spots and interviews on the programs. I draw the line at scheduling dead people; even though neither the teacher nor my classmates would know the difference, I would feel as though I were cheating. This way I can convince myself I'm at least somewhat serious.

I really like the Fabian cover, more than most of his work. I like most of his work, because the technique impresses me so, as it does here, while the use of white is especially effective. But the picture has sweep and movement; I find my eye moving along the wing to the center of the picture, wandering around in the detail, then moving right back out the wing into the empty white space. And I like that. Gives me something to do.

The Villiers books would be better being published at one time, true. I can see the connections between the three being pointed and developed. The next is to be called THE UNIVERSAL PANTOGRAPH, a device referred to occasionally in the existing books. But if Panshin wished to send them in all at once to be published, he would have to have written them all, and unfortunately, he doesn't seem to have written any but the ones already published. His next book, as I understand it, is to be called The Farthest Star, is not a Villiers book, and is vilely overdue. Come on Alexei. Your people await.

((I'm fully aware of the many practical reasons why Alexei couldn't publish all seven Villiers books at once. All I meant to suggest was that since he'd been forced to publish them separately, he'd have to have them reviewed separately.))



CLIFF STENBERG Angus Taylor is his article seemed to unknowingly touch on the real
1430 B. Defense reason that sf and the fine arts, particularly Surrealism, are not en-
Muskegon, Mich. joyed by a larger percentage of the population. It would seem that they
49441 tend to attack man's sense of security. This is something that mankind
 as a whole simply cannot tolerate. Most people need to be constantly
assured that all will remain the same as it's always been and any denial of that prin-
ciple is so totally alien to them that their first and usually only reaction is to at-
tack violently. In this relatively enlightened age when writers are allowed artistic
license, it is not possible for the "Security Syndrome" to stamp out these expressions
but sf can be laughed at and Surrealism ignored. These, of course, are the usual defen-
ses.

Therefore, it is impossible for me to agree with Mr Coulson who maintains that fans, because of their relatively high I.Q.s are less mature than the majority of the population. Maturity is partially defined as the ability to accept change and in this respect fans have the rest of the population beaten to death.

((The previous quote from the Surrealist in David Hulvey's letter seems to bear out part of your contention but I'm not sure I'd agree that people are particularly down on sf because it makes them feel insecure. I think it's more a case of ignorance of what the field has to offer. And wait until you attend your first convention, Cliff. You may find yourself agreeing with Buck! Actually though, I'm more on your side than Buck's. While it's true that fandom has a fairly large number of immature members, I still think they're a small minority and that we're a pretty good bunch on the whole.))

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: HAL DAVIS; PAUL WALKER; TIM MURPHY who says, "I like Rosemary Ull-yot's 'Kumquat May' but I don't seem to care much for Miss Ull-yot herself. I don't like people who are short with others." Gee, Tim, I'm only 5'7" myself. JAY KAY KLEIN who sent photos. GRANT CANFIELD who sent art and a four page letter about his art then asked me not to print it. +sigh+ C.LEE HEALY who sent art and says "One thing I've always hoped to see in a fanzine and never have, is a column (or at least an article) on fan art written by fan artists." and goes on to talk about the lack of response to art and the usefulness of such a column for artists and readers alike. I heartily agree and have suggested such an article to various artists lately. Well, fellas? JOE PEARSON sent art. ALEXIS GILLILAND sent art, a column for Susan and says "Viva Rosemary!" PAUL DOCHERTY sent art and confessed to being somewhat confused by fandom. Welcome to the club, Paul! JEFF SCHALLES liked the issue but wasn't turned on by the back cover. AVRAM DAVIDSON was. CY CHAUVIN likes fannish humour and LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS though he doubts this was intended as an sf novel. BARBARA WENK thinks 'Kumquat May' the best thing in the issue and says I shouldn't apologize so much. Gee, I'm sorry, Barb, I'll try and cut down on the apologies, honest. RANDY BATHURST sent art, complimented 'Kumquat May' (yawn) and promised to put his morningstar to work rounding up votes for Toronto. Just make sure they can still write, Randy. RUTH BERMAN sent photos and liked the back cover better than the front. GEORGIA RAYE thinks women are being discriminated against in fandom after Tom Reamy and Bill Mallardi failed to send her copies of fanzines she either appeared in or worked on. Tsk, tsk, gentlemen, tsk, tsk! MICHAEL TERUYA sent art and commented on the lack of response to art as inherent in the complex emotional nature of artistic appreciation. LARRY PROPP claims this fanzine is too hard to loc. MIKL GILBERT sent art and the latest on his draft status. NORTHROP FRYE says, "I am interested in all forms of literature that seem to show clear connexions with mythology and twenty years ago science fiction seemed to be about the livliest and most interesting literary genre from this point of view. It has not, as far as I can see, really fulfilled its promise, but one has hopes." DAN OSTERMAN sent lots of art and wonders about my cynicism. Ask me at the next con, Dan. JONH INGHAM sent great envelopes of art, drew up a couple of cartoons I suggested and was amazed to discover the existance of Goon Show Fandom. JIM McLEOD, KATHY DUSHMAN and BONNIE BERGSTROM all sent art as did CONNIE FADDIS who also sent some groovy photos I had to return since I couldn't repro them. RUDY DER HAGOPIAN sent (can you guess?)...yup, art plus Swedish fanzines which I'd appreciate even more if I spoke Swedish. SANDRA MIESEL sent art and much personal chatter and informed us that her husband says we can't possibly be as nice as we pretend to be in these pages, but that it must all be a part of our bidding strategy. I'd call him a cynic but then he might not vote for us. BJO TRIMBLE did it too and corresponded at length with Susan. She also sent me a card from one of her old files with a three-year old address of mine made out in the name 'Mike G. Licksohn'. Ah, the good old days! BARRY GILLAM didn't send any art at all but, along with many others, he sent money. And I also heard from, quite literally, CLIFF STENBERG and ANDY PORTER who called me long-distance from Muskegon, Michegan and New York to chat about things fannish and croggled my mind by doing so. In fact, Andy just called again twenty minutes ago...outtasight! He also sent some art, and, wonder of wonders, an ALGOL! MIKE JUERGENS found NOVA dull and discussed a workable definition for "art". Then he started an incredible series of letters that convinced me that he's absolutely weird! But nicely so.

In the past extremely frustrating two weeks during which this fanzine was supposed to be run off, a series of rather incredible misadventures has occurred that would sound unbelievable in anyone's fannish column. However, it now looks as if #5 may yet come out on a variety of papers and from a variety of presses. I have high hopes that future issues will look much better than some of my past efforts...and we're giving serious consideration to getting our own mimeo for the next issue! In the meantime, the delay was made more bearable by the delivery of some fine art from RON MILLER and MIKE SYMES and some incredibly beautiful art, including a possible cover, from JAMES SHULL. Now if all you people who promised to write me articles were only as dependable as our many fine artists...

Thanks to you all, let me here from you again and remember...TORONTO IN 73 !!!!!



AUSTIN 70

LET
YOURSELF
GO TO
TORONTO
IN '73