



ENERGUMEN

Welcome to **ENERGUMEN 11**, the slightly late issue of the Canadian quarterly genzine edited by Mike & Susan Glicksohn at 32 Maynard Ave #205, Toronto 156 Ontario Canada. **ENERGUMEN** is available for substantial loc, contribution of artwork or written material, a very few arranged trades or for 75¢ an issue. Subscriptions are 3/\$2 and we do not accept cheques or US stamps. The price raise is due to the inflationary economy and our inability to absorb the \$120-per-issue loss in the face of my threatened unemployment. Existing subs will be honoured and back issues of #8 and #10 are still 50¢ each. Cover by Alicia Austin. Bacover by Joe Pearson. March 1972

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SUAMI Press Publication #14

Please check your mailing envelope carefully. If there's an X in the box, we'll have to hear from you to be sure you're still interested in getting **ENERGUMEN**. Thank you.



Feedback From The Mike

IN THE SPRING A YOUNG FAN'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF HUGOS...but sometimes his timing is off. This issue will probably appear too late to influence the nomination ballots but too early to discuss the final nominees. Ah well, such is fafia. Herewith some thoughts on Hugos.

Perhaps it merely reflects the exponential decay in the amount of time I've been able to devote to reading, but 1971 struck me as a relatively poor year for science fiction. No single novel leaps out and demands a Hugo, as has been the case in several recent years. (It is slightly ironic that the multiple nomination concept should at long last be realized in a year when so few nominees come to mind.) Oh, there were good books, all right, but award winners...? I enjoyed TO THEIR SCATTERED BODIES GO by Farmer, THE FOREST OF FOREVER by Swann and THE DRAMATURGES OF YAN by Brunner, and Silverberg had some very interesting books published last year. Whatever wins will probably be a fairly good book; and in a year without any great books I'll settle for that.

In the short fiction categories, I find only two pieces that stick in my mind, and this based on a fairly broad sampling of prozine and anthology fiction. When I read the recommendations of other faneds, I generally cannot recall the stories they mention, although it generally turns out that I have read them. Some years are like that, I guess, and since I have no favorites to plug, I'll just wait for the final ballots to appear.

While science fiction may have been on the decline for me in 1971, The Year of the Reprint, fandom was inarguably prospering. I find myself with an abundance of nominees in the fannish categories.

Thinking of fan writers, I'm glad to have the chance to nominate Rosemary Ulliyot, Sandra Miesel and Arnie Katz, three fine talents who essentially write in non-intersecting realms. The final choice might also include Terry Carr, Ted Pauls, Harry Warner or Ted White and will be a difficult decision indeed. (I've also been told by a generally reliable source that the majority of nominations and votes comes from the immediate vicinity of the host city of the Worldcon. If this is true, it is poss-

ible that the final ballot may contain names that are relatively unfamiliar to those of us on the East coast.)

In the fan artist category, my vote goes to Grant Canfield, who seems to me to be easily the most dynamic new talent to appear in the last couple of years. And I'd be happy to see a nomination for Jim Shull whose work I've enjoyed greatly during the last twelve months. In addition to these newer talents, the old familiar names come to mind -- Tim, Steve, Mike, Bill and Alicia all did excellent work during 1971 and even narrowing the list down to five finalists will be difficult. With so many fine artists in the field, this is one category that seems genuinely suited to a "share the wealth" policy.

Naturally enough, my consuming interest in the Hugos is again in the fanzine category. During 1971, Susan and I published issues #5 through #10 of ENERGMEN and I can quite honestly say that I feel that these six issues placed us among the top five fanzines published in that year. (Just where I think they placed us I leave to your imagination.) Other fanzines that seemed to me to have fine issues during the time in question were GRANFALLOON, OUTWORLDS and FOCAL POINT. But I guess that, as in all categories, your decision must be based on what you saw and where your interests lie.

Getting down to the other (do I hear myself implying "lesser"?) categories, I thought AMAZING had a good year, although it has been tailing off lately, and I'd be delighted if Pepper, the superb artist on the Ballantine Adult Fantasy series, received an award for his strikingly beautiful covers. Then again, it wouldn't disappoint me if Szafran, Schoenherr or Frazetta won either.

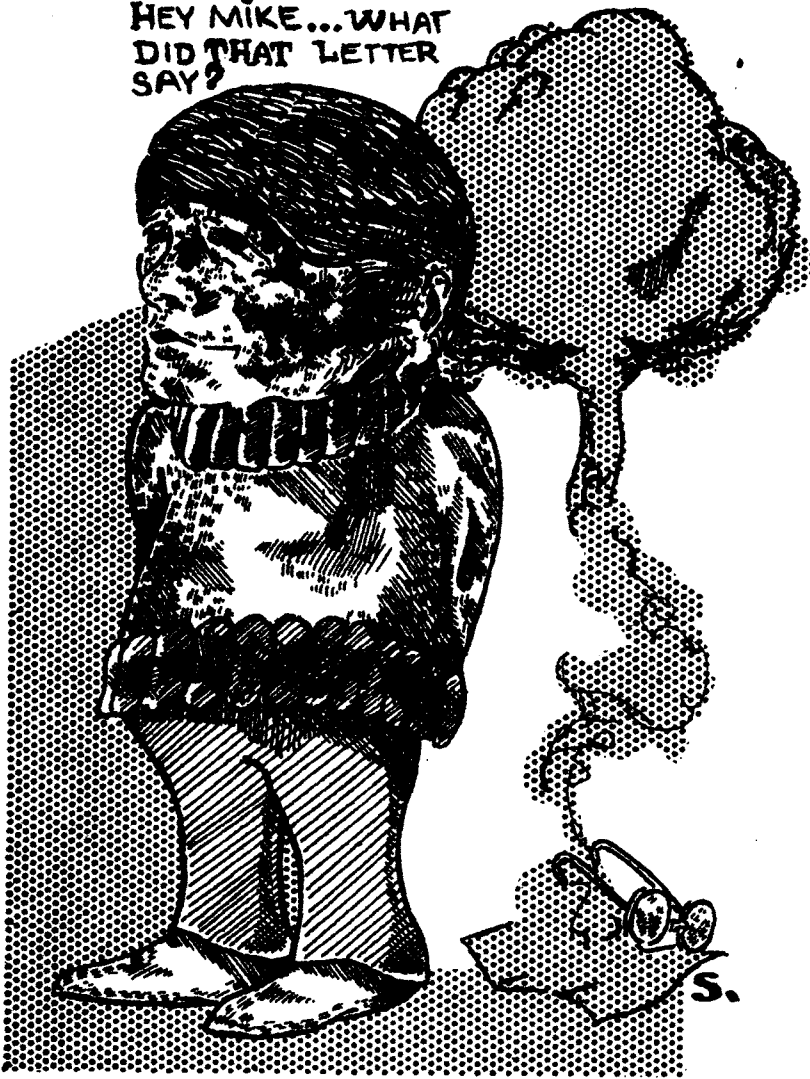
So there you have it, and there's nothing to do but wait. In the meantime, potential nominees might notice that the one key date to keep in mind, the deadline for nominations, is April Fools' Day. That should help keep things in perspective.

THE TIME HAS COME, THE FANED SAID, TO SPEAK OF MANY THINGS; OF COVER ILLOS, LETTERCOLLS, OF LAYOUT AND SUCH THINGS... I suppose it's a truism that no faned can seem to prejudge the response to a given issue, and that no issue calls forth any sort of coherent response from the readership. For every letter on #10 indignantly pointing out our creeping complacency and stagnation, we got a letter praising the issue as the best we've yet produced. For every accusation that the cover "looked like a 1930's AMAZING" (which all carried the unstated implication that this was A Bad Thing), we got a letter saying "this was the first piece of Fabian art I've really liked". And for every letter not caring less about the visual aspects of fanzines, we got two detailed pages of (dis)agreements. Last issue may have been an essentially "light" one, but it produced the heaviest response we've yet enjoyed.

As Ted White points out in the lettercolumn, faneds can play all sorts of fancy tricks with their choice of artwork, and no-one else will either notice or care. So I really wasn't surprised that my careful choice of last issue's covers especially for themselves and for the issue was not understood. What did hurt was the number of people who thought I hadn't noticed what I'd done. Accusations of poor judgement one can accept, but disregard is harder to bear.



HEY MIKE...WHAT
DID THAT LETTER
SAY?



There have been comments recently that one ENERGUMEN is too much like another; that issues stretch unchanging into the dim, distant past. Personally I think that's nonsense. Our issues have been physically similar, to be sure, but the contents have varied widely from issue to issue, and this is what distinguishes a fanzine. However, my sense of the absurd prompted me to select Steve Fabian's very "hard science" cover for our most fannishly oriented issue as a sort of You-can't-tell-a-fanzine-by-its-cover rebuttal. I didn't for a minute expect anyone to see what I was playing at, but I did think readers would expect that I'd had some purpose in mind. Sigh -- another ego bubble popped. That I deliberately chose the Davidson back cover as the other archetypal pulpish sf cover and hence the perfect complement to the Fabian front cover and this too went unnoticed is rather anti-climactic, I suppose.

But we did get letters, well over 50 of them, and preparing the lettercolumn was the most difficult task it has yet been. Apologies are in order to the many people who's fine letters were unmercifully cut or omitted altogether. Locs are the lifeblood of this fanzine, whether we can print them all or not. (I also repeat my request of last issue that comments on Jerry Lapidus' column be sent directly to Jerry. We read them all with interest, but for the most part they did not see publication.)

Deciding what parts of locs to publish is an entirely subjective thing, difficult to explain and generally impossible to justify. The selection process often unfortunately denies egoboo to some contributors whose articles inspire mostly "X was superb" in the way of response. Walt Liebscher's article last issue, for example, produced more

favorable comment than any other single item we've published, yet the lettercolumn is sadly lacking in much-deserved egoboo for Walt. Let me correct that here: Walt, fandom salutes (and awaits) you!

* * *

IT TAKES TWO TO FANAC...Reviewers and letter writers please observe that ENERGUMEN is a joint endeavor of Susan and I. We are most definitely its co-publishers, in that were either of us not here, the magazine would not have been appearing. As such, we'd appreciate sharing the egoboo and insults that result from its publication.

Whether or not we are co-editors is a more difficult question. Since we have quite different interests, if we truly shared every editorial decision, we'd end up compromising and publishing a fanzine that would satisfy neither of us. So I tend to make the broad decisions that shape the fanzine's general direction.

I also tend to handle most of the production aspects, but this is primarily due to the fact that Susan relieves me of the cleaning and cooking chores and in addition has her academic commitments to consider. Thus in the past I've typed most of the stencils and been (ir)responsible for most of the layout. (This despite the obvious fact that Susan has far more innate layout sense than I do. This aspect of production, at least, is changing.)

However, we pay for it together (and did so even last year when I wasn't working and we lived on Susan's grant) and when actual printing time comes around we share the labour of mimeoing, collating and mailing. (With a little much-appreciated help from our friends!) And wherever possible, we share decisions.

The point is, we are both essential. The arrival of ENERGUMEN in your mailbox depends as much on the fact that Susan washes my shirts for me as it does on the fact that I paste in the electrostencils. Or that Susan de-slipsheets the pages I run off. We function as a team, and ENERGUMEN is a product of our teamwork. We'd like you to keep that in mind.

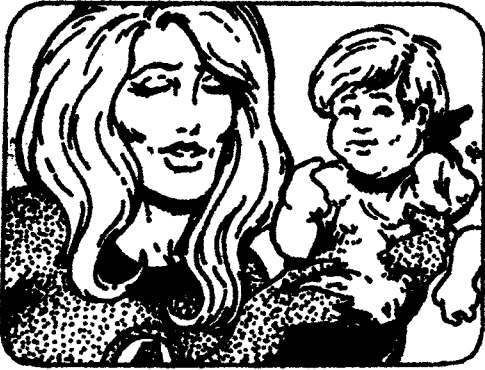
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Chronologically, this is our second anniversary, a milestone in the existence of any fanzine. And I for one am pleased with our progress. ENERGUMEN is much the sort of fanzine I'd thought about producing for several years before I actually began printing the first issue. I've greatly enjoyed guiding it along and it's been a source of considerable egoboo in that time. I believe Susan feels much the same way.

Oh, there have been times when excessive negative criticism of what we consider to be minor aspects has temporarily depressed us, but a quick look through past issues usually disperses any gloom. Because basically we are happy with this fanzine. It's been described as "comfortable" and that's how we like to think of it. There are those who feel we should strive for change, that we should try to go where no fan has gone before, if I may coin a phrase. Well, I imagine they'll continue to be disappointed in us. This fanzine isn't a focal point of fandom, and was never intended as such. Nor is it a forum for experimentation in production values or content. It tries to be an attractive, well-produced science fiction fanzine offering its readers a variety of well written interesting material. We like to think it succeeds in this, and are delighted when others agree with us. We're also eager to hear from those who disagree, as long as they grant us the privilege of continuing in our own direction.

After two years, I still enjoy producing this fanzine. I lack the amount of time I once had to work on it, which I regret, but as long as the joy remains I'll continue to pick away at the keys and turn the crank. And I'll continue to thank those of you reading this for making it all possible.

The POISON MAIDEN



A Terribly Serious,
Analysis of The
in Marvel Super-
BY SUSAN GLICKSOHN

Someone had better warn the Men's lib people that women seem to be taking over another stronghold of male life: superhero comics. Women like the revived Black Widow (now there's a nasty name to arouse potency-fears!) battle the supervillains, and occasionally the superheroes. Women, or rather sweet girls like Gwen Stacey, grow increasingly important in the life of the superhero-- usually, messing up his emotions when he should be fighting, or leaving him in his hour of triumph to emphasize his loneliness, the Price he must Pay for his Powers. Girls are even reading these boy-oriented adventures! Does it matter? Of course... only think of the chaos such a mix-up could cause in children's views of themselves, and of their traditional roles!

Whether you're a 'normal' male convinced women protesting their lot "just want a good lay;" a career-girl I know who "would never trust a woman doctor;" or an otherwise-sensitive, intelligent writer like Poul Anderson who proclaimed in SFR 43 that he likes "a woman who really is a woman," a classification which excludes women who work, because "they get pregnancies, monthlies and menopauses" and women who demand their rights as human beings, because they are "bull dykes"--your prejudices are a result of your socialization. You've learned them. Feminists trace our sexual assumptions back to our parents' attitudes ("We want a boy, of course"), our toys (soft dolls for girls, challenging science kits for boys), and our textbooks. The latter "present the image of woman as helpmate, as mother, as observer of male activities included in every book," Dick and Jane reader and arithmetic text alike. This observation from Karen DeClow, a former textbook editor, in her YOUNG WOMAN'S GUIDE TO LIBERATION is supported by other research, such as that presented by Florence Howe in SATURDAY REVIEW, October 16, 1971.

Out of school, it's male-female stereotypes in all the media. Some feminists are re-writing fairytales to get rid of the Evil Old Witch, Beautiful Princess and always-Charming Prince, but who gets these images from Grimm anymore? Not women like Shulamith Firestone, who describes in THE DIALECTIC OF SEX how she learned the cultural truth that "men and women are tuned into different cultural wavelengths, that in fact there exists a wholly different reality for men and women" in childhood, from comic books. Her brother read "heavies" (war comics and SUPERMAN) and "funnies" (TOM AND JERRY), but her socialization had given her different tastes: an unfulfilled longing for love comics, TRUE CONFESSIONS, ARCHIE AND VERONICA, or best of all, SCROOGE Mc-DUCK--"I loved the selfish extravagance of his bathing in money." On the whole, though, she realized that "Fairy tales, much less realistic, were a better trip." Thus the child learns to distinguish between the 'real' male world of violent adventure, and the 'unreal' female world of romantic fantasy. Even more, he/she learns,

(Drawings based on characters copyright MARVEL COMICS GROUP)

and the GREAT BITCH

even constructive,
Roles of Women
Hero Comics . . . PART ONE
ILLUSTRATED BY TERRY AUSTIN



as Shulamith Firestone did, to distinguish taste on sexual grounds: "My brother thought girls' taste was 'drippy' and I thought he was a crude slob"-- and finally to identify 'good taste' with male taste, calling Hemingway and Mailer 'great', Woolf and Plath 'minor' writers.

Marvel superhero comics are a particularly effective means of presenting and inculcating social values because they provide the ultimate gratification-- the heroes succeed in both the adventure-fantasy and 'real' worlds. That is, Daredevil has mystic superpowers, futuristic technical aids and brute smash-the-bully strength, but he uses them for goals which our society recognizes and lauds, like foiling skyjackers. He is also Matt Murdock, a brilliant lawyer bringing justice to the downtrodden, thus doubly foiling supervillains like Mr. Kline. This gives the comic, and the ideals it presents, tremendous credibility. Issues 96 to 98 of SPIDERMAN, in which Peter's room-mate Harry freaked out on speed (like DC's GREEN LANTERN/GREEN ARROW 86, involving heroin use) taught that drugs were 'bad' both by reinforcing the message of the 'real' world (by showing Harry in agony) and by having Spiderman, with whom kids identify in a fantasy world of super-adventures, condemning pill-popping, beating up on pushers, and rescuing o.d. cases. Unfortunately, other ideas in those issues have the same double impact: notably the message that girls are trouble, that Harry "might never have gotten into that scene" if his girlfriend, appropriately named Mary Jane, hadn't been so destructive under her superficial appeal; and that even superpowers can falter under the pressures of love (or lust)-- or as Peter, with penetrating insight, puts it, "it's funny how loving a girl can drive a guy bananas."

Spiderman is a superhero who's always fretting because he needs money, money, money to take his girl out before she ditches him. What kind of message does that convey? Not one most women would choose, certainly, if that 'takeover' mentioned earlier were real. Not to worry, though. Natasha, without her own magazine, currently appears courtesy of DAREDEVIL (as long as she retains his romantic interest.) Like the other heroines and villainesses, she's a stereotyped media image of a 'liberated chick'-- a recent letter observed, amazedly, that she doesn't (gasp!) wear a bra-- who'll gladly trade her karate lessons for rescue by, and a date with, the hero. Not to worry, either, about Gwen and her counterparts, decorative but expendable, their appearances minor and the 'emotion' involved therein on a love-comics level, full of close-ups of tears dripping from eyes.

Not to worry, even, about women taking over Marvel on a creative or audience level. Marie Severin, the only woman involved in the creative end of the superhero line, is



not a good artist and is John Severin's sister, tolerable in much the same way that the ineffectual Sif, or Sue Richards, are allowed to be superheroines as Thor's beloved, and as Mrs. Reed Richards, sister of Johnny Storm. Makes you ask a lot of questions about tokenism. Similarly, a plug for two newly-revamped mags extols the male artists, the male scripters-- and as an afterthought (and in parentheses yet), mentions that the writers include "a couple of lasses like gal Friday Holli Resnicoff and Roy's ever-lovin' wife Jeannie Thomas." The mags? MY LOVE and OUR LOVE STORY. 'Nuff said?

Not to worry, finally, about girls invading the lettercolumns, primarily of fairy-tale THOR and all-American-teen SPIDERMAN. Smilin' Stan knows how to joke them back into their place. In THOR 198, Eve Pulli supported yet another request for more Norse goddesses with references to such mythic females as Frigga, Freya, Nana, and Odin's daughters the Valkyries. The editorial reply took her seriously at first, pointing out that the magazine already features "Sif, the Enchantress, Karnilla, Hildegarde" (whose infrequent appearances are usually ineffectual in the context of male activity), and promising weakly "we are trying to fit more women into the THOR strip." The real answer, though, was a sudden twist to turn the whole matter into a joke: "... like it or not, Eve, in the old Norse days, women did stay in the house-- and things are probably going to stay that way in Asgard until someone

comes along to liberate the fair lassies. (Which, come to think of it, might make an interesting story at that!)" Eve may or may not have known that recently Marvel has featured two Valkyries: in HULK 142, The Valyrie, a castrating-bitch destroyer, who threatened the Hulk but existed primarily as a vehicle for scripter Roy Thomas to continue the Marvel tradition of portraying the Women's Liberation Movement as a sick joke; and in THOR 195 and on, Hildegarde, an ugly masculine butch out of warped male sex-fantasies if there ever was one, whose first act was to clobber the weeping Sif.

Re-write sisters, here are the modern fairy-tales, embodying the old images of Woman. First came the worship of the Triple Goddess, described by Robert Graves in THE WHITE GODDESS as "a personification of primitive woman-- woman the creatress and destructress;" woman the virgin, mother and destroyer; woman the Muse, whose presence excites "mixed exultation and horror." Western religion took over most of the Magna Mater function (as well as extending a patriarchal priesthood and social order); it left the Belle Dame always Sans Merci aspects of woman for the courtly love religion, romances, fairy tales and similar popular-culture forms; the woman-as-fertility-goddess and woman-as-destroyer aspects for other expressions of male fantasy, such as dirty jokes. The remains of the goddess came over on the Mayflower, and were enshrined in the simplifications of a literature Leslie Fiedler comments is "notoriously at home in the children's section of the library." His LOVE AND DEATH IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL chronicles the fate of the divided female: the pale, sexless Good Woman associated with spiritual death ('civilization') and otherworldly 'salvation'; and the dark, voluptuous Bad Woman associated with the Original Sin, death through sexuality. Fiedler comments that: "Our great novelists, though experts on indignity and assault, on loneliness and terror, tend to avoid treating the passionate encounter of a man and a woman, which we expect at the centre of a novel. Indeed, they rather shy away from permitting in their fictions the presence of any full-fledged, mature women, giving us instead monsters of virtue or bitchery, symbols of the rejection or fear of sexuality."

Of course, "mature women" can't appear in modern adolescent literature, either-- the Comics Code would never permit it. Thus in the great tradition of THE DEERSLAYER and HUCKLEBERRY FINN, mutilated daughters of the Eternal Female languish or stride, four-colour, 7"x10" wish-fulfillments, across the covers of the true indigenous American art form. The covers of the first fourteen issues of Marvel's CONAN provide eleven variations on the muscleman-maiden-monster theme. In the tradition of sword-and-sorcery epics, the scantily-clad wenches (to use the barbarian's favourite term) tend to flop at the hero's feet, or dangle in the embrace of a giant serpent or bat. Barry Smith's action-packed cover for 5, however, illustrates perfectly the duality of woman's fantasy role: the fearsome beast attacking Conan is a tiger, but also a beautiful dark-haired girl. The cover of SPIDERMAN 103 is a cluttered near-parody of the same heroic genre, showing, clockwise from the focus at bottom right, the snarling head of a monster, Gog; confronted by the sabretooth, Zabu, and his master Ka-zar, spear uplifted; and Gog's giant almost-human hand menacing Spiderman, swinging out of the frame top right, protectively clutching the ample bikini-clad curves of his blonde girlfriend, Gwen. Excelsior!

At the opposite extreme, DAREDEVIL 83 shows a voluptuous, black-leather-sheathed redhead in a superbly athletic pose-- she's hanging from a Harold Lloyd type flagpole with one hand, while the other delivers a vicious chop severing DD's lifeline. As he plummets, the nasty lady (who would be scorned by the lamb-chop-is-better-than-a-karate-chop Pussycat League and all rightminded Marvel girlfriends) snarls: "This is it, hero! As long as you're going to accuse the Black Widow of murder... I may as well live up to my reputation!" Never mind that, in the story, Natasha is so demented with fear and despair she can't trust anyone (women are so emotional!) and that Daredevil, never in real danger, doesn't fall off any buildings. It's the initial impression that counts; or, as the cover of DD 81 proclaims, "Death is a Black Widow." Boys, beware!

Germaine Greer in THE FEMALE EUNUCH calls such contemporary versions of the old sexual stereotypes the Poison Maiden and the Great Bitch. The former is the inaccessible princess in the enchanter's fortress or dragon's lair, the pure, perfect, passive virgin whose love may be won only with physical and mental pain. She is woman as ideal-- and as precious possession. The latter is "the deadly female, a worthy opponent for the hero to exercise his powers upon and through. She is desirous, greedy, clever, dishonest, and two jumps ahead all the time. The hero may either have her on his side, and like a lion-tamer soothe her onto his enemies, or he may have to battle for his life at her hands."

While Marveldom doesn't eliminate sex from its adolescent fantasies by eliminating females, it does simplify complex human relationships down to "woman as exploit." The superhero rarely relaxes at home (though exceptions include SPIDERMAN 99 in which Gwen cooks dinner for Peter; AVENGERS 92 in which the male characters, including the android Vision, combine to put down or ignore Wanda; and FANTASTIC FOUR 120, in which The Thing relaxes with a girlie mag.) Instead, he's out risking his life to save the Poison Maiden from monsters, captors and deadly bondages; or calling on all his prowess to subdue the villainess (chivalrously, of course.)



Poison Maidens in Marveldom fall into three general categories: the hero's mortal girlfriends (Gwen Stacey, Lady Dorma); the less aggressive superheroine girlfriends and sisters (Sif, the Crimson Witch, and Medusa who gave up being a villainess for Black Bolt's affection); and incidental heroines who exist mainly to be rescued. Many of their characteristics are exemplified by Jarella, heroine of HULK 140.



Harlan Ellison wrote the script for the above epic (with "adaptation" by Roy Thomas) and superficially its chief interest is its El-lisionian in-jokes. The cover-title is "The Brute that Shouted Love at the Heart of the Atom" and there are passing references to "Santa Claus vs S.P.I.D.E.R" (Marvelized to "Spiderman") "Paingod," "A Boy and His Dog," "The Place With No Name," "Bright Eyes," "Deeper Than the Darkness"-- all those in the first eight pages, and I refuse to count any further. There's even a contrived shout of "Repent, Harlequin!" from Jarella's enemies, to which the Hulk replies: "--said the Ticktockman. Seems to me I read that someplace" before clobbering them.

In fact, the script presents a typical modern romance or fantasy-adventure. The hero, Bruce Banner, represents modern man, alienated from the world and at war within himself. The limited intelligence, brute strength and violent emotions of his alter-ego, the Hulk, conceal and overwhelm his 'civilized' qualities: a brilliant mind and sensitivity. He is already established as a Byronic (or El-lisionian) hero, his life stained by his baser self (literally, since his metamorphosis into the Hulk disrupted his wedding to Betty) and blasted by the uncomprehending hostility of his society (again, literally, since Betty's father, General 'Thunderbolt' Ross, is continually trying to kill him.) Any happiness is doomed.

In HULK 140, the green monster is doubly a symbol of modern man, victim of incomprehensible forces, in that he is wrenched by Psyklop's mysterious "molecular ray" from New York to a "sub-molecular universe." Here, he belongs. Everyone is green-skinned, including the lovely Jarella. In true Poison Maiden fashion, she is surrounded by dangers (giant pig-dogs, and traitors led by her evil cousin). She adheres to the Marvel norm of beauty, a bosomy version of 1967-mod, with flowing hair, large eyes, and a certain amount of cleavage showing in an unusually mo-

dest costume. Unlike most Marvel girlfriends, she is sensitive, piercing through the Hulk's repellent exterior to "a soul as human as any." This talent appears to be shared only by blind Alicia, who loves the blue-eyed Thing for his true self, and Marianne, whose esper powers finally link her beloved, Tony Stark, with her rescuer, Iron Man. Her love for the former overcomes her fear of the latter; but of course

their union is immediately threatened, in IRON MAN 45 and on, by Kevin O'Connor's obsessive desire for Marianne, which overwhelms his first loyalty to Tony Stark. That, though, is another stock plot. Back to the rescue of the maiden.

Jarella, in fact, is more than woman-as-exploit, an object to be rescued. She possesses the gift-conferring powers of the fairy godmother, the grace-giving powers of the Good Woman. Her sorcerers restore Banner's mind to the Hulk's hulk. She gives him romantic and political status as "my husband-- and sovereign of this tempest-tossed land." Finally, like many other Marvel maidens, she is lost forever in her Shangri-La.

The theme of the ephemeral idyll, "the sound of reality pressing in upon you-- the thunder of dreams crashing into ruined shards about your feet" is by no means restricted to Harlan Ellison's harsh universe. The world may love a lover, but it sympathizes with love betrayed or unrequited, and enjoys seeing its idols suffer. Or so Smilin' sadistic Stan and the Marvel Bullpen seem to think.

Marvel men, with monotonous regularity, find more pain in love than in a hundred scraps with Doc Oc, Hydra, Mr. Kline, the Kree, or Dr. Doom. At least, they suffer until a rash of protesting letters brings back the real man's action.

"Cap can just kill himself for all I care if you continue to play up the ludicrous love-interest conflict." (CAPTAIN AMERICA 142)
"Lately, our favourite, Daredevil, and many of his cohorts... have not been able to have a normal relationship with a woman. Why?... Granted they aren't normal people, but who is? And as most males have found out, women have this strange capacity for loving their man, despite his shortcomings... Karen Page obviously loves DD... If she isn't woman enough to go back to Matt when she finds out he is alive-- and we mean BACK, wholly back!-- not just emotionally tied into the story as she is now-- write her out of the script!" (DAREDEVIL 86)

Poor Karen! Even Daredevil forgives her for "leading your own life-- and following your own career." He understands that she is unable to recapture past love. Yet she is punished, appropriately by banishment from the Marvel world, while a mysterious Dark Lady takes over her man. Interestingly enough, that "woman must love her man" letter was signed by both a man and a woman...



COMING (in typical Marvel serial fashion) NEXT ISSUE: The Black Widow's deadly secret! The Femme Force-- hellcats or pussycats? Script by Snarlin' Susan G., with no apologies to Smilin' Stan Lee! Art by Terry Austin! At your favourite mailbox SOON!



HOW TO WRITE ONE SF NOVEL AND EARN MILLIONS
WITHOUT EVER ACTUALLY SEEING THE LIGHT OF PRINT

Take heed, children: the road to success in writing is a rocky one, and the path is strewn with traps and pitfalls, thistles and thorns. At least it has been for me. Like my name for example, which I love to see in print. As some of you may know, I sign my fiction Robert E. Toomey, Jr. I type it with my dandy little Hermes 3000, right on the very first page of any manuscript I submit, just below the title. Robert E. Toomey, Jr. That would seem simple enough, nothing difficult or unusual about it. It's a good Irish name, in fact one of the best.

But my first published story came out bylined Robert Toomey, Jr. A story I had in VENTURE came out by Robert Toomey. A novella I did in collaboration with GH & C BNF Lee Hoffman came out in ORBIT 9 with my name misspelled on the byline slug that rides every other page of the story. It said Lee Hoffman and Robert E. Tommeey, Jr. a total of twenty-four times. Sheesh. On the U.K. contract for a novel of mine, my name is spelled Robert E. Toomy, Jr. I hear that Chip Delany had a similar problem with his U.K. publisher. They spelled his name Samuel R. Delaney. Somehow it would seem that he got my E. And on the U.S. contract for the same novel, my name was given as Robert E. Toomey. You really get sick of that shit after a while.

However my worst problems have centered around that novel I mentioned above. I called it A WORLD OF TROUBLE, TROUBLE for short, and never was a book more aptly titled. I wrote it during a stay in London in late 1969. It's a satire on a certain breed of interplanetary adventure story, and, as such, a reasonably funny one, I think. When I left London to return to the States, I left a copy of the ms with my U.K. agent, and in due time it sold to Macdonald, Ltd., a hardcover publisher there.

Meanwhile, back in the US, I reassessed the book. Some good suggestions from LeeH and from Ted White, plus the need to bring it in line with a sequel, caused me to rewrite TROUBLE rather extensively -- almost line by line -- from one end of it to the other. The result was a far better book, but the act of rewriting it lost me my US agent, who thought I was just fucking around to avoid getting onto a new project. Fortunately, LeeH introduced me to my present US agent, Henry Morrison, whom I consider to be one of the best in the business.

Henry didn't like TROUBLE very much, but he thought it would sell. Accordingly he sent it out, and it sold first crack to Berkely. Don Benson was the editor there at the time. He asked me to make a few changes in the ms, amounting to the excision of about a thousand words of text. The words were essentially in the nature of a digres-

sion that I had thought was funny, but which Don, probably correctly, felt was irrelevant to the story and diluted some of its impact. Anyway, I made the cut, and Berkely sent me a sturdy advance against royalties.

With the novel now in its final form, I mailed the new ms off to my UK agent to give to Macdonald. And there the matter rested for about eight months. It was now early in 1971, and I was well into the sequel --titled: ANTIPATHY -- which was going slowly but nicely. I kept waiting for TROUBLE to come out, either here or in England. It kept not coming out. I can't tell you how desperately I wanted to hold that book in my hand, bound and printed and with justified margins. The waiting was torture.

I continued to work on the sequel -- in fact, I'm still at it -- and in the course of time I ended up in jail, serving a ninety day sentence for something we need not go into here. Halfway through that sentence, Macdonald sent me the galley proofs for TROUBLE. I went through the expected hassle getting the proofs into jail where I could work on them, and tore the package open with expectations that could hardly have been greater. But as soon as I saw what I had, I went into a state bordering on hysteria. Connecticut, I think it was.

Macdonald had somehow managed to set type on the wrong version of the book, the version they had bought before I made all those extensive revisions. Hurriedly I sent off a telegram informing them of their error. The reply was shattering: they couldn't reset the book. The cost of resetting it would be prohibitive, they told me, and they would have to drop the book from their schedule. They also told me I could keep the advance they'd given me, and that I should find myself another publisher. My UK agent then wrote and told me that the sf market in England was into a sharp decline, and that the chances of selling to another publisher just then were slight. I didn't believe it, but there was nothing I could do.

I got out of jail eventually, and some more time passed. My UK agent finally came up with the bright idea of Macdonald reprinting TROUBLE from the plates of the Berkely edition. Macdonald agreed to it, and I agreed to it too. But when they asked Berkely for permission to reprint, Berkely disavowed any knowledge of the book's existence.

I called Henry and he called Berkely. Don Benson was no longer with them. I learned from another source that the editor who had taken his place had decided not to publish a number of the books Don had bought. Mine was among them. I called Henry again with this information, and he asked Berkely to confirm or deny it. They confirmed it. Then came a period of hemming and hawing, followed by some negotiations. Henry and I wanted the book back, if they weren't going to publish it.

But the contract I had signed still had almost a year to run before the rights reverted back to me. Berkely said they would return the book if I would return the advance, or alternatively, if they could have the advance from whatever other publisher bought the book. Henry and I discussed this. After all, I wanted to get into print, and he wanted to see me in print, because a published writer is worth more than an unpublished one, cashwise anyway. But we decided that Berkely was at fault, that we had sold them the book in good faith, and that if they weren't going to publish it, they should return it with no strings. This meant taking a risky position. Berkely really did have the right to hold the book until the contract ran out. But they didn't. And I got to keep the advance.

So out went A WORLD OF TROUBLE again. Ballantine bought it in November of 1971. Whether they'll actually publish it or not remains to be seen. Whether Macdonald will reprint from the Ballantine plates or not remains to be seen. It may happen that the whole thing will just fall apart once more. If it does I hope I'll be able to keep the advance and resell the book again. And again. And again. I could make a career out of that book, earn myself a fortune. So far I've earned quite a bit from it already, both here and abroad. But really, all I care about is, if TROUBLE ever does see print, they spell my name right on it. I don't think that's too much to ask for.



HUMOUR IN AN EXISTENTIAL VEIN

by angus taylor

While **ENERGUMEN** is on the subject of good writers who seem to get perversely ignored in the world of discussion and reviews, I'd like to put in a word for Robert Sheckley, who has been one of my favourite sf authors for as long as I can remember. Sheckley has been quite a prolific writer, and I assume a lot of people have read his stories. And yet I never hear anyone talk about him. The following are some of my own thoughts on Sheckley's writing. I'd like to hear the reactions of any other Sheckley fans around.

The first thing one is bound to associate with Robert Sheckley is his mad sense of humour. Because of this humour, you can be virtually guaranteed even before you read a piece by him that you'll find it enjoyable. Like the (late) Beatles or Gordon Lightfoot, he rarely turns out a dud. Even when not masterpieces or even very significant in any way, his stories are like hummable little melodies that go merrily round and round in your head.

That's what everyone notices about Sheckley, I'm sure. What I want to talk about briefly is something a little different -- the thread that runs through most of Sheckley's science fiction and seems to be the theme of his work and a reflection of his philosophy of life.

Let's take the humour as a starting point. Any of you who have had the great good fortune to see "Monty Python's Flying Circus" will (unless you have rocks in your head) agree that it is easily the funniest series ever conceived by the mind of man -- a sort of combination of The Goon Show and The Firesign Theatre done up for television with incredible success. Now the reason, it seems to me, why Monty Python succeeds so brilliantly where almost all other mass-media comedy fails so miserably is this: most comedy today portrays absurd happenings in a normal world; Monty Python portrays normal happenings in an absurd world. The characters in Monty Python skits are fairly average types who are desperately struggling to retain a sense of normalcy in a world gone utterly haywire. They put on their bowler hats, board the bus, and go to work while all around them the absurdity of the world betrays their struggles to lead ordered existences. If the facades of their private worlds seem ragged at the edges, if their paranoia shows through in the mad glints in their eyes, it is hardly surprising.

The absurdity of the world and the individual's struggle to come to terms with it is also the basis of Sheckley's humour, and probably the key to his success as a writer of humour in science fiction. But beyond being a theme around which to develop his talent for humorous writing, the question of the individual in an absurd world is obviously one which has continued to concern Sheckley from a philosophic standpoint.

Some of his stories deal directly with this problem, such as "Warm", in which the gestalt that the protagonist's mind has imposed on the world gradually disintegrates to reveal the absurdity of everything, finally failing completely and leaving him lost in the void. Another, "Dreamworld", is a nicely wrought little piece of horror that completely erases the fine line between sanity and insanity.

Most Sheckley stories are a little more indirect than this, but the theme is still unmistakable. *THE STATUS CIVILIZATION* is especially noteworthy in this respect. The hero of this novel awakens with almost total amnesia in a place he first assumes to be a hospital, but soon learns is a prison ship. He has been sentenced for a crime he cannot remember to a life of exile on a harsh prison planet for which he is completely unprepared, and which is designed to permit no escape except an unpleasant death after a series of harrowing experiences among madmen and criminals. In fact our hero does eventually escape, and returns to Earth to discover his "real" identity. The ending here seems somewhat contrived, and the dilemma posed in the powerful opening scene remains to be dealt with again in later works.

The awakening of a protagonist to a situation which he did not create, or which he cannot remember creating, but which he must deal with, occurs again and again. The hero of "Potential", for example, wakes up alone on a starship, unable to remember who he is or where he is going, and unable to return to Earth because the Sun has gone nova. The hero of "A Thief in Time" is accused of crimes he hasn't committed yet and is forced to flee into the more and more distant future to escape the long arm of the law.

At least in the short run, Sheckley's heroes are almost always hunted, seldom hunters; almost always victims, seldom victors. Machines, people, voices appear from nowhere, promising wealth and happiness but delivering only deceit and danger. The hero of *DIMENSION OF MIRACLES* is told that he has won a prize in the Intergalactic Sweepstakes, but after he collects it from Galactic Center he cannot find his way back to Earth. The hero of *MINDSWAP* is swindled out of his body and spends the rest of the book trying to recover it and get back home.

In trying to find their ways home, in trying to discover who they really are and where they belong, Sheckley's heroes are beset by illusion. Things are never what they appear. Everything is in a constant state of change. Nothing external to the individual can be relied on, and it is difficult for the individual to be certain

IN THE TRADITION OF
LOVENSTEIN!



even of himself. Joenes, the hero of JOURNEY BEYOND TOMORROW, comes to recognize the difficulties inherent in striving after virtue:

The greatest of these difficulties, as Joenes saw it, was that all things, even men and their virtues, were continually changing, thereby forcing a lover of the good to abandon his illusions of permanence and to search out the changes occurring in himself and others, and to center his goodness in a never-ending search for momentary stability in the midst of life's metamorphoses.

While Carmody of DIMENSION OF MIRACLES is trying to find his way back home, he is pursued everywhere by his own special Predator, a very capable creature whose one purpose is to put an end to Carmody. Eventually Carmody finds his home world, only to abandon it once again, this time forever. His Prize tells him he has now lost everything and is certainly doomed. Carmody replies calmly that he still has his moment of life, and was a fool ever to have expected more.

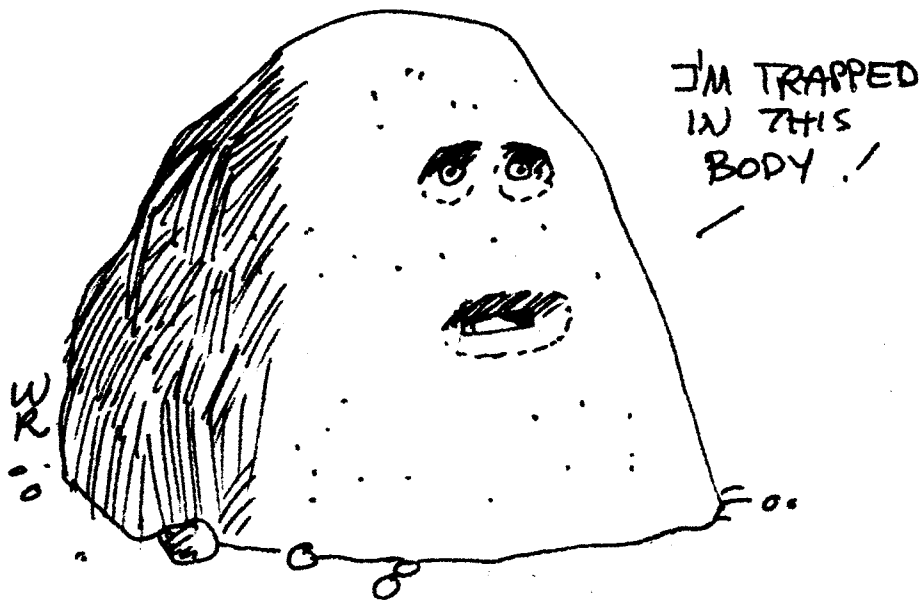
"Saint Carmody!" the Prize said, in tones of deepest sarcasm. "No more than a shadow's breadth separates you and death! What will you do now with your pitiable moment?"

"I shall continue to live it," Carmody said. "That is what moments are for."

Here Sheckley seems to have moved beyond the solution he found for his hero in THE STATUS CIVILIZATION, for after returning to Earth, Carmody abandons it to take up "a never-ending search for momentary stability in the midst of life's metamorphoses."

Sheckley is acutely aware of the limitations of man's attempts to understand the universe. As he puts it so neatly in "Ask A Foolish Question", "In order to ask a question you must already know most of the answer." But his heroes muddle through despite their limitations, and this is their triumph. And yet Sheckley's tales are never dull or pedantic. His humour is in the Head Comix vein; the stern, cranky old divinity ruling Earth that Carmody is told about in DIMENSION OF MIRACLES would make the perfect God to play opposite Mr. Natural in any joint Sheckley-Crumb production.

With so many mediocre sf authors filling the stands these days with the cliches of the past, it is a pity that Sheckley, one of the field's few real talents, is paid so little critical attention.



I FELL INTO AN AVALANCHEJERRY LAPIDUS



A lot of times it hurts that I can't write anywhere near as well as I'd like to. Too many times I get in my own way.

Too many times I can't communicate my ideas well, because I can't really articulate them clearly. So what's meant to be a personal feeling comes out sounding like a Public Pronouncement; what's meant to be a possible idea comes out as The Only Way to Do Something. Or, as Jerry Kaufman once said about a bit of my writing, "Jerry is very Lapidus here." Yes, indeed.

I wrote the column last issue in a burst of missionary mania, trying to get all my wildest ideas and dreams about fanzines onto the page, and over to you. Mike edited that a bit into a more readable form and then, beautifully accompanied by illustrations and his own honest comments, presented that to you.

The response has been overwhelming, and for this I thank you; people I admire and respect read the column, mostly disagreed violently, and told us so in no uncertain terms. While this response was still coming in, I drafted the next section of the column, which was an in-depth presentation of my own graphic ideas on a number of specific fanzines. I sent it off to Mike and Susan.

Mike promptly sent it back to me, saying that while both he and I and perhaps half a dozen other people might find this interesting, the majority of ENERGUMEN readers wouldn't, probably wouldn't even bother reading it. And, I quickly realized, Mike was very right.

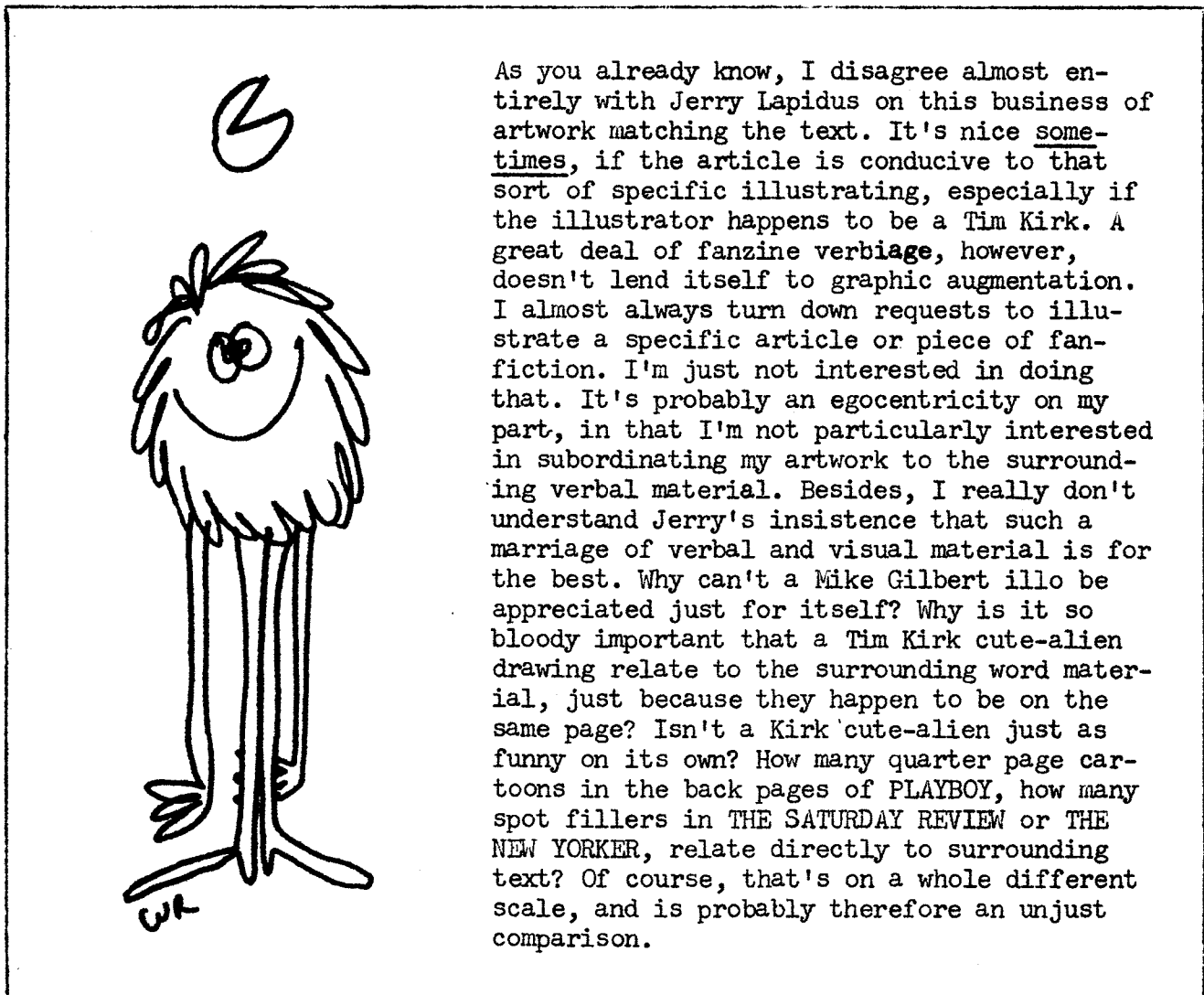
I still have a fondness for that extended column, and you may see a shorter rewritten version of it here someday. But right now I think it will be better if I try to print and respond to some of the comments we received.

I'm not going to try and argue theories and ideas, or to repeat what I said before. What I do want to do is to try to clarify what I meant in a lot of what I said, and to try to determine the basic points of disagreement. Let me specifically repeat only one thing from that last column: in all this, really the only thing I'm asking anyone else to do is to try and be as concerned with the way material in a fanzine is presented as he is with the material itself. All the rest is window dressing; all the rest is just my own personal way of looking at all this, and I don't ask anyone to either follow it or take it at all seriously. Perhaps, at the very most, let my ideas be a jumping-off point, a point to begin and to attack from, to find the loopholes in my thinking and so possibly clarify your own. Certainly that's what I'm trying to do, and every word of criticism forces me to rethink and reinterpret my own ideas and playthings. I ask only that you think about doing the same.

Finally, before going on, one more bit of introspection. I don't really know WHY I think artwork and text should complement each other; in almost every fanzine where I

see it done, I like the fanzine better, I enjoy it more, and it creates for me a more pleasing unified whole. But this emphatically does not mean that everything can be or should be illustrated; I agree entirely that this is not always possible or desirable, and that a great deal -- if not the majority -- of outstanding fan artwork is done in non-illustrative areas. What this theory of mine does imply is that the editor -- in my eyes -- should carefully consider his use of artwork. He should have a reason to use each piece of art in the place that he uses it, a reason beyond the fact that it fits the empty space. He may have an infinite range of reasons for deciding to use it there -- from the fact that it happens to perfectly illustrate a moment in the text all the way to the fact that it presents a totally opposite feeling from the text. But to me it is important that he makes the consideration. Far from asking the art to be subordinate to the written material, I'm asking that it be at least equal -- and that it be used with care, and not simply at random.

The first comments from GRANT CANFIELD, then:



I could ask exactly the opposite questions -- cannot a Mike Gilbert illo or a Kirk cute-alien be better appreciated if the surroundings are taken into consideration? Obviously, I think this is so. And as Grant points to the spot cartoons in the back pages of PLAYBOY, I'll point to the marvelous artwork and graphics in the rest of the magazine, which I think illustrate my point perfectly. The artwork itself is excellent, and in addition it provides a whole new dimension for the written material that it accompanies -- and the opposite is also usually true.

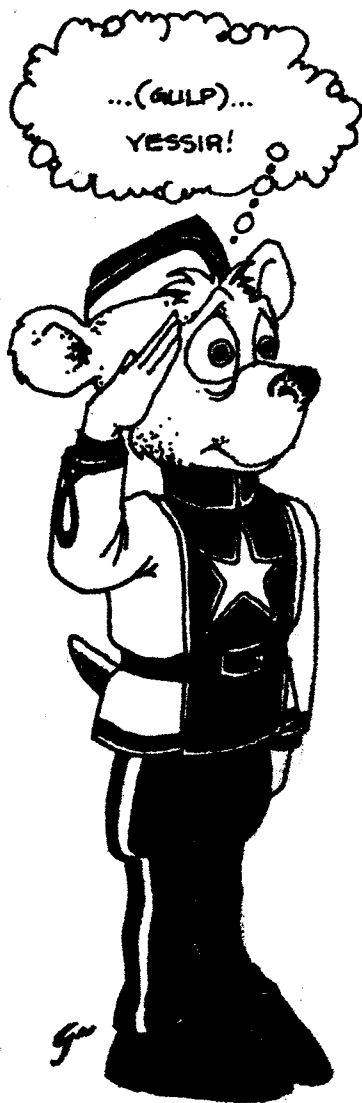
GRANT CANFIELD: Even so, I find it impossible to believe that the only function of artwork -- even low-key artwork such as fan art -- is to augment surrounding text. If nothing else, a piece of art helps break up the monotony of a printed page. Jerry says that such a use of non-related artwork "may draw the interest entirely away from the writing, thus harming the overall effect; it may be skipped over entirely if the writing is good, thus wasting time, energy and talent." But when you're reading, you're not looking at the picture. When you are looking at the picture, you're not reading. Unless you have eyeballs that track separately, I suppose. Jerry seems to be assuming that a page, as a graphic entity, is looked at only once, then self destructs. But a page, like all physical objects, exists in a framework of time, which means it is possible -- even legal -- to look at the pictures one time, and go back and look at the words another time, or the other way around if you are so inclined. I think it is a mistake to assume a dogmatic approach to layout graphics. Jerry's dogma in this case seems to be that the page is an inviolable graphic entity -- or, more correctly, the double page spread. However, each piece of artwork is also a graphic entity, as is each block of type and each word and each letter for that matter.

Perhaps I do read differently from most people, Grant. The first time I look through any sort of illustrated material, be it ENERGUMEN or TIME, my eye is drawn towards the visuals -- headings, drawings, cartoons, photographs, colors. This much seems to be true for most people. When I read, though, I don't disregard the illustrations; I'll read along, come to an illustration or photograph, stop reading, look at the artwork, and then continue reading again. Perhaps it's this way of reading that makes me particularly enjoy artwork chosen to fit the text. Despite what Grant says, when you're looking at the picture -- at least when I'm looking at the picture -- you've just read something, and will go back to reading something. Further, I agree that each piece of artwork is itself a separate graphic entity, just as Grant says...so, as he also says, is each letter. But just as each letter is combined with other letters to create words and sentences, I see each piece of artwork combined with other graphic entities into one complete graphic entity, one in which none of the individual elements is slighted.

GRANT CANFIELD: As graphic entities go, sometimes a piece of artwork is just not going to relate to anything. What does the faned do if he has a choice drawing of a Cybersex Imprint Unit, but doesn't have one single article or even one single mention of cybernetic imprint units to run on the same page? Throw out the stencil and return the artwork unused? Well, he can if he wants to, because he is, after all, the editor. What most editors would do, though, is use the piece of artwork simply to break up an otherwise graphically monotonous page, knowing that the artwork will be appreciated on its own merit, as will the surrounding text. If "overall effect" is sacrificed -- which seems to be a subjective matter -- what the hell. A fanzine isn't exactly the highest art-form. Which is not to say the editor need not try to elevate it as high as he can. In this respect I agree with Jerry: try to do the best you can with what you've got, graphically and otherwise.

From Grant, then, to Alex Eisenstein, who hardly ever agrees with any of my ideas, but whose opinions I respect extraordinarily highly -- and whose comments on layout in THE ESSENCE 4 were among the best and most incisive I've ever seen in this field.

ALEX EISENSTEIN: Lapidus is as mad as a Tenniel, hatter and should be shot by a firing squad with a salvo of pushpins and steel-tipped fillerillos. What he wants is a commercial package that will dazzle his eyes (no matter the real quality of art or layout, so long as it's slick and trendy), unless he happens to find the text so fascinating or vitamin-enriched-edifying that he can afford to overlook appearances. Once upon a time, many fans decried a certain fanzine because its production values supposedly far outshone its content. Oh, the times they are a plus-ca changing.



Most illustrating per se, especially by fan artists, will always be less enthralling than work done entirely for its own sake. Exceptions frequently occur; this is a matter affected much by temperament and general competence, and artists anywhere/anywhen have been known to find inspiration in assignments, but the "free" work of today's journeymen-professionals is generally more devastating than the stuff they turn out for a living. I don't denigrate the enterprise of professional illustration, far from it; but I do think conformity to professional restrictions should not be advocated as a standard for fanzine art, which is pretty distant from commercial rewards (even from those noted by Andy Porter; the big money at art shows is in large work, color work, fully rendered or specially textured or highly detailed work; fanzine illos are comparatively small potatoes). It should, therefore, remain equally distant from commercial requirements; besides, as noted previously, such thematic limitations are stultifying to the artist, except under special circumstances which cannot be magically evoked in every situation.

It's a nice fillip for a faned to be able to present his audience with complementary graphics; striving to match written and visual material as it comes in is certainly a harmless diversion for the editor, and the result can be a pleasant premium for the reader. But if this tendency toward out-and-out illustration becomes an overriding concern in a fanzine, it can stultify appreciation of the 'zine as a whole. For a reader may, on occasion, wish

to do as Ed Conner did with respect to the Phil Farmer article: rest his eyes on an interesting or beautiful irrelevancy, to ease his attention momentarily from the intricacy/sophistry of the text at hand. Why force him to turn always to the cover, or another article, for change-of-pace visual matter? Why constantly confront the reader with graphic reminders of the written material? Why be obsessed with the hallmarks of commercial publishing? Like ultra-fine-icky layout, for another instance -- Bill Bowers, for all his evident competence, is not "experimenting"; he's trying on different style strait-jackets.

"A pleasant premium for the reader" is exactly what I'm after, Alex, and in that I completely agree with you; I do think you misinterpreted my original statements, and in the opening sections here, I've tried to clarify them to the point where I don't think we're really all that far apart. As I pointed out earlier, your note on the Farmer article is well taken, and there are times when illustrations in an entirely opposite mood to the writing are the most appropriate possible. But this still involves the careful choice of illustrations, to create the effect the editor wants to create.

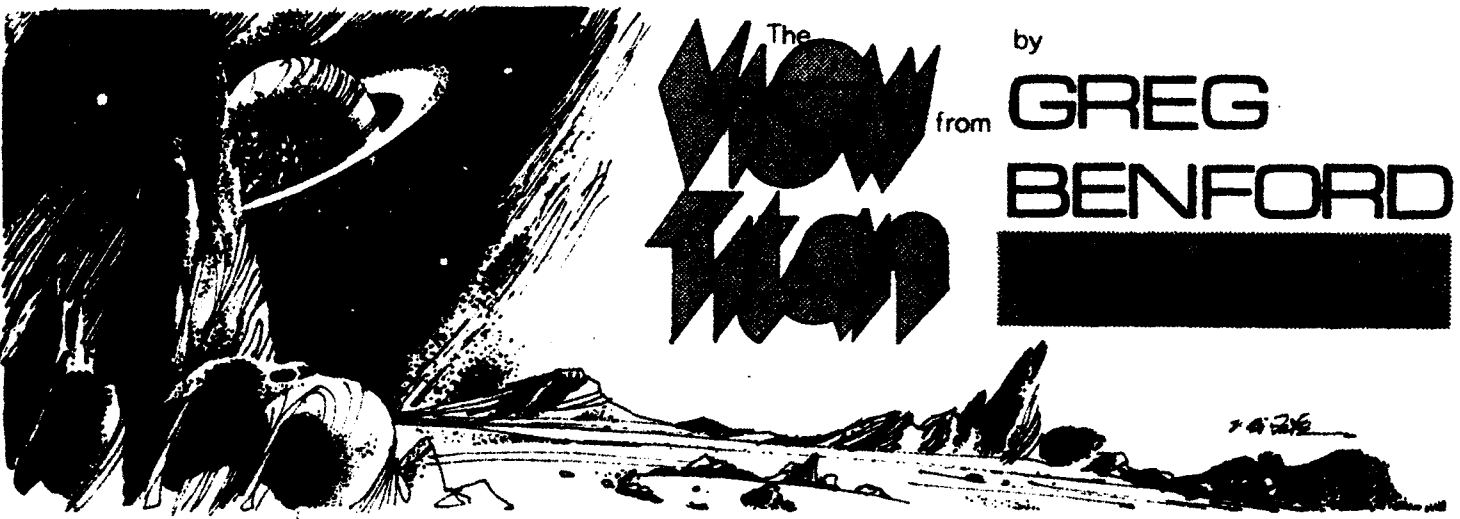
ALEX EISENSTEIN: Why even be obsessed with experimentalism? Variety is nice, but experimentation achieves variety by "breaking rules", and some people don't know how to "break" them gracefully...it's really a matter of avoiding their jurisdiction, you know. Jay Zaremba also, in breaking lotsa rules, has really indulged in very little experimental layout; he merely exposes a stolid clumsiness. When he's not imitating gimmicks from OUTWORLDS, that is.

I never thought of myself as really obsessed with experimentation, although I can see where it might have seemed that way. Perhaps what I am really asking for is not truly experimentation, but rather, as you say "different style strait-jackets." That seems rather harsh; what I want is for fanzine editors to search for the best ways of presenting their material, and not to stay with the standard forms one sees in most fanzines simply through inertia. I'd like to see editors designing layouts that express their own personalities and outlooks -- that express something the editor wants to express, rather than simply existing at random, which seems to me to be the case in most current fanzines.

ROY TACKETT: Jerry Lapidus is right: philosophical bullshit. He wants graphic arts fanzines? They're available. They're called comic books.

Wow. Was I really that faulty in communicating my ideas last time? Hope I did a little better this time, gang.





The
WOW
from
TRIP

by
GREG
BENFORD

To get to Carmel and avoid the neon jungles that infest the northern and southern California coasts, you must travel on the sheer coastal route, brave the fogs and curves, you must take Route One. Carmel is an appendix to Monterey, an afterthought of summer cottages and organic food stores. There are a lot of writers and artists there and they are to be seen avoiding work in the afternoons, sipping coffee in the Tuck Box or thumbing paperbacks in the small book store.

To reach his house you turn off Route One in the geometrical center of town, the bisection point, and travel but a block up a dead end street. His house is cloaked in pine and wisps of the fog that pursued you down from Santa Cruz. It looks warm; orange splashes signal to you through the windows. You wonder why reading lamps seen through windows in winter glow with a sun warmth, while in the summer they are just reading lamps in the distance.

His rug muffles your inward step. A cat melts away at your entrance. His wife makes coffee in the wide kitchen. You and he sit in deck chairs. Feeling of being a movie producer; look for your name on the back. But he has been there, you have not; he worked for Disney and Pal.

There was a portrait of him on the cover of Fantasy & Science Fiction in the early 1950s, but you do not remember it until an hour later, finding it in an odd corner of his work room. He has not changed from those days. He is over eighty now and his face carries a weight behind it while still retaining its walnut-brown look. A smile crinkles everything.

There are no astronomicals inside the house. To see them you must go outside, up an exposed staircase, into the study. There they crowd the room. But here, sipping tea in green Japanese mugs that warm the hands, you see the work for which he is not known. Oriental prints. Portraits, belying the common judgment that he cannot render the human figure and make you feel with it. Delicate pencil work. Architecture, stress and design, massive stones balanced in a fine grid of lines. "I see the patterns first, then the rest. I was an architect first, you know, before the first world war. I designed the ceiling of the San Francisco opera house."

After that? "I travelled. I saw the world. I lived in New York and Paris and London and finally Los Angeles. Designing buildings and then movie work, backdrops, special effects. Disney did a lot of innovation in special effects, but it required someone who could draw and paint with such detail that the film viewer wouldn't catch an error. Things had to be real. I learned much that way. We were very well paid; that was Los Angeles."

Does he ever read the things he has illustrated? No, he doesn't like science fiction very much. He rarely if ever willingly puts a human artifact into his work, a space

ship or a pressure dome, or a spacesuited figure. He doesn't have any idea of what the future will bring and feels awkward trying to visualize it. But stars and planets, yes, the astronomer friends he has can give him descriptions of how things must be there and he can see it, too, in some closed mind's eye, so that it comes out right. Most science fiction is quickly outdated, anyway. Look at all the fins on space ships, and the cloudless Earths. Better to stay away from it.

Someone in Palo Alto has made prints of two of his oils. One is of an expedition that has landed on a dry, rust-orange Martian desert and is deploying equipment. It seems oddly out of balance and unconvincing, not his best work. The other is better: Saturn from Titan. We should not feel that it is necessary to buy anything, but we do anyway, taking the Saturn. There is something awesome in the mass of the planet even at this distance, a cold white with a hard curve to it. Looking at it you believe that planets are gods and men but pawns.

There are stills from motion pictures he has done. George Pal, worlds colliding, rockets, "The Day The Earth Stood Still," a Groucho Marx hanging from a 20th storey window against city lights done in oil, but the distant car headlights moving. Stop-motion. Planet-wrecking. It was a lot of fun and a lot of money but his reputation will probably rest on the astronomicals displayed in Boston and New York and San Francisco. Double stars and novae and howling unseen storms in deep atmospheres. A sense of the infinite.

At the center is craft. A view of Saturn at dawn from the Grand Tour probe: it stands dead upright on the easel, half-finished. "Black is very difficult. It is so hard to get the absolute pure black in comparison with the soft colour of an atmosphere or a star's envelope. Almost impossible, I think, unless one practices a great deal. I have seen very few painters who can handle it, even in abstracts." He shows us a few abstracts he has done and they are very good, though none uses very much black. He has tried everything and mastered many techniques, though he has sold very little of it. Most of the good oils he keeps for himself; he can afford to. For a while there was a rush to buy his astronomical oils and he nearly became a factory, turning them out faster than he should have, but that is past. Most sold to aerospace engineers and now they have less extra money and perhaps it is just as well. He works hard and keeps a regular schedule but he cannot keep up with the load of work. Today arrived an offer from PLAYBOY which he will accept for a three page oil, even though it will mean disturbing his schedule. His agent is trying to get him to do another book of the sort he did with Ley, but there is no time. Perhaps next year.

You speak of working together on a book. He thinks PROFILES OF THE FUTURE is a good title but you tell him Arthur C. Clarke has already used it. Well, something else, then, but keep in touch.

(Connections: the book doesn't go through because you are too busy to finish the chapters that year, and then you move to the University. But he gives you a name of a friend, just a boy who he knows does good work but has had few opportunities--- after all he is but eighteen yet, give him time. In a few months you hear from him-- Don Davis--and then you sell a novel, JUPITER PROJECT, and Davis does two oils to illustrate it. The next year it is published and a letter from a friend praises it, exclaiming that you were able to get someone so like Bonestell to do the cover. Connections.)

The only science fiction person he sees these days is Heinlein, who lives an hour away on the coast. He likes the Heinlein approach; it seems more honest somehow, closer to the tenuous facts of science. He does not see many artists. Carmel is a center for them but they are mostly dabblers, amateurs. He does not have much interest in the young: he thinks their technique is poor. The test of learning to draw a cow is not in the fingers but in the eye: you must learn to see the cow. Few do this today. "Once having seen it, you must draw or paint so that others can see it. Not the thing itself, but the way it seems, that is art. What else is there?"

"that settles it, .

we'll build the bridge A

by Jack Goon... er, Gaughan

This is going to be difficult. Not only am I trying to write this article in one evening in between deadlines while listening to tape recordings of sheer surrealistic idiocy (tapes take time to listen to) but also I am not the most thorough of students of this or any other manifestation of the madness of Man.

By the above, I don't mean that I ordinarily write well-researched, scholarly articles. Quite the contrary. I always sit down and let happen what will. I mean this started out to be a discussion of a cultural phenomenon whose consequences are far-reaching indeed. If you think the Beatles had some effect on our society this may upset you. Because, unless I forget what the Hell I started to write about, this will be about a subtle (in its obviousness) influence behind and beyond the Beatles. This is about.....

"This is the BBC! We present the GOONS!" Raucous, out of tune fanfare from orchestra.

You out there who are British are probably saying, "Oh No! Not again!" But you see I'm not now nor have I ever been British to the best of my knowledge. When I became addicted, as it were, I became addicted to a new and uncommon thing. You Britons have heard it and heard it and even, heav'n help us, seen a puppet show to the Goon tune. But us Amurricans were hit some fifteen years later by this...this...THING.

For some years I have made it a practice to study that which I did not understand. It's not altogether fruitless to study that which one does know and understand but it does lead one into scholarly back-alleys and obscure specializations...and work. So whenever I hear, say, a Chinese folk opera, a cantata by Berg or Schoenberg, something written on a long roll of paper by Stockhausen, a dervish's song, a Madagascar medley, I snap on the ever-ready tape recorder and there it is, this enigma, mine to ponder, study, muse upon.

I've made some startling discoveries. F'rinstance I've discovered that I'm a Mid-Western-Ohio-American of Irish heritage and never will be an Oriental but I can enjoy a few, just a few, of those things from the Oriental cultures pretty much, if not altogether, on their own terms. I can suffer through much of the serialist music and enjoy SOME of it. I know, in other words, more now than I knew before I made and listened to the tapes. I can appreciate that a human mind, no matter how far geographically and culturally removed from my own, is about SOMETHING when it goes to the trouble of creating complicated systems of music or drama. And I can grasp a little of that and am reassured that all is not chaos. There is, as an example, an almost staggering logic to gamelan music wherein the tinkling high notes are played often, the middle range notes less often, the lower ones even less often and eventually there is a gong of such low frequencies that it is struck perhaps but once a year. What could make more sense? Boop boop diddum doddum waddum poo? Television?

"This is the bah bee cee!"

For a time I lived in and about New York City. This is a place which among other things has numerous radio stations. You want fast talking gibbering gibbons of disc

CROSS it!"

jockeys? NYC is Mecca. Ed and Pegeen Fitzgerald? This is the place. A fugitive from WSAI in Cincinnati (among other places) calling himself Jean Shepherd? Alluvial dust, inverted bowl of the midwest and Dangerous Dan McGrew? We got him too. Impoverished and well-meaning stations existing on your yearly dole of X bucks in order to dispense culture, George Lincoln Rockwell, Norman Thomas, Nightsounds, Luigi Nono, Karlheinz Stockhausen, Gunther Schuller, Let's Pretend, Janis Xenakis, and the uninterrupted Ring of Richard Wagner. Oh gee! We had that too! I've moved out of range now and can't receive the station anymore but it was there when I was there and it called itself WBAI. And it broadcast this thing! "The German colony in East Africa under its brilliant commander, Von Gutern....."



I believe in the early WBAI days it was on Saturday around six-thirty in the evening. At first nothing made sense. I mean there were people speaking words, that was obvious, but the words made no sense. There would be a series of syllables, perhaps a squeak or a squawk and a castrato "HELLO FOAKS HELLO FOAKS!" and then audience laughter. The laughter was in ENGLISH. Unmistakeably. And this is where the background of listening to alien, foreign sounds came in. I recorded this enigma. Week after week "EESFALLENNNAWATTAH". Eventually the fact that this source of enigmatic noises and gallimaufrey was British became revealed. Much the same as when you can't sleep and don't feel like reading or nuthin' you stay awake and watch old British flix on the tee vee and you begin to understand the blighters after about fifty go 'rounds with OVER THE MOON or, if you're lucky, one of those fine WW2 war dramas the British put out. Then maybe you get hung up on them, being so proud of yourself as to have learned a furrin language on your own, and you begin to talk like that at work the next day. "Pish! Reeawly? Rahly? Top ole! Oh I say, you chaps!"

But this major achievement in linguistics has only laid the groundwork for what was to come. Nonetheless a necessary groundwork.

"My name is Left'nant Terrance Pluck!"

Drawing on all this sleepless experience with Oliver, Coward and Merle Oberon to say nothing of Alistair Sim, the strange noises began to display a pattern, to make sense. When the audience laughed I too laughed and sometimes because I knew what was happening.

"A brilliant soldier. When the Germans attacked Fort Blun he rallied his men around the white flag."



Understanding dawned like some lurid sunrise in 'a Kipling verse. Bang! It dawned. Bang! Bing Bong baddle bip BAM!

To say nothing of "Aooooowwwwwwwww!"

They were speaking English. An inbred almost unhealthy kind of English to be sure. But English!

"EYESFRONT!"

"Eyes are always at the front, Mr Seagoon."

.....

"Tomorrow you'll all shtardt vork onna railway bridge over the river Kopati."

"Ahh...Did you say Work?"

"Yah!"

"But we're English."

The audience laughed and because I understood so did I. This show, this GOON SHOW, for that dear reader was what it was, was a take-off on The Bridge Over The River Kwai. This particular one was the radio version; there exists a recorded version (commercial disc) called The Bridge Over The River Wye which is essentially the same but different in that it is not spontaneous nor in front of an audience nor does it display the raucous "Neddy". Most Goon Shows are all but plotless but this one having the film

as a model was easy to grasp and seemed to have form as well as fun. This particular program contains one of my favorite lines. It was uttered by Peter Sellers, one of the principals, impeccably in the voice of Alec Guinness. Here's the scene. Some British soldiers have been captured by the Germans in Africa. It is suggested that they work (thus the above quotations) and that work is described to them as the construction of a bridge over the river Kopati (or Kupati). Sellers/Guinness asks, "You say the river's two thousand miles long?"

"Yeuss sir."

"How wide?"

"Three Yards."

"Well, that settles it. We'll build the bridge across it."

And that's a bit of the Goon Show. Oh, you won't get the flavor of it from me and my weak words nor I suspect from the descriptions of many more worthy and able word-smiths than I shall ever be. It is. It exists. Solely a radio thing of sound and madness, noise and puns and no sense whatsoever. Which is a peculiar kind of sense in itself.

The Goon Show came from the fifties, the early fifties. A peculiar age the fifties the early fifties and a cumbersome name. It came from the BBC. It was approximately one half hour a week.

Someone else out there will have to fill you in on the tribulations of putting this madness on the air as I cannot but I can imagine the difficulties the show must have encountered when it referred to a few raunchy jokes by using lines like "It's not my turn! (in the barrel!)" or "Don't you trust me?" or when the ship that pulled into the dock was the Good Ship Venus. Somehow these references to what used to be naughty jokes got by the censor and one assumes (from the number of programs there were) the show prospered. Of the history and origins of the show I "know naught" but I can tell you the principals were Spike Milligan, Harry Secombe and Peter Sellers.

Milligan seems to have written most of the shows and played the characters of Mad Dan Eccles, Minnie Bannister, and I think Gladys (she of the deep voice) and Count Moriarty (along with an occasional Indian gentleman and a few assorted sound effects.) Harry Secombe (from the sound and style of him a product of the English Music Halls) played Neddy, an elderly uncle and a few characters not calling for any great talent at voice changing such as General Von Gutern ("Von Gutern deserves another!") He spoke through a speaking trumpet and often didn't NEED the help of a broadcasting network as his really rather good Welsh tenor could cut through a three mile fog. Peter Sellers was Grype-Pype Thynne, a slick confidence man whose voice and characterization were, according to Sellers, based upon the immortal line "The jawbone of an ASS?" as uttered by George Sanders in SAMSON AND DELILAH. He also played Jimmy Bluebottle, Major Bludnok (an extraordinary character part dirty-old-man and part gaseous emissions which were disguised as explosions or the Queen Mary's whistle or god knows what) and Henry Crun (a cretin) and among others an Indian Gentleman who talked as though his tongue had an independant life of its own and managed to sound just like an Indian Gentleman.

Sexy native girl's voice, "Is this what you English call embarrassing situation?"

Bludnok: "Well...heheh...yes I mean...after all...I mean me halfway up a tree dressed as Timon of Athens and you whitewashing the grass...well, no one 'ud believe us."

I sit here appalled at the impossibility of the task I have set myself. To describe The Goon Show. Describe sense turned head over heels. Describe the terrifying logic of Eccles falling from the upper stories of a house when he becomes convinced the house is a mirage. Describe a light-house keeper who feels she cannot afford to keep the light on all night. Better still let's try that thing which radio did. Let's let you imagine what I cannot describe by giving you the titles of some of the shows. You imagine what they might have been about (I guarantee that unless you've heard the shows even your maddest vision will pale beside the actual program. If not...I never want to meet you. You're nuts.)

Now some of these titles are inaccurate as I never had a program guide so some of them I named myself but they convey what the program was about.

THE MOUNTAIN EATER.

THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN ("BLAST!") Which had nothing to do with Frankenstein...but did have to do with the inheritance of a Scottish fortune by playing the bagpipes at the South Pole.

THE EMBASSY FIRE. A parcel of water is mailed from England to China in order to put out the embassy fire. Min and Henry feel obliged to keep the fire going until the water arrives.

THE CHINESE LEGS. Neddy finds his legs were across the border when he was born.

TALES OF DOWN UNDER. The story of men's shirt tails which explode unaccountably.

THE LAST OF THE SMOKING SEEGOONS. Neddy finds himself smoking an eighty foot long cigarette and a cat named Matthew turns green.

BULLDOG SEEGOON'S FIRST CASE. A Chinese gentleman named 'BONG' and his son 'bing' steal the male population of Britain and Eccles springs a leak.

THE HISTORIES OF PLINY THE ELDER. "Oh mighty Caesar, I have here a British slave." "Is he bound?" "Of his health I know naught!" Neddy calls a battle between the Britons and the Romans to a halt as the Romans have too many men on the field.

THE YORKSHIRE YETI. In which a railroad train appears in various cellar doorways.

THE DREADED BATTER PUDDING HURLER. Splat!

THE BOOTED GORILLA.

FOROG!

And many more and many more.

I know little of any organized Goon Show fandom (and would hide if I did) but I do know that once in the middle of a panel (which I felt was bogging down) at a Boskone, I asked Mike Glicksohn in the audience to give me a line from the show and his piping "You dirty rotten swine you!" while it struck many as being in bad taste and disrespectful caused a young lady (obviously a secret Goon Show fan) to leap from her seat approximately three feet in the air, give one great shriek and then, red faced, hand in mouth, shrink back into her seat and thence dissolve into a giggling puddle.

Doubtless there remains a good following of the Goons in Britain even after some twenty years and I know I have heard the show recently from Canada on the CBC so minds are being bent up there and in the USA on the West and East coasts Pacifica radio has broadcast the shows. They are currently being broadcast in upstate New York on WAMC (Albany Medical College) FM and on WFCR (Five College Radio) from Amherst Massachusetts.

To date I have some fifty of these half hour insanities on tape. I use them occasionally to "speed the parting guest" (unless they are afficianados in which case all is lost).

Should you ever be so fortunate (?) as to stumble across one of these programs, listen to it and think of the social implications of the thing. Think of some Liverpoolians who virtually changed certain aspects of the world growing up to that humor. Think of John Lennon's writing. Think of some of the lyrics or public utterances of the Liverpoolians (especially the enigmatic ones) and remember the Goons who may well turn out to have been...The Secret Masters all this time. I'm serious. Think about it.

"This is the BBC. We present the all leather Goon Show. For the benefit of listeners who are listening, we present 'The Pleistocene Man!'" Menacing science-fiction-film-type music.

"The curtain rises on a window, revealing the waiting room of the East Penge Labour Exchange."

"On a crude wooden bench sit two crude, wooden men."

"Aooooooowwww...ooow hoow. What Grype-Pype? I don't like it. I don't like it a bit."

"Well, spit it out then."

"Quite so! Quite so! Whatt're we doing at this labour exchange?"

"We're going to sign on and draw the moolah."

"BUT...BUT...what if they find us.....WORK?"

"That is a risk we have to take!"

"Owowwooo!"

"Shut up you fool! Do you want to get arrested for committing a public Owowwooo?"

Door opens.

"Pardon me." Neddy.

"That's quite alright. Accidents will happen you know."

"Is this the queue for signing on?"

"Yes! Yes! It is indeed! Moriarty, make room for the ragged gentleman would you..."

"Thank you! (aside) The owner of the voice was a high stiff collar clad in well cut string."

"Yes, and the flies buzzing in this cloud of steam belong to none other than Count Jim Gum (chooooo) Moriarty.....known porridge dancer and three times world's trousers champion."

"Owowwooww!"

"Hear those lilting strains!"

"Wwwwoowwooo!"

Strain again, Moriarty!"

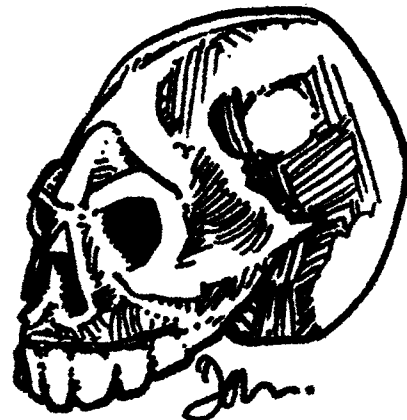
"OOWAAAACOWOW. OW."

Rowland Emmett once drew all the Goon characters for a British radio publication. No one else could have done it and there was nothing like it. Neither show nor drawings. Eddie Jones sent me a tape of a current show on the air in Britain which tries to get at the same humour the Goons had but, while amusing, it's a pale thing indeed beside the original.

Well, this has served notice to those of you who have never heard of it...the Goon Show was and in corners and underneath tape heads and in cassettes...is. But unless you have ever heard one all you know is that some clod labored over a typewriter for several hours telling you little and amusing you not at all. But for those of you who remember, I hope it brought up a chuckle, an "OW" or a blast of Bombay duck with a wee bit too much curry.

"This skull's five thousand years old!"

"Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday to you."





Kunquat May by Rosemary

Once upon a time in a northern city, there lived a young girl. She worked in a book shop in this northern metropolis, but was unhappy with her lot as a book clerk because the pay was lousy and she was damn sick and tired of people asking her for *The Iliad of Omar Khayyam* by Horace. Also, the young men who came into the shop did not notice her fair white body, shining red hair and sparkling brown eyes. All they were interested in was the state of the modern history section and could they have a student discount please.

The boredom of her days was relieved only once when a virtually unknown justice minister told her she was charming and very helpful when she found him a copy of The Tolkien Reader. (This was before M. Trudeau replaced Juliette as Canada's pet and ceased to speak to people in bookstores.)

The young girl's mother, realizing her dilemma, determined to find a solution to it. She was also determined to get her out of the book shop as the young girl was slowly driving the family out of the house with her ever-increasing book collection.

"My dear," her mother asked one evening, "have you ever considered a career in medicine?"

"No," her daughter answered unequivocally from the depths of her book.

"That's nice, dear, because I've made an appointment for you with a Dr. Anderson for Wednesday afternoon. He's starting a two year training program for cytotechnologists"

"You did what?" the young girl yelped. "Mother, I wish you wouldn't do these things to me. I won't go."

"Of course you will. It will be interesting and exciting..."

"It'll be depressing and a damn bore!"

"...and certainly much more stimulating than punching a cash register and reading Georgette Heyer romances and Len Deighton thrillers all day."

"Stimulating! It'll be bloody awful!"

"I only want you to be happy...and maybe marry a nice rich doctor."

"Stop talking like a Jewish mother, Mother; you're Irish Catholic."

"I'll see if the skirt to your blue suit is pressed."

"I don't like that suit and I'm not going," the daughter declared, snapping shut her book.

"I covered the scratch you put on the Peugeot," her mother said craftily, "but I could just as easily remove the nail polish. Your father will be most annoyed."

"I'll go, I'll go," the daughter moaned.

And that, gentle reader, is how I found myself buried to my ears in heavy medical tomes, snowy white hospital coats and little glass slides. I also found it was much more stimulating than punching a cash register and being polite to stupid people. But more important, my mother left the nail polish on the Peugeot and gave my blue suit to the Salvation Army.

As it turned out, I rather liked the course. I enjoyed bustling about in my white lab coat, going to lectures and spending hours staring at pretty coloured cells through my personal microscope. It was even more fun to go home at night and toss about words like pseudoparakeratosis and rhabdomyosarcoma much to the bemusement of my family.

The only thing about the course that bothered me were the informal little pathology talks Dr. Anderson would give. He would call us up to the main lab and have us gather round a small table. Sitting in front of him would be a cardboard dish covered with a green cloth. Like a sculptor unveiling his masterpiece, he'd whip off the covering and the technologists would oh and ah and someone would squeal delightedly, "Mr. Jones' small cell anaplastic ca!" or "Mrs. Smith's invasive squamous cell carcinoma!" I thought that such unqualified glee at some poor soul's diseased organ was damned callous and only served to reinforce my opinion that all pathologists are ghouls.

A couple of months into the course, Dr. Anderson ended one of his lectures with the announcement that there would be no class the next morning. We were going to view an autopsy instead.

"Shit," I thought. "I'll be sick. I won't go."



"You are required to see two autopsies before you can write your final," he said, looking directly at me, "so I will expect to see your shining faces in the morgue at 10:00 tomorrow morning." He smiled benignly and strode out of the room.

"Merde!" swore Jean-Luc, "right before lunch. He could have scheduled it for after we eat."

"What difference does it make?" I muttered and stumbled through the door. There was no getting out of it. I would have to go. There were only four students in the course so I would be conspicuous by my absence.

The next morning we were clustered like terrified chickens outside the big double doors that led to the morgue.

"I'm glad to see you're all here," Dr. Anderson beamed. "Miss Ulllyot, where's your white coat?"

"The laundry chewed it up," I muttered.

"Well you can't go in there without a coat."

"I can't?!" I chortled.

"Stop smirking. MALCOLM!" A pasty, grey face appeared between the swinging doors. "Get Miss Ulllyot a clean coat," Dr. Anderson snapped.

The face disappeared and a few seconds later the whole body appeared. Malcolm was short, squat and ugly. He was covered with hair and looked like a troll. He was wearing a dirty white rubber apron and carrying a lab coat. "There's only one left, sir. Belongs to Dr. Briant."

I took the coat from him and put it on. Dr. Briant is 6' 8" tall and has arms like an orangutang. The sleeves on the thing brushed my kneecaps and the hem trailed on the floor. I felt and looked like a proper fool.

Dr. Anderson threw open the double doors and marched us into the morgue. It was a large, brightly lit, tile-and-concrete room containing three stainless steel tables. One was empty; one was covered with bottles and jars which were filled with all kinds of nasty things; and the middle table was covered with a lumpy sheet. The air was sharp with formalyn. Dr. Anderson strode (that man never walked, he always strode) to the middle table and pulled the sheet off the body. Then he glanced around at us.

"Unless you've all got eyes like owls, you're not going to be able to see from there. Over here, two on each side. Miss Ulllyot, roll up those sleeves and be careful not to trail in anything. Briant has his coats custom made and he's particular about them."

"Perhaps I should take it off and go back to the lab," I suggested brightly. He scowled and ignored me.

"Now," he said, as he pulled on his rubber gloves, "this will be a simple, straightforward autopsy. You'll see the organs in the chest and abdominal cavities. You'll note their comparative size, shape, position and colour. I'll ask you to identify the various organs and the major veins and arteries feeding them. I trust you've all read the proper sections in Grey." He reached over to a small table and picked up a scalpel. "I'll start the incision here." He pointed to the throat. "Miss Ulllyot, open your eyes."

"I can't watch the first incision" I gasped. He snorted, but didn't yell at me, so I kept my eyes closed. A few seconds later, he asked Jean-Luc to identify something and I opened one eye. The heavy sweetish odour of the opened body mingling with the formalyn made my head ache and I could feel the room starting to spin. I could hear Dr. Anderson talking, but he seemed very far away. Suddenly I felt a sharp pain in my ribs and the room came back into focus. Jean-Luc had pinched me and everyone was staring at me.

"Miss Ulliot, I asked you a question." Dr. Anderson was looking a little annoyed and pointing into the body. "What is this?"

"I clenched my teeth and looked down. "The stomach, sir." I looked up at him and he nodded.

"Good. I'm removing it. Bring that kidney dish here."

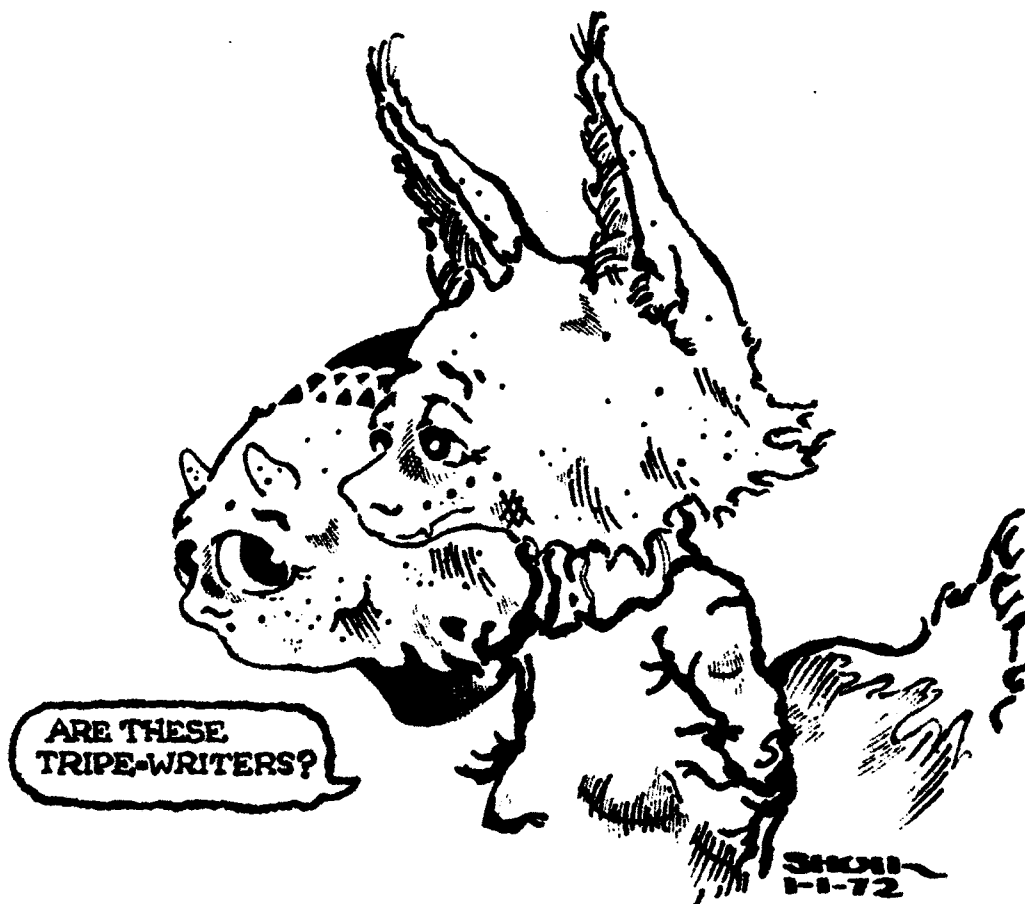
I passed it over.

"Hold it lower," he snapped and dropped the stomach into it. "I don't suppose you want to wash it off for me?" he asked.

"Oh no," I answered a little hysterically. "No."

"I thought not. MALCOLM!" Malcolm came oozing out of his hole and washed the thing off. Dr. Anderson rolled it about on some towelling to dry it then flipped it over and cut into it. "Aha!" he muttered delightedly. He pointed to a lesion about the size of a half dollar. "What do you suppose this is?" he asked.

"Adenocarcinoma," I guessed, staring up at the ceiling.



"Are you sure it's not an ulcer?" he asked.

"Positive," I answered firmly, staring at a point between his chin and the knot in his tie.

"Well, we'll see," he said, dropping the stomach into a jar. "That's all for today. Thank you gentlemen-----and lady."

"Thank you, sir," I said, tripping over my lab coat in my haste to get out of the room.

"I expect to see you all in class this afternoon at 2:00," Dr. Anderson called after us. "And Miss Ulliot, get yourself a new lab coat; that one's much too large."

In the relative safety of the corridor, Jean-Luc asked what was for lunch.

"Steak and kidney pie," someone answered.

"Oh God," I moaned.

"Rosemarie, ma cherie, do me the honour of accompanying me to the local public house where we shall partake of a large glass of beer. I only wish it could be cognac, but *helas*, I am impoverished."


"Beer is fine," I answered. "MALCOLM! I roared, struggling out of the lab coat, "return this to Dr. Briant with my compliments. Let's go, Jean-Luc."

And we never did make that two o'clock class.





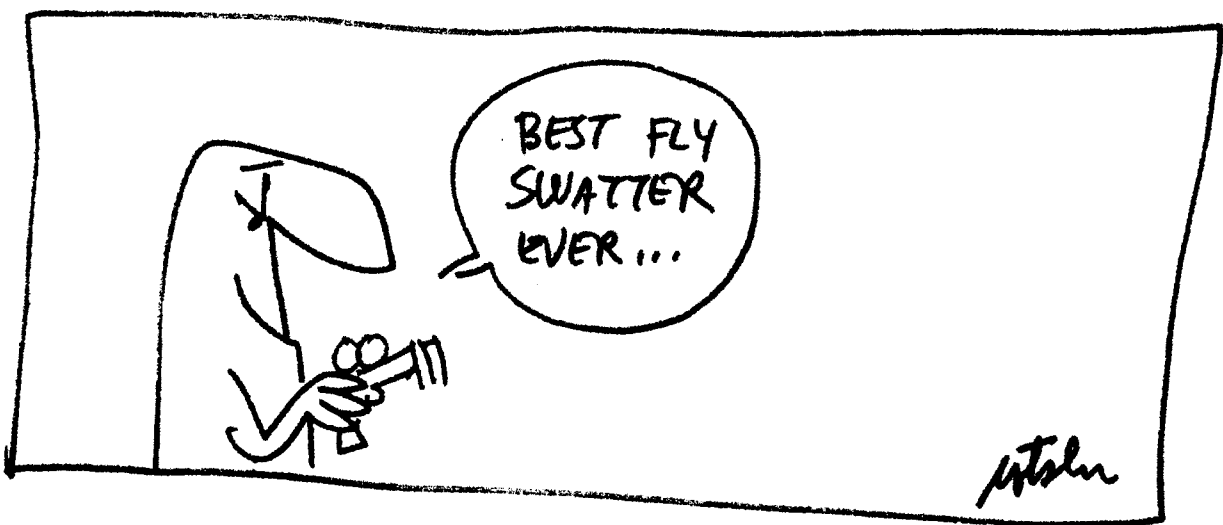
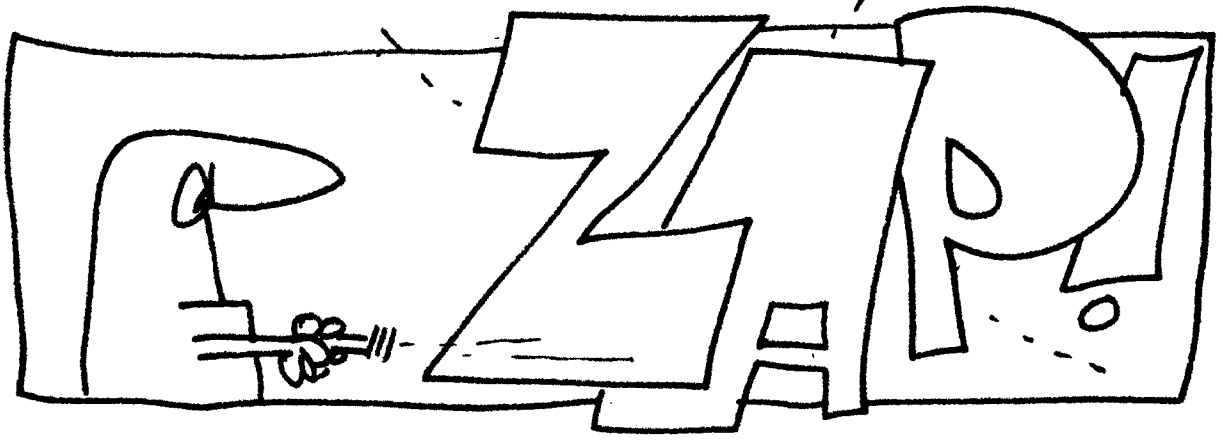
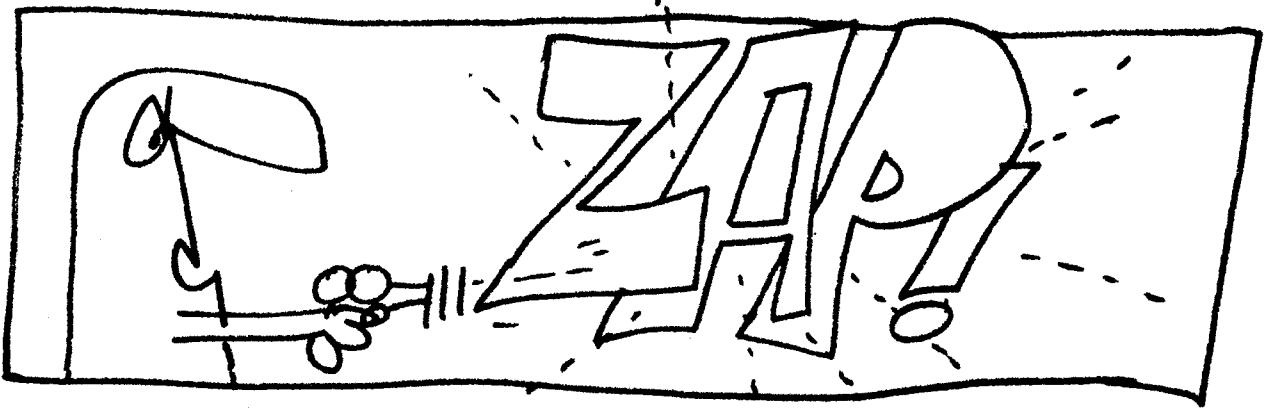
MOTHER 
COUNTRY
GOD TRUTH
BEAUTY

THE AMERICAN WAY
LOVE 

US vs. THEM

THE RIGHT WAY

LEGEND
MYTH
fantasy
US
YOU AND I



Walt

WAR

IS GOOD

FOR CHILDREN AND ALL
LIVING THINGS... AFTER
ALL, WHO WANTS TO LIVE
FOREVER



WR



I'VE
BEEN
WAITING
FOR
YOU

RSTONER

STATIC

GEORGE BARR
420 S. Westminster Ave
Los Angeles, Cal.
90020

I am astounded by Andy Porter's condemnation of fanartists asking for their work to be returned, and (HORRORS!) selling it! Those he's talking of are, in addition to myself: Alicia Austin, Tim Kirk, Cathy Hill, Mike Gilbert, Steve Fabian... which constitutes a sizable group of fanartists, and thus

indicates a group opinion which should be reckoned with. There are undoubtedly others too, that I'm unaware of. (Personally I can't imagine why any artist wouldn't expect, as his right, that his work should be returned.)

Other than the fact that he appears not to like our work, I can't understand what his objections are. Is it that a piece of art he wanted was sold for a price higher than he could afford? Is it that he, as an editor, feels that anything he publishes should belong to him? Or could it be that he, as a dabbler in fanart, cannot command the high prices that others get? Whatever, it comes out sounding just an awful lot like sour grapes.

Why blame the artists for the prices at the artshows? Most things are sold by bid, working up from ridiculously low minimums set by the artists. Tim Kirk, for instance, sets many of his minimums at around fourteen or fifteen dollars. Is HE to be condemned because someone likes it enough to bid up to \$150? Isn't it worth that much? What determines the worth of a piece of art anyway? Isn't it simply the amount of money someone will pay for it? Is Andy so idealistic that it offends his sense of proportion that someone else pays a high price for something that he knows is not worth that much?

Or is it the fact that it's FAN art, ("fan" as opposed to "pro" meaning: amateur, amateurish, inept, unprofessional, etc,etc.)? Doesn't he know that many of the fan artists ARE professionals outside of the SF field, that their work is accepted as entirely professional by customers and agencies in the "real" world outside our little universe of fandom? I wish I could be so confident of my own taste.

Andy implies strongly that the people who pay for fanart have no taste. They are, I suppose, being "taken" by the artists, and are too stupid to see it. Are we to believe that if Mr Porter's artwork could bring prices up in the hundreds of dollars, that he would be too idealistic to accept the money? What the hell is he objecting to?

The idea that publication of a piece of fanart constitutes payment for it is so old it creaks. There were those who used publication of a zine as a means of amassing a collection of art. But, happily, that time is past. It's interesting to note that pros such as L. Sprague de Camp and Poul Anderson have their fan writing copyrighted

in their own names, thus retaining all rights to the work. Is it so much worse that a fanartist should expect the same rights...or is it also detestable that the pros do this? De Camp has had a couple of volumes of his fanzine writings published in hard cover. This, so far as I can see, is exactly the same as an artist getting his illo back and selling it, after it has once been published for free.

Fanart is finally being recognized for what it's worth. The faneditor is doing the artist a favor by giving him public exposure, free of charge. The artist is doing the editor a favor by allowing him to use the work to enhance his publication...also free of charge.

Is it so heinous that the artist should ask for, and expect, his work to be returned? What should be done with it, otherwise? Of course it's all being done for fun...but having someone else reap the benefits of your work stops being fun very early in the game.

In a recent issue of ALGOL, Andy says something to the effect that one of the reasons his zine comes out only annually, is because his standards are so high and he doesn't want to publish unless he can put out something he can be proud of. Laudable sentiments, and I agree entirely. We can assume, then, that Andy has published only what he considered to be the best of the fanart field. But he has just said that he does not think these best artists should have the right to expect their work to be returned. Also, for them to sell that work would be detestable. After the fanartists read Mr Porter's little put-down, I wonder how many of them are going to be willing to send work to him? He has said, in effect, that the art isn't worth selling -- certainly not worth the prices it gets -- and that the people who buy it are, at best, misguided; the artist "detestable".

Good luck, Andy.

I'm prompted to wonder...does he also find it detestable that the pro artists get their work back from the pro publishers and occasionally put it up for auction at the cons? Does it bother his sense of the rightness of things that Kelly Freas' work sells for hundreds of dollars? I wonder how he feels about people like Karel Thole, Gahan Wilson, Jack Gaughan, etc., now wanting to join the artshows at the cons because there's more money there than in the auctions? Deplorable situation.

Andy Porter, I think, is jealous...in addition to being insulting.

ANDY PORTER
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Brooklyn, NY
11201

The point I didn't bring out in my last letter (Steve Stiles jumped on me at the last Fanoclast meeting about my letter; I refused to defend myself until I knew what I'd written) was that when I do artwork for a fanzine, and I've been doing artwork for other people's fanzines since 1964, my attitude is: "Here: I give you my

artwork; may you use it well. I make it a gift to you to use in your fanzine, and, if you so desire, to keep as a present from me to you." As a fanartist, I have never asked for my original artwork back. I can defend my remarks based on that fact. I do think that the practice of offering for auction artwork originally published in fanzines -- frequently at minimum bids of \$15, \$20, \$25 -- is an inroad of professionalism in that the artist seems to be thinking, "Lessee, I'll send this artwork to SFR, where 1700 people will see it, then I'll get it back and have it auctioned at a minimum of \$25.00 at the coming regional..."

The only artist who has ever asked me for his originals back is Steve Fabian, who noted that he's attempting to keep a portfolio of all his artwork published in the fan press.

GRANT CANFIELD
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As it happens, I'm one of that Philistine "group" that Andy Porter talks about: I always ask for the return of my artwork. And the reason I ask for its return is exactly the one he stated: to sell it at con art shows. Not all of it is saleable, of course, and some pieces I give away to people in fandom I consider friends, because it pleases me to do so. And a few pieces I've even kept myself, because I happened to like them. Published artwork can also be traded to other fanartists for their published artwork (provided they are part of the "group" that asks for the return of artwork), thus enabling me to start something of an art collection of my own, which I would otherwise be unable to afford to do. Mostly, though, my stuff is for sale. I try not to give my pieces "highly inflated prices", but I try to get as much as I can, and if other artists, like Austin or Barr, for instance, can get a lot more, I applaud them for it.

Drawing is very time-consuming, but it is an enterprise which is generally pursued with passion and love. Drawers will draw, even if they're not paid for it. But if they can get paid, and paid well, what's wrong with that? Not "fannish", I suppose. I don't understand that either, though. We're talking about published artwork, so it has already reached its broadest fannish audience through the medium of fanzines. All that's left for a single piece, after that initial broad exposure, is that it winds up in the personal collection of one person, to own and enjoy for the rest of his life, if that's his pleasure. Who is that person going to be? The artist himself? I suspect most artists aren't interested in keeping their own work around, other than perhaps a few choice pieces. The editor who published it? What right does he have to it, just because he published it? He had no other involvement with it than that. Or some other person entirely? Which means that the artist can give it away to a friend -- or sell it. I intend to continue doing both with my returned published artwork, even though Andy "detests" such a practice as "one of the worst aspects of commercialism". Protect me from those who want to protect me from myself!

((I think these last three letters give a clear indication of both sides of the issue. While I find Andy's attitude towards his own fanzine art generous and commendable, I think it's unrealistic of him to want to impose such an attitude on all fanartists. He distinguishes between art done to be sold at conventions and art sent to fanzines; most other artists do not, and I don't see why they should have to, or why they should be condemned if they don't.))

TED WHITE
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Nice to see a different sort of Entropy Reprint this time out, but Terry Carr loses points for failing to notice that Sprague de Camp's article on Howard was the first of his series for FANTASTIC -- and thus hardly one "he'll come to...before long."

I guess I shouldn't be surprised that Jerry Lapidus places such a premium on "graphics" in his piece on fanzines; his letters to AMAZING and FANTASTIC seem preoccupied with the same topic. Likewise, I'm not surprised I disagree with him to the extent that I do -- my taste has differed from his markedly in the past. What does surprise me is that he has applied so little of what he knows (or at least talks about here) to his own fanzine. TOMORROW AND... always struck me as a sloppily put together fanzine, from which any real feel for graphics was missing.

Now I say this from a peculiar podium: throughout the fifties and into the sixties my hallmark in fandom was the appearance of my fanzines -- impeccably mimeod, and well laid-out. So to the extent that I agree with Jerry that a fanzine's appearance is part of it's total impact, I can go along with him. But it seems to me that both here in this column (especially the afternotes, including his reason for voting for OUTWORLDS for a Hugo) and in his own fmz, Jerry is paying insufficient attention to the written material which must be the core of a fanzine.

In this he comes closest to the comics fans, whose fanzines are beautifully printed, but (most of the time) written and edited by sub-literates (some of whom end every sentence with an exclamation point, because that's the way they do it in the comics!!) Graphics are not all. And when graphics outdistance the written contents of a fanzine by too great an extent, one comes up with a TRUMPET, all visual fanfare and no guts. For what it's worth, I think ENERGIUMEN is attractively produced and its graphics well matched to its written material. The fanzine is impeccably produced, but manages to feel comfortable. I think that's important.

TOMORROW AND... by contrast (and I don't want this to be taken as a slam, just simply a little of Jerry's own medicine in return) looks very peccable indeed. Even the off-set issues look blotchy, the typing uneven and poorly laid-out, the experiments with format seem hasty and ill-considered in terms of ultimate impact (what looks good in pasteup may reduce poorly), and all in all one is left with the impression of a fanzine which was not well edited. (Jerry lends to this image when he confesses how he hates correcting his many typos, and thus perpetuated "Lisa Tuttle" throughout an entire issue or more rather than remove an unwanted quote mark.)

((To which Jerry replies: "I've emphasized graphics recently precisely for the reasons I gave last time: I feel it's been neglected in fanzines and wanted to point to some possibilities. The column here was and is intended to concern itself largely with visual aspects -- but the rest of my writing, in other columns and elsewhere, certainly does not. I readily admit I'm not the ideal person to do all this, far from it. But the people who really are qualified (you, for instance, Ted) are busy elsewhere; I think the ideas I'm trying to get across are important enough to make it worthwhile venturing my inexperience to say them. My inexperience -- third point. My ideals and ambitions always lie far beyond my achievements, and if I fail in TA... maybe at least I go down trying."))

What really bothers me in Jerry's piece, I think, is the feeling I have that he's placing his emphasis on irrelevant details. Like voting for OUTWORLDS because the layouts are more "experimental". (During the year in question OUTWORLDS material was nothing to write home about -- and hardly worth a Hugo, either.) Or worrying about whether the art is specifically related to the text (most people hardly notice).

He is also rather insular. "Why is it," he asks, "that in the five years I've been active in fandom, the only fanzine I've ever seen produced horizontally rather than vertically was my own?" I'd say the most likely reason is that he hasn't kept his eyes open; people have produced fanzines in just about every possible variation of format.

But in point of fact, most people don't like oddly-shaped fanzines -- and for good reason. I remember the first horizontal fanzine I ever saw: it was produced by Jean Young and Larry Stark back in the mid-fifties, and ran several issues. People grotched about it a lot. You can't bind up a run of fanzines in which some issues run one way and some another, of course, but even if you don't care about binding your fanzines (where is Bruce Pelz today, when we need him?) horizontal fanzines are hard to handle comfortably. We build up reflexes for handling magazines of approximately the same size and fanzines, and we develop a sense of familiarity and comfort with the usual size and format. Then too, anyone putting out a horizontal fanzine in mimeo form has extra problems. Right off, he needs an extra-wide-carriage typer. You can cut stencils in half when you're doing a fanzine that's half-sized and folded, but a normal-sized fanzine requires an unbroken stencil, running the long way, across your typer. Not easy for everyone. (The newest issue of TOMORROW AND... came after I wrote the above, and it looks a lot better.)

((Jerry still claims there are no other true horizontal fanzines he's seen or heard of and there exist ways around the physical handicaps Ted describes.))

Is Ruth Berman going through a long, delayed menopause or something? It appears that every time she comments on something of mine, she does so waspishly and misses the point completely. It's quite true that I've written fanzine articles about books I've written and what happened to them -- as I said. I've usually restricted myself to one article per book, however (unlike Offutt, whose Evil/Live book I've heard more about than I cared to know -- and in just about every fanzine I've picked up, too!), and most of them were written back in the mid sixties when I was writing voluminously about just about everything I was doing. The piece in GRANFALLOON, however, is quite a different kettle of fish, since it exists solely to explain the presence of and introduce the two "censored" chapters of a book I'd written.

I think shop-talk is as interesting as anything else a fanzine might print, and if a Robert Heinlein or Philip K. Dick wanted to do a piece on what he was writing and why, I'd be enthralled. But it does seem as though fandom in the past few years has been invaded by minor pros whose interest in fandom (and fanzines) was minimal until they discovered they could wash all their linen and cry the blues in fanzines and increase the odds on a Hugo nomination. Since there is no Hugo category for juvenile SF, and a juvenile hasn't won a Hugo since STARSHIP TROOPERS, and besides which fans don't read most juvenile SF novels anyway, I think I may be pardoned for mentioning mine in GRANFALLOON. I did have an ulterior motive, but it wasn't the exploitation of fandom. I wanted letters from people whose judgement backed up mine which I could show to my publisher. (As it turns out, the publisher is apparently unwilling to give the book any promotion, it hasn't been sent to the usual reviewing journals, and the first royalty statement was enough to make a grown man cry. I doubt I'll ever again write a book for Westminster Press.)

((I'd say the two men most guilty of the contemptible attitude towards fandom that Ted describes have dropped contact with us almost entirely. To me, Andy Offutt has always shown a great interest in fanzines and fandom over and above their relationship to his own works, and I'll be delighted to publish any of his work that is as intriguing and unusual as his last piece here. I know that some fans are down on Andy for an attack on certain aspects of fandom that he had published in a fanzine I don't receive, but hell, that's their choice. As Andy himself might say, one man's meat...))

Morris Keesan is nitpicking: fandom is about as close a "related subject" as SF or fantasy have. The doings of fans as described in their fanzines are intrinsically fannish. A convention report or a haircut -- the question is not the topic but the writing quality. Let us keep in mind that fans created the Hugos, and that if the Hugos ever lose touch with fans and fan thinking, they're going to lose their relevance.

Ah...poop. I could go on, but to what purpose? Once we start ruling that some fanzines are eligible and some are not, well, that's where I get off. Because we've all got our pet peeves about fanzines we don't think deserve the Hugo, and the only way to express this is by voting for those which do deserve a Hugo -- not by outlawing the ones we don't like. Why, I wouldn't even favor that as the Final Solution to the LOCUS Problem...

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To reply to Dave Piper's question: I can't speak for other authors, but I make a firm practice of never working overtime for a lot of reasons. For one, writing is hard work and after four or five hours of it I'm tired. For another, fatigue dulls the critical sense: I might think I was writing under the force of white-hot inspiration, hour after hour after hour, but when I looked at the product the next day I'd most likely find that the quality had dropped off sharply in the later hours. "Situations were belting away almost without thought" -- yes, but who wants to

read stuff set down almost without thought? Then, too, stopping while the momentum is still with me gives me an easy way of getting started again the next day. If I find, when the hour for quitting rolls around, that I'm loaded with notions of what to do next, I leave a memo for myself, and I love myself for having done it when I find it in the morning.

Artistry and production line methods aren't necessarily incompatible. Artistry requires craftsmanship, and craftsmanship requires conscious care, and conscious care is best come by through self-pacing. Some people may have romantic fantasies of divinely inspired writers pounding their typewriters 16 or 20 hours at a stretch, but I don't know many people who've written worthwhile fiction that way.

((Ted White, whose fascinating five page locs are bloody hard to squeeze into a lettercol, agrees with Bob. He writes: "I've heard other writers caution against completing a scene when it was "hot". Leave a little to come back to, they'd say." On the subject of production line methods, Ted has this to say: "There are a lot of ways to write books, and I used to collect them. My favorite was Aaron Mark Stein's: he wrote two pages a day. Two pages every day. Without fail. Weekday or weekend, holidays included. If the book finished on the first page, he'd start his next book on the second page."!!!))

WILLIAM ROTSLER I'd like to answer Will Straw's question about why I am doing cartoons about "The Sex Life of Harry Warner Junior." Actually very few have any sexual connotations, but whatthehell. The Why of it escapes me, too. One day I started drawing outrageous cartoons about Good Old Harry (whom I admire, actually, and like and read, for Christ's sake, which is more than I can say for a lot of fans) and the idea of doing cartoons about Harry amused me.

I've known Harry in fanzines, FAPA, and letters for good-god well over twenty years! He has always seemed sensible, interesting, literate, and all the Good Stuff. But he also seems just a teeny bit over-cautious about life, Life, living, and that good stuff. I suppose doing cartoons about a venerable fannish figure like the Hermit of Hagerstown is like going ya-ya at the cop and running, or thumbing your nose at the King, or grumping at the Pope. But it amused me far beyond the worth, if any, of the drawings. Most of the drawings haven't been published, actually, and I think people aren't publishing them because they think I'm doing something nasty to BNF Warner. I'm really not the least bit nasty in intent. I have no idea whatever how Harry feels about it. The only other person I can remember doing a series of drawings about is Harlan.

I thought the Derek Carter folio 3rd rate Carter. He can do MUCH better. His spacesuited figures are superb, for instance. Most of your art in #10 was not too good. I really hate to pick on Steve Fabian again, but his cover is another rehash. He has a very good command of several techniques, but his subjects suffer from his "dated vision" as I have called it before. Dan Steffan has good style, but again, he doesn't say anything. Jim Shull should take notice of those in this very issue who say he



should venture forth into other forms. I agree. Superb pen work and good, but restrictive, vision. The rest of the artwork was terrible.

Since I have been accused of being repetitive myself I should come to my own (and others') defense in this matter. There are two reasons for repetition, if indeed it is. One: Speaking for the way I work, I find some theme and I "explore" it, doing a multitude of drawings, developing the idea. Two: I get about 40 to 50 fanzines a month, from all over the Known World and almost as many requests for artwork. I have been getting those requests since 1948 and I try to send something to editors whose magazines interest me, and are decently reproduced. So instead of doing the "right" thing and throwing away a lot of stuff I pass it on, hoping that some neofan, publishing the first issue of BLOWFLY or KINNISON'S KOLORFUL KAPER, will find it useful. Mayhap I should opt for quality, but I get all these REQUESTS!!!! So I try.

((And succeed magnificently, as all fandom knows. Bill's generosity is a fannish legend and his brilliant cartoons have improved the quality and appearance of nearly every fanzine published in the last quarter century. He is long overdue for official recognition for his outstanding contributions to fandom, and I'm delighted that we were able to convince him to be Fan Guest of Honour at TORCON 2.))

ANGUS TAYLOR Just got your Winter 1932 issue of Thrilling Energumen Wonder
482 Markham St. Stories Quarterly, with that fab Fabian cover illo illustrating
Toronto 174 "Boy Wonder Scientist Battles the Jovial Jovian Slime Molds".
Ontario

While ENERGUMEN is still very enjoyable, I find the last two or three issues have not, how you say in your language, grabbed me in quite the way the first two or three or five or six did. Where formerly I read each issue from cover to cover with consuming interest, I now find myself reading maybe one-third at once and then skimming through the rest before putting it aside for a snowy day.

What does the doctor order? I'm glad you asked that question. He orders more material on something called science fiction and less on such boring topics as Ted Pauls' sexist sex life (not to mention Thirty-Two Positions in Which to Eat Chinese Dishes). And please, oh please, no more Jerry Lapidus or anyone else with his interminable advice on the technicalities of publishing a fanzine. (NEW! IMPORTED FROM THE MYSTERIOUS EAST! EXQUISITE ORIENTAL TORTURE! BORE YOUR READERS TO DEATH! THEY'LL SHRIEK, THEY'LL HOWL, THEY'LL PLEAD FOR MERCY...BUT ALL TO NO AVAIL! WORSE THAN HAVING SAND KICKED IN YOUR FACE AT THE BEACH!)

Pet Peeve Dept: please communicate to Mr Pauls and others of his uneducated ilk the fact that "America" is not synonymous with the United States (which is only a part of America, as, in a slightly different way, England is only part of Great Britain), and the two designations should not be used interchangeably.

((The serious implication behind your humorous objections, Angus, is that I should select the material published here to please you. As you should know, I cannot and will not do this. I hope you'll continue to find at least a third of every issue fascinating, and I expect you'll find all of some issues to your liking. As for the rest...I'm afraid you'll have to grin and bear it.))

ALEX EISENSTEIN The trouble with Damon Knight's definition of sf ("sf is what I
2061 Birchwood point to, etc.") is that it tells no one anything about sf. Knight,
Chicago, Ill along with Propp (who is espousing a corollary of Knight's "defi-
60645 nition), was trying to avoid a prescriptive definition that might
 be too limiting, yet he failed to offer the necessary alternative--

an enumerative, descriptive definition. Larry's version (though somewhat more practical than Damon's) would, if scrupulously applied, necessarily disallow those works that are recognizably sf but were not published as such (originally, such as 1984 and BRAVE NEW WORLD, though paperback publishers have since admitted that these are in some way sf). Sf, like gold, is where you find it -- but even native gold is subject to assay; it often exists naturally alloyed with silver, copper, or other metals.

I do not argue for "purity" of sf content; however, I think I would stress preservation of the central intent and major concerns of sf. Though these qualities may be difficult to describe satisfactorily in the abstract, this is hardly adequate justification for claiming they don't exist (as many nouvogue commentators continue to declare). The difficulties inherent in such abstraction may be the ultimate reason for avoiding or denouncing it; but this course involves the courage of real convictions much less than it does a lack of mental fortitude. Many fans of recent vintage have little interest in theoretical discussions of literary values, just as most people in the general populace shirk (and despise) even "useful" intellectual pursuits.

((Both as a teacher and as a fan, I must agree with your cynical but realistic evaluation of the general public. However, I do feel that anyone capable of deciphering your last paragraph would have little difficulty with such a simple problem as delineating the central characteristics of sf.))

Ah, I see that Greg Benford has read another book... I've always received the strangest impression of ambivalence from Greg's fan-writing; he seems first to walk one side of a street, then abruptly to switch to the other. His summation, like as not, takes the form of a clubfooted straddle. I often wonder what he's attempting to prove, or accomplish.

I could be suitably philosophical and propose to Greg that science is neither tool nor abstraction per se, but contains and uses abstractions as tools. Perhaps that's too glib, but the essence of scientific inquiry (which is not synonymous with the gestalt of interrelated entities represented by the word "science") is surely not either abstraction or utility. Surely it is a striving for ultimate knowledge? Would it be blasphemous of me to suggest that Greg hasn't the proper attitude for a dedicated scientist? A very real possibility exists here that I have misconstrued Greg's meaning, especially in regard to that bedeviled word "abstraction." Science as a body of knowledge is, yes, composed of abstractions, on many levels, from descriptive through highly theoretical -- but what is not? I cannot view science as merely a useful abstraction, whether its usefulness lies in practical, engineering application or prediction of further consequences in the realm of experimental evidence (I would like to say "the realm of nature," but Greg's utilitarian approach would disallow that, I think). Many abstractions could be devised to "explain" the workings of the universe-as-we-know-it that would neither be valid nor (ultimately) true, though they perfectly account for observed phenomena. Would that be science? I am not asking if this is indeed a valid activity for scientists and some sf writers, I am asking if this would be sufficient as the be-all of science. Aristotle's theory of vision may be the classic (as well as Classical) example of the sort of intellection I'm discussing, though of course it lies in the past and was actually the reigning theory. But for the influence of Aristotle, perhaps there would have been another, simpler explanation in its stead, with his theory relegated to the status of a possible, undisprovable alternate.

I tend to agree with Andy Porter's little survey of the fanart field. Shull has adopted a technique of crosshatch shading possessed of an intrinsic repulsiveness the like of which has not been seen in fandom since Robert E. Gilbert curtailed his voluminous output; mostly it contributes nothing to his drawing in the way of meaningful texture or modelling. He has lately begun, by the evidence of E#10, to minimize and control the shocking crudity and smudginess of it, but it is still needlessly ugly and non-informative. As for Tim Kirk -- he constantly sluffs off structural consider-

ations and draftsmanship, though his compositional sense has steadily improved (but this applies mainly to his more elaborate art-show work.) If, as Andy suggests, Tim's work recalls Dr. Seuss, the only reason it isn't as good is that it isn't as well-drawn. Recently, someone remarked to me that Alicia's latest style has a "brittle" look to it, and I think this is an apt description, in a certain way. Some of it is very china-tea-cup in its use of pattern. To a great extent, the original Alicia Austin has been buried under two successive influences: first Beardsley and then Barr. This doesn't mean she has lost her individuality as an artist, but her work has become much less vital; too "pretty" and "precious", lacking much concern with originality or synthesis of striking image. The Fabian cover on #10 is one of his few recent drawings to incorporate human depiction on a greater scale than anonymous-tin-soldier portrayal. Even so, it retains a mask of anonymity, of generalized conception, that rarely affected Steve's previous art. Other crutches have come to dominate his work -- set ways of rendering; simplified, emblematic portrayal, of which the tin-soldier syndrome is but one expression; dependency on rendering tricks as a substitute for stronger structural development of form.

Is fan art becoming decadent, both in art shows and fanzines? Well, not quite. But as superficial facility soars in many quarters, a definite crust of tarter accumulates around the roots. Yet I cannot advocate a plunge into wild experimentation as the answer to what is beginning to ail fanart even as it climbs to new levels of competence and quality. Nevertheless, a disheartening complacency has to some extent settled upon the major practitioners in the field, though they still produce some remarkable art.

If you don't believe me, just ask Andy Porter. (This is called "consolidation of authority.")

((While I don't agree with you, Alex, you've certainly established your credentials in these matters and I respect your opinions. I haven't noticed any drop in the popularity of the artists you mentioned and until you and Andy I'd seen very little in the way of criticism of them either. What has been evident is a drop in the output of the former leading fan artists as their pro commitments become more and more time consuming. Luckily, at least in my opinion, there are several new artists coming up to take their places; and we'll continue to use the work of the "old masters" whenever possible since to us they are as good or better than ever.))

BARRY SMOTROFF To my knowledge (and I'm interested in law) American law does not
147-53 71st St "demote" women all that much when they get married. Debts are not
Flushing, NY transferable by marriage. And library cards are made out however the
11367 applicants want them made out. I didn't know it was that bad in Can-
ada though. Next is my favorite story on law. There is a law in
Oklahoma that says it is illegal to transport a whale through the state. A whale
through Oklahoma, huh? Actually there is (or perhaps was) a good reason for this law.
It seems someone actually did try to transport a whale through the state of Oklahoma
(Ghu knows why). And this was a whole whale. And the gases inside the whale expanded
and expanded and the whale blew up. Which scattered whale over a nice part of Okla-
homa. And whales, it seems, do not smell that good when they blow up so they passed
a law.

I'm not so sure that "Kumquat May" was written by Rosemary. There was only one "I
snarled" in the article. Just the right amount someone would put in to make it look
like Rosemary wrote the piece. What have you done with the poor girl? What fiendish
deed have you perpetrated upon her personage. What unmentionable things in the base-
ment, looking like slimy amoeboid things, invoking Yog...Oops, wrong mythos. Such
is life.

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THREE HEARTS AND THREE LIONS and BROKEN SWORD both take place in alternate universes (maybe the same alternate universe, maybe not), so dating becomes a bit problematical. But, 3H3L happens when "the knights of...Carl's court are long dead" (Avon edition, p. 104) and Holger spends a century in Avalon before returning to France (p. 158). As Charlemagne died in 814, we cannot date 3H3L earlier than the early tenth century. Anderson himself, in the introduction to the Ballantine revision of BROKEN SWORD, places that work in the ninth century (p. xiv). Thus I refute George Flynn.

The span of time between the two novels (if indeed they are in the same alternate universe) may be rather wider than purely historical evidence would suggest. Both of Anderson's fantasies are novels, but they are based on different literary foundations. BROKEN SWORD, as Sandra Miesel showed in her article in #8 that started this whole business, is based on various of the Norse sagas, which were written in the 11th-13th centuries. 3H3L comes rather from the medieval romances. The earliest reference to Ogier le Danois of which I happen to be aware is in the Song of Roland, early twelfth century, but I am informed by a highly reliable source (Sandra Miesel) that romances featuring Ogier in a prominent role did not arise until about the 15th century. The atmosphere of romances is idealized-contemporary even when they deal with historical characters, so the mention of Charlemagne may lead to dating the novel rather earlier than other evidence would indicate.

I just finished Anderson's reworking of the "Operations" series into what Doubleday can term a "novel" without being quite barefaced liars (OPERATION CHAOS), and this has suggested another point. Especially in the bridges between the novelettes, much is made of the conflict between Law and Chaos, as is also the case in 3H3L. In 3H3L the Nazis are agents of Chaos, while in OPERATION CHAOS Hitler is a demon in Hell who is encountered by the protagonists, but who goes unrecognized by them as he was never incarnate in the "Operations" universe. Does Anderson perhaps want us to see 3H3L and OPERATION CHAOS, and perhaps also BROKEN SWORD, as existing in the same "matrix" of alternate universes, each being a different manifestation of a single struggle between Law and Chaos?

((I'm constantly fascinated by the depth of research our more sercon readers engage in; I wouldn't do it, but I enjoy the results. As for your last question, Pat, I'm sure one of our regular readers can help you out. Er...Poul, what do you say to Mr. McGuire? And while we're on the subject of Andersons...))

ASTRID ANDERSON MIKE: GODDAMN SADIST! STAPLING YOUR FRAPPING ENVELOPE SHUT SO I
3 Las Palomas HAVE TO RIP MY POOR LITTLE FINGERS TO THE VERITABLE BONE TRYING TO
Orinda, Cal. GET AT YOUR GODDAMN FANZINE SO I CAN READ IT AND WRITE A SCATHING
94563 LETTER THAT WILL TOPPLE YOU FROM YOUR PLASTIC TOWER DOWN INTO THE
SLIMY MARSHES WHERE YOU BELONG, YOU TOAD, YOU! I KNOW YOUR KIND!

Actually, once I wiped the blood off the table of contents so I could see what all you had to tempt me with this issue, I had cooled down sufficiently to write a calm, coherent loc praising your creation to the skies, LITTLE THOUGH YOU DESERVE IT!

So you have problems with your name too, Susan! How delightful. Mine (the current one) is a certain Austrid Anderson. Austrid, who resides at 3 Las Palomas, appears on an odd variety of mailing labels. There are the fliers from the local shopping emporia, the Haverhill's catalogues, the Coast Guard, the Army... Yes, the Coast Guard and the Army. It seems they want Austrid to join the ranks of our gallant fighting men, defending this country from the evils men do. Actually, it sort of sounds like fun. I can't wait to slither down to take my physical.

((Don't do it! Once the other draftees see you, they'll never let you leave!))

Kumquat May: Serves you right, falling out of your goddamn indecent swimsuit! If you insist on flaunting your questionable body in front of the slavoring masses, at least do it in good taste!

((One reason we're all so fond of Astrid is her gentile and ladylike behaviour, of course. Sorry about the staples, Astrid: when you get to UCLA you can graduate in staple removing and put all these traumas behind you.))

MIKE DECKINGER
447 15 Avenue
San Francisco, Ca
94118

Susan's account of bureaucratic entanglements is awfully similar to some past hassles I've been through, but in her case she was merely trying to correct an error in an account already in force. I've been through the mill trying to cancel an account established in my name through no cooperation or request by me.

When I was in New Jersey, every month I'd receive a Uni-card, which is an all-purpose credit card accepted at half a thousand schlock shops in the state. It lacks the status and the snobbery of its more influential counterparts like Diner's Club or American Express. It's made for the little man who's earnings are under \$7000 a year. The idea is that he'll get himself in hock up to his eyelids, then face garnishment or confiscation of property in order to make good the debts. Too many individuals become raving maniacs when given instant charging power, and that's just what Unicard painlessly does.

Blanket mailings are conducted throughout the state. Names are lifted from anywhere: motor vehicle mailing lists, subscription lists, even welfare lists, some suggest. There is no fee for the card. If it's stolen and someone else uses it you are liable until the theft has been reported. The first time I received such a card I returned it. I promptly was sent another one. That one I sliced up into a dozen even pieces and returned with a terse note requesting that it not be done again. The following month I received another which I burned. A year later I was sent a form letter noting that I had not used this card and asking if I was satisfied with the service.

I typed "Deceased" across the form and returned it. Two months after that I received another card with my name misspelled. It's common enough with my last name; I've gone through the "Dillinger" and "Derringer" phase, but this was my middle initial. So be it.

((Good grief! An intelligent crook could make a fortune in New Jersey. About the only way to protect yourself, Mike, would be to move...oh, I see...))

I'm tempted to ask why Ginjer Buchanan used such a roundabout route to get to the Noreascon. Couldn't she have a more direct means of travel? About the only thing she lacked was a half-mile race down a steep hill on roller skates.

((I'm tempted to ask why you didn't read her article more carefully. Ginjer was going to the Boskone in Andover, not the Noreascon in Boston. As for the bit with the roller skates, I had to cut it to get the article on three pages.))

DAVE HULVEY
Rt 1, Box 198
Harrisonburg, Va
22801

The cover was evocative of an axiom that I've evolved in my short stay among the Thundering Hoards. That is, from those Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers, "Dope will get you through times of no money better than money in times of no dope." Uh hum, that guy is obviously readying that needle for a really big shoot up of egoboo.

Imagine the rushes he's been getting. Wow, and I bet he publishes a world famous fanzine too. Yazz, dear fans, it's Ignatius Ofari and his Opiate of the Corflued Masses. From May to September, hidden underground in his bunker of old crudzines, he manufac-

tures collated corflu-stains for the illicit neofan trade. The profits from this he uses to produce even better and better batches of egoboo to inject in his trubue aorta (biological impossibilities not withstanding.)

So you've found happiness with a Boa Constrictor? Let him eat all of Canadian fandom -- except yourself, of course -- and then kill him, sending a piece of him to every fan on your ml. What could you do, what with such a golden opportunity, but imprint the nextish of ENER on the essential parts you've sent out. Man, all fandom would be plunged into consternation. Not even Jerry Lapidus could complain about your artwork. Of course, Sandra Miesel and Arnie Katz would argue, bicker and fuss back and forth as to whether the act was fannish or sercon, so why not ask for a volunteer from the Thundering Hoardes, an impartial nobody who doesn't care what he has to do, so long as he is paid? Richard Nixon comes to mind, but he's busy right now. Well, I'd volunteer, but I'm so fat the snake would ruin his gut trying to swallow me. If there's one thing I'm against, it's legal length fanzines made from the soggy stomachs of ruined boa constrictors.

((I have several more pages of stoned rapping from David all of which is highly creative but I'll just toss in a paragraph or two for the surrealist freaks on the ml. As for the cover, I'm not sure if Steve really had that in mind when he created it...))

DAVID EMERSON
417 W 118th St #63
New York, N.Y.
10027

It's hard to believe that this is only the tenth issue of ENER-GUMEN. It looks so polished that it seems like you must have been publishing it for decades. Maybe it's just that you mastered the technical side of it very quickly, with the first few issues; maybe it's that same color of paper for every issue that makes it seem like ENERGUMENs stretch into the dim past; maybe it's the high-quality covers; or maybe it's the weather or something like that, but daddy, you've been on my mind. (Oops, got carried away with my parallel construction there.)

Is that thing on the cover a mandrake root, or a mummy of Isaac Asimov being resurrected by 30th-century fans?

Ginjer tells stories well, but not as well in print as in person. Her article was further marred by the Symes illos, which are heavy-handed and clumsy, and not at all funny. He might be a good artist, but his illustration loses.

Did you hear about the differential operator who wanted to become a vector? He went to grad school. Yes, I know that's pretty bad, but you've got a math-joke reputation to uphold. And I'm getting tired of all those prime number jokes.

((Hey, now we're really getting esoteric; won't be many readers who'll know what you're talking about. Lucky for them: they won't know just how bad that was. I'm reminded of a National Film Board of Canada short called "The Dot & the Line". A line, in love with a dot, loses her to a squiggle that can make fancy shapes. Determinedly the line practicing bending, at first breaking in two, but finally mastering the art, and acquiring the ability to create intricate geometrical shapes. In the final confrontation between line and squiggle, the line wins back the dot and then the moral of the story is flashed on the screen: To the vector goes the spoils. I fell out of my chair while the rest of the audience stared in bewilderment.))

HANK DAVIS Time for me to shout loudly, HOLD ON A MINUTE! I don't agree with you or
Box 154 with Jerry Lapidus that changing the department headings makes for a
Loyall, KY better fanzine; not unless they look better than the old ones (which

weren't all that old -- you haven't been putting NERG out for a century yet, have you?) And most of the new ones don't. Only the heading for Susan's column represents an improvement. Change for the sake of change does not equal progress, sir and madam.

Rosemary gets extra points this time for extra length. Ginjer Buchanan's contribution wasn't quite as good as Rosemary's, which is a little like saying that someone isn't quite as tall as John Wayne. Any chance of her doing a column, preferably to replace Ted Pauls'...? Howcum all the fannes are so much better at farnish writing than the mere male of the species?

((You're exaggerating, of course, but there are many fine female writers in fandom and perhaps this year's fan writer award will go to a fanne for the first time since the award was introduced. Meanwhile, we're trying to get Ginjer to write for us more regularly.))

Damn shame that Derek Carter may not do more Jabberwitch drawings. His style certainly has changed since 1968, when he was doing drawings for EN GARDE, the zine in which I first saw his art. Also in one of those EN GARDES, John Mansfield happened to mention one Mike Glicksohn, and the editor, Richard Schultz, asked "Who is Mike Glicksohn?" Of course, I was familiar with the name, having written a scathing loc attacking an absurd review of RESTOREE, which had been penned by Mike Glicksohn in one of his less astute moments, but that was a mere accident. Nowadays, however, everybody knows who Mike Glicksohn is.

He's Susan's husband....

JOHN D BERRY
625 Scott #607
San Francisco, Ca
94117

Right beside this typewriter lies another creamy yellow copy of ENERGUMEN, Canada's answer to the unasked question. It's a lot of fun, this fanzine of yours, and I want to write and tell you so. At least, ENERGUMEN wants me to write and tell you that. It is very insistent. Noisy, too. "Read me!" it said, as soon as it arrived. So I did. It wasn't satisfied. "Write about me!" it cried. "Write nice things!" So I'm doing that right now. Here and now, even as your fanzine sits gnawing on my leg and urging me on, I am writing you a letter of comment. But still your fanzine here isn't happy. "Review me!" it says. Well, I guess I'll do that too. Do you think it will be satisfied then? I wonder. You Canadians raise some ferocious fanzines.

...I started out with the intention of writing you a long, pithy, meaty, bouncy letter of comment, but I'm feeling awfully run down today and ENERGUMEN is seeming very pleasant but unprovocative. Your fanzine has now been around long enough that it is getting taken for granted -- most importantly, I think, by you -- so that that crackle of variety that characterized the first few issues has watered down to "balance". Some of the best material in your early issues was the serious articles, the pieces that were non-superficial and interesting and not too dry despite the weight of the subjects. In with this was the then-new flash of Rosemary's narrative humor; Rosemary too seems to have leveled off and gotten too used to herself, without going beyond the literal, verbatim reporting of conversations in Canadian fandom. You, as an editor, and Rosemary, as a writer, have only fulfilled part of your promise, and you both seem content with picking up egoboo for something less than the best you could do. It's too bad, because NERG is comfortably ensconced as one of the main fanzines of this time, and a very pleasant comfortable fanzine it is. I just wish you'd put a little more, well...zip in it.

You know, I enjoy ENERGUMEN a helluva lot but my fanzine reviewer's instinct insists that I tell you I think the mag is getting flabby with only halfway-good material. Tighten it up. (Oh, hey, mustn't forget: I love Derek Carter's Jabberwitch thing. Get some more of it.)

((Thanks for writing all those "nice things", John; I'd hate to get you mad at us! Actually, I think you are reading too many general trends into one atypical issue of the fanzine. Last issue was deliberately a somewhat "light" one, and in the future, I think you'll continue to find the kind of writing you're looking for here. As for tightening up, well...about your upcoming article...))

JODIE OFFUTT I've never read anything in a fanzine that moved me like Walt Liebscher's column did. I had to stop several times to shake out my eyes. Funny Farm Haldeman, KY I couldn't even read it the second time without crying and blowing my nose. 40329 I made me clench my fists at the years I didn't know about the world of fandom. I've always been less than two hours away from Cincinnati and Midwestcon. Every summer.

It made me drench myself with good thoughts about all the friends I've made -- many of them good friends who will last a lifetime -- and the happy fun hours I've spent with them. In just two years, seven cons, less than three weeks altogether. But my God! the memories!

It made me look at the calendar like a kid counting the days till Christmas, to see how soon till the next con. Time to see some of those less-than-two-year-old 'old' friends for more good hours to stoke up my memories. To see newer friends, to jell those friendships, and create newer memories. And to meet brand new friends with an unlimited horizon of fun and good things to think about.

Never mind what I've missed. I've got years of cons ahead of me!

Mr. Liebscher made me decide to keep my eye out for lost souls at cons, because sometimes, even in a room full of people...perhaps that should be especially in a room full of people...I've felt lost. (And maybe someone will notice that sometime.) Some lost soul could easily become a found friend.

Most of all, I sincerely hope I get to meet Walt Liebscher sometime so I can thank him for making me realize all these good things.

((And there, fellow travellers and cynics, you have the essence of fandom: people, friends, and a willingness to admit just how beautiful the good parts can be. Walt reached many of us, and I think Jodie responded as eloquently as any whom he touched.))

JERRY LAPIDUS I understand very well what Andy Porter means when he talks about 54 Clearview Dr all the "greats" who have never had any meaning to him. If someone Pittsford, NY never answers your letters, never responds to your fanzines in any 14534 way -- what choice do you have, no matter who he is or what you've heard about him? After half a dozen issues to a "great" with no response at all, this person means less and less to you. Andy mentions Greg Shaw; well, Greg has sent me issues of METANOIA and WPTB so I've seen his work, and enjoyed it very much. But I have never seen a John Berry fanzine: I've sent him mine for four years, as well as several letters, but nary a response, nary a fanzine. I'd like to be able to see what John's been doing -- but because he's never been inspired to answer me, don't I have a right to question whether it makes sense for me to keep sending fanzines? Am I too naive? Am I asking too much to expect that if he really can't stand my publications at all (something I could easily understand), he might drop me a line, telling me I needn't bother? (Bill Danner sent me a very nice note when I sent him THE LEGAL RULES, telling me he had no interest in conventions and awards and such, and that I'd only be wasting my fanzine by sending it to him. I appreciated that.)

I really can't understand, though, Andy's intense ire at artists who sell published fanzine artwork to willing fans. In fact, he seems to condemn artists who ask for their work back in order to sell it. I think it's perfectly fair for the artist to request return of his material, once published; the editor has used it, and it should be returned to the artist if he wants it back. The faneditor accepts it for publication, not as a permanent addition to his collection.

The one problem with taking Leon Taylor's discussion of the Farmer work as a parody is that Leon's regular fanzine style has been pretty flowery and tending toward the same sort of purple prose you think he was trying to lampoon here. I think he could be a damn fine writer, if he would only stop trying too hard to be stylistic and just work on communicating what he means a little better. I doubt many readers saw this as parody, Mike, and as book review it was pretty much a failure.

((I'll let Leon have the last word here: "The thingie was intended as a satire on the type of writing Farmer occasionally indulges in...altho I don't recall intending to parody that type of book review. But I had something else on aim ...and that was to experiment...The problem is, fan reviewing falls into such a cliché nowadays. Rick Stoker put the matter nicely with his triplicate-form metaphor, I think. It seems so strange that fan reviewing isn't treated with a little more healthy respect...there are so many fascinating possibilities in the book review that we can tie, twist, breed. Why do we not explore them all?"))

Larry Propp may well be right (i.e. I guess I agree with him) when he says that TO YOUR SCATTERED BODIES GO may be Farmer's most successful novel. I know that although I've always considered Farmer an outstanding writer, this is his first extended work I really liked, the first I as a reader was really satisfied with. Even though originally written twenty years ago, both the basic ideas and the writing itself have immense power. I confess to being a bit disappointed by the sequel published in If, but I'm even considering nominating the first volume for a Hugo, despite prior publication.

I could have done without the Rick Stoker piece; it wasn't bad, but it covered ground many a similar article has covered before, and while this was one of the better examples I've seen, that isn't saying very much.

I only have one complaint about all those convention reports -- no one mentions me. (The fact that I wasn't there is entirely irrelevant.) What use is a con report if it doesn't mention you? (Ginjer and Walt and Rosemary are great, anyway.)

SANDRA MIESEL Insist that Ginjer keep writing. The author of the immortal "I
8744 N Penn. St. Have Had No Sleep and I Must Giggle" has who knows what further
Indianapolis, Ind wonders lurking in her marsupial mind.
46240

The subtitle on Terry's reprint makes him sound like a social worker with an adoptable biracial child. But it was a worthwhile piece and a welcome novelty in the reprint deluge.

((Terry merely submitted the piece; I was responsible for the title.))

Andy's quite right that fan art is becoming too costly. But the same is true of mundane art. Have any of us \$10,000 to spend on a Rauschenberg moonrocket lithograph? For the price of the Barr-Austin "Beauty and the Beast" auctioned in Boston one could buy a fine 17th C Persian miniature and we for two would prefer to have the latter, if we had the choice. However I fail to see how the inflation of fan art prices makes requesting editors to return our work a deplorable practice. No editor would think of asking anyone for a cash gift but this is what it amounts to if we relinquish the chance to sell our work subsequently. This applies especially to full-page drawings.

On the subject of snakes, there is absolutely no chance of my ever visiting you as long as that... that reptile is in residence. I have a deep aversion to snakes ever since my childhood in Louisiana when one couldn't play safely outdoors without a constant vigilance for poisonous snakes. That your boa isn't poisonous makes not a whit of difference. Keep feeding it small furry animals, Mike, and someday it may mistake you for one. (I'm certain there'd be any number of people willing to console Susan afterward and let her keep kittens in peace.)

MIKE GLYER
14974 Osceola St
Sylmar, Cal
91345

You know, Mike, I think you are a victim of your success; not you personally, but you as a magazine. Your quiet, reasoned, unostentatious approach has been made obsolete by the kind of flashy, loud, or simply brilliant material which flows through ENERGUMEN. #10 does not seem to be an extension of your personality.

When you have a Geis, a Katz, a Lunney (especially Lunney), or even a Glycer, there is no risk that their magazines will escape the domination of their ego. A reader knows what he will read in their publications; furthermore, some of them are so dogmatically predictable that they become archetypes. A reader of the old SFR will expect and get the best and heaviest kind of sercon available, except that it will be liberally channeled by Geis' foibles, bookended by his comments, shotgunned full of his personality. When he generously wasted his time trying to answer my questions, he said, "Fanzining is an art, and it is the man who makes it go. Great art, meticulous printing -- all these are good, but it is the editorial personality or talent or whatever which comes across, which is the critical factor. There is no substitute for it." This has a bearing on your situation. Katz' personality virtually permeates every page of FOCAL POINT. Fannish writing, after all, is his hallmark. No matter how good or bad, the reader knows what is coming. With BEABOHEMA, most writers and contributors even sound like Lunney; and the letters of comment are certainly some of the most serious (if arcane) of any in fandom. With me? Probably my hallmark is that half the zine is given over to putting on the reader, while the other half is a peculiar brand of sercon.

But with ENERGUMEN 10 there is something new in the layout that dissolves its former 'atmosphere' and pushes you, your tastes (as previously evidenced) and even your intentions to the side. This issue is a disunited vehicle for its contributors where before your tastes seemed to dictate what was seen in print.

((Absolutely wrong, Mike. Last issue reflected our tastes and intentions exactly. The articles were specifically selected while others on hand were left for future issues. As for its being "a disunited vehicle", I'd have thought the thematic unity developed by the presentation of different aspects of fandom would have been obvious to anyone. But it is a refreshing change to be accused of rampant unpredictability. Perhaps we should try to tone down the quality of the writing in future issues...?))

DARRELL SCHWEITZER
113 Deepdale, Rd.
Strafford, Pa.
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Rick Stoker's article does manage to bring out many of the negative aspects of book reviewing, but he basically doesn't seem to realize that it's possible for a book review to be done well. In order to be worth anything a review has to be more than a simple value judgment/opinion, of the type that can be so easily filled in by Rick's quickie formulae. What the critic has to do is react to a book from a reader's viewpoint, and then articulate to his audience why he responded in such a manner. Also he must take into consideration the following questions: 1) What was the author trying to do? 2) How well did he succeed? 3) Was it worth doing? Of course, this requires considerable detailed discussion, making the quickie thumbnail

review utterly useless. If confined to less than 50 words, a reviewer can do such things as not read the book, lie, or review non-existent books. Essentially he does not have to prove himself in such a short space, and unfortunately too many of the book reviews printed in fanzines nowadays are of this type.

I suspect the current trend against book reviewing (it is a trend and will go away in a couple of years) is caused by both bad reviewing and the jealousy of various persons toward SFR. If things continue, we may get a whole generation of neofans who think the book review is the most horrid, unspeakable, unfannish abomination ever to crawl from mimeoed pages. They will be just as ridiculous as those few (I haven't met more than one or two) who think book reviewing is The Thing in fmz writing.

((Before we resurrect the old argument about the use of book reviews, let me point out that the "quickie thumbnail review" can be an excellent buyer's guide from a respected reviewer. As for the ethics of criticism, I'll let the English majors among you argue the merits of the intentional and other fallacies... but somewhere else, please, not here.))

POUL ANDERSON: Hank Davis goes into the matter of the tower of beer cans to the moon in far more detail than I ever did. However, I will say that years ago the same basic point occurred to me -- that is, at a certain height the velocity due to Earth's rotation will become equal to orbital velocity at that height, and all beer cans will take off around the planet. So -- a question Hank does not raise -- just what are the rings of Saturn?

JERRY LAPIDUS: One addition to my loc of a few days ago. If you print the segment about my never ever seeing or hearing anything from John Berry, note that I finally did, today; I received the last four EGOBOOs from John. The wait has been worth it.

JOHN LEAVITT: Maybe Liebscher is right about 53-year old bodies being "a bit obscene" but his mind is a beautiful, warm thing indeed. I hope he'll be in NERG often. ENER-GUMEN really has fine covers. This Fabian one is a gem, and makes me wonder about comments I've seen on his 'dated' style. A style of art or writing can only be dated if you consider whatever is current to be the peak of development, which is a pitifully narrow view.

ROY TACKETT: Mock-suburban, eh? So you say. Ah, let us face it, Glicksohn, you are trundling down the road of middle-class mundanity. Such things as gilt lions and boas will merely mark you as a bit eccentric. Not that there is anything wrong with middle-class mundanity. It is really rather comfortable. Provides the wherewithall for good books, good wine and good tobacco.

ROBERT BLOCH: Presumably because I'm on his side of the generation-gap, I was particularly impressed with Walt Liebscher's con-report: he so perfectly captured and conveyed the bittersweet quality of con-attendance for those of us whose memories of such affairs range back 25 or 30 years. It's good to see Liebscher return to fanzine contributing: he's one of the fannish immortals.

MARK MUMPER: As for the (sort of) conreports, Walt Liebscher has given us a moving, bittersweet portrayal of his Noreascon, and I don't think I've read such a touching piece of fan writing before. I find myself saying, "Yes, this is true; this is fandom." ((Er...what was that about 25 or 30 years, Mr Bloch?))

GLORIA PTACEK: ENERGUMEN is always a fun thing for me. It keeps me from going mad watching my ethnic neighbors scrub their front walks etc. They don't wait for leaves to fall off trees around here -- they shake the trees to get them off! If cleanliness is next to godliness, this neighbourhood is definitely on the side of the angels.

JERRY JACKS: God Damn It, Rosemary, I read your "Kumquat May" on the trolley going out to school and I found myself the center of attention as I laughed my fool head off. The driver gives me funny looks as I enter in the morning, and little children move so as not to be near me... I did not lunge for you when I heard your nipples were hanging out, I did what any myopic gentleman would do -- I went and got my glasses... Susan dear, the world is simply against you, not all women...

DAVID STEVER: By the way, the U.S. State Department says all odd numbers are prime because a North Vietnamese spokesman said nine wasn't prime. A spokesman for Sec. Rogers said that we can't afford to make exceptions to weaken our position.

RON CLARKE, 78 Redgrave Rd, Normanhurst, NSW 2076, Australia: Yes, this is a Con ish, isn't it? Rampant Nostalgia and, when you are actually at the Con, Rampant Rush, to see as much as possible and meet as many people as possible -- or at least, those you want to see. The Adelaide con here in Aussie over the New Year was held in a hostel out in the sticks and had about 40-50 hard-core fans; in fact most of Aussie fandom. It will prove, I think, to be not only the first "live-in" con for about 20 years here, but one that will go down in fannish history as...er, one of the best unconventional cons ever. I took a Super 8 movie of the events and fans. If anyone over there has access to a Super 8 projector and would like to see Aussie fen in the flesh (Bangsund, Harding, Stevens, Clarke, etc) this would be a good opportunity. There will be about 150-200 feet.

TIM KIRK: I'm sorry Andy Porter feels the way he does. I'm not sure what he means by "highly inflated prices"...I always try to set what I think is a fair minimum on my work, considering the time involved, and most of the other fan artists I know do the same. If any "inflating" happens, it's the fault of the bid system and not, generally, the artist. I, in all honesty, can't complain. I'm working towards becoming a professional, and, to be blunt, I need the money. There is a very tenuous borderline between hobbyism and professionalism; I suppose it depends on what one's motives are. As far as asking for the return of fanzine art in order to sell it, well, what of it? Again, I myself do it for economic reasons. Art school tuition doesn't grow on bushes.

MAE STRELKOV: Dear Susan...I owe Mike a letter. He will not like what I'm going to do ...talk about him and his energumen-personality (so cute and clever) behind his back, but that's what I shall do. We women are so SUPERIOR! Haw! (Poor Mike. But you deserve it for calling me STRANGE MAE!).....Okay, tell Mike he's cute! I'm not needing, I'm needing...more ENERGUMENS, in the proper way. And if I just chant ENERGUMEN IS LOVELY, he'll be bored, won't he, being the hornery character he is. I mean ornery. Anyway, it was a very good story, and I had a good laugh. (Guard well your fingers, Mike, and all other nibbleable attachments)...Okay, there ends my comments to Mike (is there room in the WAHF section, you big swaggerer, you?) ((Perhaps now readers will understand my use of the term "Strange Mae"! But it's a term of endearment, let me assure you; Mae is probably our most fascinating and delightful correspondant.))

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Aljo Svoboda, Vonda McIntyre, Moshe Feder, Will Straw, George Senda, George Flynn, Houston Craighead, Gary Hubbard (now there is a writer of weird letters), Terry Hughes, Yale Edeiken, Jonh Ingham, Morris Keesan, Eric Lindsay, Mike Lewis, Jim Caughran, Dan Goodman, Larry Propp, George Proctor, Bill Andresen, Mark Francis, Joe Perry, Ned Brooks, and Paul Anderson and we regret that space limitations did not allow us to print any of these letters. ENERGUMEN has always been a response-oriented fanzine and we really appreciate those of you who take the time to let us know how our efforts have affected you.

WE GOT ARTWORK FROM: Bill Rotsler, Jim Shull, Bill Rotsler, Jim McLeod, Bonnie Goodknight, Bill Rotsler, Vincent Di Fate, C. Lee Healy, Bill Rotsler, Terry Austin, Grant Canfield and even some cartoons from Bill Rotsler. We are seriously grateful to all of you and especially indebted to Bill whose numerous fine cartoons have rescued us from many an apparent dead-end in graphics or layout. For now, that's all folks!



Jensen 7

Energumen 11 Original Paper Colour

The drawing to the right is part of a

TIM KIRK ANTI-POLLUTION POSTER

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