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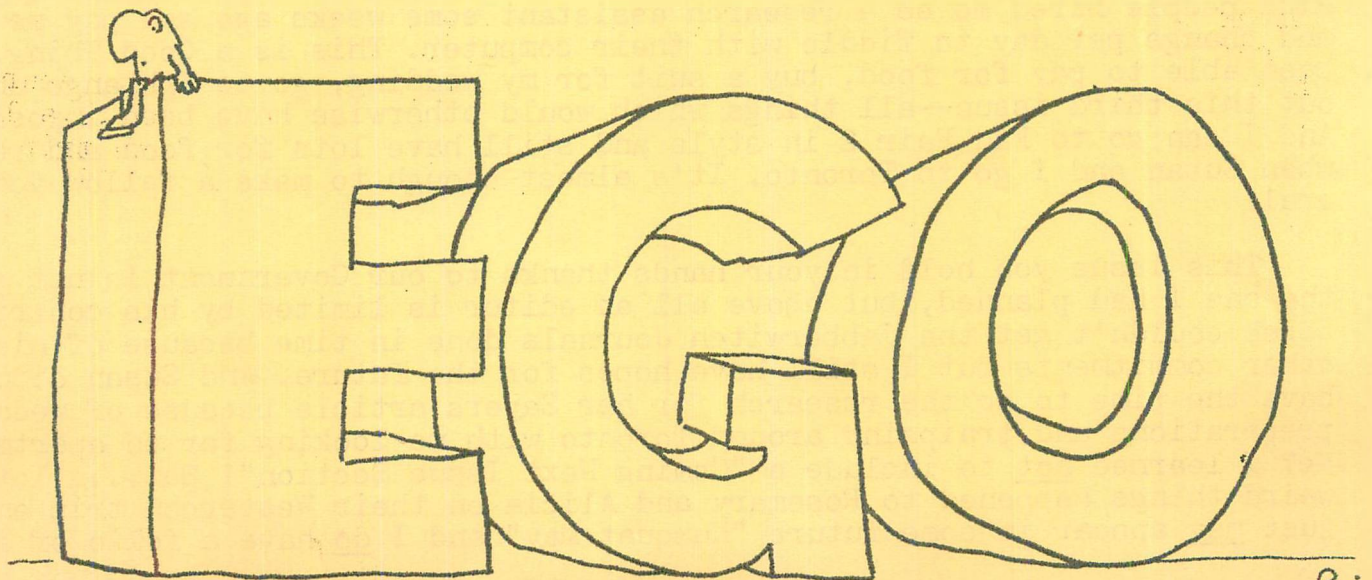
 ENERGUMEN 3 is published by Mike Glicksohn who may or may not be moving to 267 St. George St. Apt #807, Toronto on September 1st with his new bride so check in Locus to be sure. Until then, though, I'm still reachable at 35 Willard St. Ottawa 1, Ontario. ENERGUMEN is published with the help of Susan Wood, Alicia Austin, Rosemary Ullyot, Richard Labonte and whoever is around when it goes to press. It is available for contribution, art, substantial loc, arranged trade or 50¢ an issue (no cheques accepted!) Cover is by Tim Kirk; bacover by Bill Rotsler; foldout by Jack Gaughan and Alicia Austin.
 August 1970

CONTENTS:

Toc		1
Feedback From The Mike	Mike Glicksohn	2
Villiers in Dimension	Margaret Hamer	6
Touch me not	Joe W. Haldeman	9
Don't Make Waves	Angus Taylor	10
1969 - The Prozines	Tony Lewis	12
Kumquat May	Rosemary Ullyot	15
The World of Series	John Douglas	18
Reviews	Mike Glicksohn & Friends	22
Mythed Again	Roger Bryant Jr.	26
Static	The Readers	28

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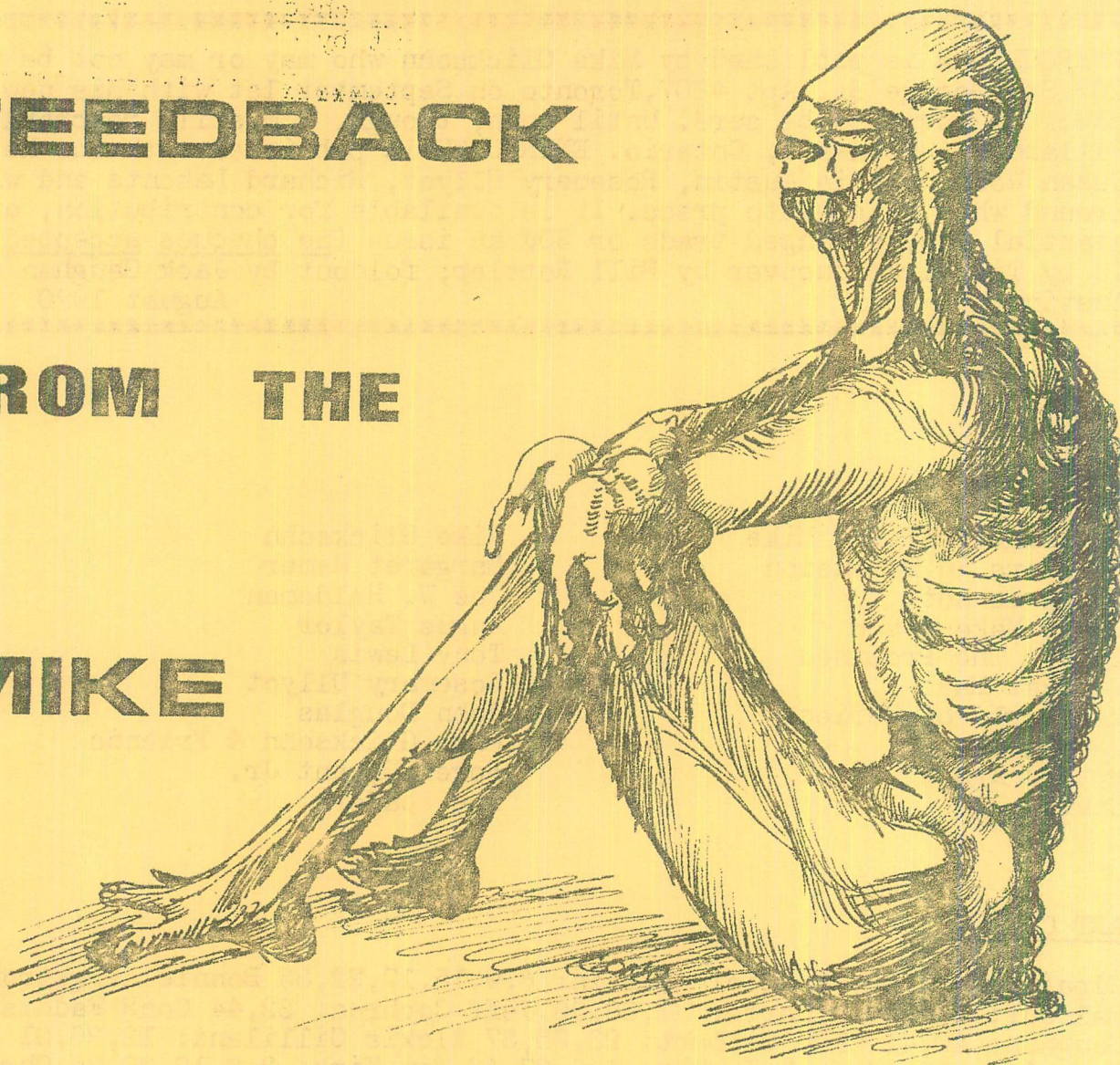


R.

FEEDBACK

FROM THE

MIKE



Hi there. This issue of Energumen, fandom's up-and-coming pornographic fanzine, is brought to you by the courtesy of the Tides and Water Levels Section of the Inland Waters Division of the Marine Sciences Branch of the Department of Energy Mines and Resources of the Government of Canada. These kind people hired me as a research assistant some weeks ago and pay me \$26 and change per day to fiddle with their computer. This is a Good Thing. I've been able to pay for food, buy a suit for my wedding, go to PghLange and put out this third issue--all things which would otherwise have been impossible. And I can go to Fan Fair 2 in style and still have lots for food and rent for when Susan and I go to Toronto. It's almost enough to make a fellow vote Liberal!

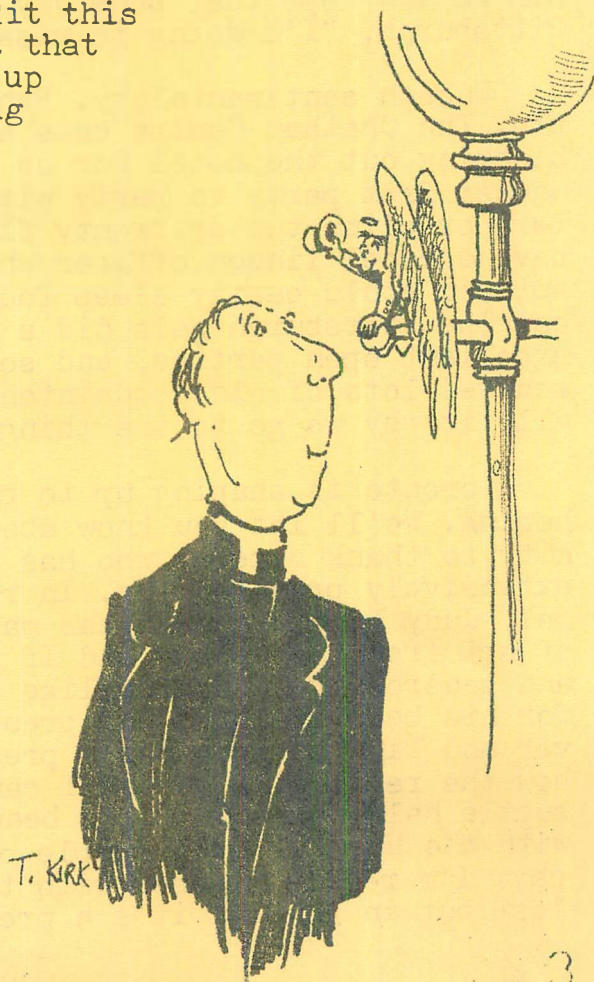
This issue you hold in your hands thanks to our Government is not quite the one I had planned, but above all an editor is limited by his contributors. Derek couldn't get the Jabberwitch Journals done in time because of his many other commitments but I still have hopes for the future. And Susan didn't have the time to do the research for her Sayers article because of wedding preparations and traipsing around Toronto with me looking for an apartment. Me? I learned not to include a "Coming Next Issue Section"! But...a lot of weird things happened to Rosemary and Alicia on their Westercon trip and they just may appear in some future "Kumquat May" and I do have a folio of illus-

trated limericks by George Barr and... But I did get the fold-out I mentioned last time and fanart fans should find it interesting. It's sort of a self-contained "war" between Jack Gaughan and Alicia Austin that they called a draw after running out of paper. It's a bit cluttered but some of you may enjoy trying to figure out who did what. And you might be surprised at the answer! And speaking of fold-outs, I heartily apologize to Alicia for failing to credit her for the centrefold of issue 2. Most people recognized the style (and the content?) but 'twas an unforgiveable oversight nonetheless. Is that why you're moving to California, Alicia?

Sadly, there won't be a LOW-DOWN this year. For those of you to whom this means as much as the fact that the Ecum Secum Squidgling Festival has been postponed this fall, let me explain that LOW-DOWN is an annual one-shot that has been published for the last two years by Richard Labonte and assorted Canadian fans and containing reviews and comments on the Hugo nominees. It's purpose is to ensure that as many people as possible vote as intelligently as possible for the awards. But we couldn't get the nominees in time this year so LOW-DOWN won't appear again until '71. But it will appear then. Tony Lewis, Noreascon chairman, has assured us that we'll have the nominees in plenty of time to make the publication worthwhile. Tony's reviews of the 1969 prozines were sent for this year's edition and it seemed a shame to let them go unappreciated so I'm publishing them here. Thanks, Tony, and I trust that you all voted wisely even without our help. (You must excuse me, but I'm feeling disgustingly smug because I've read all the nominated fiction for the third straight year.)

As far as the rest of the copy for this issue goes, all I want to explain is that Roger Bryant's comments on myths were part of his loc on issue two. But the lettercol was already enormous so I published them as a separate little article. So please don't blame Roger for the abrupt beginning. The lettercol was much harder to edit this time. So many people wrote so much of interest that I didn't know what to cut. In general I ended up editing out many humorous comments on exploding fanzines and mailmen, on marriage, and many other subjects in favor of the more serious discussions on the content and concept of my last issue. Is that the way to do it? Or is it preferable to leaven the more sercon stuff with more humour than I did? Don't forget... This Is Your Fanzine Too. And that about sums up what I want to say about this issue. But of course, there was last issue...

Some of the reaction to Energumen 2 surprised and disappointed me. I'm talking about Alicia's erotic art, of course. I was prepared for the very few reactions of shock and horror, an attitude I pity, not condemn, but I hadn't expected the opposite end of the spectrum--the stream of sticky quarters and spittle covered notes saying, "Send me your (gasp! pant!) second issue with the horny drawings--in a plain brown wrapper naturally" I thought fans were a little more mature and sophisticated than that. (Significant Observation #1: the great majority of this juvenile reaction came from fans in California. Hmmm??) Henry Ford has been quoted as say-





ing, "No-one ever lost money by underestimating the intelligence of the American public." It would seem that an equivalent statement could be made of some fans. (Crash! Tinkle! That was my idealism shattering folks.) Anyway, I think John Ingham had the right line when he drew the cartoon there on the left, and, as Harlan advised me, I'm going to publish my own fanzine and to hell with your hang-ups. No-one will ever be forced to get copies of Energumen. (Note

the spelling on that, John?)

Harlan left fandom at this year's PghLange. (See how cleverly I tie the paragraphs together?) He was at his best. Energetic, charismatic, exciting, stimulating. And now he's gone. Already I hear the cynics muttering, "What, again?" and I can't help but hope they are right. I hope Harlan does change his mind, a prerogative many fans seem willing to grant everyone around but Harlan, because I think fandom needs a Harlan Ellison and we're better off with the original than some washed-out copy. There are many Harlan Ellison stories and perhaps some of them are true, but I have none to add. In the relatively short time I have known him, admittedly peripherally, I have come to respect and admire him, both as a writer and as a person. So I'm sorry to see him go and hope that some day he'll return. Elliot Shorter said it all at Pittsburgh, "I'm going to miss you, Harlan."

Enough sentimentality. PghLange was a great con, again because of the people. The Chatham Centre came as close to any con hotel I've ever been in to blocking out the hotel for us and it was a refreshing change to be able to wander from party to party without having to wait fifteen minutes for elevators or climb ten or twenty flights of stairs. And it was just beautiful to have a hotel liason officer who showed you rooms and said, "This is a single but you could easily sleep four or five in it." That gal knew what was going on! The Pittsburgh gals did a fine job, with a lightly programmed con and two excellent open parties, and some fine private parties rounded things out. I renewed lots of old acquaintances and made several new ones, and that, after all, is why we go to the things, right?

Toronto is shaping up to be a huge affair but I think it'll be a good gathering. We'll let you know about it next issue. I'd like to take this opportunity to thank someone who has single-handedly ensured that the auction will be extensively provided for. In response to my desperate plea for auction material, Judy Lynn Benjamin has made available to us an extremely generous supply of art from the Galaxy and If files. Thank you, Judy Lynn, for your kindness and generosity. I'd also like to thank Tim Kirk on behalf of Susan and myself, for his beautiful wedding present. It's the drawing used for this issue's cover and Tim has graciously presented it to us. As of typing this, I don't know how the repro will be and I can only hope that my printer can capture the subtle half-tones of Tim's beautiful original. Thank you, Tim, and good luck with the Hugo. (Hey! A couple of days have passed and I got the covers yesterday. I'm really pleased with the results. A little of Tim's gray wash has been lost but in general it's a pretty damn good reproduction. To hell with the

expense, full speed ahead.)

I'm hoping much of this issue will be distributed at Fan Fair 2, thus saving me postage. To this end, I'm not going to mail any copies to people in the eastern U.S. and Canada unless I know for sure that they'll not be in Toronto. I'm also printing up an extra bunch of copies for sale in order to recoup some of my losses (like \$50 just for paper and covers and foldout - which may or may not sound like much to you but is still a goodly chunk of cash to me.) As for next issue...I'm not really sure. In four weeks I get married; next day we move to Toronto; two weeks later I start back at college to learn the art of teaching high school mathematics. It'll be pretty hectic so I can't tell whether or not I'll get #4 out on time.

But it will appear eventually, in one form or another, so please bear with me and be patient. After all, I have to publish at least one more issue if I'm going to win that Hugo.

Interesting Observation #2: Rosemary and Alicia are staying with us for a while and so we have Alicia's television to amuse us. Rowan, apparently stricken with a severe case of infantile regression, has taken to watching the daily re-runs of "Leave it to Beaver" We all remember that one, right gang? But how many of us ever noticed that the make-up on that show was handled by a fellow named...Jack Barron?

Speaking of Jack, it looks as if this will be another year I'm disappointed with the Hugo for best novel. (Last time was in 67 when Heinlein beat out the expanded version of "Flowers for Algernon" on what seemed to me to be reputation alone.) It seems assured that "The Left Hand of Darkness" will win the Hugo and it just didn't strike me as being the great book everyone else thought it was. My own feeling was that Miss LeGuin made remarkably poor use of the sexual nature of the society she established but most critics apparently didn't feel this way. Whatever wins though, it will be a flawed work, for, to my mind, none of the nominees is truly an award-winner. It all depends on where you're most willing to overlook a book's weakness, I guess.

But there is already a clear winner for next year strangely enough. I doubt that the months that remain of 1970 will produce a novel to rival the masterpiece of Avram Davidson, "The Phoenix and the Mirror" for such books are rare indeed and two of them in one year would be exceptional. If one ever needed a book to legitimize science fiction (or more properly, fantasy but let us not let this gem escape) in the eyes of the reading public, surely this is it? I only hope we have enough sense to honour it when the time comes.

And the time comes to say goodbye until next issue. I hope I'll see many of you at the Fan Fair (look me up in the Art Show) and hear from many more of you. Until next time, good bye, good luck, and contribute, damnit!!



VILLIERS IN DIMENSION

by Margaret Hamer

Take a hero by Georgette Heyer out of Baroness Orczy; surround him with a few Regency trappings, say a duel and a masquerade; endow him with the excellent, unobtrusive taste of a Brummel (but be sure and confine his hair in a ribbon); make him an amateur in all things, except gentility; lop off a few inches and make him a lover, (a splendid technique to capture the sympathy of the female reader); project him into space, the modern touch; and discover one Anthony Villiers from your hero-assembly kit.

I was warned not to read the books out of sequence and can see why, as they interdepend for interest. Would that the same well-wisher had provided me with a list of characters! One of those Who's Who bookmarkers for War and Peace would have prevented a considerable amount of thumbing back. Both The Thurb Revolution and Masque World would have profited from a measure of population control.

Territories, races, and individuals must be introduced slowly if the reader is going to derive any enjoyment from the acquaintance. Tolkien's Lord of the Rings illustrates clearly that this can be done, but then, it took him 30 years, on and off. I suspect Mr. Panshin uses filing cards--modern, efficient, but hard on the reader.

Nomenclature is evidently a passion with him, yet all too often one is left with a name and no clear recollection of the identity of its holder, a danger when one employs the "cast of thousands". The comfortable, uplifting Mrs Waldo Wintergood seems quite as familiar as the murderous Admiral Beagle. It's strange to think that she's a figment of his imagination. Incidentally, the author never really resolved that question of her charm with his objectionable personality.

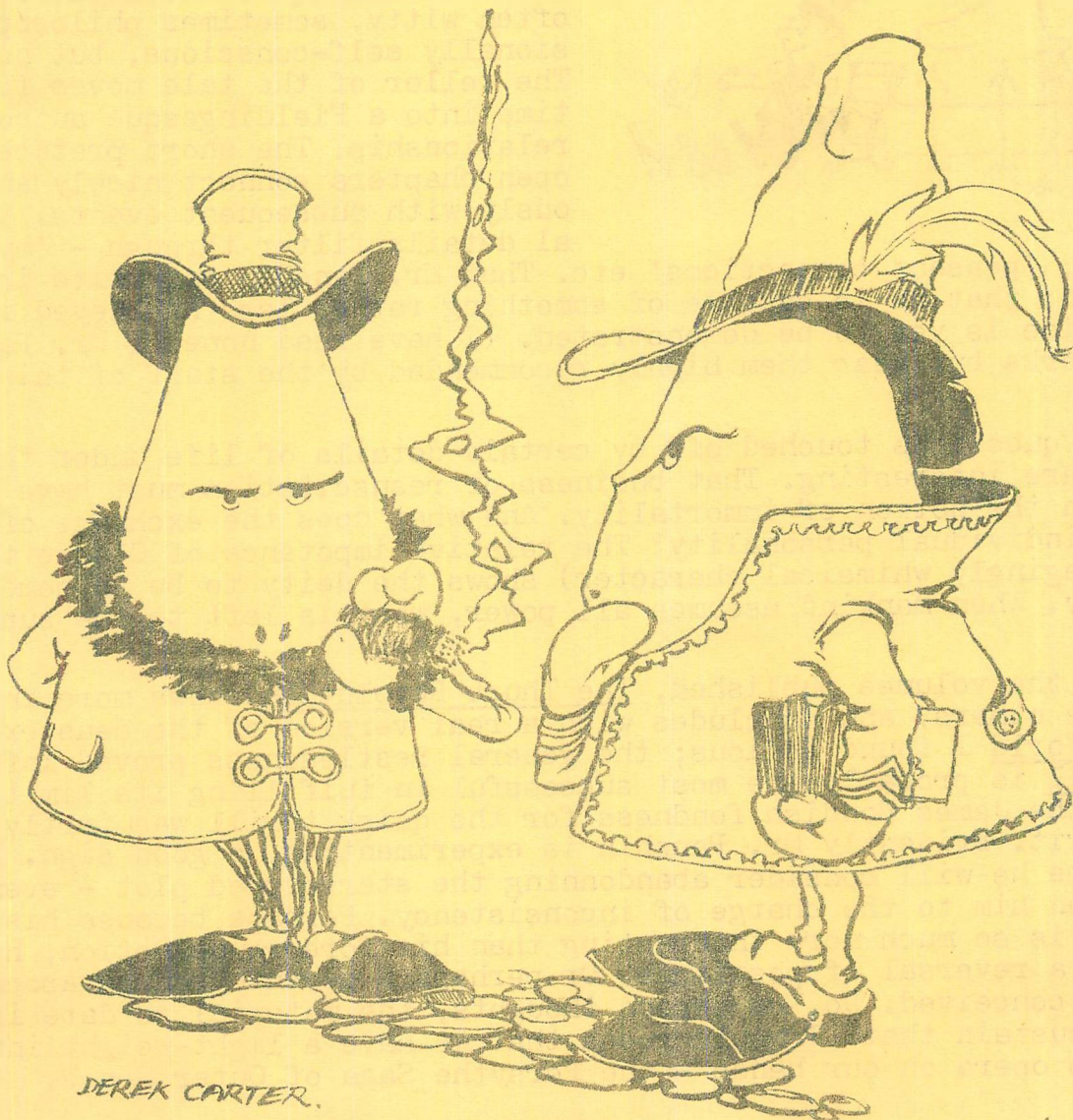
So far, the 'goodies' haven't been too difficult to identify, perhaps because they are - or become - friends of Villiers. They all have a tendency towards mysterious pasts, presents, or futures. After all, why is Villiers a remittance man? Why does his brother want to kill him? I suspect that this will keep us cliff-hanging until the final volume. In a corrupt universe, they find it necessary to preserve themselves - or their innocence - or their integrity - by shifting identities. Fred, the immature agrostologist with the Boy Scout tendencies, turns out to be none other than Prince Frederick, fourth in line to the...etc; his consort undergoes a surprising metamorphosis, from unattractive boy to unattractive girl, though Villiers, if you look closely, knew it all the time; and our hero turns out to be Lord Charteris - whenever there's anything to be gained by the disclosure - traveling incognito, and frequently penniless, but nevertheless exuding a certain je ne sais quoi (Breeding tells, you know). By the way, if the Duke of Tremont-Michaud is his father, why is Villiers a mere viscount?

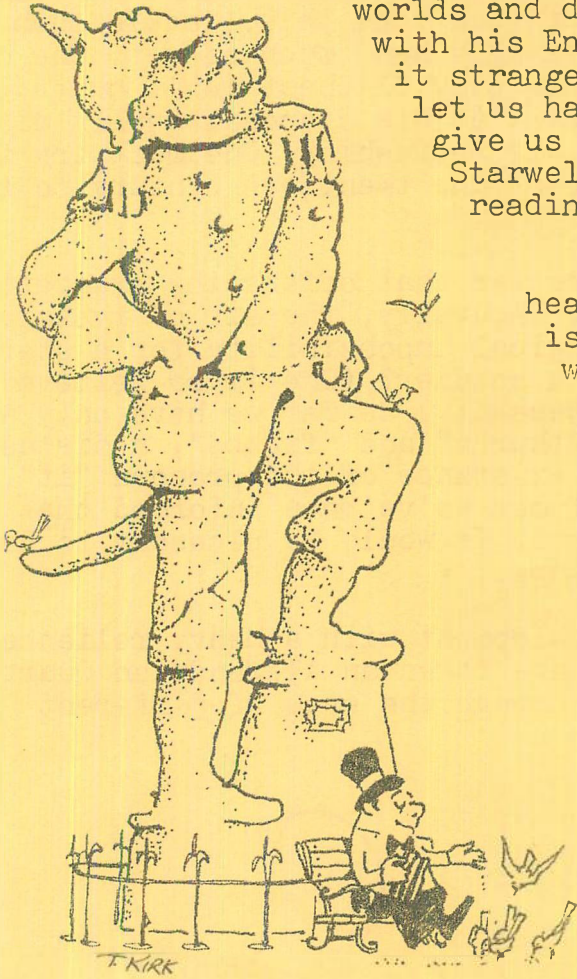
The baddies tend to have simpler natures, if possible, and nastier names.

Who in his right mind would trust a Solomon Dreznik? or a Hiran Bashir Shirabi? Could anything good come out of Livermore? As for Lord Semichastny and his melon fetish...but let other pens, more fitted than this, tackle such subjects. Oddly enough, sex hasn't reared its ugly head much as yet. One or two incidents have been touched on - obviously Lady Oliphant isn't quite the lady, but Levi with those two delicious damsels at his disposal really disappointed me. Such chastity is overwhelming, if refreshing. One must try to remember not to apply the jaded expectations of the twentieth century to the virgin realm of the fifteenth.

At which point I should mention the character that offers the greatest potential interest, notably the Trog, Torve. Naturally, the air of mystery is thick in this quarter. The chap's a biological impossibility for a start --a good start. Was his mother a scholar or a soldier? (One is so relieved that he seems to have escaped any taint of peasant.) So far we have only a few verbal idiosyncrasies to go on - a few "thurbs" and "frobbs", a distaste for all articles and a refusal to admit the existance of the pronoun "it". But do these make a character? For three volumes we've been informed that Torve sees things in a peculiar Troggish light. It would be pleasant to have positive proof of these assertions for a change.

Panshin is now committed to a linear development with a heavy reliance on melodramatic event. A pity: Torve could have taken an Alexandrian Quartetish line - the same chain of events seen through the eyes of different





worlds and different races - a feat Tolkien pulled off with his Ents especially. No matter if the reader finds it strange and the book doesn't become a good seller - let us have a Trog's "Finnegan's Wake"! Or at least, give us a planet that escapes the flat texture of Starwell, Shiawasse, Pewamo, and Delbasco. (Proof reading of the latter could have been closer.)

As for the Nashuite Empire, the more one hears of it, the more it resembles the old British one, thinly disguised. Large, inefficient, with ideals of justice (the Inspector Generals), dependant on the Navy for its security, and more of a threat than a reality, bedevilled with megalomaniac bureaucrats, and governed by a distant Emperor; it needs only the revamped Eton of Miss McBurney's academy (the fees and stud book requirements are in order) to realize the Colonial ideal.

The time has come to mention the real achievement of these novels - the style and the technique. The style is elegant, often witty, sometimes philosophic, occasionally self-conscious, but never dull. The teller of the tale moves from time to time into a Fieldingesque author-reader relationship. The short prefaces which open chapters connect nicely and ingeniously with subsequent events. And personal details filter through - 'my mother's

advice', 'peasant connections' etc. That Mr. Panshin can write is not to be disputed; that he is capable of something rather less hackneyed in the Villiers line is yet to be demonstrated. (I have read none of Mr. Panshin's other works but hear them highly recommended by the staff of this journal.)

The questions touched off by certain details of life under the Nasuite Empire are interesting. That business of resuscitation must have played havoc with the notion of immortality. And what does the exchange of organs do to the individual personality? The relative impotence of Claude the Plonk (an engagingly whimsical character) shows the deity to be in something of a quandary. When mankind assumes all power, what is left to the supernatural?

Of the volumes published, The Thurb Revolution shows more invention than the others, and concludes with a real version of the deus ex machina. Masque World I found tedious; the general restlessness proved infectious. Star Well is probably the most successful in fulfilling its limited aims, though the James Bondish fondness for the quick thrill was partly redeemed by the wit. Evidently Mr. Panshin is experimenting, a good sign. Perhaps at some time he will consider abandoning the stereotyped plot - even if this does open him to the charge of inconsistency. Perhaps because his background comment is so much more interesting than his foreground action, he is projecting a reversal of positions. Or perhaps a seventh volume Apocalypse is already conceived. No, on second thoughts, the material to date is too slight to sustain that. I would guess that we have a light-weight inter-stellar soap opera on our hands - the Forsythe Saga of Outer Space.

Touch me not,

Nameless
(wordless)
things that
creep and
scurry through your senses,
brush against your brain.

Prickles
of horror
or beauty
un-speakable:
batwings and cobwebs,
green grass and velvet--

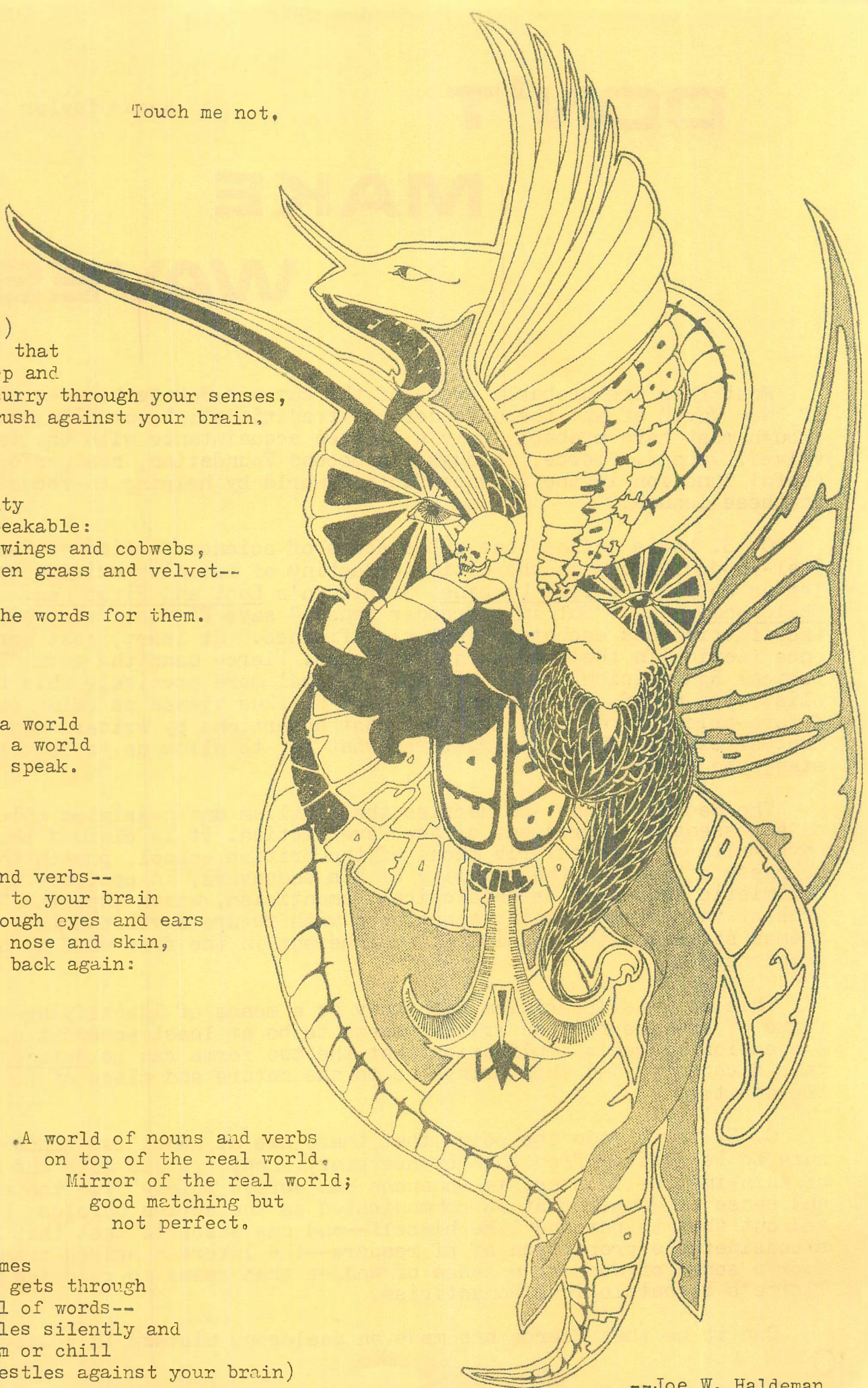
More than the words for them.

You gained a world
that cost a world
learning to speak.

Nouns and
verbs and
nouns and verbs--
crawl to your brain
through eyes and ears
and nose and skin,
and back again:

Input
Output
Feedback. . . A world of nouns and verbs
on top of the real world.
Mirror of the real world;
good matching but
not perfect.

(and sometimes
something gets through
the wall of words--
scuttles silently and
warm or chill
nestles against your brain)



--Joe W. Haldeman

DON'T

Angus Taylor

MAKE

WAVES

Most fans are probably aware of the current debate between proponents of "New Wave" sf and the defenders of traditionalist, or "Old Wave" sf, though most have probably only a limited acquaintance with the issues involved. John J. Pierce, through his Second Foundation, has performed a useful function in the science fiction world by helping to focus attention on these issues.

C. S. Lewis defined one sub-species of science fiction as Eschatological--speculations on the ultimate destiny of humanity--citing such examples as Wells' The Time Machine, Stapledon's Last and First Men, and Clarke's Childhood's End. "But in a broader sense," says Pierce, "most serious science fiction has eschatological significance." At least, most serious science fiction in the traditionalist sense. Pierce uses the term "Eschatological Romanticism" in an attempt to label more precisely this traditionalist type of sf. True science fiction is thus viewed as being essentially future-oriented, despite the many past assertions by writers and editors that sf extrapolates and fractures what is, to allow us to better understand the present.

The Second Foundation decries the nihilism and pessimism which it sees as an essential ingredient of New Wave fiction. It is claimed that New Wave writers, particularly those of the British school, preach the helplessness of man and the futility of his endeavors, in contrast to the more optimistic themes of Eschatological Romanticism, which explores "the questions of values and meaning associated with future developments", such themes stressing the possibilities inherent in the free will of human consciousness.

This optimism/pessimism dichotomy as a means of identifying the two forms of science fiction writing seems to be at least somewhat useful. But I question Pierce's implication that the two forms can be defined through this dichotomy. And this brings us to the nature and place of Romance in the debate.

C. S. Lewis made the point that there are at least two kinds of pleasure to be derived from the Romance story. Many critics make the mistake of thinking the interest in Romances can derive solely from the excitement and sense of danger that is communicated as the action unfolds; Lewis pointed out that to persons like himself--and one suspects that this includes a considerable proportion of sf readers--the interest arises primarily from a sense of wonder: a sense of wonder that seems to coincide with Pierce's Eschatological Romanticism.

Can it be that Pierce has made an analogous mistake in believing that

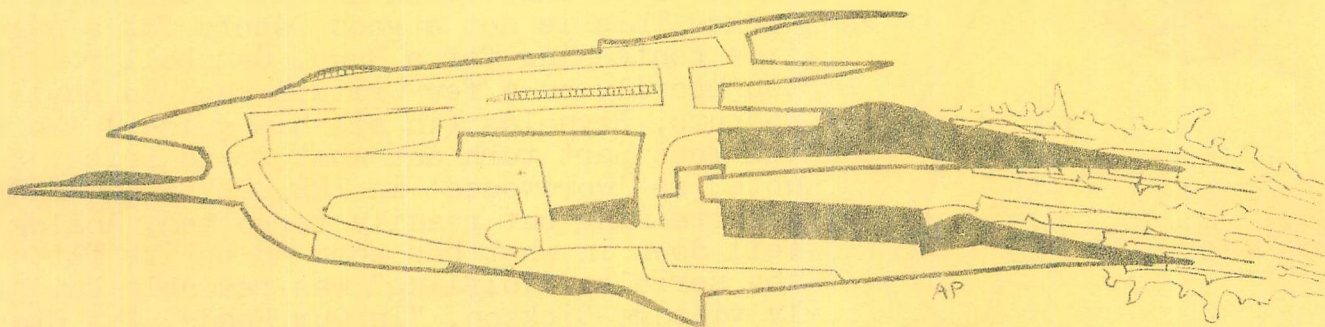
"New Wavicles" pathologically seek to assert the helplessness of man in an uncaring universe? For my own part, I think I can claim that my liking for the works of J. G. Ballard (acknowledged by friends and foes as the leader --or at least the Salvador Dali--of the British New Wave) sprang not from any great desire to confirm a pessimistic world-view, but from a delight in renewing a sense of wonder dulled by reading too many repetitious and intellectually unstimulating stories cast from traditional molds. Ballard's own special universe may be decaying, but it is also full of beauty. Brief quotes from various stories are a rather inadequate way of evoking a sense of wonder in the reader, but what, to give one example, would Pierce make of the (anti-?) hero of Ballard's "The Voices of Time",

thinking to himself...of Powers and his
strange mandala, and of the seven and
their journey to the white gardens of
the moon, and the blue people who had
come from Orion and spoken in poetry to
them of ancient beautiful worlds be-
neath golden suns in the island galax-
ies, vanished for ever now in the my-
riad deaths of the cosmos

--a passage which is strongly reminiscent of some of Clarke's imagery in
The City and the Stars?

Judith Merrill, one of the foremost friends of the New Wave, seems to find Ballard's romantic imagery a major ingredient in his work, to judge from the many quotes she employed in an analysis of Ballard in F&SF (August 1966). Miss Merrill talked of "the vivid/haunting, grotesque/stark, fearsome/beautiful prospects and images of Ballard's unique and persuasive inner landscape." And those who note the influence of the Surrealists on the Ballard/New Wave school should bear in mind the strong romantic element in the Surrealist movement and the central place assigned to dream and the magical.

All this is by way of suggesting that Pierce may have confused means and ends in describing and defining the New Wave. Just as means and ends are often confused by those attempting to define science fiction itself: the temptation is to attempt a definition in terms of the props--to say that robots and space travel and future worlds are what create science fiction, rather than vice versa. The tendency of New Wave writers to write "down-beat", or pessimistic, stories may be only a by-product of--or at least secondary to--their attempt to revive a strong sense-of-wonder in the genre. If this is true, the distance between Eschatological Romanticism and the New Wave may not be as great as many suppose.



1969-THE PROZINES

by Tony Lewis

AMAZING - This was the year that Amazing began its upturn in quality; most, if not all, the credit must be given to the new editor, Ted White. During the Malzburg editorship two very good stories by David Bunch appeared: "The Way it Ended" and "In the Time of Disposal of Infants". Aside from these the level of quality of the magazine was low during the first half of the year. Under the new regime the reprints decreased and the quality of the new stories rose. The best of the short works appearing latterly in the year were: "The Edge of the Rose" (Joe Hensley), "Sons of Man" (Greg Benford) and "Only Yesterday" (Ted White). The serials by Dick and Silverberg were flawed.

The revival of fanzine reviews, letter columns, literate book reviews, and some cogent editorials were very welcome moves on the part of Editor White and ones which greatly improved the magazine. Artwork, both cover and interior, tended to range from the pedestrian to the bad. The European reprint covers were particularly appalling. Layout is for the most part mechanical and rigidly locked into rectangular forms. Notable exceptions to the mediocre interior art were Mike Hinge's department headings.

Summing up: the first half of the year was not too good with very few worthwhile stories. But quality improved in the second half of the year. If we were to judge only by the second half of the year, this would be a very strong contender for the Hugo; however, averaged over the entire year one has to rate the magazine as fair to good. Next year it should be contesting very strongly for first place.

ANALOG - Analog is very much the 'Howard Johnson's' of science fiction magazines. It is found almost everywhere, you know exactly what you are going to get in the way of quality, which is neither very high nor abysmal. Analog is also a very frustrating magazine inasmuch as it rarely recognizes its potential. John Campbell could put out the best magazine on the market: he has the highest rates, the most professional art staff (and some really bad ones, to be sure) and the highest overall aura of professionalism and competency. In one area only does he fall down - the stories! But the stories are what the whole thing is all about, the rest-artwork, layout, printing-are extras, welcome extras, but extras nonetheless.

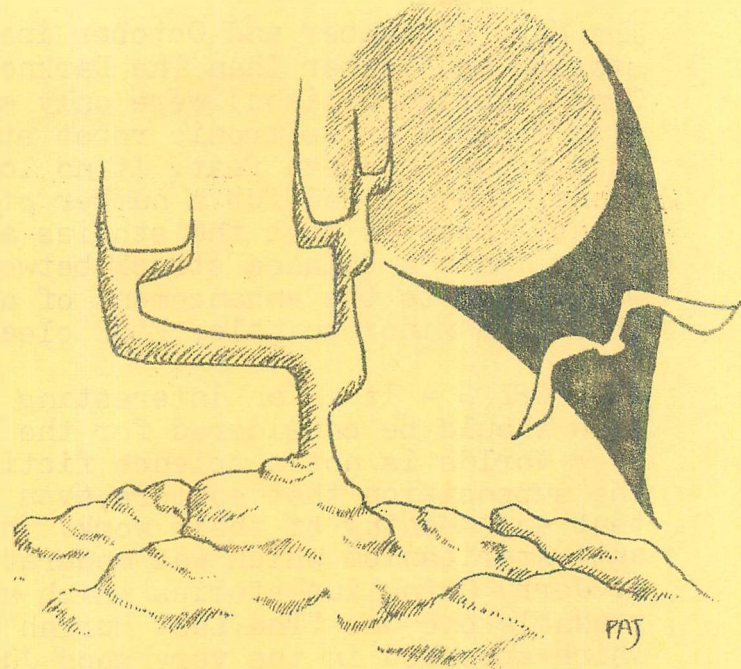
YOU AUTO BUY
NOW... HAW? HAW?



This year, only one story stands out, Anne McCaffrey's "Dramatic Mission". The rest have passed into that limbo of half remembered works. This is not a good record for a magazine contending for a Hugo. Campbell relies too heavily on a few writers such as Anvil, Wodhams, Reynolds (in all his guises) who for the most part turn out what Fritz Leiber denoted as 'wordwooze' in THE SILVER EGGHEADS, entertaining but readily forgotten. Analog also fell down in what has come to be its forte--the serials. "Wolfling" was readable but hardly vintage Dickson. "In Our Hands, The Stars" (Harry Harrison) could have been better if it

had not been so close to the Campbell party line. I don't mind the editor speaking out in his editorials, I enjoy it there, but I do not think this should be carried over to the stories.

The editorials are interesting, aggravating, thought provoking; the science articles are interesting, fascinating, oft-times the best thing in the issue. However, as good as they are they are not the sine qua non of a science fiction magazine. It is on the stories that this must be judged and on that basis Analog has fallen down badly this year.



GALAXY - In 1969 Galaxy was a very uneven magazine. It started the year with a very high quality issue, rapidly dropped off, bottoming out at the middle of the year and then began a slow irregular climb. Part of the problem is no doubt due to the change in ownership and editorship in the middle of the year.

Galaxy had enough good stories to make up from 1.5-2 issues which is a fairly high average. It also had the highest percentage of clunkers among the magazines. Few of the stories are moderate in quality: they tend to be exceedingly good or excessively bad. This must mean that my tastes differ greatly from those of the people selecting the stories. But we agree on many stories such as "To Jorslem" (Robert Silverberg), "I Am Crying All Inside" (Clifford Simak) and the new series by Hayden Howard which almost redeems him for the Esk stories of the past few years.

With the new ownership has come a new printer - not altogether an unmixed blessing. However, my copies no longer have poor stitching with words running into the binding or lost altogether in the trimming process. And the new printers seem to be doing a much better job of reproducing Jack Gaughan's artwork. Willy Ley's loss is very noticeable and it is to their credit that they have not tried to replace him immediately with another science writer.

Galaxy is a strange mixture of diamonds and dung. It is worth reading: you can always wash the diamonds and then forget about the dung but it would be nicer if they hadn't been mixed in the first place. I'm afraid the magazine was too erratic in 1969 to be recommended for a Hugo.

MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION - For sustained quality and overall excellence this is clearly the best sf magazine of 1969. Story quality remains high from issue to issue and, although few of the stories are truly outstanding (though there are some) even fewer are bad. Strangely enough, this is the one magazine where the editorial image is almost nil. One rarely thinks of editor Ferman when one thinks of the magazine; such is not the case with the others in the field and their editors. Interior artwork is nil but the cover art makes up for that. Covers this year, with the exception of the August issue, were very good and included a now-too-rare appearance by Emsch. Asimov's science, etc. column continues to be a source of great interest.

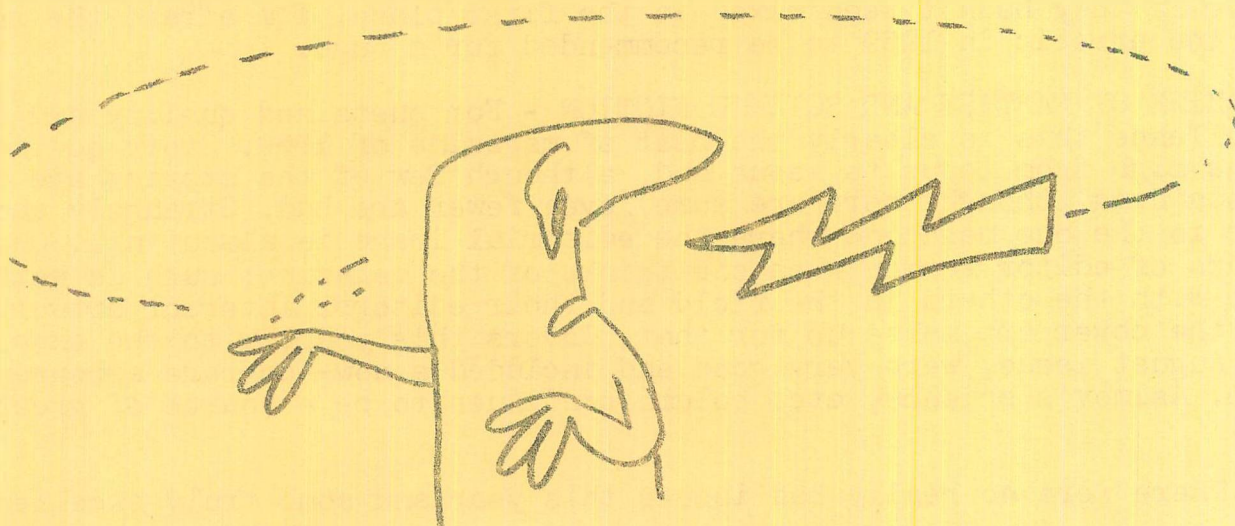
There were no really bad issues this year and some truly excellent ones.

The May, September and October issues were especially to be noted. Such stories as "Deeper Than The Darkness" (Greg Benford), "The Place With No Name" (Harlan Ellison) were only some of the offerings during the year. F&SF also managed a positronic robot story by Isaac Asimov for the 20th Anniversary issue; no mean feat. It no longer has the onus of being a 'little magazine' that it had for a number of years earlier in the decade. One complaint I have is that the stories are arranged wrongly in most of the issues. There isn't a balance struck between types and lengths of stories which would lead to the enhancement of a story by contrast to its surroundings. This is a minor quibble; F&SF clearly deserves the magazine Hugo for 1969.

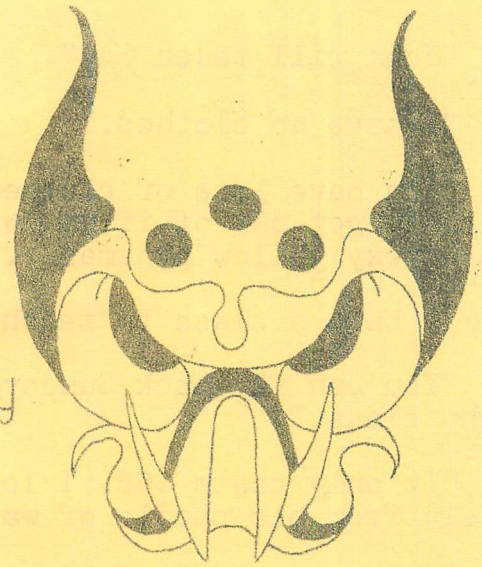
NEW WORLDS - It is an interesting question as to whether or not this magazine should be considered for the Hugo, for to quote the August lead-in, "New Worlds is not a science fiction magazine". Still, we must proceed on the supposition that editors, even less than authors, are unaware of the content and meaning of their work. The year started with a strident tone of anti-Americanism which was moderated later on. Also notable was the plethora of Jerry Cornelius stories which appeared by different authors. The only readable one was "The Last Hurrah of the Golden Horde" by Norman Spinrad which appeared in the very good July issue edited by Langdon Jones. This issue, with a number of good stories, gave promise that NW might at last be attaining its goals. Alas, the August issue brought with it new editors, a reduced page count and lesser works.

New Worlds did publish some worthwhile stories during the year, the best being Harlan Ellison's "A Boy and His Dog" in its earlier form. "Playback" by Granville Hawkins and "The Killing Ground" by J.G. Ballard were two of the scarce readable stories. An amusing serial "The Wind in the Snottygobble Tree" (Jack Trevor Story) appeared late in the year and was the first evidence that any sort of humour was welcome in the magazine's pages. A number of computer outputs sneaked in under the guise of experimental writing. This sort of thing is quite prevalent in the college-based fanzines and is usually done much better there.

NW definitely has a potential; it is unfortunate that the editors do not choose to actualize it. Writing seems to be done for a small group of fellow writers (with some notable exceptions) rather than for the readers. A certain amount of experimentation is desirable but one must remember that not every experiment ends in a success and that failures should not be perpetrated on the paying audience.



the
Kumquat May
a semi-regular column by rosemary



"Hello, Rosemary, this is Richard. I have some bad news. I can't come to Westercon with you; my mother is ill and I may have to fly to Germany. Rosemary!! Stop swearing. My father says I should give you my share of the gas money. I'll see you tonight at the William Blake People's Memorial Revolutionary Collective. G'by."

I was stunned. Alicia and I had been counting on Richard to be our third driver and official keeper-awaker. Richard never sleeps; and he's had a much more exciting life than dumb old Michael. Now we would have to add at least a day to our travelling time. I was sorry to hear about his mother but disappointed as all hell that he couldn't come with us.

Later that evening we were at the William Blake People's Memorial Revolutionary Collective to borrow a vacuum cleaner, when Rowan and Michael came in...

"Rowan," I said, "how would you like to go to Los Angeles with two beautiful, seductive girls?"

"Hey," Michael yelled, "is there someone else besides you and Alicia going to Westercon?"

"Yeah," added Rowan, "why don't all four of you go in one car? Think of all the time and money you'd save."

"Bastard!" I said to Michael. "And as for you, Rowan..." All of a sudden I noticed his shirt was open... "hey, how come your legs are so hairy but your chest is completely bare?"

"I give up, why?" he answered.

"How the hell should I know; it's your chest. SUSAN!!! How would you like to go to California Saturday?"

"Huh?" Susan answered, standing in a great puddle of water. (For all those interested, it was pouring rain in Ottawa the 24th of June.) Susan and Richard had just returned from class.

"California. Saturday. Richard can't go. Susan, we need you!"

"I have a class to teach."

"John will teach it."

"I have no clothes."

"You have lots of clothes. That pink chastity coulotte that you couldn't get out of if you wanted to, the passionate purple dirndle, those sexy yellow pyjamas..."

"I have a class to teach Monday," Susan wailed, her face twitching.

"You can fly back Sunday evening in plenty of time for your Monday night class."

"It only costs \$66. I looked into it." Richard muttered disconsolately from his puddle of water.

"I'll pay for it," Michael said. "I really think you should go, dear. I'd go in a minute if it weren't for this new job."

"I'll pay for the gas down, so all you'll have to pay is the \$31 for the room," added Richard, stepping out of his puddle and tripping over the vacuum.

"\$26!! I've already sent them five dollars deposit." Michael said.

"AUGH!!" Susan wailed.

"She sounds like your Siamese cat in heat, Rosemary," said Alicia.

"Susan, whatever is the matter?" asked Marg as she came in.

"They want me to go to California with them on Saturday."

"What a splendid idea! You will send me a postcard, won't you?"

"AUGH!!" wailed Susan.

"She's doing it again," Alicia muttered.

"But what could I tell my mother?"

"If she calls we'll tell her you went out...to get some oranges." Michael answered.

Susan ran caterwauling upstairs to change her wet clothes.

"Well," Richard said, "it's all settled. I'll look after the cats and such while you're gone. Let's see, I water the kitty litter, scratch the plants behind their ears and give the cats aluminum sulphate once a week. Right?"

"Listen, you guys," said Susan, as she came back downstairs, "I really can't go..."

"What the hell do you mean, you can't go? We need you! If you don't come to help us drive, we'll probably both end up being killed somewhere between Albuquerque and Needles, armpit of the universe."

"Of course you can go, dear." Michael soothed. "We'll take care of

everything this end. Besides, I'll have letters for you to give to Tim and John and Bjo and George. It'll save me some postage. We'll get you some of that funny American money and a Swing-Air card from Air Canada ..."

"Save postage!" Susan screamed. "\$90 to go to LA will save postage.."

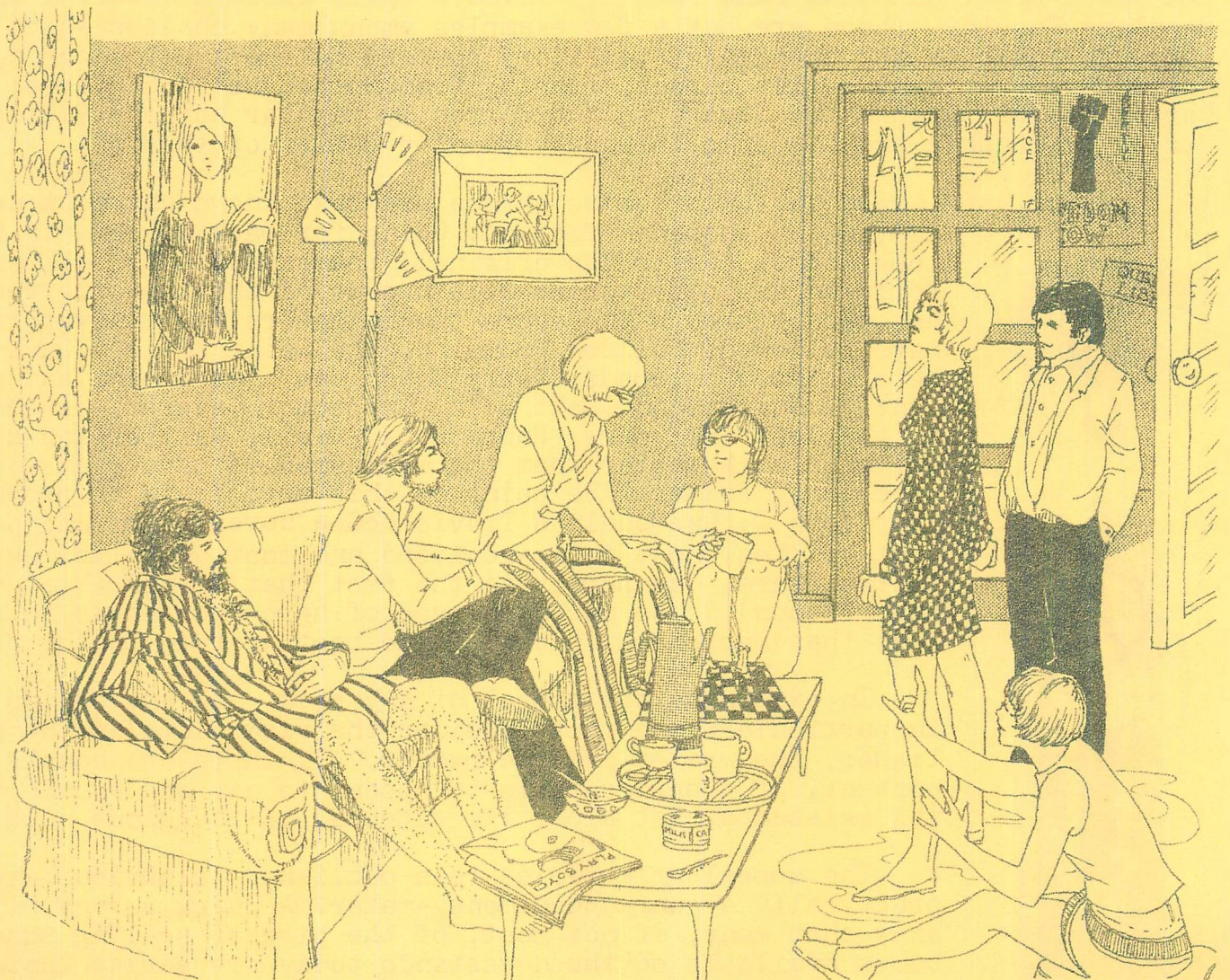
"Alicia will draw stamps on the envelopes," I suggested brightly.

"Yes! Obscene, lascivious stamps! A teeny-weeny orgy on every stamp! Alicia chortled.

"But, but..." Susan sputtered.

"We'll pick you up at 8:30 Saturday morning," I said, gathering up the vacuum. "Say, what's that awful smell?"

It was Rowan, burning the hair off his legs. I guess he wanted them to match his chest.





THE WORLD OF SERIES

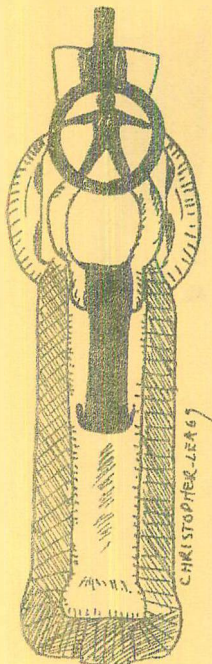
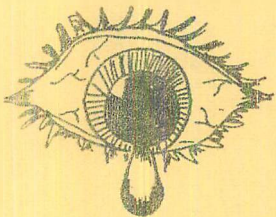


or

TRAVIS MCGEE : The Ultimate Suspense Series Hero

In all areas of popular fiction, the series hero is both successful and widely read. Children have the Bobbsey Twins and juveniles the Hardy Boys and Nancy Drew. Hospital fans read Dr. Kildare while western devotees enjoy Hopalong Cassidy. These are but a few examples among many choices which serve to indicate the breadth of territory covered by the type. In sf as well there have been many series heroes, ranging from Burroughs' John Carter and Carson Napier through Doc Savage to the currently popular Anthony Villiers series by Panshin and Laumer's immensely popular Retief of the CDT.

However, the field in which series heroes are best known and most used is that of suspense fiction. Going far back we come to Sherlock Holmes. He is the original, the standard for all who followed and his stories remain some of the best the genre has seen. Through the years the imitators and innovators have followed; Bulldog Drummond, The Saint, Ellery Queen, Nero Wolfe, Sam Spade, Perry Mason and Mike Shayne and recently, James Bond, Matt Helm, Inspector Maigret, Gideon and in the last few years, Rabbi David Small, Quiller and Len Deighton's character whom the movie-makers have seen fit to name Harry Palmer. The point of this article is to propose that John D. MacDonald's Travis McGee novels form one of the best-written, most fully-realized and most appealing series in the genre, due partly to the fact that Travis (Trav to his friends) is an uncommon type of hero and partly to the fact that MacDonald is one of the best writers in the field.



In examining the appeal of any book, and any series book in particular, one must consider the viewpoints of the publisher, the writer and the reader. All three are equally important. If a series fails to appeal to any one of the three, its existence, let alone its success, is in serious doubt.

The appeal of a series to a publisher is obvious: it is practically a guaranteed money-maker. A quick survey will show that many, if not most, of the biggest selling suspense books available on the newsstands today are series installments. Not only does a publisher have an above-average sale for any given novel in the series, but also he is certain of repeat business with any new book centred around the same character because of his previous popularity. He can also

count on people reading later volumes in the series and buying the earlier novels to catch up on what they've missed. Surely one of the most pleasing things that can happen to a publisher is to print a single novel and find that the leading character is so popular that readers write in demanding that more stories be written concerning their new favorite. In some cases this can be carried to extremes. When Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, tiring of his famous character, killed off Sherlock Holmes most convincingly, a storm of protest arose from faithful readers and Doyle was eventually forced to resurrect his hero.

In this respect, the McGee series is tremendously successful. The early books, which appeared in 1963-1964, and all the ensuing volumes have been kept continually available on the stands by the expedient of continuous reprints. The early books still sell well and the series grows in popularity with each new story published.

From the point of view of the reader, series books are almost entirely escapist literature. They are not generally read to enrich the mind but to entertain and pass the time. Therefore, the series hero is designed to appeal to a wide range of readers. He is usually well-built and good-looking, and due to the nature of his work he leads an interesting life and has a great deal of personal freedom. Another appeal is simple familiarity. A person reads the series for the same reason that he goes to a cottage every summer. It's a change and it's exciting but it is also familiar and comfortable. He can go back again and expect to enjoy it, even if it is slightly changed, because he has been there before and enjoyed it last time.

There are two main types of series hero drawn from the same basic mold with variations on each type. They are the detective (or locally operating spy) and the spy-type secret agent (or international detective). In both cases the character leads an exciting and dangerous life, far removed from the normal everyday existence of wife, family and job which most people follow. At the same time, however, all of these hero-types are Establishment oriented and supporters of the status quo. Detectives chase law-breakers and secret agents save the world from communism or the diabolical plottings of sinister organizations and evil genii.

McGee just doesn't fit the image of the model hero. He is "...an amiable and incurable tilter at conformity", and "a boat bum Quixote". Physically, he describes himself thusly: "I am conspicuously large, and I have a permanent deep-water tan, and I would not look out of place on a construction crew." One of his friends tells Trav that he looks as if he's been pounded upon heavily and has enjoyed returning the favor.

He lives on his houseboat, the Busted Flush, at slip F-18 Bahia Mar, Fort Lauderdale and watches the world go by. His main interest in life is loafing, taking his retirement a piece at a time when he can afford it and working only when he has to replenish his dwindling bank account. As he puts it, "I am not a nine to five animal. I cannot swallow the myths that say that nine to five is a Good Thing because that's the way nearly everybody gets stuck." (In case you haven't guessed it, Trav is the narrator of his own stories. This is the case with many series heroes and I think it reflects a need for security. If the hero is in a tight corner you know he'll get out alive because there he is telling you what happened. It's very difficult to kill off the



hero in a first-person narrative.) Rather than trying to preserve the status quo of the world at large, he attempts only to fend off the invasions of society into his private life. "I get this crazy feeling. Every once in a while I get it. I get the feeling that this is the last time in history when the offbeats like me will have a chance to live free in the nooks and crannies of the huge and rigid structure of an increasingly codified society. Fifty years from now I would be hunted down in the street. They would drill little holes in my skull and make me sensible and reliable and adjusted."

All the other heroes, although they operate independantly, are engaged in a form of activity which is sanctioned and supported by society. Detectives, however much they may bend the law, always turn the criminal over to the police, whom they often rely upon for assistance in the final showdown. Secret agents have their government supported organizations to supply them with equipment and backup men. McGee is on his own. He has nobody to run to for help and he prefers it that way. He is the Thinking Man's Robin Hood, working just this side of the law, and sometimes stepping over the line, to make a living stealing from thieves. A would-be client puts it this way: "If something has been taken from someone, and there is no way to get it back legally, you will make an effort to get it back--for half its value."

Thus, McGee's chief problem in life is to avoid official notice. At the end of one such successful episode, he explains to his client: "If we go back, we make statements. Everybody will want to see how much front page space they can get, how many times they can get their picture taken with us...I couldn't take that kind of hot publicity,...I can't start wearing a public face. It would put me out of business. I don't need a lot of official interest." In this way Travis McGee differs from the general run of his contemporaries while still operating within the mainstream conventions regarding series heroes, because his adventures are in the classic tradition of righting wrong. The major difference is that he has his own peculiar standards of right and wrong, his own devious and clever methods of working and he usually does what he does from his own desire for material enrichment and not just for the good of his fellow man.

The appeal of a series hero to a writer is similar to the combined appeal for the publisher and the reader. A Hero can be expected to make large quantities of money in extra royalties because of his greater sales and is familiar and hence somewhat easier to write. Not easier to write well, but easier to write acceptably. Once the basic setup of a series has been established and the hero characterized in the first novel, any further installments are much easier to produce. The writer can rely on the background knowledge that the reader has gained from the other books and merely put a new frame on an old picture. In some cases this can be a severe disadvantage, because if the writer is lazy, the series can degenerate into an almost-mechanically reproduced rehash of the original story with only minor detail changes and different names to justify issuing a new book.

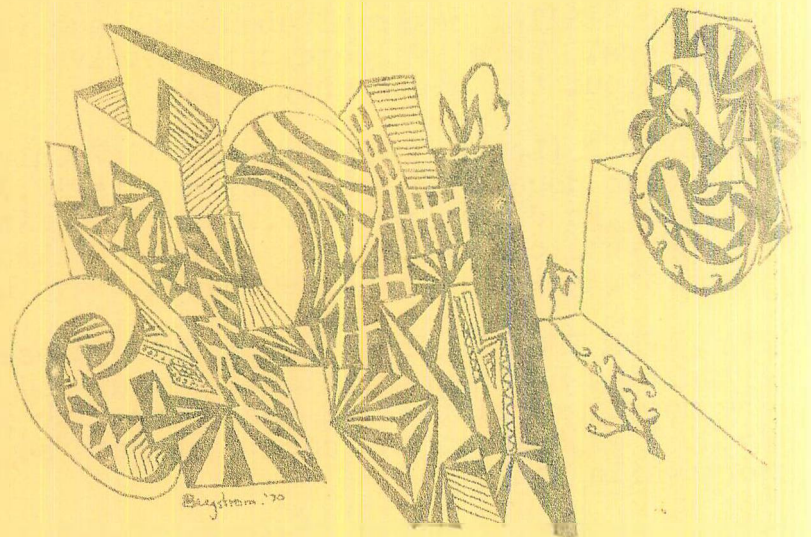
In the case of John D. MacDonald, there is no danger of this happening. He's a very good writer who has been practicing his trade for a long time. He had some science fiction published in the old pulps and his earliest novels were published in the late 1940's. His current output includes some 50 novels and 500 magazine stories. A measure of his skill may be taken from the fact that some of his most ardent fans are from among his fellow writers. Ian Fleming once said, "I automatically buy every John D. MacDonald as it comes out, and not even MacDonald's invention of a serial character, with all the dangers that I personally know so well, will deter me from continuing to do so."

Anyone who has survived this long and receives compliments like these from his peers must have something going for him, and in MacDonald's case this something is talent. In the McGee series, besides writing some excellent mystery stories, MacDonald takes the opportunity to show some of his best stuff. The books are all tightly written, exciting and imaginative, with plots resembling believable 'Mission Impossible' stories and description and dialogue which is both fresh and fascinating. There are also many passing references and opinions on serious topics which reveal that MacDonald takes a keen interest in what is going on all around him. In 1964, for example, "Nightmare in Pink" dealt with LSD and some of its more dangerous derivatives while there are many comments on the shortsightedness of Florida land developers who are upsetting the ecology and causing the extinction of many species of wild animals. In fact, MacDonald unashamedly uses McGee as his commentator on the modern world and it is a testament to his ability as a writer that McGee's asides on morality, sex, love, security, suburbia and almost every other aspect of our daily lives do not grate unnaturally on the ear of the reader but fit smoothly into the narrative.

While these sermonettes reveal MacDonald's concern with his world, what sets him above his competitors is his use of extra little asides on exotic places and things, sociological comments and yarns to spice up the main storyline. For example: "A boat you can check as if it were a 4,300 lb suitcase is a vast convenience for people who never know what they'll be doing tomorrow." There is also the entire cast of MacDonald characters: crafty villains, fag ski instructors, hardnosed cops, stuffy little businessmen, rich and beautiful women and crushed, stepped-on worn-out victims. And the bizarre types that Travis calls his friends: the Alabama Tiger and his permanent floating houseparty, the beach bunnies and, best of all, Meyer, the retired economist who "...has the size and pelt of the average Adirondack black bear. He can walk any beach, go into any bar, cross any playground, and acquire people the way a blue serge suit picks up lint, and the new friends think they have known him forever."

So we have Travis McGee and his creator. It is one of the best series around and McGee is one of the most unusual and interesting iconoclasts around. The books are entertaining and informative and extremely popular but I see trouble ahead. Each title involves a colour and with eleven colours already used, what's MacDonald going to do when he runs out of colours?

--by John Douglas





REVIEWS

AVERNUS 2 (Michael Dobson, 214 Lafayette St, Decatur Al 35601. 50¢ or usual 100 pages, electrostencilled mimeo) Nice Bergeron cover but contents and interior art pretty weak. Half the issue is a "Saint" novelette, the rest a collection of too-shallow articles and bad poetry. It's been a while since #1, the letters are nearly two years old! (4)

FOCAL POINT (Rich Brown, 410-61st St, Apt D4, Brooklyn 11220 and Arnie Katz 55 Pineapple St Apt 3-J, Brooklyn 11201. 6/\$1 or news or trade, both eds.) Less news than Locus but greater detail. Longer reviews, articles of faanish interest, letters and general news. More personality than Locus but not as informative. I hope they can learn to co-exist and don't divide fandom.

LOCUS (Charlie Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave, Bronx 10457. 10/\$2, 20/\$4 or news or zines for review. Mimeo) Much more news than Focal Point but presented in a dry factual way. I hate to see fandom splitting into two camps each supporting one of the two and putting the other down. Both are useful and needed.

WSFA JOURNAL 71 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd, Wheaton Md. 20906. This Disclave issue \$1, usually 50¢, 3/\$1.25 or usual. 102 pg mimeo) Best part of WJ is still the review section, despite the motley assortment of articles each ish. This time we have Chapdelaine on England, a good look at the pulps and Murray Leinster's Disclave speech among others. Solid zine. (7)

OSFIC 23 (Peter Gill, 18 Glen Manor Dr, Toronto 13 Ontario. 40¢ or usual. 46 pg offset) Good art suffers occasionally from bad layout. Good articles, reviews and letters but bad fiction. Both Carter and Austin represented by good and bad work. Getting to be a passable genzine. (6)

CHANTS OF MADNESS 9 (Formerly, ISFANEWS. Dave Gorman, 4022 Meadows Dr, Apt A-3, Indpls. Ind. 46205. 25¢ or usual, \$1 per year. 32 pg mimeo) O-o of ISFA, contains filler material about Indiana fandom. Needs some meaty material and more locs. There's a somewhat contrived story and several too-short columns. Nice layout but needs art. (5)

EMBELYON 2 (Lee and Jim Lavall, 5647 Culver St, Indpls. Ind. 46226. 35¢ or 3/\$1 plus usual. 36 pg mimeo, quarterly.) Very attractive zine despite absence of good art. Good columns by Juanita Coulson and James Dorr while Leon Taylor gets carried away by Gordie Dickson. A very bad piece of fiction and some intriguing fanzine reviews by Dave Lewton. Promising. (6)

TWAS EVER THUS 1 (Jonh Ingham, No address given. 25¢ or usual. 30pg mimeo) Attractive new zine with good layout and excellent photo repro. Contents are mostly reprints from the Freep with one from Metanoia plus material by Jonh. I enjoyed it and once Jonh gets some fresh material this should be a worthwhile zine. (5)



CARANDAITH V2 N1 (Alpajpuri, 330 S. Berendo St, LA 90005. 75¢ or 4/\$2 +usual 72 pg mimeo, justified. Quarterly.) Supposedly the journal of the Australian Tolkien Society this seems to be Paj's genzine with emphasis on his own pet ideas, language construction and mysticism. Much good art, some bad, with generally superior layout. Contents have specialized interest but vary considerably so there's probably something for everyone. ConR's drawing on pg 10 may be the best piece of fanart of the year. (7)

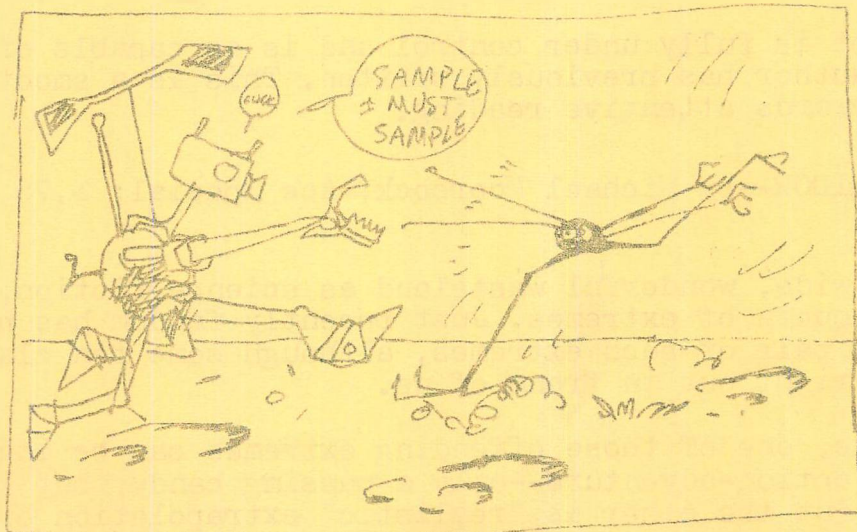
THE ORIFLAMME 2 (John Harlee, Box 1245, Florence SC 29501. No price. 32 pg abysmal mimeo) A zine for Anachronists and tournament freaks. Layout, art and printing might well be the worst I've ever seen in a fanzine. Material didn't interest me but if you really want to know how to curve a shield...

BEABOHEMA 9 (Frank Lunney, 212 Jubiper St, Quakertown Pa. 18951. 60¢, 4/\$2 or usual. 66 pg mimeo) Ted White dominates the issue with comments on Hugos, "Paul Hazlett", Piers Anthony and lots of other things. Art and layout are good, the reviews are competent and the lettercol is superb. "Hazlett" is no longer deliberately obnoxious; thish, he's merely dull. All in all an excellent issue, one of the most interesting fanzines around, and it's no wonder Frank has received a Hugo nomination. Recommended. (8)

EGG 2 (Peter Roberts, 87 West Town Lane, Bristol BS4 5DZ, UK. 25¢, 5/\$1 or usual. 26 pg English mimeo.) Bit of a thin issue. Pete's conrep on Psicon 70, some reviews and the lettercol. Art and repro are typical of English zines and to top it off, I'm missing page 15. Sigh. What happened to the glories of the Empire? (4)

EGOBOO 11 (JohnD. Berry, Mayfield House, Stanford Cal. 94305 & Ted White, 339 49th St, Brooklyn 11220. Loc, tradezine to both eds or \$1. 24 pg mimeo) John on SFCon and George Clayton Johnson, filming and rock. An incredible column by Bill Rotsler that, if true, makes Hugh the Heff look like Little Lord Jesus and Ted on many things including rock and Disclave. Good lettercol too. A faanish fanzine and highly enjoyable. (7)

MOUNT TO THE STARS 1 (Gail Sutton, 1714 Sesco, Arlington Texas 76010. 75¢, 7/\$5. Professionally printed on glossy paper. 54 pg) Another professional Texas fanzine but, unlike Trumpet, this one has almost universally inferior artwork. Material is comics oriented but not exclusively so and I enjoyed much of what I read. But a 14 page comic strip is almost unreadable because of the extremely poor quality of the "art". Texans must really be rich if this zine is any indication. Too bad the material doesn't match the repro.



UBIK--by Philip K. Dick; Dell; \$.95 Reviewed by Sandra Miesel

Are we all thoughts in the mind of Philip Dick? Is San Rafael the navel of the universe? Such speculations are a natural response to Dick's latest construction, UBIK--or is it Ubik's construction, Dick?

All Philip Dick's works share a family resemblance. They are reflections in the same gallery of multifaceted mirrors: composite images focused, replicated, scattered, distorted. They are conceptually unsettling, stylistically plain. UBIK is a close cousin of THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH. In each is the same concern with simulated reality and the relativity of personal experience; the same fallible hero who successfully grapples with demoniacal, devouring evil; the same terror of the Divine.

Like many Dick stories, UBIK has a business setting. It begins as an account of commercial rivalry between one firm leasing psi services and another leasing anti-psi services, then develops into open warfare between Good and Evil fought with temporal shifts and finally reaches a startling metaphysical resolution. Dedicated to the memory of Anthony Boucher, UBIK explores the relations between the living and the dead. The dead have served as the gods and ghosts of the living. The opposite may likewise be true. Our hero, Joe Chip, is certain he is alive and his employer, Runciter, is dead. Runciter is equally certain he is alive and Chip dead. Then each man discovers the universe is a cosmic Klein bottle.

Who was dead? Who was not dead? Only Ubik knows for sure. And only Ubik knows who Ubik is, for Ubik is God, the infinite, universal All of Hinduism. Clues to Ubik's identity occur in the chapter headings, not in the story itself. (Similarly, the conclusion of PALMER ELDRITCH was contained in its foreword.) Ubik is described in a series of ad-copy parodies, an effect rather like the BHAGAVAD GITA retold by Madison Avenue.

One of this book's weaknesses is characterization. The characters are not as fully or as subtly drawn as those in Dick's masterpiece THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE. The only function of the hero's succubus-like mistress is misdirection. Other potentially interesting characters simply drop out or die offstage.

Action is about evenly divided between 1992 and 1939 but the world of the future is only lightly sketched in. We are shown just a few interiors of stage set blandness. This, like the gross absurdity of 1992 fashions, is not necessarily a flaw. For the sake of irony Dick makes the "real" period less vivid than the ominous illusion one--which is a stage set.

UBIK's plot is fully under control and is as capable of resolution as anything the author has previously written. This is a smoothly functioning novel which rewards attentive reading.

THE BLACK CORRIDOR--by Michael Moorcock; Ace Special; \$.75 Reviewed by Leon Taylor

In such a wide, wonderful wasteland as science fiction, there exists by law a certain quota of extremes. Just recently fandom has had the mishap of running into a pair of such extremes, although some fen claim that they actually jumped right out in front of us.

At any rate, one of those offending extremes can be identified as pure, unpretentious action-adventure--only a passing candy, but I think there's a use for that. But the other is "realistic" extrapolation of the darkest so-

ciety imaginable, and I'm not really sure what the use of that is. To warn us? Then wouldn't something with the greatest probability of happening tomorrow be correspondingly more frightening today? Actually, this extreme is a sort of reductio ad absurdum that usually ends up parodying itself. And there, in the proverbial nutshell, you have THE BLACK CORRIDOR.

Time: 1985. Setting: an Earth of 100% paranoia. 100%, man: there are no sane voices in this novel (in case you were wondering, yes, the protagonist is an anti-hero. You'll loathe him). That alone is enough to invalidate the book's prophetic prowess, since as long as man prevails some shred of reason will endure. But in Moorcock's dream (dream? nay, nightmare) it's dog-eat-dog-and-leave-the-bones-for-the-latecomers all the way. Now as good fen I hope you all know that in this situation there are only two courses of action proper for the protagonist: (A) to change the system, and (B) to escape from it, preferably in a spaceship he builds in his own garage. I've already mentioned that BLACK CORRIDOR centres around an anti-hero, so that logically eliminates course (A). Guess what that leaves?

Uh huh. And just to show you how blatantly obvious this book can be, the spaceship is heading for a planet called Munich.

BLACK CORRIDOR opens, closes and spends some time in between with this spaceship (called the Hope Dempsey), but 60% of the novel is taken up with flashbacks. Or, should I say that 60% of the novel is taken up with one flashback that occasionally varies in degree of horror. But rather than contribute to an overwhelming dullness, it enhances CORRIDOR's hypnotic fascination for the reader--much like a coiled rattlesnake in the arrestive moments before it strikes. There is no letup in the march of gallery terrors: only gore, torture and more gore to make sure you don't miss the point. Reading this book is a terrible emotional drain, and you only realize how thoroughly bad the novel is after you've read it. This leads me to suspect that Moorcock never intended to write a novel with any intellectual substance but rather to record a nightmare designed for maximum emotional impact. Notice that I say 'nightmare', which is only a dream loosely based on reality; likewise CORRIDOR is a dream based on reality only in that it takes the most damning of life's skullfaces and inflates them to gigantic proportions. Moorcock does not strive to suspend your disbelief as much as to hang your social conscience.

His characters are paper dolls in a morality play. In fact, they even wear masks proclaiming their individual faults/virtues; that way you won't get them mixed up. Isn't that thoughtful? Unfortunately, the clarity so gained is to no avail since there's not a hell of a lot to these "characters" anyway. They do not even control their own actions: they are all puppets in the cruel hands of Fate, who is no respecter of persons etc. etc. The author peoples his papier-mache landscape with broken mannequins: as you can imagine, Moorcock's is a rather dead universe to have to live in. No wonder everyone from the protagonist to the cleaning woman is paranoid.

BLACK CORRIDOR is one of the best propaganda tracts I've read all year--for those of you who are interested in that sort of thing. But if you prefer the stimulation, satisfaction and sense of wonder a genuine sf novel has to offer, look elsewhere. This one is not your cup of tea--or mine.



MYTHED AGAIN

--by Roger Bryant, Jr.

For Mr. Haines article, I definitely have words. If we accept his definitions for myth and legend (and why not? They're as good as any) then he is contradicting himself in choosing his examples.

Part of the 'myth' definition specifies that a genuine myth should center itself about a character "who is known imperfectly to modern history." This seems to me to require that the character is, at least in some way, historical. This is true, for example, of Arthur, who was no doubt a tribal chief or warrior in southern England. He thrived a bit after Beowulf, who was also historical, and fits the 'legend' description, and before the arrival of Christianity in the British Isles. He, like Beowulf, was reworked into a mold of Christian allusions and motivations by the same people who added all the well-known exaggerations and embellishments.

But of Mr. Haines four modern myth-characters, only one is definitely historical, two more are very marginally so and one, Frankenstein, is purely fictional.

Robinson Crusoe, whose story appeared in 1719, is nearly entirely imaginative. But Defoe's story is very loosely based on the tale of a youngster who ran off to sea, was put ashore on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez, and was rescued five years later.

WHO TOLD YOU
ABOUT THE POT
AT THE END OF
THE RAINBOW?

The historicity of Don Juan is equally nebulous. His story was first told in the early 1600s, by de Molina, whose real name was Gabriel Tellez. Poor Don Juan was surprised in the act of seducing a young lady, and killed her father in the ensuing argument. At the finale, a statue erected to the dead man's memory visits a most appropriate revenge upon the seducer. It is thought that the character was based upon one Don Juan Tenorio of Seville, an actual person.



Of the four myth-characters in Mr. Haines' article, only Faust is a concrete historical reality. There were, in fact, two men named Faust, both apparently well-known in Europe in the first years of the sixteenth century. Letters and pamphlets of the period refer to "Doctor Johannes Faustus", a very accomplished sorcerer who studied magic at Kracow. Just a bit later there appears on the scene one Georgius Sabellicus, who took to himself the name "Faustus, Junior", and soon became known simply as Georg Faust. Georg was little more than a drunken imposter, a charlatan, and contemporary records refer to him with contempt. Some years after the passing of both Doctors Faust from the scene, there appeared a group of books

on Necromancy and Magic which were attributed to Johannes Faust. Trithemius first told the now-famous story of Mephistopheles and the search for preternatural knowledge and Faust, in reality a charismatic wandering magician, was on his way to becoming a myth-image.

But historicity aside, I question whether all the myth-candidates in the article really fulfill the rest of the definition. The myth-character "at some time is tried to the extreme limit of his endurance..." I submit that this is not the case either in the standard versions of Don Juan or in Robinson Crusoe.

The operatic versions of Don Juan are morality plays in which Don Juan is a two-dimensional lecher who gets what he deserves. Browning's "Fifine at the Fair" portrays him as a philosopher of the ethics of love, but he undergoes no test of spirit and has little to do with the original tale. The same is true of Shaw's "Man and Superman", a 'tragi-comic' affair in which Don Juan is the deceived rather than the deceiver. Byron's unfinished verses are a scathing commentary on the hypocrisy of the poet's world, but Don Juan is only a device of unification with little depth of character. Nowhere does the Don Juan character undergo a deep test of morality or spiritual fortitude.

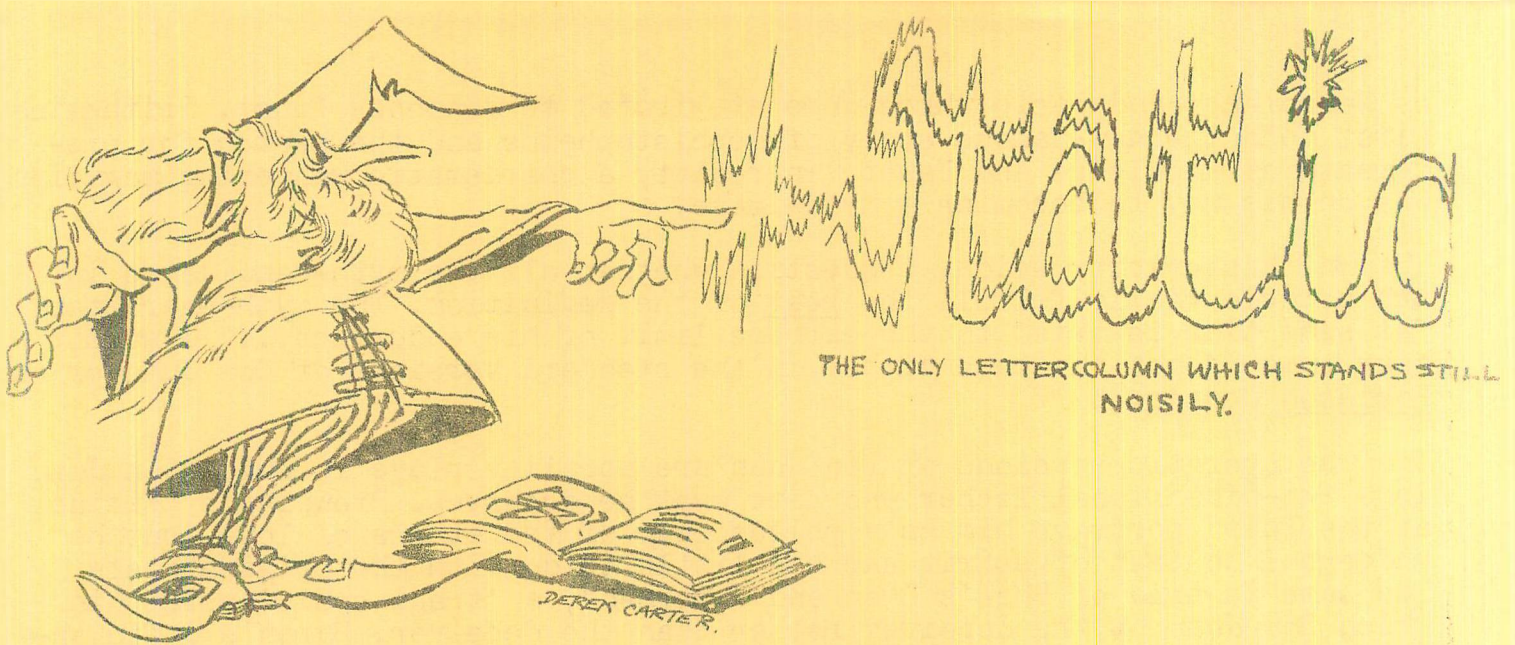
Robinson Crusoe is also a 'legend' rather than a 'myth' in Mr. Haines' definition. As much as Crusoe endured during his forced residence on the island, I cannot accept that he was "tried to the limit of his endurance" by God, the Devil or anyone else.

The only myth-candidate who fulfills the given definition is Faust, who bartered his soul for access to a preternatural fund of occult knowledge. Hence, Faust is the only true myth of the modern tradition.

Baron Frankenstein's story, I think, is but a variant on the Faust theme. Mary Shelley has merely replaced occult tradition with 'science' in the nineteenth century sense of the word, but the theme remains: in the interest of science or learning, Doctor Frankenstein trespassed upon areas of transcendental nature which man cannot understand, and so visited destruction and despair upon himself and his family. This is much too Faustian (and of course, the Faust or magus-myth far predates the modern age) to be seriously considered as a separate myth.

Thus, while working within the framework of Mr. Haines' definition, it is quite simple to eliminate three of his four examples on at least two counts. So the only true myth is Faust--or perhaps Mr. Haines is right, with his many unbelievable attributes, surely "The Tamed" must be a myth?





JOHN D. BERRY Just before I left the BArea, I wrote the next installment of "The Mayfield House Club House" for AMAZING, and I gave a long review to ENERGUMEN 2. Stanford, Cal. When it came in, it was just one of those dozens of fmz that arrive every month from people I know only peripherally, most of which I only skim and list in the "Other Fanzines" section of the column. 94305 They seldom enter into my consciousness beyond that. This is perhaps not the best attitude for the only fanzine reviewer in the prozines to adopt, but I've always been something of an insurgent fan, given to ignoring whatever fannish endeavors don't interest me. I've tried to temper this for the AMAZING column, but I still don't read thoroughly half the fmz that come in.

But what am I babbling on about AMAZING for? I'm beginning to sound like Piers Anthony. What I wanted to say was that I picked ENERGUMEN out to read because Ted suggested I do a column of reviews of fmz that aren't well known, and yours looked interesting. The result surprized me. You've got a goddam nice fanzine there, sir. You'll see in more detail what I thought of it when you see my column, but the issue containing it won't be out until October, so I felt I ought to tell you now. The most appealing piece to me, with my bent for fan history, was Don Hutchison's reminiscences of the Torcon, but all the material was literate, interesting, and entertaining. I wouldn't generally expect stuffy topics like a definition of myth in modern Western civilization or science fiction poetry to be the subjects of good articles, but all your writers managed to tread this side of the line of boredom. The Sauron article by John Baglow got a little thick, and I don't agree that Baglow's conclusions apply to LotR as a whole, but even this stayed intelligible and worthwhile. And the lighter material in your editorial and Rosemary Ulliyot's column provided excellent leavening.

Hutchison's column prompts a remark. The second quoted newspaper account, from The Toronto Daily Star, was a fine example of the kind of stupid hogwash often written about sf conventions by the mundane press, but the first story really wasn't the same thing. The Globe and Mail's write-up was harsh, to be sure, but I don't think it was a completely uncomprehending piece of misrepresentation. It sounded more like a skillful writer observing the con rather well and then writing a sharply barbed attack. It was an attack, all right, but it seemed that the writer really did have some idea of what he was talking about, and I have no doubt that the fans deserved every bit of it. Fandom has always been enough of a travelling circus, as Bloch called it recently, to provide ripe targets for a hundred satirists without exaggerating a single event. I'm sure the fans in 1948 were just as insane and foolish as the fans of today. I've often toyed with the idea of writing some blistering satirical criticism of fans and their antics myself, although not so uncompromising as this reprint-

ed newspaper article. Still, as a blast, it's well done and not all that unjustified.

The star of your goddam rag is of course Alicia Austin, whose artwork is beautiful. I like her frank sexiness and the cartoonish realism of her illustrations for "Kumquat May" is very fine indeed; for some reason it reminds me a little of the work of Patterson, a Canadian fanartist well known in the Fifties. Dig out some of the old Canadian fanzines like A BAS and take a look.

Special congratulations should go to Rosemary for the funniest line I've read in weeks: "Most men masturbate; Michael makes tuna fish sandwiches." It took me five minutes to control my laughter enough to get back to reading the article.

Your lettercol is very well edited, remarkably so for a first effort. It seems as though it's a great lettercolumn, even though on second glance you notice that the line-up of letter-writers isn't all that distinguished. Interesting to see GM Carr back in action, in all her fuggheaded splendour. I thought she was confining herself to an occasional epistle to TRUMPET, but this branching out might presage a comeback for Garrulous Gertie. I'm not sure whether fandom needs another fugghead or not; we seem capable of turning them out at an accelerated pace these days.

((Thanks for the kind words, John. I shall look forward keenly to the October AMAZING. You're right that fandom seems to have more than its share of fools and fuggheads, although one man's fugghead is another man's saviour, but luckily we also have more than our share of truly fine, worthwhile people so I'm still delighted that I discovered fandom lo these four years ago.))

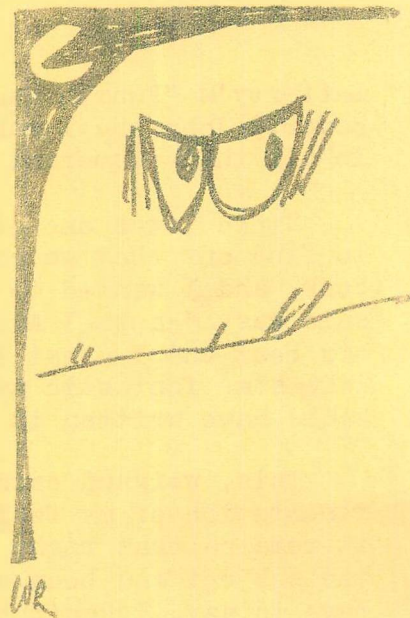
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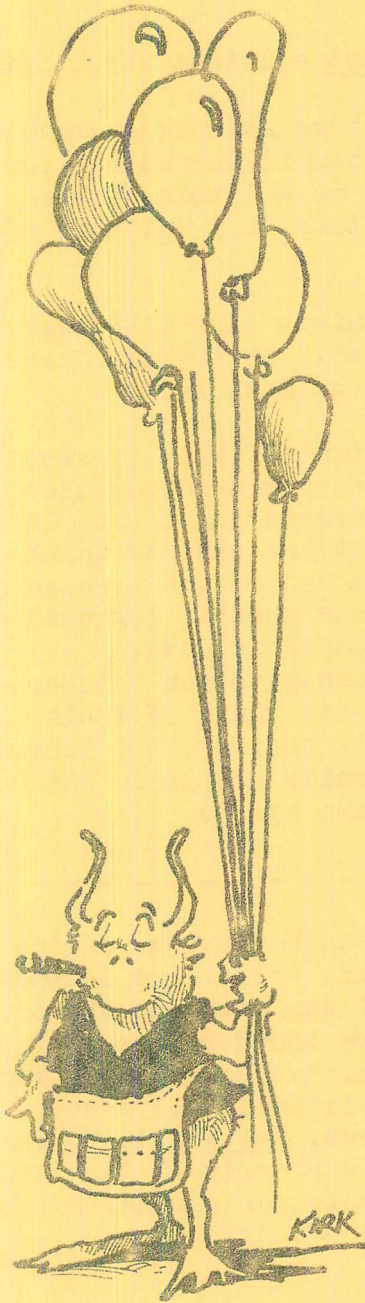
Ah, so now I shall have to suffer through another expose of the Second Foundation, this time by Angus Taylor. Well, I've learned to grin and bear it and, for that matter, I was aware at the onset that plenty of New Wave fans (and pros) were bound to use me for a punching bag. One thing is curious though. Everyone claims I'm defending some sort of Establishment in science fiction. Yet virtually all members of the current Establishment are down on me. I have news for you. New Worlds IS the Establishment; Harlan Ellison IS the Establishment; Riverside Quarterly IS the Establishment; "2001" IS the Establishment. If there's any real revolution against Establishmentarianism in sf, I'm the one promoting it.

So "Fourth Mansions" is about the virtues of stupidity, we learn from Sandra Miesel. Well, if that be true, R.A. Lafferty was certainly the best qualified man to write it!

Comes the Marxist (I guess) criticism of LotR. On the face of it, the argument is fatuous. ((!!)) Tolkien is a pastoralist, says John Baglow. I hate to slight him, but this was known at least 15 years ago when the trilogy came out, and I dare say C.S.Lewis and the Inklings knew it 20 years before that. Calling Tolkien a pastoralist is as great a revelation as calling H.G.Wells a socialist. Baglow, of course, tries to dress up his argument with a few corollaries. Orcs as proletarians, and so on. Well, it's no secret that Tolkien doesn't like industrialism, but the Orcs might just as well be Nazi storm troopers. And he gets bogged down in symbolism, like Charles Haines (You know what a myth is? A story that the critics are interested in. You know what an archetype is? Just a stereotype with a pedigree.)

Come on, Mike. You know from First Speaker del Rey's review that the "message" in "2001" we don't like is apol-





ogy for some vague, mystical kind of "salvation" as opposed to mankind's working for his own perfection; the idea that the only way life can be an "immortal force for good" is to go into some kind of suspended animation. See also, J.G. Ballard and his crystalline pseudolife. We're getting this "spiritual" rubbish everywhere now; as far as I'm concerned it's purely a case of No one-one-two, no two-two-four. But no doubt "2001" will continue to impress the gullible, who are confused by profundity and therefore believe that anything that is confusing is profound (I see "The World of Null A" is having a revival; I've seen reviews billing it as a prophecy of Marshall McLuhan's non-linear thinking.).

((Your paranoia is showing, J.J. Not every article on the Foundation is necessarily an expose. If Harlan is the Establishment in sf, then Jerry Rubin is the Establishment of the Great Society. I can't buy that one J.J. And it's scarcely logical to denigrate other people's views of 2001 because you found it confusing.))

ALEXEI PANSHIN Of all the writings in the issue, I was most
Open Gate Farm interested by Sandra Miesel's comments on
Star Route Fourth Mansions. On the one hand I was im-
Perkasie, Pa. pressed, on the other, I was appalled. I was
18944 impressed, as I've been before, by Sandra's
knowledge, and I'm glad to have it. Since
nobody brings the same knowledge to a book, every reading is
a special act of recreation. This pertains to the author as
much as to anybody. It is perfectly possible for an author
to find new things in his own book, and it is certainly pos-
sible for him to forget just exactly what he may have meant
by one thing or another. So--limitedly--I feel that when I
reread Fourth Mansions my reading will be enriched by San-
dra's comments.

What appalls me is Sandra's apparent notions of criti-
cism. She seems to equate understanding of a book with aware-
ness of all the author's symbols and illusions, and her idea
of adequate criticism seems to be lists of these. She says,
"You're perhaps the sixth person I see didn't understand
Lafferty's "Fourth Mansions". (Including two of the three people quoted on the book
cover.) John and I must belong to a select minority--we perceived a message couched
in all that exuberant prose."

Since I was one of the three people quoted on the cover, I went back to the book
to find out what we had said. You see, I didn't feel that I had misunderstood the
book, and I wanted to see why Poul Anderson and Roger Zelazny were so dense. What I
said was, "Raphael Aloysius Lafferty is one prodigious liar and FOURTH MANSIONS is
his best and longest lie. It's as strange and inventive a book as I have ever read,
like some fantastic amalgam of A.E. van Vogt and THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO but no one
would have written it this way but Lafferty."

This, weighed carefully word by word, is as accurate, honest and complete a rep-
resentation of my feelings about FM as I could manage in the space of two lines, and
it remains that right now--even though in the meantime I have read Sandra Miesel on
the subject and been enlightened. What is more, after reading what Poul and Roger
have to say, I don't believe that either of them has misunderstood the book even
though they repeat neither each other's sentiments nor mine. Nor Sandra Miesel's--
which I read her to consider a fault. If I understand her, she believes the apothe-

osis of Freddy Foley is the one interesting thing to be said of the book, and I suppose that if she could say something about that in two interesting sentences it might make a possible blurb. It is hardly the property of a select minority that the book has a message--in the magazine review I did of the novel, I listed ethical concern as the first of the elements it has in common with PAST MASTER.

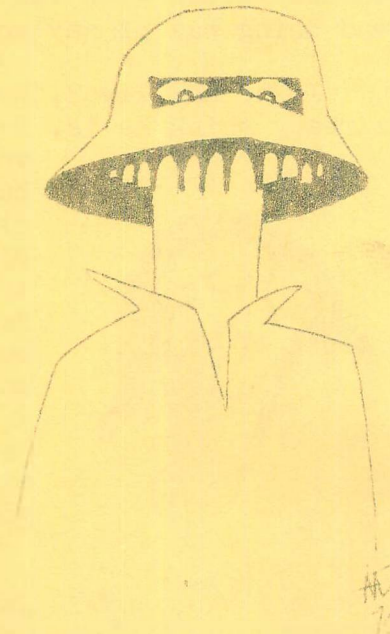
But Sandra doesn't let it go at this. She seems to hold it important that the symbols of the book be known, whereas in fact the symbols of a book are only one element and not necessarily the most interesting or important. Certainly if someone were to write and tell me that he had discovered an old Detroit Tiger outfielder stuck away in THE THURB REVOLUTION--or some equivalent discovery--I wouldn't feel that he had exhausted the book. No more do I feel that Sandra has exhausted FOURTH MANSIONS.

Sandra says that FM is the best sf novel that she and John have read in months, and it very likely is. It certainly is the best sf novel that I have read in months. However, I can't rid myself of the feeling that there is a large element of self-congratulation in Sandra's "best". That is, I come away from her letter feeling that she thinks the book is good because it invokes referents that she has down in her tables of Symbols, Allusions and Received Wisdom--and if a book didn't, or if the referents were ones she wasn't broad or quick enough to know, she wouldn't think it was quite so good.

Well, that's natural. We value what we know. But what bothers me is that this seems to be Sandra's chief criterion of value. That's limited, but what is worse is that even on that one level she is content with first-order knowledge. For her, it seems to be sufficient that Lafferty invokes the Lion, the Ox, Man and the Eagle and that these have ancient identifications. Some of which, for me, a modern man with my peculiar set of knowledge, seem not only distant in time, but tenuous--as the identifications with Mark, Luke, Matthew and John, which seem to be on the basis that Mark begins with Jesus in the wilderness amidst lions, Luke begins with Zacharias' sacrifice of an ox, Matthew is the humanist concerned with man, and John gets an eagle testifying to the Divine Nature of Christ.

No, don't applaud. This is textbook knowledge. The trouble is that if Lafferty intends any of these identifications beyond the most obvious and convenient, he does not make them explicit and meaningful. Unless they carry their own power, unless they have the power to move, invocations of this sort are only allusions, not true symbols. Having raised this subject, I think Sandra owes it to us to make this particular evaluation, but I don't believe the question has yet occurred to her that it needs to be done.

I think the art, layout and reproduction in your second issue is excellent...what I marvel at is Alicia's ability to just fill a space. To my untutored eye, it would seem a difficult and a chancey thing to launch into all that white space with the confidence to know that you weren't going to come out with half a body too much or too little--or leave somebody in the circle unsatisfied. But what I really want to know about that picture is where the little man is who walks around the group asking, "Are you all having a good time? Are you sure?"



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Since Alex courteously sent me a copy of his loc to you, I can answer him immediately. First of all, he was quite right to be annoyed by my supercilious attitude. Perhaps the morning that loc was written I had scored some small triumph over the children or the cat



and was feeling unwholesomely smug. And I do apologize for suggesting that he did not understand FOURTH MANSIONS. I was mistaken about what his blurb remarks signified.

But the most important point my unfortunate loc was trying to make was that FM really had a meaning. You, another fanzine reviewer and two friends questioned whether it was anything but extravagant language. I wanted to convince you a meaning was there, not completely exhaust the topic in one letter--FM is a rather long novel! Although I may look like a literary critic, I am really more of an exegete, the handmaiden of people with more acutely developed literary sensibilities.

No, I don't think a book is good simply because I can recognize its referents. Complete ignorance of the Heinleinian character of RITE OF PASSAGE didn't prevent my enthusiastic enjoyment of this book. An author's expressed attitudes count for more than his symbols. And when I see unfamiliar symbols, I try to learn about them; for example, LORD OF LIGHT spurred me to do quite a bit of research into Hindu mythology. I also think about puzzling books, for years if necessary--why someday I may unravel THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION.

But Mike, you mustn't be so quick to be impressed by my knowledge of mythology. There are embarrassing pitfalls in this approach. Some years ago I did what I thought was a very thorough paper on Zelazny's DREAM MASTER. But I completely missed the Lady of Shallot motif (even knowing stanzas of the poem by heart). All through the preparation of the paper I kept connecting the heroine's name "Shallot" with the vegetable. Some kind Providence kept me from inserting a learned digression on the mythological significance of the onion!

GEORGE BARR I read most of Energumen 1 but don't have it sitting in front of me right now, so I can't really comment on any of the written material, other than to say I enjoyed it. But the art! Alicia will undoubtedly be criticized by some for being so very Beardsley in some of her work, but I hope she'll ignore the clots who do so. Imitation is a dangerous thing, and about the only time it's valid is when you can be better than what you're imitating. No one will believe this, of course, least of all Alicia (which is good I guess) but she has beaten Beardsly at his own game. Of course, she has built on a framework which he laboured hard to construct: his techniques and little tricks with line and design, but he's dead. And that justifies it. If what he was doing was of any worth there is no reason it should die with him.

If he had lived, he might very well have become as great an artist as many people already think he is. But for all his technical proficiency, he really couldn't draw very well. Some of his distortions could be justified by style, but many were just bad drawing. And this is where Alicia has it all over him. She has mastered the style and technique and combined it with her own sense of design and greater sensitivity to form and balance. If offered my choice between an original Beardsly and an original Austin, I might choose the Beardsly--but only because I know I could sell it at a good price, then buy an Austin and make a profit.



Now, so that she doesn't become too swell-headed about it all: some of her work is a mistake. The mistake is a good part yours too.

I'm speaking, of course, of the erotic art in number two. Before I'm branded a complete prude, (I probably already am but

that's immaterial) I have nothing against erotic art per se, especially when it's as well done as Alicia's. Every artist I know of has gone through a pornographic phase usually prompted by the curiosity to see if they could do it. It's a natural sort of thing, I guess, because it takes a great amount of skill to put the human body into some of the really clumsy positions sex requires without making it look comical or grotesque. Most people do their drawings, satisfy the urge, perhaps keep them around for a while, then usually destroy them. Were it not for "friends" like you, Alicia would probably have done the same. She'll find plenty of people to encourage her in this phase. People, leeringly professing the beauty of the body and the purity of sex will say go ahead, draw more, publish it, prove you're not prudish or victorian. But it's always east to encourage someone else to do something that you'd have better sense than to do yourself, even if you could. But it's her reputation which will suffer because of it.

Alicia is still relatively new to fandom, and a person's reputation is made, like it or not, by the first few things people see. Almost ten years ago I drew some muscle-beach type things on request for AMRA. Read Jack Gaughan's comments in last year's LOW-DOWN to see what an impression they made and how long they've been remembered. I wonder sometimes about the people who remember so vividly things, (so very few, really) done so very long ago. Nothing I've done in the meantime makes any difference. To quite a few of the long time fans I'm the guy who draws "that kind" of muscleman.

Anyway, that's neither here nor there. The fact remains that your early work determines what people think of you. Tim Kirk, to the majority of fans, will ALWAYS be the dragon-drawer, no matter what he might do in the future. Alicia will undoubtedly get numerous requests asking, by innuendo if not outright, for erotic drawings. And most of what she sends out, if she decides to comply, will never be published. Some of the other faneds who don't care for the erotic things, just won't ask Alicia for things at all, for fear that's what they'd get. I've had fans tell me to my face that they never wrote asking for art because they didn't want pictures of greasy muscles. And they don't bother to find out, or don't care, that the only times I've done anything approaching that kind of thing, it was on request. Alicia will be one of the top contenders for the Hugo this year, but those few pictures you've published will lose her votes from people who'd never admit that was their reason.



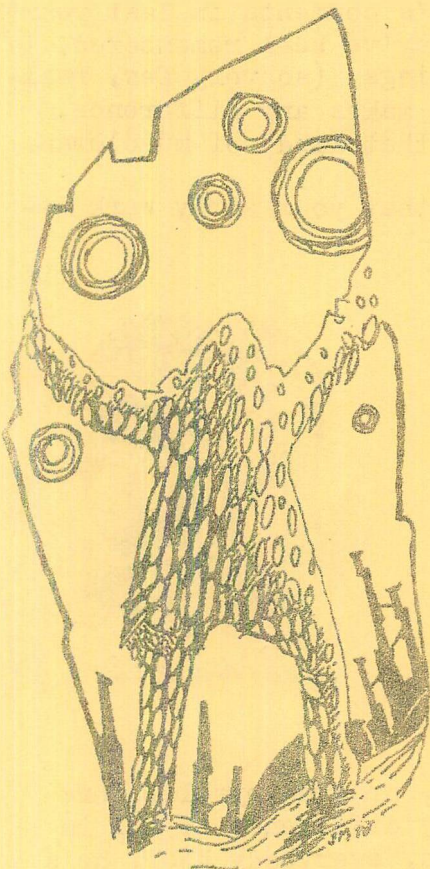
The strange thing is, if Bill Rotsler, Jack Gaughan, Bjo, or even myself, were to have done those same pictures, they'd hardly have made any difference at all in what people think of our work...because Rotsler does cartoons; everybody KNOWS he's a cartoonist. Gaughan is a SERIOUS illustrator; Bjo is also a cartoonist and a designer; and I, well you KNOW what I draw. Alicia will be from now on, little more than a pornographer in the eyes of an awful lot of fans. It's a shame. The pictures are good. I'm in awe of the way she managed to make such a beautiful design of a daisy chain. I've seen it done so badly before. The way she's handled the figures is reminiscent of some of the mobs of angels in classic painting, twisting and writhing in flight or free-fall.

((I appreciate your concern, George, and I'm sure you have Alicia's and my interests at heart, but I think you are over-reacting. First, the decision to use the drawings was as much Alicia's as mine; in fact I was not the first faned she offered the work to. Second, she has been nominated for a Hugo which indicates that she is quite well known already in fandom and that people are aware of her talents and scope. But I must admit that I was disappointed in the number of people who did react as if the only thing in the entire issue was a couple of "pornographic" drawings. Let us hope that the majority of fans lie somewhere between the levels that my somewhat idealistic attitude and your somewhat cynical one have established for them.))

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I feel properly abashed at making such a fundamental mistake in the fan history's description of the Torcon. Maybe the location of program items was so well understood by everyone before the Torcon that nobody thought to mention it in the conreports from which I drew my raw material, just as it would be hard to find today in a conreport very many downright statements that the panels and major speeches are held in the host hotel.

The discussion of science fiction poetry was thought-provoking, once I got used to the basic fact that Susan isn't willing to accept as poetry anything that is poorly written. But I wonder if it's as hard to write an sf poem as it is to write an sf story, since the best fiction also involves "intensely-recreated experience, the emotion" even though in the story that element may be diffused and disguised much more than in the shorter dimensions of the poem. The best stories by the best sf writers sometimes manage to hold for as much as two or three pages the illusion that the writer really is narrating from the depths of himself some events and scenes which he has made up out of the whole cloth. It should be possible then for the poet to keep it up for at least the length of a sonnet.



"Of Myth and Men" comes as close as anything I can recall to the status of the ideal fanzine article. Unhackneyed subject matter, evidence of all sorts of learning on the part of the writer but expressed without the paraphernalia of footnotes and unneeded digressions, a surprise ending, and a lot of opportunity for the reader to keep thinking about what he has just read. If a fanzine editor could get this kind of material in quantities, he could produce a publication so superior that it would win Hugos and praise from everyone and never once be accused of sercon deviation. I suppose it's hardly possible to think of any 20th century myth candidates, since hardly anybody prominent in this century has been "known imperfectly to recorded history" unless Sacco and Venzetti might conceivably qualify, if the social history of the nation should proceed in a certain way for another half-century or so. From the past century, could John Brown be a myth possibility? Maybe he seems rather pallid right now, beside the careers of this past generation of martyrs and fighters in the same cause. But it's still a name to conjure with, and he could qualify after things quieten down a bit and the most recent recedes in vividness.

John Baglow probably isn't altogether serious but I find a certain amount of truth in his support of Sauron and the orcs. The basic fault of the Tolkien books always seemed to be their failure to convince me that the bad guys were really villains; we were told that this was so but the main evidence of it was something that doesn't impress me as much as it obviously does Tolkien, darkness. Simultaneously, this article raises an unspoken question. If we grant that there is some basis for fact in the way the Tolkien books praise the stodgy and reactionary people, what caused them to attain such tremendous popularity among the college kids, the very element that would seem least likely to mesh with such vibrations? Is it proof that those clamouring for change really don't want things too terribly different after all? Or is it evidence that the rebellion is really against the mechanized world, even on the part of those who don't publicly adhere to the hippie type of withdrawal?

((John Brown sounds good, and how about Paul Bunyon/Jacques Pine? Possibly Tarzan could become a myth and, given enough time, maybe even JFK. Tolkien's campus popularity was a band-wagon thing, I think, and not an indication of political trends. After all, the next year they all read "Stranger" by Heinlein))

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In his article, John Baglow seems to be leaving some very basic considerations out of his analysis. I see he equates Sauron with change; then goes on to define it at the creative, exciting sort of change, preferable to the "suburban" Shire routine. He considers it a pity that Sauron's forces (his "Great Leap Forward"?) were vanquished to perpetuate middle class stagnation. Here he considers one small portion of the whole, not taking into account the colorful and creative Elves, Dwarves, Ents and Men. These people, although described as being in an aging, declining state by Tolkien, are nevertheless the furthest thing from dull solidity! I would even venture to say that he can't even apply this accusation to the hobbits; they had a thriving folk art and music, to be sure!

Would Sauron's "change", once entrenched in Middle Earth, continue as change and vitality for all persons? I see it as becoming a world perpetually bathed in volcanic ash and scarred by marshes, with orc "pigs" searching the premises (under a no-knock warrant, of course!). The factories of a Sauron would not be for the purpose of providing books, art supplies--comforts of living--or Jerry Rubin's "free dope", for his subjects. Baglow condemns the hobbits for wanting their security. He may not want it, but that doesn't mean the Hobbits--and those they represent--shouldn't want or have it either. Most people do wish to live out their lives undisturbed and undisturbing, while only some belong to "the creative minority"--the people like he and I--who are prone to strike out and criticize any societal flaws we see. In no time, our ilk would be the first to be booted out to Middle Siberia.

By "Middle Class Suburbia" he implies the Shire is the epitome of crass dullness. He doesn't take into account that today's Suburbanites are a tormented people. Through mass media, the orcs of Madison Ave. keep the majority of our people in a state of constant desire and longing by first labelling them with degrading ideas of themselves, then offering them goods and products to correct the situation. (The process is "You smell everywhere, you're unpopular, you're impotent or sexless. Therefore, you scum of the earth, use Micrin and smoke Silva Thins and buy a Cadillac--and you'll become a member of the Human Race.") When one is forever jolted into wanting non-material goals with only material means to obtain them, one can never reach fulfillment. Surely this is not the contentment of the Shire!



One other observation. As a member of the Sierra Club, a conservation oriented person, I saw the life of the Shire, the Ents, Elves and Gondor as the closest thing to natural balance--no population bomb, no gross consumption of resources; Sauron's forces were the ones who razed the forests, polluted the air, dug the wealth from the earth to hoard or to use for further killing. If this is CHANGE, what is the ultimate good of change that would bring all of Middle Earth to the brink of disaster comparable to our present situation here on Earth? Our wastage of resources for a new car every year, a redwood roofed house, as well as a war in Indochina is certainly comparable!

((I'm surprised that I haven't seen Sauron equated with pollution more often. You state a convincing case. But I can't buy your lament for the victims of Mad. Ave. People who believe commercials deserve to be shat on.))

NED BROOKS
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Don Hutchison's article was interesting, though I don't think the mundane attitude towards us has changed much. Reporting is more sophisticated today, but the Common Man is still scared to death by anything he doesn't understand. To a certain extent, perhaps, we

have become less noticeable against an ever-less-comprehensible background.

I'm really more of a fantasy fan than an 'sf' fan in the strictest sense so maybe I misunderstood Susan's article. And I'm only an engineer so perhaps I shouldn't argue poetry with an English major...but to me, the fusion of thought and image is not sufficient to make a poem - there must be, not any particular rhyme or rhythm scheme, but some kind of music in the arrangement of the words. Lord Dunsany achieved this even in the prose in his autobiography, as well as in his stories. It always delights me to find poetry (or verse...) used in a fantasy, either quoted or the author's own. Keats and Swinburne both, I think, appear in Wallace West's THE BIRD OF TIME. Then there are the old ballads in Wellman's "John the Ballad Singer" stories, and the wonderfully suitable things that Heinlein wrote for GREEN HILLS OF EARTH (and Moore and Kuttner's verses in QUEST OF THE STARSTONE, which inspired "Hills"). And of course, Tolkien's songs in LotR. I recently discovered that one of the intriguing bits of verse in Chamber's THE KING IN YELLOW was lifted from another writer--I happened to flip through a book at a used-book sale and my eye hit on the poem at the head of the third "King in Yellow" story. Turns out it was by a turn of the century poet named Bliss Carman.

I totally disagree with Baglow's "In Praise of Sauron". In the first place, I think Frodo was well aware of the cosmic nature of the quest the Fellowship was embarked on. Gandalf explained it often enough... As for the Fellowship being anti-Change, I do not see it at all. The 'change' they were opposed to was Sauron's attempt to change the world to his own ugliness, not change per se. In fact, they agree to destroy the One Ring in the full knowledge that it will change the entire nature of the world. The temporary preservation of the Shire is simply a side effect. I see no reason to assume that change for itself is necessarily good. The change Sauron wanted for the world was the same change Hitler wanted for Germany--regimentation of the many for the power and glory of the few. This sort of thing does require imagination, it's true, but it is a selfish and evil imagination. The comparison with the 'bourgeois' vs 'proletariat' concepts of our own recent history is rather forced--I am not at all sure these concepts fit us, much less Middle Earth. Who were the 'proletariat' before Sauron came along? If the Shire is 'middle-class' it is a middle class with no upper or lower class!

((Perhaps John considers Sauron to be the equivalent of the industrial revolution? His general answer appears somewhere later in the issue. Are we entering the age of the Common Fan, Ned? Will fandom soon become the Establishment? Somehow, I hope not and I doubt it.))

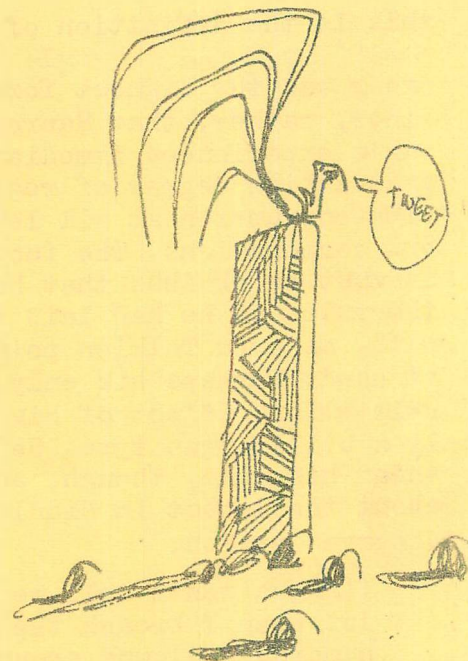


JERRY LAPIDUS 54 Clearview Dr Pittsford, NY 14534	Prediction: Tim Kirk will win the Hugo for best fan artist. Tim's admittedly excellent work seems to be almost uniformly popular, while people often accuse Alicia (your choice) and Mike Gilbert (my choice) of derivative work (Alicia of Beardslly, Mike of Gaughan) Actually all three deserve the award, and if you don't have some sort of personal liking for one of them (as I guess you and I do), the choice is difficult indeed.
--	---

One lettercol suggestion, since you asked for ideas. I really wish you would try to avoid interrupting letters ((Why?)) with your comments, unless you feel it's absolutely necessary. ((Oh?)) This is a popular practice, but I've always felt it much better to let the letter-writer say what he wishes uninterrupted ((Okay)) and save all your comments until the end of the letter.

Reading the newspaper accounts of events you are familiar with is often a very disquieting experience, for you see the mistakes made in such material--and necessarily must think, "Are these same mistakes made in other more important stories?" Thus when you read about a con in a local paper, as we did in Don's article, and see the obvious mistakes and goofs, how can you help but wonder if the major world and national news is subject to the same lack of precision?

It's funny about van Vogt. Like many people, I was quite young when I first read some of his "classic" material--SLAN, WORLD OF NULL-A, VOYAGE OF THE SPACE BEAGLE--and I enjoyed the intricate space opera very much. I've reread this material in the last few years, and have enjoyed it almost as much. But at the same time, I've been unable to stand van Vogt's recent work, especially the Silkie stories. Apparently, the other works were so ingrained in my young mind that I can reread them without seeing the major flaws; I see the current works with a more mature critical basis, and am thus able to reject them. Make sense?



I hadn't heard anything about the SFWA boycott of the 2001 book, so as soon as I saw it on the stands, I bought it. Whether the contributors have been paid or not, the book is a truly superb collection. Unlike the similarly titled book on Star Trek, which was nothing more than a 200 page paean to Gene Roddenberry, this is a complete study of the movie, from original conception through review and criticism. Included: 100 pages of photos behind the scenes, showing how much of it was filmed; excerpts from many people's comments, including the MAD satire; Clarke's original short story "The Sentinel"; articles about Kubrick from the New Yorker; interviews with various scientists from a planned prologue to the film; the shooting script from the film's ending; letters...comments...reviews, both pro and con; the Playboy interview with Kubrick, and all sorts of additional fascinating information. If you have any interest in the film at all, I'm afraid the book is a must, SFWA or not.

((Right, Tim deserves to win, and I'll probably vote for him myself. But I thought Alicia deserved to be nominated and I'm delighted she was. Next year she'll deserve the award. I was surprised Mike wasn't nominated.))

MIKE O'BRIEN
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Either that thing with Ballard was a low-key satire, or I'm insulting Angus Taylor. Except for the unfortunate tendency for time to leak out of every available crevice, the title is the only clue one has as to which side of the fence Taylor is on. The trick is, you see, that I think Taylor has the talent and the ability to write good New Wave! Either he's trying to, and not making it, or (as I suspect) he thinks it's ridiculous and is trying to satirize it, and is doing too good a job.

I hope Rosemary's column stays around a long, long time. This gives the atmosphere of Canadian fandom very well. It isn't many groups which have such an able spokesman (or spokeswoman) and Alicia's drawings add the perfect touch to these odyseys. This is some of the most fascinating stuff I've hit in any fanzine. It's almost as good as hearing it live.

I was disappointed in the article on Sauron. There are a lot more effective arguments in his favor than Marxism. They're based on the same sort of thing, actually, but the dialectic wandering engaged in by Baglow takes forever to get the point across. As far as Sauron representing pure change without order goes, remember that

this is the definition of entropy, and even the ancient Greeks defined agathon ("the good") as Man's struggle to impose order upon a disorderly Universe. Combatting disorder was the highest form of activity, and in this case, Sauron should lose. Consider, rather, that Sauron's Orcs did not "mass", as Baglow puts it: in Frodo's and Sam's experiences immediately following their encounter with Shelob, we see evidence that a high degree of regimentation existed, although it was obviously shot through with corruption at all levels. In this, it was not much better than many of our modern corporations. The foot soldiers were universally afraid of Sauron, however, so it must be obvious that he would punish, and punish swiftly, any transgressions of the rules as he had laid them out. He had only some fairly low-life types to work with, as even Tolkien pointed out, and he did the best he could with the materials at hand. Perhaps his only real fault was a lamentable tendency to ignore a certain deleterious effect of his machinations on the surrounding landscape. He was strictly a utilitarian type. He did do wonders for the industrialization of the regions under his rule, though, and the unemployment rate was, to Sauron's lasting credit, about the lowest in Middle Earth. It's good, factual things like these for which he deserves praise.

((Angus won't tell me if he was spoofing Ballard or not. He just smiles a lot when I broach the subject. I think Rosemary's column is one of the best humorous columns around today, but I'm prejudiced. Surely Sauron's greatest fault was underestimating his opposition? Sorry I had to cut your very amusing opening remarks, Mike, but I haven't got the space I'm afraid.))

RUTH BERMAN
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Energumen 2 has pretty thoroughly unsettled my day. Despite intervals of studying, watching TV, and moping, my thoughts keep coming back to it. Basically, it's two articles bothering me, "But Is It Poetry?" and "Of Myth and Men". Also Alicia's drawings of sexual intercourse--but that's a fairly straight-forward impulse of revulsion (which may or may not be hypocritical; the question of privacy or decency in art, if such concepts exist at all, has not been and probably cannot be decided) unrelated to the merit of the drawings, which my revulsion leaves me unable to respond to.

"Of Myth and Men" is appealingly learned and intolerably narrow. I don't see why he claims that myth, as he defines it, is not necessarily loftier than legend--the ultimate trial of a man's soul seems about as lofty as you can get. And if the failure of Camelot and the destruction of Troy do not symbolically touch the depths of the soul (which perhaps they do, and whatever I mean by soul) they would surely be less lofty? "Myth" includes the whole field of explaining-the-universe--man's position in it, his purpose, his destiny (is there a life after death etc) and even the crude "why the sun gets hotter in summer" stories. The myths of the creation of the world and of its death were and are of great power, imaginatively speaking, even when (as with our current myths) there is reason to think they are factually true. The myth (and I call it so because of its power over the imagination, even though it is--we presume--true) of the triviality of Earth's position in the universe results in such piercing lines as those quoted from "East Coker" in "But Is It Poetry?"



"O dark dark dark. They all go into the dark,/ The va-
cant interstellar spaces."

But even on its own terms, the article is a learned exposition of a clever notion, not particularly well thought out or defined in the first place. There are lots more myths than that--Peter Pan is a myth, Superman probably is one or is becoming one. The Golden Boy (the poet who dies young--Chatterton, Keats, Shelley, Dylan Thomas) and the Golden Girl (Harlow, Monroe) are both myths of the uncertainty of human life. (It may prove something that I can't think of any real example of the Golden Girl before movies came along, but I suspect it's only that beauty cannot be truly described and could not be kept vividly in evidence until the advent of the movies.) I doubt that Shaw's version of Don Juan can be called mythic, and I'm sure that Byron's cannot. The degree of elaboration-of-myth-by-later-writers is directly related to whether or not the story was established as a story before it found an artistically great story-teller, and probably has nothing to do with the power of the particular myth. That Washington Irving succeeded in creating myths (if he did) does not necessarily have anything to do with whether or not he is a more creative writer than most critics think. The anonymous authors of the first versions of the Faustus stories were not "creative" writers.



The poetry article is far more persuasive than the myth one--I suspect, basically a truer set of premises. But again I have this feeling of narrowness, a limiting of definitions which excludes too much for insufficient reason. For example--can't poetry which deals with the impact of science ("Euclid alone has looked on beauty bare"--Walter de la Mare's long poem about time, "The Winged Chariot" etc) reasonably be called the poetic analogue to science fiction, even though it lacks the fictional trappings of specific locale and period which make up so much of what we think of as the essence of sf, so much so that reading a good space opera satisfies the needs that drive us to sf in the first place even though the stfnal element is so much window dressing? Seems to me the discussion of necessity excludes the possibility of stfnal lyric poetry except where a narrative of some sort is implied--and it happens that most of the poetry being written nowadays is lyrical, not narrative.

((I don't intend to argue definitions with you--chacun a son gout--but you have misread the articles, I think. Obviously your examples are not myths by Charles' definition; Washington Irving created legends not myths, and to me his doing this from scratch is most definitely a highly creative act; Susan's discussion definitely includes the possibility of sf lyric poems, as her examples showed; poetic analogue maybe, "But is it poetry?" No!))

ED COX

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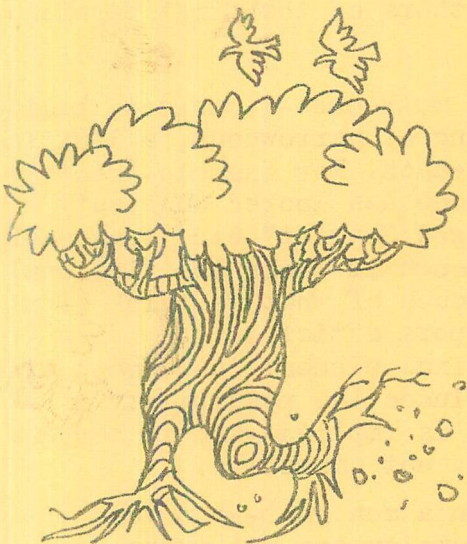
You may, or may not, consider this as exactly the sort of comment you want, but so far, the art work and layout has a definite edge on the written material in ENERGUMEN. But as far as that goes, you are leagues ahead ahead of the zines which lean heavily toward one or the other at the expense of the opposite. George Barr's cover

is excellent illustrating and causes one to flinch away at first glance at the cover (the first time...) As for Alicia Austin, to my untrained eye anyhow, she is undoubtedly the hottest thing to hit fandom in years. Lest somebody misconstrue that statement, I mean, she hits the fanzine scene with more than enough ability to have already been working professionally for years. Her illustrations, for instance, for Rosemary's column show a style excellent for illustrating, say, a juvenile series type book. Page 24, somewhat different, a fantasy style. Again, a bit of a few degrees turn on page 25 and a point or two around to 27. What talent!

"But Is It Poetry?" Well, in most cases, probably not. Even definitely not. Ever since fanzines started plopping into mailboxii, there has been so-called science fiction poetry. Most of it improbably baad, most of it not poetry, some of it even not-poetry which was fun at least. There have even been "little" magazines full of it, and Lilith Lorraine once devoted an issue of "Different" to it. But still the stuff consisted of watching the moonrise over the plains of Venus from one's cute little polyhedralplastishelter or some such rot. But then, I do disagree that the writer must have "been there" to be able to write about it. A poet isn't reporting. He can still interpret feelings upon contemplating the future or of otherwheres based on as much knowledge as the stf prose writers have on which to base their work. And in the end it is each reader's reaction to having read the poetry so written that determines whether or not the poet has achieved what he set out to do, not whether it fits into a firm pattern set down to define what that sort of poetry is supposed to be.

"Of Myth and Men" was an erudite delight to read. I hope you can convince Charles Haines to write more for you. The theme, of course, is open to a lot of comment and maybe even debate. For instance, where does Gilgamesh fit in?

"The Kumquat May" takes its place as the third of a triumverate of best items in the issue along with Haines' article and your editorializings. Rosemary writes an enjoyable, illuminating and humorous type of reportage in her column, admirably and appropriately illustrated by the Amazing Alicia.



So. While there may be less than $\frac{1}{2}$ " of fanzines issued out of Canada in the last two years, there have been some really good ones in the past. Notably the CANADIAN FANDOM/CANFAN issues, Boyd Raeburn's A BAS, the Clarkes' FAPazines and HONQUE not to mention the efforts of Les Nirenberg, now gone from our scene entirely. ENERCUMEN has instantly taken its place in the progression and no doubt will be remembered as fondly and as well.

((Thanks, Ed, for the above and the other three pages of friendly, personal chatter. Much as I regret it, though, I've edited many of your kind words out because they were not--alas-- Significant to the general readership. Bear with me: I'm still a neo-editor.))

ALEXIS GILLILAND
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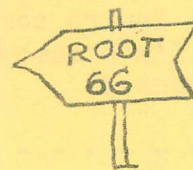
"In Praise of Sauron" by John Baglow is a remarkable misreading of the Dark Lord. Without offering any defense of the hobbits (who are not, after all, men, and shouldn't be judged as men) may I suggest that both Sauron and his precursor Gothmog stood for order and the dignity of the state, rather than freedom and the dignity of the individual. In today's world, Sauron would represent totalitarianism of either the right or the left as convenient to him.

To suggest that hobbits=order, and Sauron is against hobbits, so therefore he is against order and thus for anarchy is fatuous. Sauron always strove to extend his power, and the homely example given in the Shire (when Saruman, the broken tool of Sauron, sought revenge on Frodo) is clearly a police state hedged in by "The Rules" and governed by bullies. To call this anarchy or chaos is simply to destroy the meaning of the words.

For the rest, your fanzine is graced with some excellent art and some of the consistently best layout in the business. You are a lucky faned to have Alicia Austin,

ROY TACKETT
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A loc,...mostly in response to
Bob Allen's letter in which he
wonders what some of the older
fen have to say about fandom as
it is right now. I cannot, of
course, and would not attempt to speak for any of the
older fans but myself and I am, egad, in these times,
incredibly ancient both chronologically and as a fan.
And I think this about fandom as it is right now: it is
too bloody expensive.



Bob mentions the current trend towards Big Business in sf cons and the like (you make another point on the subject and I'll take that up in a minute) and I shudder to see it. I wholeheartedly backed Boston's bid for '71 but after they won and announced their membership and room rates I dropped it. Noreastcon is much too rich for my meager purse.

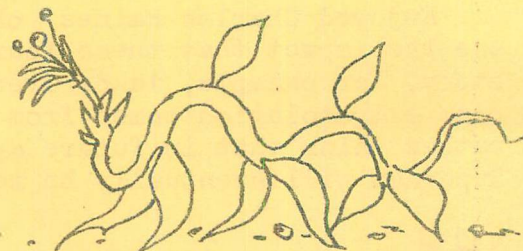
And I really can't see the need for these fantastic increases--even granting the effects of inflation. Admitted that auction material, once the primary source of revenue, is getting scarce and that some increase is necessary unless another way of financing conventions is found...rate increases are still out of line. What requirement is there, really, for the extra funds? To pay for convention publications? Nonsense! Progress reports and program books have always paid for themselves through the ads they carry. To hire bands and put up decorations and out on shows? Who needs them?

I go to cons to renew acquaintances and make new ones, to quaff a glass or two with old and new friends, and to talk and discuss. I go to find out what is new in the field and who is doing what. So I don't need bands and shows and decorations. I prefer to see interesting programs, huckster and display rooms, a handy bar, a convenient place to eat, and an assortment of quiet corners for talk. Which is why, I suppose, I prefer regionals to the Worldcon. Besides that, regionals are cheaper.

And now, Miguel, by making reference to the drug discussion in CROSSROADS you interject something different into Allen's question. So now what do we have? We have had in the last few years a large influx of younger people into fandom who have brought with them what many call the New Culture. Their dress is different, their outlook on life is different, their morality is different. Or so they say. Different from what? The only real change I can see is the change in proportion. There have always been proponents of the "new culture" in fandom. Now there are more of them than previously. You can mention drugs and dress and social and sexual attitudes and I can lean back in my rocking chair and say, "So what's new, Mike?" Right now fandom has a high percentage of what the muds call "hippies". Ten years ago fandom had a high percentage of what the muds called "beatniks". Ten years before that they were just "a bunch of nuts" and in the 40s and 30s they were bohemians. In 1980--who knows?

Point is that fandom has always cut across the social spectrum with room for scientists (genuine and pseudo), intellectuals (genuine and pseudo), muddling middle classes, anarchists, far-out weirdos, kids and old salts like me.

So I'm an ooold fan--you wouldn't believe how old--and what I have to say about fandom as it is right now is this: it is bigger than it used to be which is good and it is more expensive than it used to be which is bad. Other than that it ain't much different.



((One reason for needing extra funds lies in the movie programs that are

becoming an integral part of most cons. And they are needed. Old fans such as yourself and even new fans like myself who are relatively well known have no problems with evenings at cons, but newer fans, and these are legion, can't get into the increasing number of closed parties and need something to do in the evenings. You're comments re the "new culture" are quite right and please don't assume I'm a member of Head Fandom. I just found many of the CROSSROADS comments fatuous.))

MIKE GILBERT
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Deep in Miss Austin's mind lurks the Fanny Hill of sf art. I thought her cartoons were excellent (the one on page 32 was so well done I'd like to have the original--hell, she even handled the zipatone well, and I hate zipatone) Everything art-wise was above average: you have the ability to sort out what is "below" and "average" work a person sends you and keep the best. You're not an art zine yet--but we'll win you over. I wish you'd do some art reviews though.



Re the political comments: It's got to stop! I am battling the draftboard, my country is sick, the people are polarizing and it has made activists of all of us except a few that could never change.

Arthur Clarke spoke at my college recently and said we are in a transition stage between the last of the Dark Ages and the newest. We have our glorious and wonderful technology--now all we need is the people to run it. And we are them: America, don't shut us out--listen to us and don't drive us into the streets; talk to us--don't kill us--if I can use the phrase "transition children", that's what we are. When the leaders die, they will find no-one of their type to take their place--only us. And to my own: don't cop out, the people who desert the technology can't survive and represent a degenerating force--if we can hold out...
((Amen, Mike, amen.))

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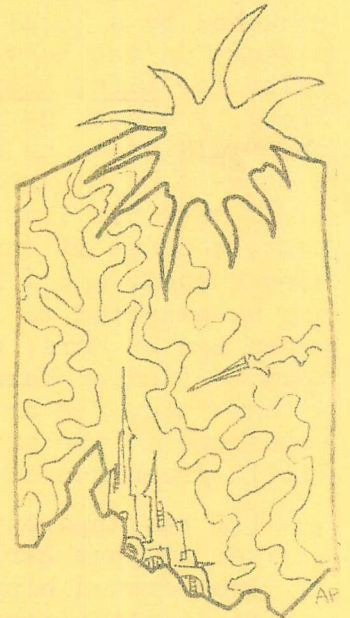
Susan Wood's analysis of fan poetry is outstanding. A sure sign of an inept poet is the speed at which he works. Most fan "poets" merely scribble down lines that incidentally happen to rhyme; the actual poet, of course, may spend days mulling over a single word. Some of the better fan poets are Mike Zaharakis, Rose Hogue and Dalzell. Their imagery is always striking and frequently even beautiful. And even tho they write in free form, there is a definite sense of rhythm connecting their poems. All three are completely ignored in locs, reviews and letters. Perhaps the major reason for fan poetry's failure in general is the total readership apathy. Very much dug Barrett's The Crumbling Foundations of Empire. I read it several times before I finally became sated. I think that this may be what Susan had in mind when she talked about total fusion of image and theme.

Enjoyed Charles Haines' chatty discussion on Western myths. It's interesting to see the impact that these four myths have had on sf. Nearly every planet-exploration story, for example, is derived from Robinson Crusoe, and much of the social-criticism extrapolation comes from Faustus. (a la Bradbury, Blish, the new Silverberg) I rather think that in future ages, when our exact history becomes rather cloudy, Superman will eventually be regarded as a mythical figure.

C'mon, Mike, Baglow's a hoax, right? Pleeez? I mean, nobody could be that fugg-headed...I could start anywhere and tear his flimsy theory to shreds, but for openers: change is not, as Baglow would have us believe, always good. If it were then Hitler, Marx, Oswald and Sirhan would be the heroes of our century. And where Baglow got the idea the hobbits were dull, lifeless creatures I'll never know. The hobbits were remarkably alive--they appreciated beauty, they basked in creativity, they knew the value of a sunset in the mountains. They dearly loved their friends, and honestly tolerated their enemies--and that is what life is all about. Go ahead, John Baglow. Name me a more important life-purpose than simple love. And now try and tell me that Sauron symbolized love.

((I fail to see how you relate social criticism to striving after forbidden knowledge. The obvious children of the Faust legend are the Mad Scientist epics. And why should our history become cloudy? Unless you forseer some sort of universal cataclysm and subsequent descent into barbarism which I don't))

ROGER BRYANT JR "In Praise of Sauron" is a refreshingly thought-provoking little
647 Thoreau Ave thing. It tends to throw ones well-established feelings about what
Akron, Ohio a groove LotR was into a spin. Of course, one quickly recovers and
44306 remembers that LotR is beautiful even if Professor T. is a conser-
 vative burgher. Mr. Baglow's interpretation of hobbit culture may
be very perceptive but I disagree that Sauron is really a 'good' force. The very
tactics he used throughout the narrative of the War of the Ring make it clear that
he would indeed have been a tyrant had he accomplished his
ends. It seems likely to me that a different and more direct
type of oppression would have descended upon Middle Earth.
But as a result of Sauron's efforts and the success of Frodo's
mission, the stasis of culture was broken in that the domin-
ance of elves and dwarves was ended and men rose to become
the (usually) more innovative masters of the world. This
sounds like saying the Weathermen are good for us because
they cause the Spiro Agnews to rise and defend the Silent
Majority, but in the end it does work that way, producing
a new and more viable synthesis of culture. In this sense
Viva Sauron.



JOCK ROOT About condensers: you're going to have con-
206 E. 25th St siderable difficulty making a condenser
New York, NY hold a charge if its plates are shorted
10010 together by staples. In fact, if I were you,
 I would examine the stapler for signs of
melting about the jaws: the act of stapling the book toget-
her would automatically discharge the plates through the
staple--and maybe the stapler as well. Anyway--I can tell you because I measured it--
there was no charge on the covers as received. Back to the drawing board (oh, hello
Alicia--didn't mean to disturb you.)

Susan's poetry article fascinates me. I'm hung up on words myself, vocationally and avocationally, and I agree with her at least 90% (close as you ever get with such subjects) about poetry. Seems to me I've seen a few examples of sf poetry that I thought really worked, but I can neither find nor sufficiently recall them now to go further at this point. Curious that sf and poetry, which require fundamentally the same heads to do well (and to appreciate properly) have remained effectively enemies for so long; another example of potential loss due to prejudice, I think. That reconciliation will come, I think; and it will be a glorious day!

Meanwhile, I remember a neat bit of sf verse. It's from F&SF, I think, but I don't recall author or title:

When they settled the dark side of Mercury,
It was May, so they called the dome Mayfair;
But the colonists soon had rechristened it June
For what is so rare as a day there?

By the way, Mike, watch your ink feed. Some of my pages were awfully light.

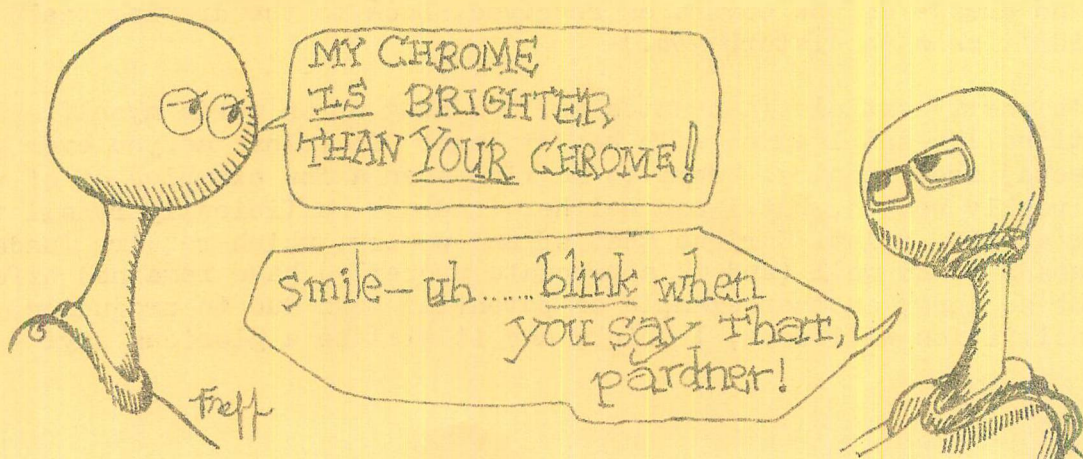
((I should have known I wouldn't fool you with the capacitor routine, Jock. You're the only person I know who'd actually get out a meter and check up on me. But even so, there was no call for that pun about "potential loss"!))

JAY KAY KLEIN Don Hutchison's commentaries on the idiotic press coverage of the
302 Sandra Dr Torcon, way back in '48, seem to conclude that this sort of shit-
N.Syracuse, NY hitting-the-fan is passé. Well, it isn't! It's still rare to get
13212 something sensible out of the press. In fact, though, it's not just
 fans who get hit with shit, but real life scientists, politicians
and whatnot. The average reporter seems to think it is his duty to the general reader to provide humorous, snide, and often slanted coverage--complete with inaccuracy.

Sometimes, of course, the reporter is merely inadequate to his subject, but more often, the errors are deliberate distortions. At the Boskone this year, I was approached by a local reporter who asked me to point him in the right direction to get a story on the convention. He seemed to think I was covering the event photographically for Life, Playboy, or (possibly) Screw. That would make me an accessory to the Press, you see. He particularly wanted me to refer him to someone he could interview who would state he expected to find little green men on Mars.

I told him that no-one in his right mind at the convention would make that statement, because it was stupid. However, I did refer him to Ben Bova. Quite an interview ensued, and I heard the reporter trying valiantly, several times, to get Ben to say he expected to find little green men on Mars! "Now, you do expect to find little green men on Mars, don't you?" "Well, getting back to those little green men you expect to find on Mars..." And so forth, with Ben vigorously denying the whole idea. At any rate, the article appeared, minus most of Ben's best comments. I think that somewhere in the article, though, was something to the effect of: "Are there really little green men on Mars? Noted science fiction author won't say."

((I was apparently the victim of such distortion myself at PghLange. I didn't see it, but Harlan told me the TV film on the convention made me look like a drug-crazed hippie while in fact I had been blinded by the sudden turning on of the spotlights. And they distorted all their coverage in that way.))



CORY PANSHIN Not to sound like JJ Pierce, but I would
Open Gate Farm like to present Mike Deckinger with a de-
Star Route fense of the occasional relevance of the sf
Perkasie, Pa. of 20 years ago in the form of the follow-
18944 ing quotes:

The basic theorem of population mathematics to which there has never been found an exception is that population increases always, not merely up to the extent of the food supply, but beyond it, to the minimum diet that will sustain life--the ragged edge of starvation. In other words, if we bled off a hundred thousand people a day, the Earth's population would then grow until the increase was around two hundred thousand a day, or the bionomical maximum for Earth's new ecological dynamic.

--Robert A Heinlein
Farmer in the Sky 1950

Dr. Junz felt an atavistic thrill. He himself came from the world of Libair, and like all Libairians, he was highly pigmented and his skin was a deep rich brown. There were few worlds in the Galaxy in which the skin colour was as extreme as on either Libair or Florina. Generally, intermediate shades were the rule....He had happened upon one of the ancient worlds of the Centaurian Sector in the course of business; one of those worlds whose history could be counted in millenia and whose language was so archaic that its dialect might almost be that lost and mythical language, English. They had a special word for a man with dark skin.

Now why should there be a special word for a man with dark skin? There was no special word for a man with blue eyes, or large ears, or curly hair. There was no--

--Isaac Asimov
The Currents of Space 1952

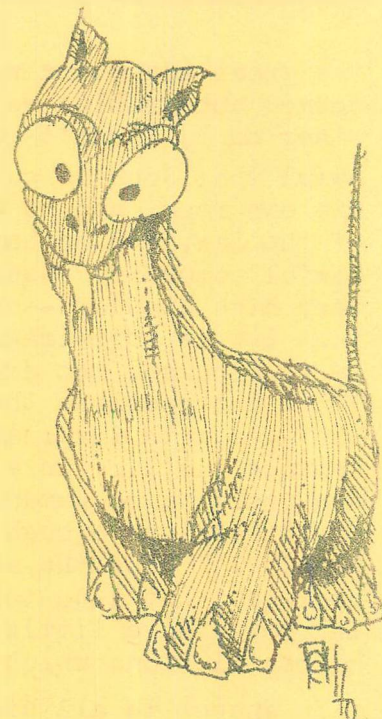
And just for the sake of amusement, another quote from Farmer in the Sky:

Four or five minutes later the shadow had crawled up on top of Europa; they were all lined up--and I knew I was seeing the most extraordinary sight I would ever see in my life, Sun, Jupiter, and the four biggest moons all perfectly lined up.

Ecology, race and Arthur C Clarke--what more could you want for relevance?

BOB SHAW "Struggling fanzine", indeed! Who's kidding who around here? EN-
6 Cheltenham Park ERGUMEN has an air of opulence and success about it. Do you know
Belfast BT6 OHR that in this one issue you have included about as much expensive
N. Ireland blank space and airiness as we had in the entire series of HY-
 PHEN? You'll not get any articles out of me by using that ap-
proach--not with all that delicious art work, those nice layouts, interesting arti-
cles, and letters from dozens of BNFs. Why I could almost raise a bank loan on the
strength of having been sent a complimentary copy! What you should have said was
something like, "A member of my editorial staff has persuaded me to publish some-
thing by you and as I have a vacant space for 353 words in the next issue I am pre-
pared to take a chance on you provided you telex the material to me immediately."

John Baglow's "In Praise of Sauron" hit me in two different ways. I was living in Calgary at the time I read the Rings trilogy, finished it two days before the end of a holiday and spent those days in a state of intense let-down over the fact that

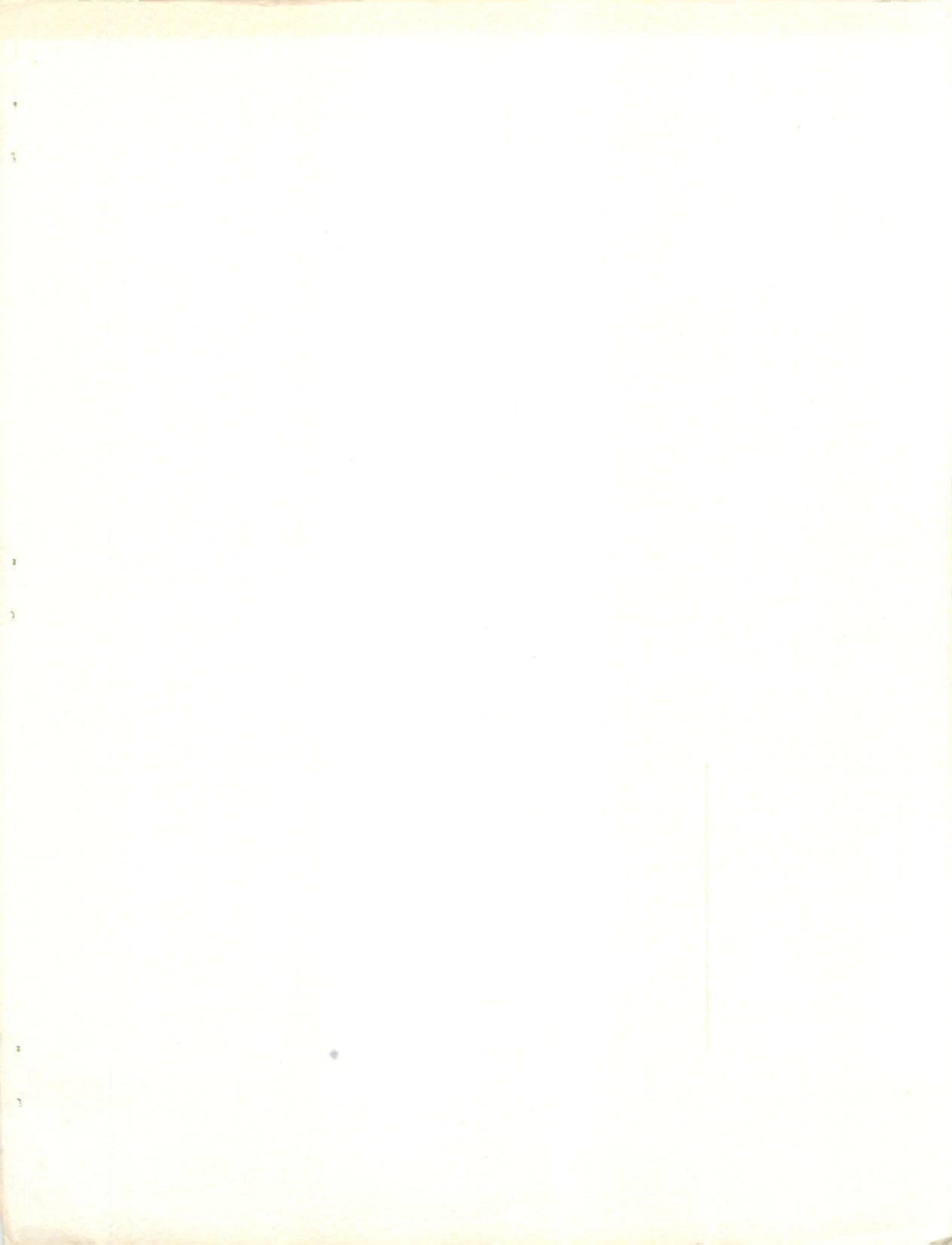


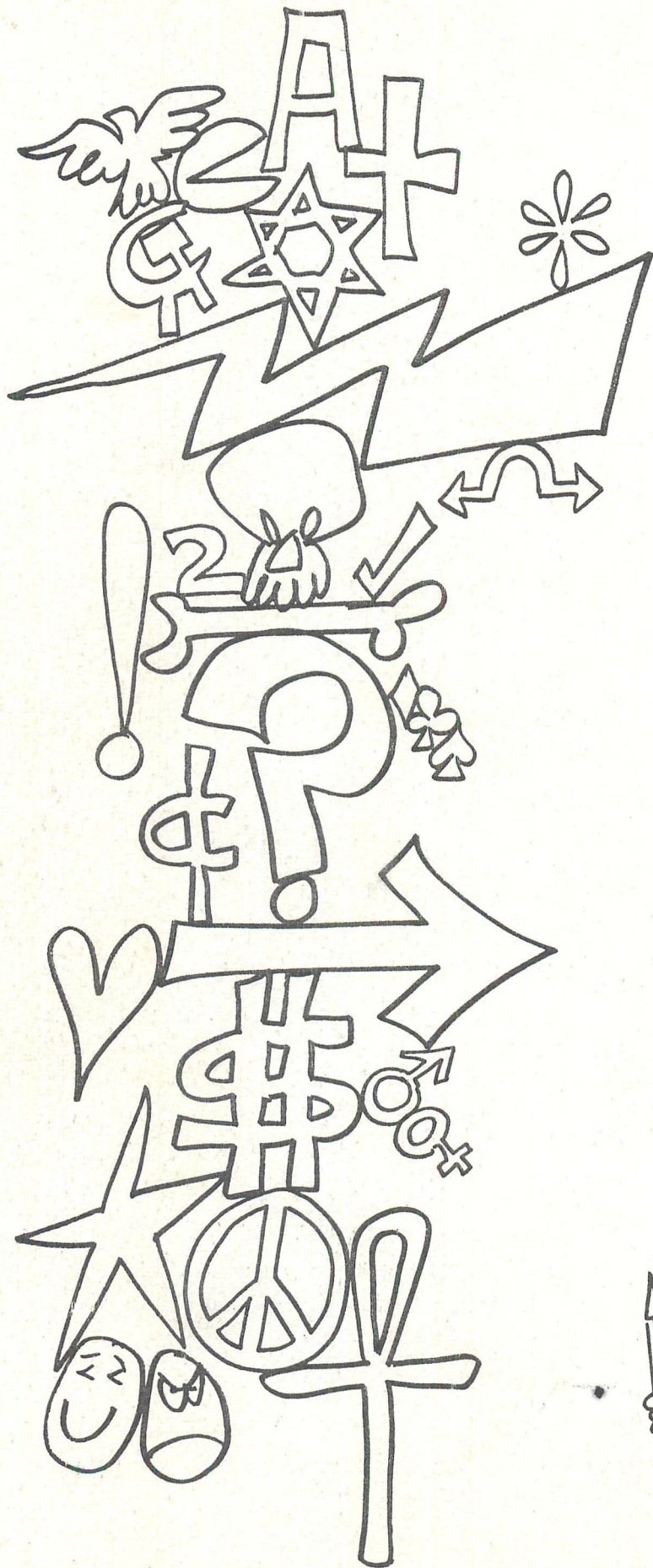
the great adventure was ended. In that mood, a return to the security of the Shire seemed unbearable; so part of me sympathises with everything John says. But on the other hand, I can't go along with the idea that Law is a bad thing. Is it really so awful that John is guaranteed enough piece and security to write fanzine articles in his own room, and to have them published by fans who also live under the protection of the Law, and to have them distributed through a system that could only exist in a lawful community? Does he accept the fact that his education--which is obviously of a very high standard--could not have been given him if there were no Law? John says that Law is anti-imagination, but there are a whole range of creative people, from me to Picasso, who exercise what talent they have without ever clashing with the Law. Is it not possible that it is the people who acknowledge the necessity for Law are the ones with imagination? I mean enough imagination to be able to visualise what existence was like in all the thousands of brutal, bloody, mean, ignorant, disease-ridden years which humanity struggled through before we reached a stage in which a man could be given enough time, money, and community backing to develop, say, the polio vaccine. I hope the above doesn't make me sound unfashionably optimistic. I'm not an optimist, but I do think it is unrealistic of anarchists to imagine that abolishing Law would have little more effect than setting them, as a group, free of the personal restrictions which sometimes irk everybody.

((In answer to all his critics, John says: Yes, my article was serious. Too serious, perhaps--but the comment, pro and con, generally missed the point I was trying to make, which was that Sauron is evil, to Tolkien. That is, the force of change incarnated in Sauron gives us, through Tolkien's eyes, a pretty ugly view of change. The accretions around change, which coalesce around the name Sauron, or at least some of these accretions, are, of course, evil per se. That does not make the energy of Sauron evil; it is just that Tolkien regards such energy with misgivings, and attaches evil connotations and associations to it. All references to Sauron's evil, therefore, are red herrings, because that evil is added to the energy Sauron embodies by Tolkien. What I am arguing is that evil is not naturally or organically there as a necessary part of energy. Hence my criticism (largely, I suppose, a matter of value-judgement) of Tolkien.))

I ALSO HEARD FROM: BOB BLOCH who said "For the record, good press coverage /of cons/ began (and may have ended) in 1951 when I was drafted without notice into the PR job at the Nolacon--with valuable help from Dan Galouye. We got actual, undistorted news coverage, and lots of it. But recent cons seem to bring forth tongue-in-cheek items not much superior to 1948's treatment." JAY ZAREMBA who notes "It is strange that most mimeo fanzines have not experimented with layout the way they can, especially in running colour, where the cost of this is extremely restrictive to an offset fanzine" JOHN BRUNNER who said that "Jagged Orbit" was written after SOZ. But what the hell does he know? DEAN KOONTZ who promises an article for issue 4. See, Dean, I've committed you now! JERRY KAUFMAN who straightened out any misunderstanding over his reaction to issue 1. SUE LEWIS whose excellent letter about myths was unfortunately a day too late for the lettercol. PETER ROBERTS who talked about the poetry of DM Thomas but I can't read Pete's writing, plus JEFF COCHRAN, JOHN INGHAM, ALPAJPURI, BRUCE NEWROCK; GEORGIA RAYE, CECELIA SMITH, MICHAEL TERUYA, LOU SILVA, PERRY CHAPDELAIN and TIM KIRK. And lots of people sent me artwork for which I am extremely ~~greatly~~ grateful and I hope they'll be pleased with what they see here and send me more. And thanks to all those faneds who were kind enough to send me their efforts. Until next time, whenever and however that may be, good luck to you all and bless you for responding to Energumen 2. But now, of course, there's Energumen 3...

WATCH THIS SPACE





DID WE FORGET ANYTHING?

