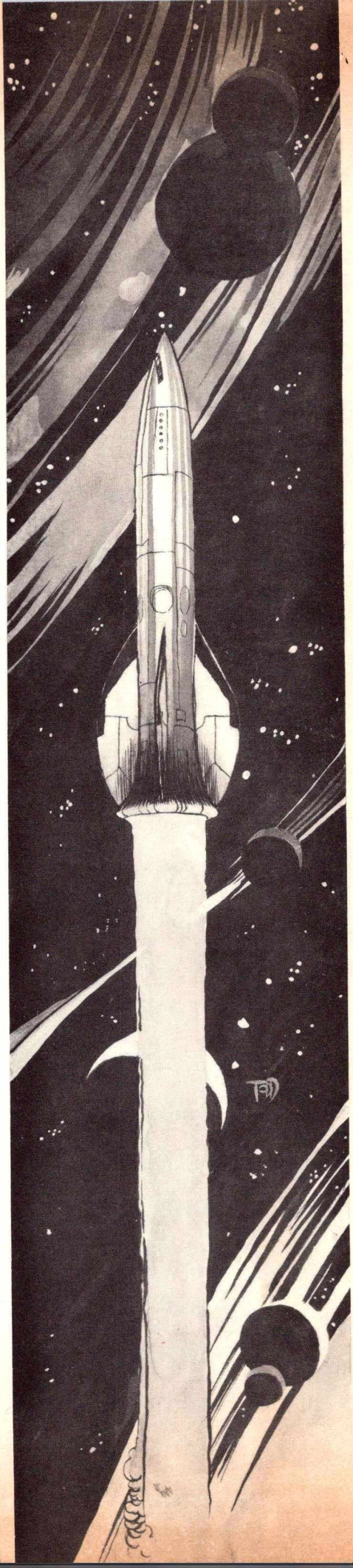


**LIZARD INN TWO**



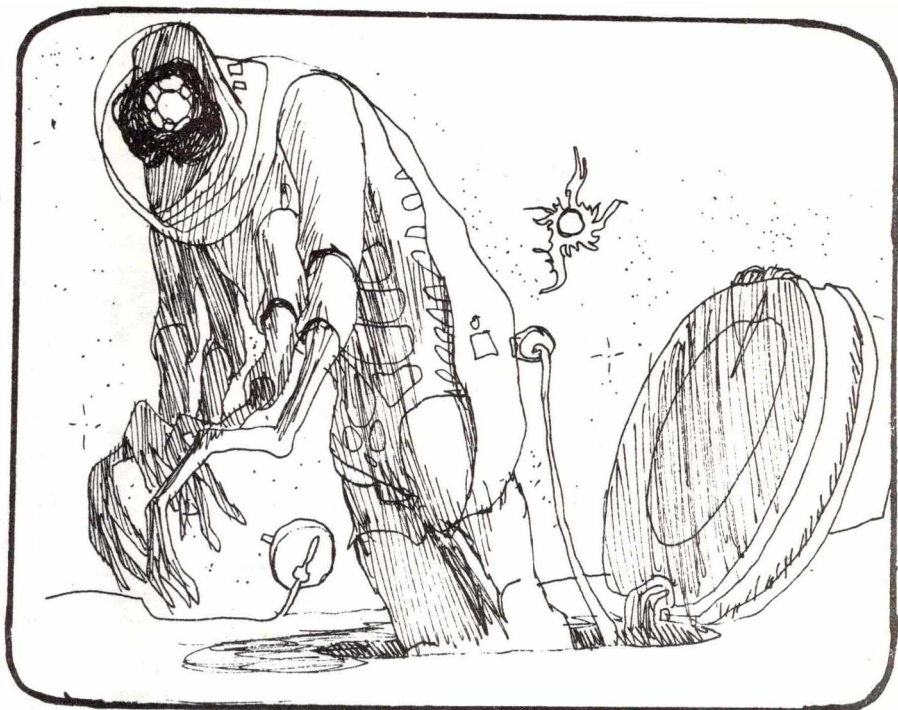
# LIZARD INN 2

c/o Dan Steffan  
Woodfield Road  
Cazenovia, N.Y.  
13035

NOVEMBER 1971  
ISSUE -- 60¢

## -artwork-

Todd...cover  
Gilbert...1,5,8  
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Balfour...7  
Gilliland...8,12  
Symes...9,13,21  
Pond...11, bcover  
Porter...12



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Larry S. Todd  
Dan Steffan  
Lisa Tuttle  
Jerry Lapidus  
Kurt Shoemaker  
Dan Steffan



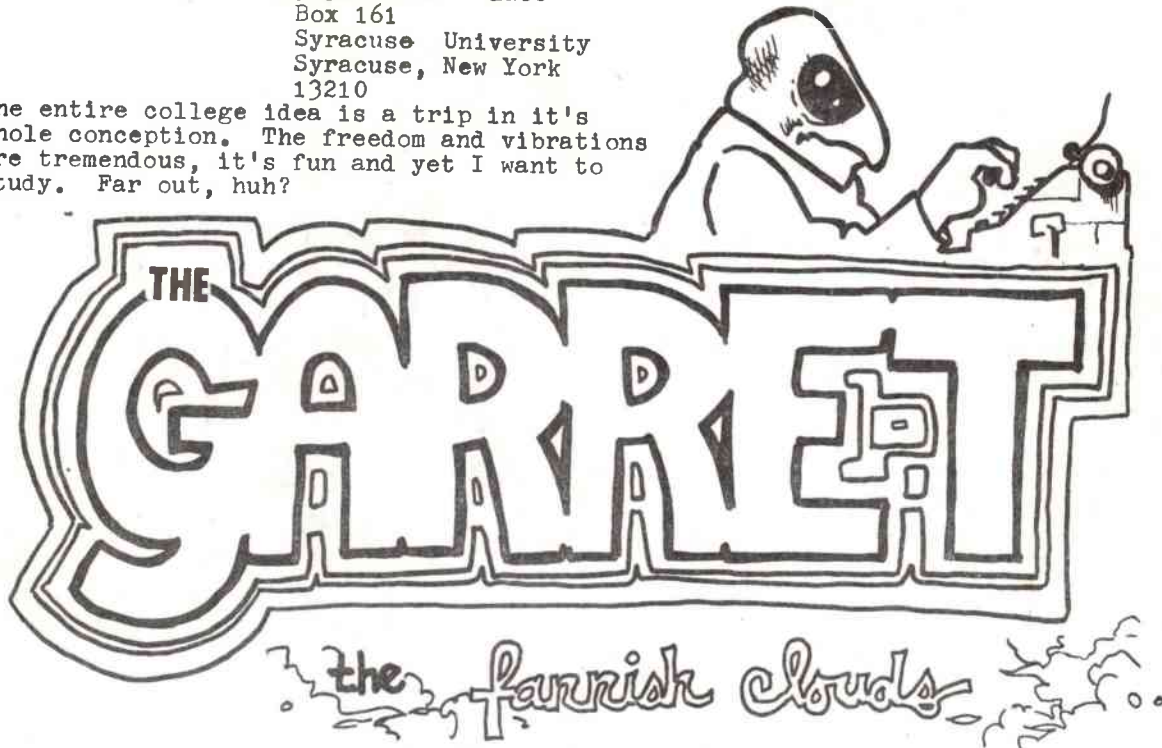
In your meaty little hooks you are holding the second issue of that fanzine of dreams (my dreams (scant as they may be!)), LIZARD INN. This is my first all offset issue, and am quite pleased with the layout and graphics, in my opinion the written material isn't quite up to the graphics, but none the less quite good. About the matter of material, I'm not going to plead for material, because I feel people will respond once they know they are wanted by the editor and believe me, I WANT YOU! I'll besending out many inquires after this ish has a chance to circulate, so if you like L/I help me out.

LOOK MA... THEY WANT ME! THAT'S NICE!

I have a really good vibration about the entire establishment known as SF Fandom. In the past 6 months I've been kept quite busy doing loads of art and illustrations for numerous fanzines such as Tomorrow and... and Energumen, and literally loving every minute of it. I find it no burden at all to do this work, for it all has a sense of wonder to it, a feeling like a breath of cold fresh air. For those of you who are wondering where to get my cataclysmic scribbles, I have a neww address, it's my school address, at Syracuse University, I'm going to art school here. Hooray! This address therefore is only good until late May: Daniel J. Steffan

303 Stadium Place  
Box 161  
Syracuse University  
Syracuse, New York  
13210

The entire college idea is a trip in it's whole conception. The freedom and vibrations are tremendous, it's fun and yet I want to study. Far out, huh?



The reaction to L/I #1 was slight, as is obvious in the lettercolumn. But then perhaps I expected too much. But what response I did get was generally quite well written and didn't just bullshit, they all made some type of point. It's amazing how greatly caught up in L/I I've become, it gives my great satisfaction when I look through it. But to me it isn't a hobby, it's an experience.

This issue was to contain an Entropy Reprint by Terry Carr, but I guess we picked a bad time with Terry's move to the Bay area and all; hpefully next issue. Among other things. That also depends if there is a next issue, but there probably will be another issue, I'm masicistic enough.

I'm glad LIZARD INN and I, are a part of fandom. It is a sampling of many things and people with whom I'll probably be dealing with professionally in about four years. It matters not if there are baddly run conventions, there are also cons that are run very well. There are Crudzines, but there are Hugo quality zines. In other words, fandom has been a type of silver lining to one of the clouds in my sky. To quote Bill Rotsler "Fandom Uber Alles!"

•- GRIN and BEAR IT -•

As I mentioned in the above paragraphs I've had my illos printed in many zines including the Katz fanzines, Focal Point and Potlatch!, but this wasn't the high point of my association with the fannish troupe. In the third genzine issue of FP in the lettercol, arnie (that's Arnie!) called me "a promising young fan". Yes Lord, do ya hear that, my fannish fortune is made. I can see it now, 3 cars, a pool, a harem, and...and...\*ugh\* I also see that I'm 60 years old. Excuse me, folk!

- nothing more to say!



# WHY I DON'T LIVE IN A MEN'S DORM

BY  
*Lisa Tuttle*

-OR-  
OH THOSE NIGHTS  
OF COLLATING

There's something about men's dorms. Something to do with 3 am harsh lights on tiled walls, scarred wooden doors, echoing bathroom obscenities, broken bottles, cigarette butts, all-night poker games and the pervasive smell of beer. Not the atmosphere of civilization.

(Yet I live in a women's dorm, and don't mind it, although one girl chasing another with shrieks and a fetal pig can't be called civilized.)

October, last year. I was a freshman at Syracuse University, and Jerry Lapidus, BNF, was a senior. He lived in Lawrinson, S.U.'s very own Phallic symbol, which was just behind Sadler, the former jock dorm where I lived.

We went one night to see a play down at the drama department. It's in an unsavory neighborhood (translation: my mind starts screaming, "Get out of here you ninny, do you want to get raped?!" even before the sun goes down.) and it was dark so we took the campus bus.

When we got back, Jerry said: "Hey do you want to go up to my room and collate?"

My senses reeled. I blushed. "Sure," I said shyly.

I knew about collating; after all, in Houston I had edited a fanzine. In the company of most of the Houston

I knew all about collating; after all, in Houston I had edited a fanzine. In the company of most of the Houston Science Fiction Society I had spent many exciting hours collating around the dining room table. But this was different. For one thing, it wasn't my fanzine. And it had been awhile...I hadn't so much as touched Tacky-Finger for months. Would I disgrace myself with ineptness? Would I perform well? Would he ever ask me to collate again?

We went up to the 14th floor, performing en route the usual rituals and prayers of thankfulness to the Elevator God. Considering that it was a weekend, there wasn't much going on on the 14th floor: a hockey game in the hall and the usual drunken oafs littering the lounge; that was all. We made it to room 1408 without mishap.

In the room we met Bert (Jerry's roommate; not a fan) and Barry Brenesal (his chief claim to fame in fandom is his partial editorship for Tomorrow and...) watching tv. In honor of my arrival they turned off the television and decided to treat me to the record of Candide (a former Broadway musical which they were all nuts about). Jerry spread the pages of his latest Apa-45 zine on the bed and floor, got out the Tacky-Finger and stapler, and we set to work.

Soom, Jerry, Bert, and Barry were singing along with the record player while Jerry and I collated lustily. The volume of the player was increased, and we all became louder and louder. A sudden pounding on the door silenced us all.

We looked at each other.

All the horrible stories of the horrible things men do to one another came rushing back to me like the hot kiss on the end of a hot fist.

"You answer it," Jerry hissed at Bert. "They all like you."

Bert looked dubious, but cautiously opened the door. I could see Bert, but was behind the door and couldn't see out. I fondled the Tacky-Finger nervously.

"Telephone for Lapidus," said the unseen.

Yeah, sure," said Jerry.

Bert shut the door, Jerry locked it, and Barry turned down the record player.

"But..." I said "But..."

"No one would call me this late," Jerry said. I looked at the clock. It was nearly 1 am.

"Then what was it?" I asked.

They gave me to understand that what was going on was one of the unpleasant and less-publicized habits of men who live in dorms.\* That is, as they valued their physical well-being they would not venture out into the hall with the beasts.

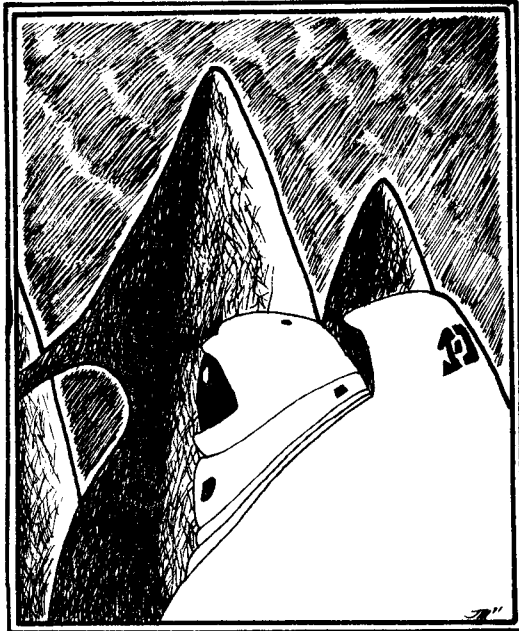
"Oh," I said meekly, getting scared to say anything, but Jerry shook his head.

Another knock at the door.

Jerry answered it. I scurried behind to peek over his shoulder.

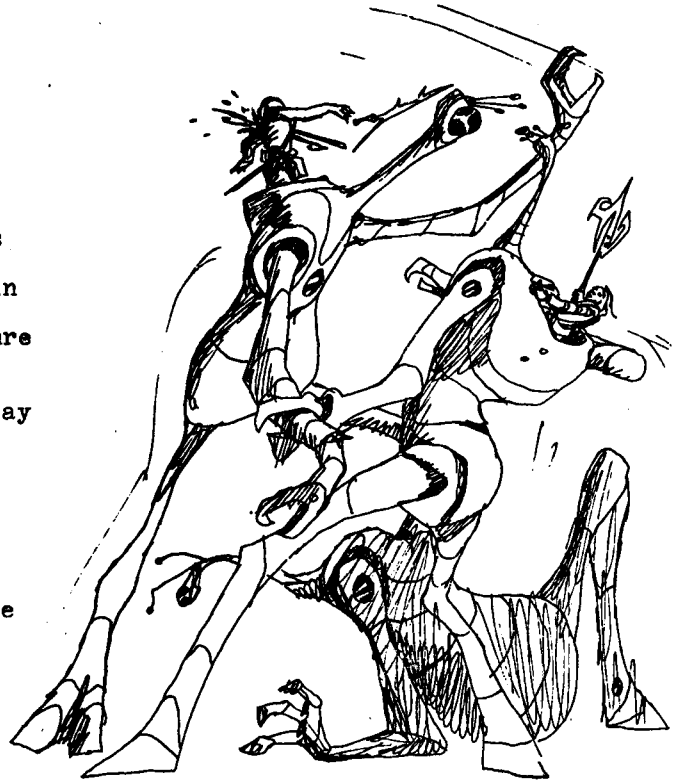
"Telephone," said the Hairy Brute outside the door.

I looked down the hall. Something had been done to the lights. The only thing that could be seen was a dim light at the end by the telephone, and several large, hulking, indistinct shapes.



"Don't go down there," I whispered, appalled.

"ask who it is," Jerry yelled, sticking his head out into the hall.



There was a sound of muttering from the end of the hall. I thought they were probably trying to think of a convincing fake name.

"You got a girl named Lisa there?"

"It's for me," I said, relieved. And, not stopping to think that very few people would know where to find me, I threw caution to the winds and ran down the hall. Jerry followed, determined to protect my honor with his life. (or so I liked to think.)

Nobody got killed, nobody got raped, nobody even got smashed over the head with a beer bottle.

"Are you all right?"

"I'm fine," I said, wondering why my roommate's boyfriend wanted to know.

"Janet was worried when you didn't come back after the play. She thought you might have tried to walk back from the theatre alone--"

I assured him that all was well. "Tell Janet we just came up to Jerry's room to collate."

Embarrassed pause. "Oh, I hope I didn't interrupt anything."



Jerry Lapidus'

# I FELL INTO A AVALANCHE

## FANZINE REVIEWS



Open Mouth, insert feet. Both of them.

Besides sounding like an event in Glory Road, this pretty accurately describes the current Lapidus fanzine review situation. Largely in light of the lack of any fanzine reviews anywhere as I discussed last time, I offered review columns to several of the fanzines I enjoy, hoping one, or possibly even two, might be interested. Yes indeed.



I now have fanzine review columns in no less than four fanzines--Energumen, Bea-bohema, ICC, and, of course, here.

Now there are certainly enough fanzines being printed today to fill a dozen such regular columns....the only question will be, whether I'll be able to get all my feelings written down. Here and in ICC, I'll be doing general reviews of recent released fanzines; in the other two columns, I'll usually be discussing fanzine types, movements, and similar overview style questions. QX?

Rereading my reviews in last issue, I was really appalled at the amount of space totally wasted on listing fanzine contents. Dan--you edit that crap out, if the idiot does it again this time!

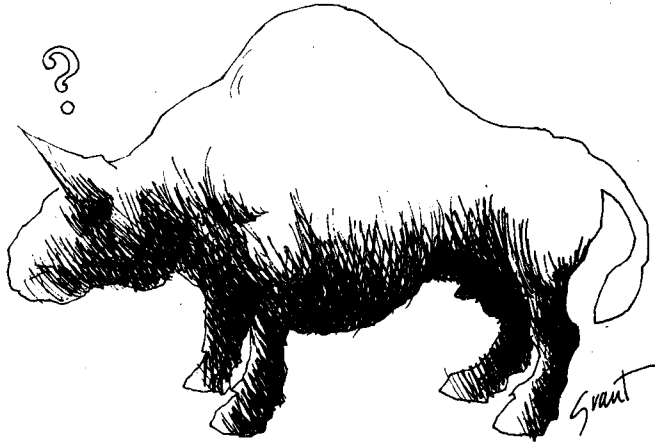
Science Fiction Commentary 19 and 20, edited by Bruce Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia. \$3/9, or usual.

Right now SFC is the best regularly appearing English-language fanzine devoted primarily to sf and sf criticism. Clearly. By virtue of frequent and continually improving publication, it's taken the mantle over the British Speculation, which's been extremely erratic lately. But Bruce has managed to produce this excellent publication with increasing regularity--I'm sure two more issues have appeared, even if the sea mail hasn't reached this country yet, by the time you read this. And doing so, he's managed to avoid most of the flaws regularly plaguing magazines of this type. The material is almost always enjoyable, very rarely dry and pedantic and Riverside Quarterly. Contents varies issue to issue from essays to long and short book reviews, film discussions, and entirely editorials. Art is almost totally absent, but material is excellently mimeographed and interestingly presented. It's almost always an easy magazine to read cover to cover, a rare quality for fanzines period--no less for a "sercon" publication.

SFC 19 is the John Foyster Special issue and in 119 pages, Gillespie reprints the entire runs of Foyster's short lived Exploding Madonna, and Journal of Omphalistic Epistemology. Both of them were very limited circulation magazines devoted to sf criticism, and to establish criteria for this. Perhaps everything in these nine Foyster fanzines didn't need or warrant reprinting, but there still is an astounding amount of excellent critical material in these pages. A lot of the best material is from Foyster himself, and of the others, Stanislay Lem and Frank Rottensteiner are best represented. But there's also fascinating stuff from Delany, Blish, Gillespie himself, George Turner and others. Material covers the entire spectrum of the field, from editorial remarks on specific works to long discussions on how this or that participant

writes his material. A few of the pieces of most general interest were eventually reprinted in SFC and SFR. But I guarantee anyone with a half-serious interest in the field will find considerable material of interest here. You should try to find a copy, if you weren't one of the comparatively few fans to be on Gillespie's list.

20 is a more standard issue, but no less interesting. A superb critical editorial (Gillespie has always



been one of his best writers, and I've always wished for more of him), a good selection of book reviews, a Lem article on Jorge Luis Borges, and Barry Gillam on The Forbin Project. My only major complaint would have to be the total absence of artwork beyond the cover--but Gillespie seems set in this practice, and there seems very little I can do about it. Again I repeat, this is a must for some of the best enjoyable serious discussion of the field around.

Phantasmicom 6 and 7, edited by Donald Keller, 1702 Meadow Court, Baltimore, Maryland 21207. 50¢ or the usual.

This magazine makes an unfair-but-interesting comparison with Alpajpuri's Carandaith (reviewed in detail elsewhere). Both are generally oriented toward fantasy; both are mimeo, with extensive electrostencil; both are approximately the same age, in terms of total issues. But where Paj's magazine has been infrequent and highly polished, both in terms of reproduction and quality of material, I can't say that's the case here. Where Paj's writing and graphics were so interesting as to entice a non-fantasy fan like myself into reading the whole issue and even enjoying it, Phantasmicom is often dull and pedestrian--and to me, often quite boring. Reproduction and artwork are generally

only mediocre, except for some very nice covers. For me, the overlong book review column is still the most enjoyable section; a devoted fantasy fan might enjoy some of the rest, but I confess I generally haven't.

What is it in the magazine that makes me come down so strongly on it? I don't know. Perhaps it's simply that very comparison I made above--after reading a magazine which takes a topic I find dull and makes it fascinating to me, I guess I'm very let down by a magazine which fails to make that same topic as interesting. Pcom certainly isn't all that bad, despite what I've said--despite my lack of interest, I still read most of it. And if you're interesting and if you're interested in the sort of thing Keller and Jeff Smith (editor/associate editor) print you might well like it. You might well like the little known William Morris story in seven, the fantasy poems. A lot of it still strikes me as pretty poor, though. Feh.



Scythrop 22, edited by John Bangsund, GPO Box 4946, Melbourne, 3001, Australia.

Australian Science Fiction Review has, over the past year, evolved finally into Scythrop, and if this issue is to be any example, the evolution has been a most profitable one. Combining the serious (but never too serious) discussion of the field from ASFR with some of the best Australia



fannish writing, Bangsund has produced a remarkably enjoyable and readable magazine, and I sincerely hope this latest stage of evolution of his productions lasts.

Most of the best writers in Australian fandom are represented, and almost all with high class material; John Foyster with an excellent convention report; A. Bertram Chandler writing on his career in sf, and most entertainingly; John Bronsnan on the bus trip from Australia to Heicon; George Turner with some excellent book reviews; even Bangsund himself, with some very bad puns. Nothing is stuffy, nothing really too esoteric for the non-Australian fan to understand (something I'm not sure could be said about the average Australian reading our fannish writing).

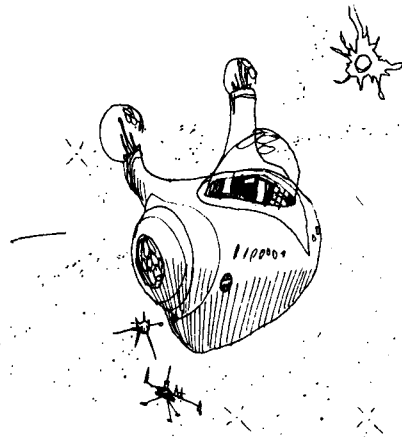
Reproduction is typical Australian fair-to-good mimeo, with the bonus of far more artwork than is usual in Australian and British fanzines. The level unfortunately is considerably more amateurish than that over here, and really doesn't come anywhere near the writing. Take this as a plea to some of our better fanartists--if you are looking for a damn good fanzine that needs your work, Scythrop is definitely the answer.

This issue, 22, is dated April 1971, although I received it considerably later than that. I do hope this all doesn't mean another halt in publication, for the magazine is too good to suffer that fate again.

Energumen 8 and 9, edited by Mike and Susan Glicksohn, 32 Maynard Ave., Apt. 205, Toronto 156, Ontario, Canada. The usual (no fiction, short reviews, poetry), 50¢

Why have I been putting off reviewing Mike's two most recent issues? All through doing the column for ICC and so far in this one, I've consciously stayed away, picking others, often lesser magazines from the pile. I've avoided it, to be perfectly honest, and I can't really tell you why.

I do know--or think I know--that one reason is that I don't have much new to say, much I didn't say in most column here last issue. There, I concluded that Mike has finally managed to reach a high pinnacle of quality writing to go with his generally excellent artwork, but that, in my opinion, he still uses a bit too much inferior artwork, work which detracts from the quality of the rest of the material. These same statements seem to categorize the next two issues, too. Everything is interesting, although nothing in these issues strike me as particularly inspired. There are high points in each--Arnie Katz's discussion and reprint of a nice Marion Zimmer Bradley fannish story in 8, Paul Walker's remarkably excellent interview with Bob Silverberg in 9--and corresponding relatively low points--Darrell Schweitzer in 8 and Leon Taylor in 9--but nothing is less than readable. The reproduction seems to be getting a little better each issue; Mike's



always had a problem getting really black mimeo, but this seems noticeably better in 8 and especially in 9 than in previous issues. He still has superb covers (a beautiful Shull and an equally good Kirk), and some excellent interior work--and he still doesn't try to do as much with layout and graphics as he certainly could. The penchant for using too much inferior interior artwork is present in 8 but almost entirely lacking in 9, and this looks like a very Good Thing for the future.

Right now, Mike's major problem may be one of eventual stagnation. In less than two years, he's moved from neo-editor to the editor of one of the most popular (third on the Hugo ballot with a circulation under 300!) fanzines around--and one of the better ones by any standards. He now has a group of regular columnists, with Ted White and Bob Toomey the most recent additions.



And he regularly presents some of the best large-scale art seen in fanzines anywhere. But if the magazine is to remain interesting, he must keep growing, keep looking for new things, keep experimenting in terms of material, and especially in layout and graphics. The fannish/"sercon" split of issues 6 and 7 was a fine step in this direction, and I only hope he doesn't allow complacency and success to stop improving an already fine product.

And in addition, that the successful Canadian worldcon bid for 1973 won't hurt the magazine. Odd died with the St. Louis bid's success, and I sincerely hope that one of the successors to Ray's experiment won't go the same route.

section is certainly the highlight of the issue, but Jay Lynch's cover and Kinney's own work, especially his multicolor panels on 10 and 11, are equally outstanding. Nothing here makes any attempt at being "major" or "important"; unlike some of the people of the fannish resurgence, Jay doesn't appear to take his fannishness seriously, and the result seems to be a lighter and more friendly tone than some of the better known fannish magazines around. I like it very much; my only real complaint is that the lettercolumn is long and micro-elite and almost unreadable.

You won't find yourself in the middle of "where it's at" in the fannish wars in Nope, but if you convince Jay to send you a copy, I do think you'll enjoy it.



Nope 11, edited by Jay Kinney--ask Jay if you want a copy.

Nope is ditto and is thus limited to a small run, which is why Jay doesn't want his address listed in reviews. Ok, I won't. But although he doesn't want new subscribers and will probably cut me off his list for this, I really have to talk about this.

Since Hoop died and Algol went all offset, Nope seems to remain the only "important" ditto fanzine left. But by itself, it proves to all doubters--including, high on the list one J. Lapidus--what can be done with the medium, if you have an editor and artists who know how to use it. Contents pretty much limited to light fannish writing and cartoon artwork, virtually all good to excellent. A three-page David Herwig cartoon

Crossroads 11 and 12, edited by my buddy Al Snider, Box 2319, Brown Station, Providence, Rhode Island 02912. 50¢, 3/\$1, or the usual.

Al is one of my favorite convention people around (Bob Vardeman is another), and he writes well, and he discovered and first printed (I think) Grant Canfield, and he always seems on the verge of publishing a good fanzine.

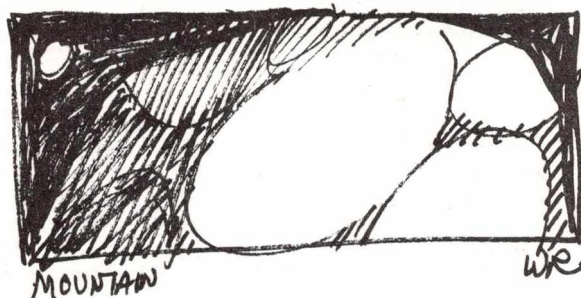
But he never seems to make it, whether through bad luck or bad timing. Crossroads is his second major fanzine; he folded Nimrod after, I believe, 12 issues, and started up Ci more or less as a free-wheeling Psychotic controversyzine, and then cooled down abit; and then, just as it looks as if Al was about to establish

a firm and interesting footing, it disappeared for nearly a year. Now it's back, with two new issues, and although both contain a bit of good art and of readable material, I don't get any overall feeling at all from 'em. They strike me as random collections of material, some interesting to me, some not. Perhaps this is still the problem caused by the long hiatus between issues, and Al is still in the process of getting back his contacts and contributors. Nothing strikes me as outstanding in either; probably the most notable are David Gerrold's comments on editors and writing and Greg Benford's trip-to - the- United Kingdom report, both in 12.

Things aren't helped by generally inferior (to past issues, certainly) artwork and reproduction. There's some fine work here, notably Canfield's, but also a bit of mediocre stuff, especially in 11; mediocre stuff, especially in 11; mimeo is only satisfactory, and is very rarely good. Layout quite standard, almost boringly so. I know Al isn't satisfied with the recent issues, and I can only hope this will result in a little care taken in the future.

Embelyon 4, edited by Jim and Lee Lavell  
5647 Culver Street, Indianapolis, Indiana 46226. 50¢, or the usual.

Been over half a year since this supposed quarterly last appeared, which seems a common fate for such promising fanzines. For promising it was, having in only four issues produced some really fine material and perhaps even more important, began to evolve a definite fanzine personality.



In both appearance and contents, Embelyon reminds me so much of the sort of fanzines coming out about two years ago, the huge, well-mimeoed fanzines with lots of good stuff and lots of not-so-good stuff, the fanzines of the Niekas/Habbukuk mold. This one's 75 pages long, but feels longer--there's just too much short, diffuse material, much of which is ver forgettable. A pretty good offut piece, and a most enjoyable Dave Gorman column, and a particularly goo Mike Gilbert interview and folio strike me as particularly interesting; one on the other hand, nearly 10 pages of a Leon Taylor review on one (1) Sheckley story is simply amazing. And there's a multitude of two and three page things, some interesting; some not, from people: Juanita Coulson, the editors, Sam Fath, David Lewton (Fmz reviews), Rick Stoker, Jim Stoor. And a twenty page lettercolumn, which cries out for tighter editing.

Reproduction is generally remarkably good, some of the best mimeo I've seen recently since Carandaith. A beautiful Gilbert cover, also well-designed and printed. Layout and design vary from fascinating to annoying, but at least they do try some out-of-the-ordinary ideas. A lot of color mimeo work, some of it well used, some simply there for the sake of a color change. Aside from the Gilbert folio, most of the art is cartoonish and fillio; there's lots of it, and quality varies up and down. Little attempt seems to be made to complement art and text, but that's a pet peve of mine.

All in all, if the editors can learn to say "no" to a few people per issue, and maybe reject some material from friends, they'll produce a more solid, altogether better magazine. But hell, this is only four issues old--most faneditors would cry to have a fourth issue this good, and Jim and Lee have every right to be proud of what they've done so far.

Focal Point 33: Arnie Katz,  
59 Livingston St., Apt. 6B  
Brooklyn, New York 11201 3/\$1

The third genzine issue of America's Leading Fannish Fanzine seems less interesting than usual, as, strangely enough, is the case with the latest issue of its companion, Potlatch (see below). There's nothing I can specifically point my finger at and say "Bad"; most of the regular contributors are here, and none in specially poor form... but somehow the whole issue hits me with a fairly dynamic "so what?" feeling.

Possibly some of this is caused by the lettercolumn. In a commendable effort to get as many letters into the magazine as possible, Arnie has gone to microelite for the lettercolumn. The result is the same as with Jay Kinney's Nope 11 microelite lettercolumn--the type looks like a cross between the ultra-reduction of Tomarrow And...? and the fuzzy printing in the more recent issues of Fantasy and Science Fiction--and the print is more difficult to read than any of those examples. This makes a rather poor ending to an otherwise well-reproduced and fairly well designed magazine, and I think leads to my overall down feeling; the lettercolumn doesn't seem as interesting as in the past, either, despite it's length.



Most enjoyable written material for me was Bob Toomey's report of his trek with Lee Hoffman--via rented truck--to Florida, the report helped along by Lee's illustrations. This is quite a bit longer than most of Bob's recent fanzine peices, but is no less well done for that. Neither Arnie's editorial nor Terry Carr's usually excellent column do much for me, and Arnie and his prejudices bother me very much in his fanzine reviews. And frankly, I'm not really sure that Mike Glicksohn should really be writing his column here at all. I fully agree with Arnie about Mike's abilities as an editor, and I both admire and contribute to Energumen when I can. But unless Mike really has something to talk about--as he usually has in his editorials--his writing strikes me as forced and static. "What the devil can I say in this column to Arnie?" I seem to hear him say--and it hits home, because I get the same feeling when I'm asked to write something (besides these columns) to a fanzine. Mike has



contributed a few columns to a couple of fannish fanzines, but he doesn't have the talent others have to make mundane events fun to read about. This column isn't bad, but I think it's essentially a waste--Mike doesn't seem to have anything important to say, and doesn't say anything especially entertaining.

Artwork has a sameness this time, but there's yet another excellent Chamberlain cover, and notable interiors from Steve Stiles and Bill Kunkel, a fan new to the artist ranks.

Potlatch 5 & 6: Joyce Katz,  
59 Livingston St., Apt. 6B,  
Brooklyn, NY Arranged Trades  
locs, contribs, 35¢ (no subs)





Why does the fifth issue of Potlatch still give me many chuckles, and the sixth barely a smile or two. I don't suppose I'll ever be ever to figure this out, but I think it has something to do with that old bugaboo of fanzines which depend on continuing columns--some columns are written to say something, and some are written because you owe the editor a column.

Potlatch 5 is perhaps the best single issue Joyce has yet produced; there isn't a mediocre feature here, and most of the material bears up under rereading very well. Joyce herself starts things off with a long and beautiful peice on growing up on a farm in rural America; Joyce has always been a fine writer, and her magazine has always had too little of her wo always had too little of her own writing. Arnie follows with one of his best columns, proposing a new society for Creative Fanachronism

("Bring back the good old days of Fandom" ), and managing to poke fun at the fannish movement a bit, something I wasn't sure he could do. Bob Tucker follows with yet another excellent column, talking about his pet hates in fandom; Terry Carr's Entrophy Reprint this time is a Pete Graham collection from Void and Lighthouse--this too is good, but strikes me as the weakest section of an excellent issue. Pretty good letters, too, another great Kinney cover, Nice interiors, especially Kinney's.

Unfortunately, the next issue couldn't keep up this level of enjoyment. People are marking time, and the result is something of a letdown. Neither Joyce nor (sacrilege) Tucker nor Bill Kunkel have particularly exciting columns; Arnie's is pretty good, although not his best, and Rick Stoker is pretty routine in writing a little faanish fiction. Terry's reprint is from Claude Deglar--it has great historical interest, but virtually no real literary value, and is interesting only in showing how really weird and sick Deglar probably was. A very good lettercolumn and some particularly fine work from Steve Stiles, even better than usual, bring the issue up abit.

In both cases--this and FP--I'm certain this is just a down issue. Both magazines are at the center of the fannish resurgence, and both are getting some of the best current fanish writing ( including Terry's reprints, some of the best past writing too.) Call the latest issues momentary lapses.

HOW ABOUT IT, BRUTUS, AREN'T I THE FIRST FACE IN FANDOM ?



Rats 9, 10, & 11: Bill Kunkel and Charlene Komar, 72-41 61st St. Glendale, New York 11227. Loc, art, trade to both editors, probably wtitten contribs, 35¢, 3/\$1

Bill and Charlene's Rats may not be the Fabulous Fannish Fanzine of Tomorrow Arnie reviewed it as in Focal Point, but it is an enjoyable little fanzine, getting better and better with each issue. At the moment, it's a little hard to tell how strong the Katz/Katz influence is but I think we'll see a distinct fanzine emerge anyway.

As a matter of fact, these three issues--the second, third, and fourth of the revived version--are nauseatingly (for any other editor) enjoyable already. All are unslick, unpretentious, kinda sloppy--and these isn't a bad feature in any of them. "Diverting" is a perfect word for the magazine so far: there's little that's likely to be memorable and yet reading the short magazine from cover to cover gives you a nice feeling about fans and fandom in general. Each issues has a couple of things worth looking back towards, too--Harry Warner's excellent bit in 9 on how he writes all those letters; Terry Carr's highly enjoyable reprint in 10, Bob Leman's "My Life With Dogs"; a Norescon report by Bill and Jay Kinney in 11, plus Charlene's well-written and generally well-balanced fanzine reviews in that same issue.

The biggest problem is that these three issues are just a little too messy for my tastes. A lot of the pages appear very hastily slapped together, and this severely hurts the overall appearance. Bill has a lot of artistic talent himself, and he's already getting contributions from the regular stable of fannish artists--I just think he needs to take a bit more time with each issue.

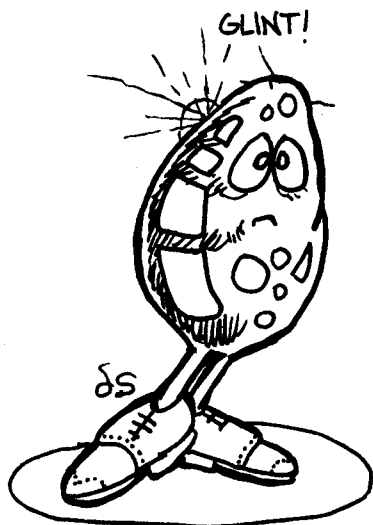
--Jerry Lapidus



# THE CRYSTAL POTATOE

KURT SHOEMAKER

illustrated by BILL ROTSLER



This ish: Making love to a seven foot Komodo dragon. Or, New York State vs. one K. Shoemaker. The charge: Sodomy.

Just saw (a couple days ago) Guess Who's Coming to Dinner. In it (the film) was mentioned how Sidney Poitier (his part/character that is) would be break-the law in several states were he to marry the girl he was in love with. I don't know if this is still so, but it's an interesting point.

There's a great show on, SF of course. It's a time travel type show. In this season's first show is a two-parter in which the protagonists journey back to the 15 hundreds. The sets are authentic, and the period dialogue is convincing enough to keep the viewer spellbound for the entire half hour. Don't miss it. It's Bewitched, Tuesday nights around eight thirty or so. Liz Montgomery, her husband (earthbound and dry witted) and Agnes Moorehead. Hugo contender for '71 Vote for it as opposed to voting for Neil A. and Connie S.

Announcing: New Fandom! A counter movement to the car accident fandom, L/I is bringing to light another exclusive clic to which only those willing to sacrifice a great deal of their nerves, stomach lining and time. Busted Fandom is here! A bit more expensive (moneywise) than car accident fandom, in that you end up paying lawyer fees (also covered in Car accident fandom if those involved in it limp from their dented means of transportation crying "whiplash", and at the same time holding on to an area ominously in the area of their neck), fines and possibly time wherein you can memorize the initials scattered and scratched into the walls of your ten by ten quarters. Those who submit brief descriptions of their exchange of pleanties with our noble "Protectors of Public Morals" will receive a free copy of L/I, or if you prefer, a portion (healthy sized, don't get me wrong.) of

potato salad and cottage cheese....If Dan can be coaxed to part with his friends until the next meal. Or, even if they don't prefer, a visit from the FBI or CIA or the local men in blue in connection to an alleged package from their pen-pal in Juan Ron, Mexico, as all entries will be judged by impartial members of these trusted forces. Somewhat similar to the people who do the sealed envelopes for the Oscars, only difference being that these gentlemen are more than happy to aid us in picking a winner... and granted us extra visiting hours, and conjour extra visiting hours, and conjugal visit visits from their favorite femfans, to exchange book reviews and up and coming selections from the SF book club.





Recommended: The Bell Jar and the Stars My Destination. The Bell Jar because my mother (bless her soul, and her forearm residing on our living room lamp with the numbers on it in the living room, and in my bar of Dachau Winter soap.) went to school with Sylvia Plath and, as Lester (in the latest If, Maybe even the last, what with the postal rate hike) no reader of any type of literature should lose touch with the rest of the printed word field else he (the reader)

stuff." Never read any, the speaker thinks, read about, yes. Read, no. (I've read RMW, and am proud of it too) Or even, "Mr. Kurt Shoemaker, of course. ...who?" I've had that happen to me... countless times. Never "Mr. Ellison"; "Mr. Williams." or "Mr. Shoemaker, of course, I've heard of you. I read the slush pile at Analog." Just thought I'd mention it, because I'm sure Famous Movie stars married to big-busted Movie Staresses have it happen to them all the time. And I like being cop the time. And I like being compared to a famous movie star. Even if it is Jack Webb or Thelma Ritter.

Did you know a SF buff is a laidariast that polishes his F&Sf covers to a high gloss? You didn't, huh? Okay...

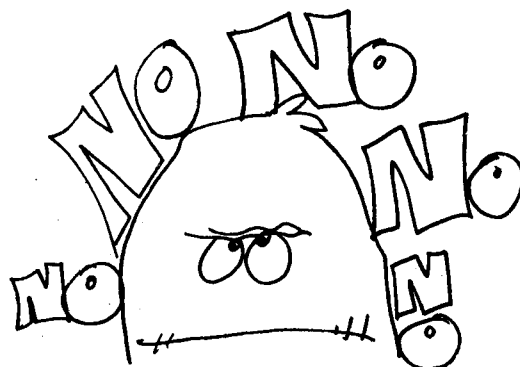


Last ish, as the "five or six hundred" of you Dan thought "big name" enough to send free copies to will recall from reading my column many times my plans for future installments, well they've been a bit dampered. At PgHLANGE 3, Dan sold, oh, three or so dollars worth of L/I. Not that I expected to retire to Palm Springs or anything on the profits we recieved, but... I vowed on a pile of Unknowns to tell you the origins of Kapt. Kelp, Bart Bedowin and the phrase, Dreams thru the Crystal Spud. Only, Jerry Lapidus advised Dan not to have me do it, as it would ruin the sparkling sheen my column seems to have as it illustrates fandom through the corridors of Crudzine. And Dan, always concedes when someone admires his art, advised me not to let the world in on them. No, I won't. Hm. Can't would be a better phrase. Dan would just edit it out if I went into the Tome of Pulp, and told of Kelp's birth, his life and battles. And Bart's searching the deserts of the world for a scrap of tin foil for his potato, of course.

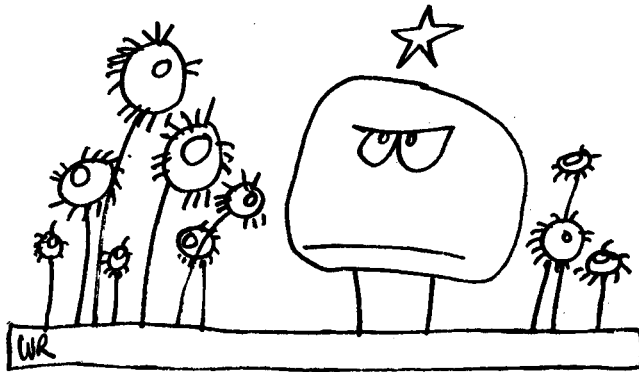
have no more standards with which to compare his own reading. To determine whether what he is reading is good or bad, as far as the rest of the world is concerned. Pardon me Mr. Del Rey if in paraphrasing your column I shattered any points you tried to get across. If this goes into a second draft, I'll amend it by rereading your column and correcting any errors I've made.

Which brings me to another thing I've been thinking about lately, Maybe this has been mentioned elsewhere, if not in fandom, then maybe on the Insult to Mine and Yours intelligence box. Ever notice how people, when introduced to some person they recognize as famous, they break out with;

"Oh, Mr. Ellison." Or, "Robert Moore Williams, I've read a lot about your

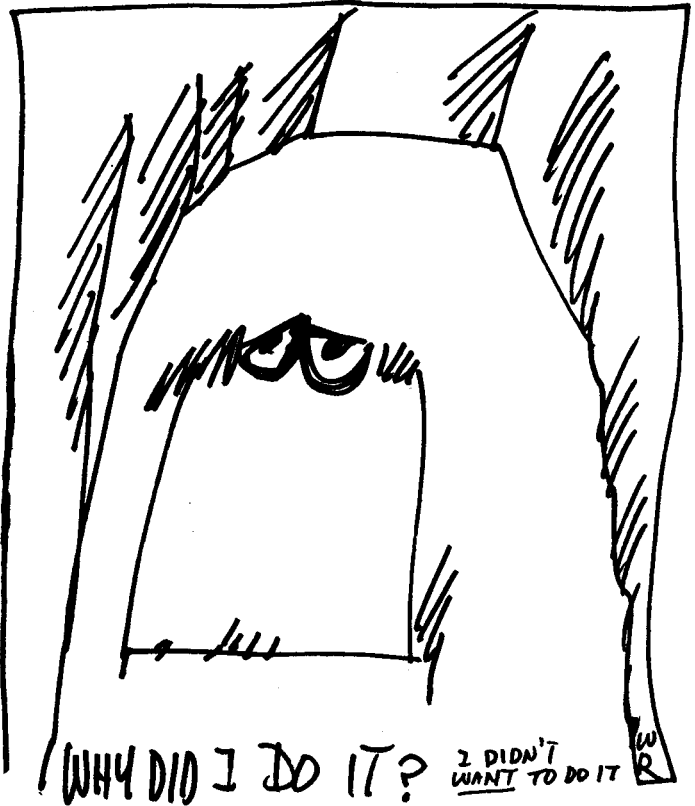


And. Another thing. It occurred to me, as I was looking through the first L/I, to be more exact, my column. Dan had slipped in a clever filler, emulating, I'm sure a fanzine filler, saying (and I quote) "this is alot of wasted space." My first bone-to-pick being that Dan, being a graduate of high school and now in a reputable college doesn't know how to spell "a lot", let alone know that it is a clumsy phrase. I really can't criticize to much over that. I'm sure Dan, and some of you readers at home, will pick out awkward sentences and such from what I've written. I merely want to say I thought the filler was misplaced. I feel it would have more validity were it placed by one of Dan's drawings, or headings. Or Mike Symes bacover "original" drawing. Hm. Rereading that, I see they're pretty hot words for an unknown fan to say, and could get said unknown in a great deal (I almost, almost, but not quite, put in "a lot".) of trouble. Sorry Dan, Mike. But it's the truth. From my way of looking anyway.



Making love to a monitor lizard can be a pain in the (psoriasis) scales.

I know some people right here in Cazenovia who own a pet Iguana. It's only two or so feet long, but can you imagine when it gets to be seven or so feet long, and taking it for walks? Like the book, The Enormous Egg. People gawking and staring wide eyed at you casually strolling down the tree bordered street with this fierce, scaly, hissing thing on a leash before you. Anyway, these people owning it have a deal going on with this other couple that live on the first floor of their house. When the people downstairs go away like for a weekend or on vacation their friends upstairs take care of and feed, etc., their pets. A couple of dogs and a cat. Great. But when the people upstairs go on vacation, those on the first floor get the dirty end of the mimeo machine handle. They have to feed,

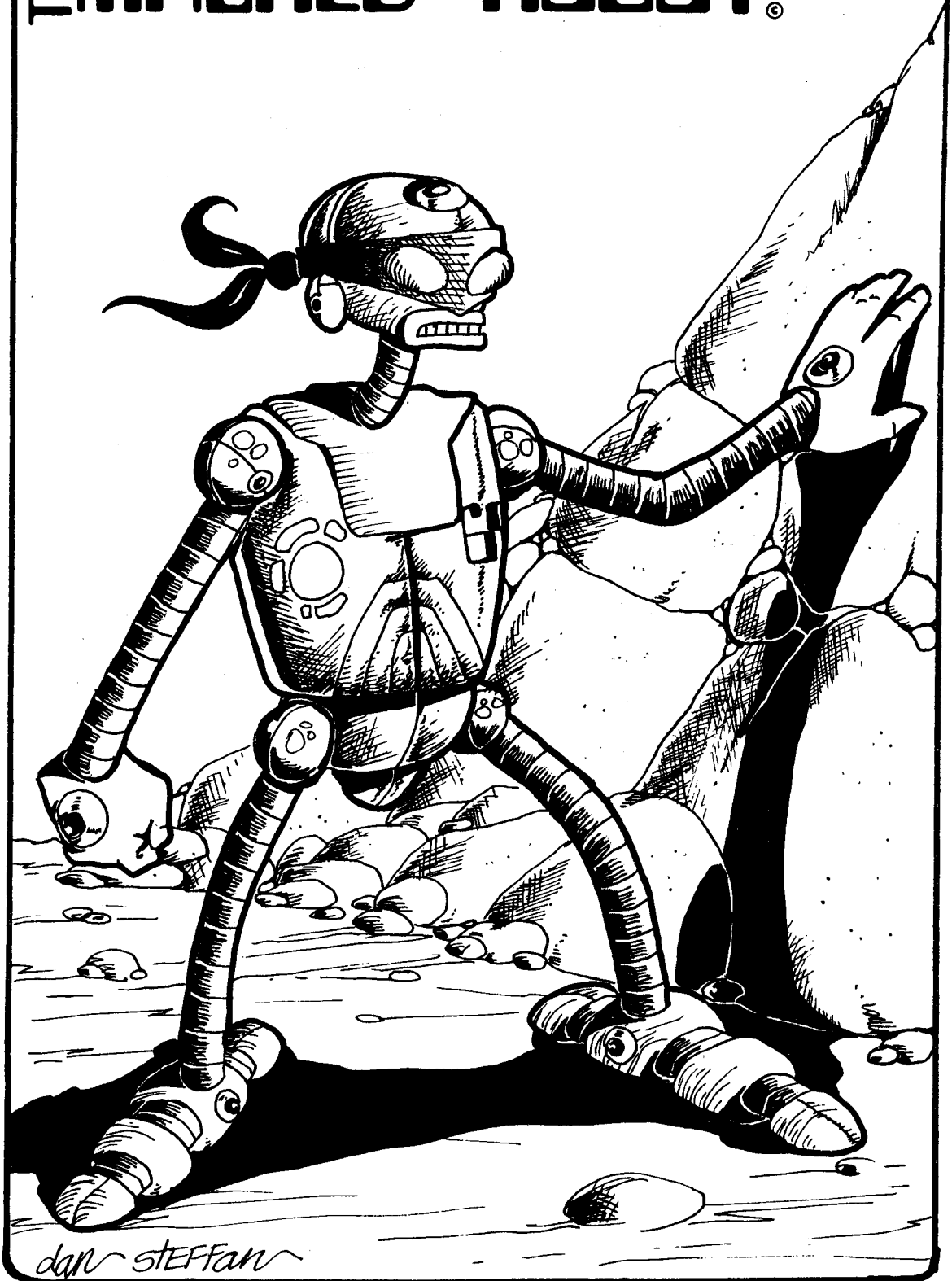


etc. and all the other duties that go along with tending (one) and Iguana (two) a "few" cats and a "few" dogs. (three) pigeons. (four) turtles and fish. (five) a monkey. (six) parakeets and a parrot, along with a couple of canaries. (seven) a baby aligator/crocodile, what ever the thing is? (eight) all the fleas and other distasteful things that one usually looks down upon, unless infested with them, in which case, you take a long shower and hope that none of them hop on you as you run to the door through No Mans Land (all bugs land), and try to hide the back of your neck and ankles, thinking that one may be waving his antenna from a spot you can't see, and is trying to get the attention of those in the subway behind you. Not to mention the pick birds that sometimes mistake you for the iguana.

Gee, by the time you see this thing, you'll be reading about Guess Who's Coming to Dinner, and Bewitched after Dan gets through with his blue No. 2 lead pencil.

Kurt Shoemaker

# THE MASKED ROBOT.





# Clouded Judgments letters

Hank Davis  
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What! Another fanzine!!! I note that you give reasons for LIZARD INN's existence on page 2, though the reasons just seem to be paraphrasings of I Want to Publish a Fanzine. But then, you are publishing a fanzine. Isn't that a coincidence, now? But you pubbed a issue with a Bode cover, which by itself is sufficient reasons for the zine's existence, at least this time. Better start hustling for the nextish...

You have made me quite unhappy with your Lunacon report. Most reports have been giving me good reasons to be happy I missed it (except that it was the last con that John Campbell attended, which fact, had I known it through precognition, would have sent me hitch-hiking--or just plain hiking--to New York). But now you come along and mention that an episode of The AVENGERS never gasp! seen in the U.S. was shown!!!! Phhhhht.

Linda Eushyager's article is, I suspect, sorely needed, but I'm not sure that a fanzine is the place for it. It's the sort of thing that ought to be put into a booklet on a convention. Published in a fanzine of--how much circulation? 200?--it may reach two or three of the people who can use it, then, after supplies of that issue are exhausted, anyone who needs it will be able to put hands on a copy only with difficulty, assuming they are aware of its existence in the first place....

Nice Rotslers, especially the three serious sketches which I note he is doing more of, more frequently. A versatile fellow, Rotsler. Pity there are no X-rated movie houses closer than Knoxville, so that I could get a look at some other facets of his versatile talent.....

I wonder if Jerry Lapidus wrote the first paragraph of his fanzine review column before GRANFALLOON and FOCAL POINT sprouted fanzine review columns?... probably, since he reviews Gf 11. This could be the start of the return of fanzine reviews.... Jerry is not alone in missing Greg Benford's fanzine review, since I feel a small aching vacuum in about the same spot; somewhere not too far north of my liver and west of the Pecos. Too, Alex Eisenstein once did excellent fanzine reviews in TRUMPET, but that zine has not been heard from lately, and was appearing something like every other year when it was alive and healthy. I've sneaked an occasional fanzine review into my department in MAYBE, but since the department has to go in the space left over after everything else is in, I don't always have the necessary room. Buck Coulson's short reviews have the advantage that he can list every zine he gets and if a zine appears that I would be interested in, I'll find out about it... There are two drawbacks.... With so many listings so close together it is possible to miss whole titles, as I recently did. I saw a new zine mentioned in the WSFA JOURNAL, immediately sent a sticky dollar, (everything is sticky around here; it's very humid) then wondered why I had not seen it in Yandro, since the editrix friend of Buck's. Turns out the zine was reviewed in YANDRO, but I was deep in a Davis Daze and missed it. Dazes aside, the other drawback is that with such short comments, there is less egoboo. This, of course is the serious problem, since everybody doesn't go around in a Daze like I do, and egoboo is essential to the proper functioning of one's ego, lest it wither like a dandelion deprived of sunlight.

Now that I have said all this about the need for egoboo, the shopping list aspect of fanzine reviews remains. I really think the addresses of the zines and what you have to do to get them (such as sending in a sticky quarter, or a promise to loc, or a pledge of allegiance to fannishness, stamped by your friendly neighborhood notary public) should be included.

Nice bacover. Nuked the crap out of where?

((In your letter you spoke about egoboo, and about why I might be publishing a fanzine, you said because I wanted to-- no, cause I want egoboo, I'm so insecure. Linda's might have been out of place, I think not, for without it I'd have had 5 blank pages. But seriously, I figure it's better here than nowhere. In reference to the Symes cover that ended the issue it is nuke the crap outta Mattapan, Mattapan, Mass., it's where Mike lives and gets hassled 'cause he's a hippie degenerate.))

Alexis Gilliland  
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20037

I was in cazenovia one Labor Day for a chess tournament, back in 1955 and have pleasant memories of the site if not my score.

One observation to Linda's article on cons. Namely, why are cons given? I suspect from external and circumstantial evidence that Al Shuster wants the worldcon to make money.

And if the motivation is mercenary, naturally the amenities get skimmed on, but also the program will be disorganized since it is a distraction, not central to the committee's interest.

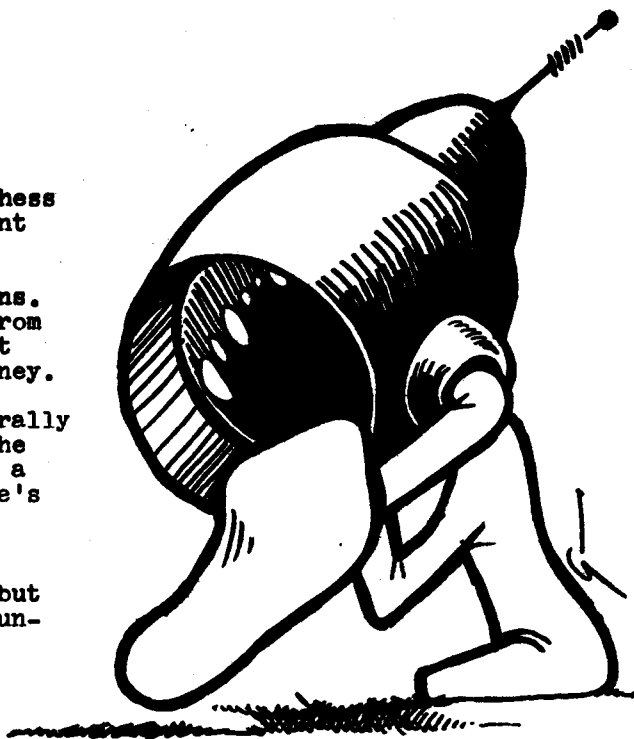
The fans in attendance seem unanimous in proclaiming the '71 Lunacon a disaster, but how much treasure did it pour into the Lunarian coffers? Financially, the Lunacon was a triumph.

That will do, I think... try double columns for a variety in your layout.

((True the 1971 Lunacon was a financial success. But no matter how large a factor that is in the Lunarians minds, a con is for the fans, and the fans are the ones who fill the coffers. I would think twice about attending the next Lunacon. Because if money was all that was on their minds then the con was a flop. I am contemplating attending the '72 Lunacon, but I'm a bit weary and will give the idea a great deal of thought. For I shant spend what limited funds I have to go to a bore of a con. I'll spend it on L/I.))

Mike Glicksohn  
32 Maynard Ave., Apt 205  
Toronto, 156, Ontario  
Canada

L/I #1 is a good issue, for a first issue, with the exception of your spotty repro problems which you seem to be aware of, and even these are not too great a deficiency. The contents are good, you show a sense of layout and have some nice art. A good start and I hope you go far with it.



LIZARD INN/letters

The cover was vintage Bode, well reproduced and attractive. I personally think using a back cover with a different orientation was a bad idea but I enjoyed it as a piece of art (I wonder if fans who don't know Mike will understand what it's about though?). Your titles add a graphic coherence to the fanzine I admire. I've always felt that a faned who was also an artist had a hell of an advantage in matters of graphics and you help bear me out.

I disagree with your condemnation of Lunacon but, your comments and Linda's article, do stress the importance of providing some nighttime activity for the newer fans at a con. That is why movies are so popular. And at small regionals, free con-sponsored parties are a great way of introducing new fans to the social side of fandom. But at something the size of a Lunacon, free parties are just too expensive and unweilding I guess. It is hard on new fans, but it's an apprenticeship we all had to go through.

Linda's article on the successful running of regionals is hard to argue with. She discusses the major faults of present regionals, naming specific examples when necessary, and presents some ideas for eliminating them. Since the three Pghlanges have been most enjoyable regionals, one can only conclude that her ideas are basically sound. It may well be that too many concons are more interested in coming up with a big profit than in providing attendees with some value for their money. The free parties the Pghlanges have provided have been good places for new fans to enter the microcosm and have been attended and enjoyed by most con-goers. But no matter how poorly organized a con may be, I always have a great time. I go to cons to meet my friends and make new ones that can add to my enjoyment by being good but cannot subtract from it by being poor. I realize that more con attendees require more than that for a con to be "worthwhile" but really, after the people, there's only superficial things one can do to add to the merit of a convention.

I'm delighted to see Jerry Lapidus doing some fanzine reviews for you. His work in this field has always impressed me and I look forward to seeing his old trenchant column reborn. I hope he'll stop listing the contents of the zines he reviews though, and concentrate more on an overall evaluation of the concept and execution of the zine. Jerry was one of the few reviewers to attempt a "theme" review, selecting one particular aspect of fan pubbing and discussing the zine he looked at in terms of this common concept, and I'd like to see him back in action again. Oh yes, thanks for the favorable mention of ENERGUMEN; Jerry's always been my severest and most respected critic. (By which I mean that I respect his criticism; what the rest of fandom thinks isn't printable in a family publication!)

Enjoyed the Rotsler folio, having just done one of my own. It goes without saying that Bill deserves all the Honour he can get, and if we can't get him a Hugo, at least we can honour him with folios. The variety and scope of his talent is astounding.

((The Symes bacover, as I accidently found out recently, was a swipe, but the motivation was original and typically Mike, I just wish he'd stick to his own work, it's embarrassing. If you'll read the first couple comments in the early paragraphs of his column you'll notice that Jerry is very aware of his cataloguing problem and is attempting to remedy it. After you read those first couple paragraphs, read on, 'nerg' 8 and 9 are reviewed, bon apitibe.))



Harry Warner Jr.  
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Hagerstown, Maryland  
21740

The first issue of LIZARD INN really jolted me. When I saw that cover, I first wondered if I'd slipped into another timetrack, one in which Vaughn Bode is still drawing for fanzines. Then there was the awful suspicion that I'd fallen a couple of years behind in opening mail, a circumstance that wouldn't really surprise me, the way things have

been happening faster than my cope-with capabilities. Your explanation inside satisfied me that nothing too drastic happened to me, but, I'm still a trifle perplexed about the mechanism behind the cover's reproduction. It looks very much like an original sketch done in soft pencil. Just at the limit of visibility to my eyes seem to be little dots like those in halftones, but I don't think you could get clean whites by using that kind of engraving. The photo offset reproduction that I'm accustomed to seeing will reproduce any isolated line solid black, not in these varying shades of grey. Anyhow, it's fine, however you did it.

Fandom has so many rebels and non-conformists that I wouldn't be surprised to find someone say something good about this year's Lunacon. So far it hasn't happened. Anyway, I enjoyed your Mini-conreport, and hope you'll find a better con to write about the next time.



Linda Bushyager's article is the first of it's kind, as far as I can remember. It's badly needed, and I hope that she doesn't get stomped on again as badly as she did when she tried to give advice on putting out a good fanzine. I don't attend enough regional conventions to know how accurately she has diagnosed the needs and problems of the things, but her ideas sound reasonable. One thing she overlooked (unless she covered it on page six, which the mimeograph seems to have rejected in my copy of LIZARD INN) is the potential value of a medium-sized warehouse which the regional cons would do well to build up over the years. The loss of those microphones at Pflange is a small example of how badly a regional con committee might get burned. I don't think the committees incorporate themselves for most of the regional cons, so the committee officers are exposed to the possibility of getting involved in litigation as a result of something that happens or doesn't happen at a con. No con can raise enough money through the years to pay a big judgement if a jury should find negligence on the part of this or that fan but it should be possible to keep a couple of hundred bucks in the bank through the years to hire an attorney or to offer an on-the-spot, out-of-court settlement in a real emergency. Getting sued is almost as bad as losing a lawsuit, and then there's always the danger that next year's regional con will be in the path of a hurricane or blizzard that loses all the expected banquet and door admission income.

Kurt Shoemaker's column caused me to wonder all over again about the way most fans react differently to various aspects of fanac than I do. At the Noreascon, one fan after another came up to me, arveling over the number of locs I write, asking how I do it, and wrning about all the awful ends that await a person who spends his entire life writing locs to fanzines. Not a soul at the worldcon thought there was anything extraordinary about my attending the event. Now, my viewpoint is a trifle different. If it takes me a half-hour to write the average loc and I create 300 per year, that's 150 hours gone from my life in that year. If I count from the moment I left my home until the time I got back inside it, I devoted over 100 hours to the Noreascon, from early Thursday afternoon till late Monday night. Lots of fans attend both a Worldcon and a regional con each year, and those who spend as much time on congoing as I do on locs. I marvel at the impulses that cause a person to give 150 hours a year to conventions as other fans wonder about my 150 hours of loc-writing.



The Rotsler drawings are wonderful, and just about as good a sample of all his main types of illustration as anyone could want. I wonder if the third of them, the flying machine hovering over the ground with spires in the background, is a new or old illustration? It's quite similar to those Rotsler turned out before he became a famous cartoonist.

Jay Kay Klein's article is in excellent taste, written in a way that Campbell would probably have approved. The only fault I can find so far to the eulogies people have been writing about Campbell is the lack of praise for his fiction. His case was almost unique, a writer stopping the creation of science fiction at the height of his popularity as an author. I even liked the Penton and Blake stories that he had written for Thrilling Wonder, and hope that after everyone has finished recalling his good influence on other authors as an editor, they'll pay attention to the fiction, get it back into print, write critical essays on it, study the influence of it on other science fiction of the era, and so on. It makes you dizzy to think what we might have today if Campbell had given up the editorship of Astounding in the mid-50's, perhaps, and return to his career as an author.

I like fanzine reviews as much as Jerry Lapidus does. The column in Riverside Quarterly which he mentions is more discussion-slanted because of the circumstances. Leland Sapiro produces two or three issues of his fanzine each year and I write perhaps a thousand words about fanzines, on the average for each issue. So instantly the problem arises, how do I decide which fanzine to mention, out of the couple hundred that may have arrived since the last time I wrote an instalment of the column? The simplest procedure is to think of some basic theme each time and choose the fanzines that best serve as morals for the sermon topic. Actually, I did much the same thing long ago when I wrote the column in OOPSLA! which was more frequent and had bigger pages, but there weren't nearly as many fanzines in existence in that era and so it must have seemed more like a review column in that previous incarnation.

((The Bode cover was done with halftones...on a plastic plate--I believe the process involved photographing of the original pencil sketch, and then transferring to halftones. The cover this was done by the same printer, and same process. As far as my Lunacon report, Mike Glicksohn said it was a good con for fan who have been in the thick of it awhile, a type of fannish reunion I guess. 150 hours a year, huh... what do you do for entertainment, Harry? The Rotsler you mentioned is about 10-15 years old, according to Andy Porter. I bought it about 2 years ago, long before the others arrived.))



Jerry Lapidus  
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Pittsford, NY  
14534

The basic problem with LIZARD INN, is that as yet it simply exists as a collection of pretty good material. There're a couple of good written peices, some good artwork, generally competent reproduction. But as yet it doesn't hang together, it has no personality. This is normally something that would grow with additional issues, and otherwise L/I is a fine first issue. But from you I expect more, I expect better. And for you, the prime way to give your magazine this needed personality is to make use of your artistic ability. You are an artist, even understandably if you want to minimize your work in your fanzine, you should still use your talent as an artist to mold you fanzine into something of your own. I'm not say you necessarily pull a Richard Bergeron, and do all the art yourself--but you can certainly take a lesson from Dick. You can try your ability on headings and titles, layouts, editorials editorial comments throughout the magazine, etc. It's such a relatively easy way to attain that elusive fanzine personality, it'll be a really big shame if you don't try to make use of it.

As usual, I'm sure there'll be people who will object to Linda's column. Probably not because of the facts and sentiments expressed, because I think Linda's inarguably right in almost every case. But...well...it's the way Linda writes. She's very blunt and honest, and says exactly what she thinks and feels. Now that's all well and good, but most fans don't like to be told "you run a lousy convention," etc. We had a problem with this before, when Linda ran a peice in GRANFALLOON about editing a fanzine. Certainly the things she said would be of interest to any beginning faneditor, and were said with such people in mind. But loads of people took offense, saying "who is she to tell me how to edit my fanzine.", and that issue of Gf got some reviews that you wouldn't believe. I just hope that Linda's equally blunt methods here don't turn people off from the things she's saying that need to be said. Boston proved that it isn't impossible to run a con with 2,000 attendees very well--and ther's really no excuse for some of the foul-ups at regional conventions.

Kurt.....you gotta work on Kurt. Based only on this piece, he's got some real talent, but he needs to be pushed into giving more detail, spending more time at it. This page and a half is merely a taste, and not a very filling one at that.

Nice Rotsler portfolio, and good selection of his recent generally non-humorous stuff. Well-reproed, for mimeo too.

((As far as using my own art more, I've tried to incorporate it into each individual column heading, note the subheadings in my editorial. I am trying to instill a personality into LIZARD INN, any verdict? On the whole people agreed with Linda's fine article that is unless there has been a rash epidemic of typers knuckle within the opposition.))

## = WE ALSO HEARD FROM =

Brad Balfour who liked the Bode cover; Jim McLeod who wanted to set up a trade and enclosed some of his fine artwork; and Jeff Schalles who said I should improve my mimeo instead of going to offset; and Grant Canfield (that's Canfield, stupid!) who said I didn't have to apologise publicly...but thanked me anyway! Gennerally the response was minor, in other words I would have loved to have more, so lets all write the editor a nice loc to help cure his failing Egobooism. Okay?

## = WHY YOU GOT THIS =

- Your art is printed \_\_\_\_\_
- Your article/column is printed \_\_\_\_\_
- I'd like you to contribute  \_\_\_\_\_
- You said you might contribute, remember? \_\_\_\_\_
- We trade \_\_\_\_\_
- Would you like to trade \_\_\_\_\_
- Your letter is printed \_\_\_\_\_
- A private letter will follow soon  \_\_\_\_\_
- Your fanzine is reviewed \_\_\_\_\_
- Your name is mentioned \_\_\_\_\_
- Zabu rivvelt floorm \_\_\_\_\_

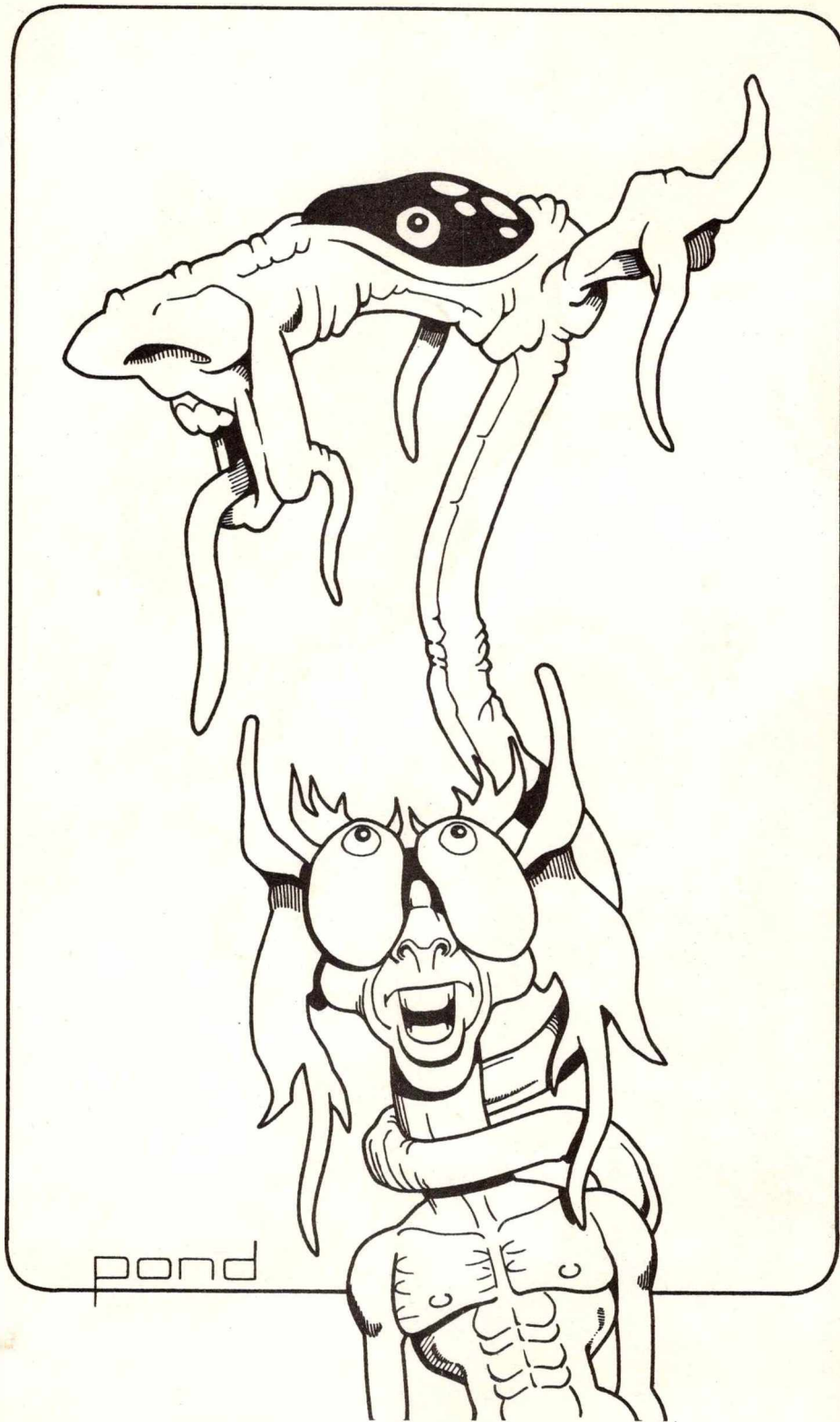
Pax ←

dan STEFFAN

The next issue of LIZARD INN will appear (if it appears) in April 1972.

THANKS FOR THE POST-CARD  
ON GRA-APA!

- dan



## LIZARD INN 2