



Energumen

ENERGUMEN 1 is published by Mike Glicksohn and is the first issue of what hopes to be a quaterly genzine. It's published on the Pressed Ham Press with the vital help of such stalwarts as Richard Labonte, Rosemary Ulllyot, Alicia Austin and others for whose help I'm very grateful. Because of the nature of its art content, ENERGUMEN is available for 40¢ an issue or whatever multiple of that price you're prepared to invest. It is also, and primarily, available for substantial loc, contribution, artwork or arranged trade. Despite the fact that I haven't had a permanent address for almost a year, all mail dealing with the 'zine can be sent to: Mike Glicksohn, 35 Willard Street, Ottawa 1, Ontario, Canada. With any luck this should be accurate at least until the second issue.

This fanzine is dedicated to

JACK GAUGHAN

who is a hell of an artist
 and a hell of a nice guy and
 whose unselfish and devoted
 efforts almost single-hand-
 edly maintain science fiction
 science fiction fandom and
 the Ballantine breweries.

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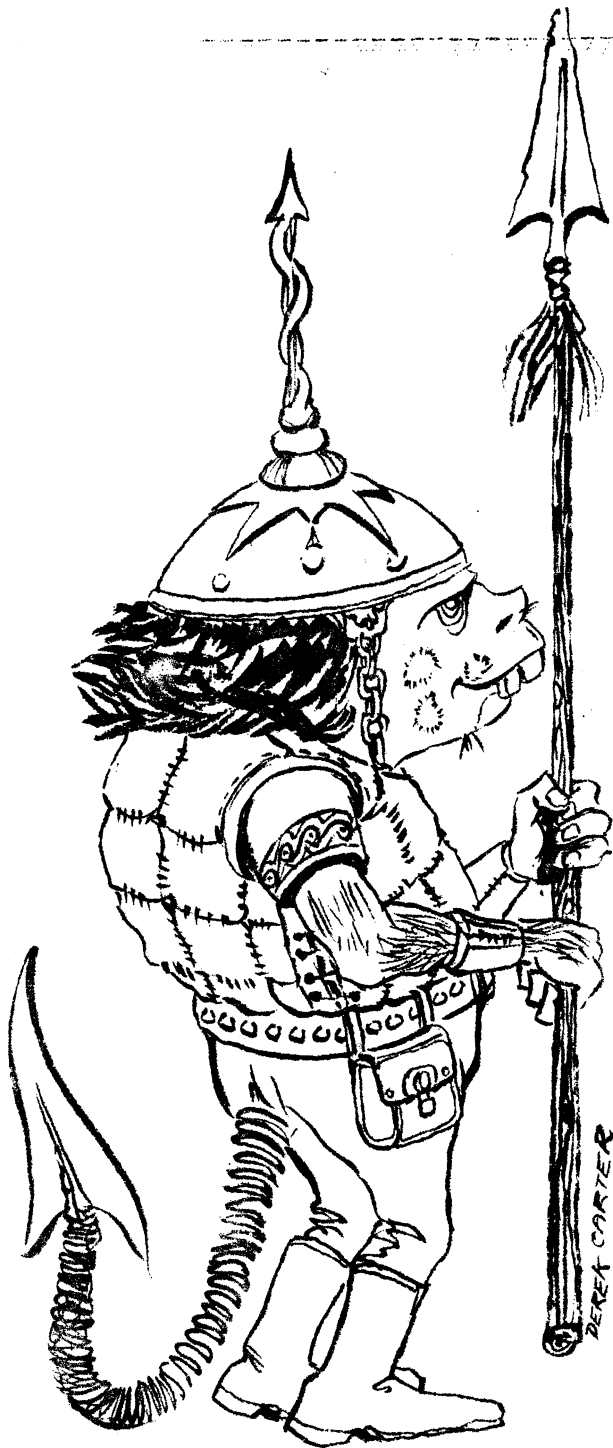
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Jack Gaughan	Foldout, 19, 20		

ENERGUMEN 1 is being published in February 1970. We support Fan Fair 2 in Toronto in August of this year, Los Angeles in '72, Montreal in '74 and Washington D.C. in '77.

FEEDBACK FROM THE MIKE



Well, here it is, the fanzine that made a liar out of LOCUS, brought me back from the sunny climes of California to the bitter winter blizzards of Canada and gave me my baptism of fire as a faned. So now I know the frustrations of unsuccessful layout, non-existent submissions and screwed up printing jobs and the satisfactions of successful layout, fully typed stencils and less than four typos per page.

Although I've been around fandom for three years, I've never pubbed before so all of this was new to me. I'd never laid out an article before, never typed a stencil, never tried to make a coherent magazine out of a hundred little pieces. As I type this, it looks as if it's working but if it doesn't come off, I take all the blame because this has been my baby

from the start. My contributing writers and artists are guiltless for whatever I may have done to their material since I have done all the layout and all the stencil typing myself despite the fact that my two-finger typing speed is a negligible fraction of that of many helpful people who offered aid. But I wanted this first issue at least to be my own creation and so it has been and I'm ready, even eager, to receive whatever blame or kudos may result.

Originally I'd planned on calling my zine QUAGMIRE but I luckily discovered that the name is already in use so I decided on QUANTUM--reminiscent of my days as an unsuccessful graduate student in quantum chemistry. However everyone around me said it was too dull, too pedantic, find something with more flair. Finally a good friend, Elizabeth Kimmerly, stumbled across "energumen" whilst reading a book of weird words. (Elizabeth is a reader but not a fan but anyone who reads books of weird words to pass the time can't be all bad.) I agreed at once that it was a perfect title for a fanzine but it did take quite a while before I was convinced it was the correct title for my fanzine.

The pronunciation is really quite simple: the "ner" rhymes with "fur", the "gumen" is pronounced exactly as in "argument" and the initial "e" is pronounced as in the French pronoun "le". All very simple. And the meaning?

"ENERGUMEN: a person ferociously worked upon, chiefly by a devil or a frenzy. Hence, a demonic enthusiast and raving devotee."

Now I ask you, isn't that what fandom's all about?

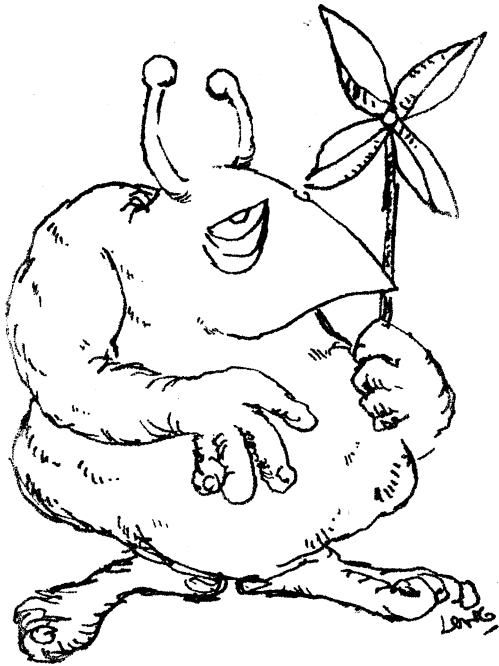
A word about the cover. Many of you probably saw the original of this beautiful Alicia Austin drawing at the St. Louiscon where it was purchased by Canadian fan and nice guy Craydon Arcand to whom I am indebted for its appearance here. Now the electrostencils, the foldout and the cover were all done at Carleton University here in Ottawa because they are cheap. When I took the cover in (Alicia did the logo and I added it onto the original drawing with typical Canadian ingenuity) I very carefully explained to the man that the original I was giving him was 8½x11½ and the cover I wanted was 8½x11 so could he make his plate from the bottom up and just leave off the top ½ inch? Oh yes, of course, no problem. Next day I went to pick up the covers.

"They're still a bit wet so we haven't trimmed them yet" said the girl.

"Trimmed? TRIMMED?! What trimmed? Let me see!!" I calmly suggested so she brought me out one of what you see on the front of this magazine.

"We had to reduce it to get it on the 8½x11 paper but we'll trim off the white border in a few minutes" said the oh-so-helpful girl as I slowly slid under the counter visualizing 200 copies of an 8x10 cover for my zine. So the cover isn't quite as effective as I'd planned and I've learned a very important lesson about being a fane. If you want it done right, you gotta supervise it yourself. Ah well, there's next time, he philosophized.

And now a mention or two about the contents. Most of the material was written specifically for this issue but there are one or two exceptions. When I first returned to Ottawa and was starting to get the zine rolling, I was extremely short of copy. Everyone promised articles but somehow none appeared. One day, Richard Labonte, well known Canadian fan and publisher of HUGIN AND MUGIN came to me with a tale of woe and a very generous offer. It seems Richard just does not have the time to publish H&M the way he wants to so he very kindly offered me the H&M files of material he had already had



typeset and run off on electrostencil. Thus Susan Wood's article on sf courses came to me all ready to be run off and I took a couple of illos as well. Thanks very much, Richard and I hope HaM will reappear soon.

My fanzine review column for HaM, THE ZINEPHOBIC EYE, is also included here as a supplement. It was written several months ago and the illos drawn specifically for it. Then the whole lot was electrostencilled and run off before Richard decided not to publish. Rather than deprive fandom of my pompous reviews, Alicia's splendid illos and Rosemary's snearified typing we decided to collate the column and mail it out with ENERGUMEN. They may be dated but I hope you'll enjoy them anyway despite their tardiness. I plan to use THE ZINEPHOBIC EYE as my regular fanzine review column in this zine so please send all fanzines for review to me. Ta.

Joe Haldeman's poem was originally, as the title suggests, a letter sent home to his parents when Joe was in Viet Nam. On my fannish travels of last fall I spent a few days with Joe's wonderful mother Lorena and her husband Jack and when she showed me the poem I knew I had to publish it. When Joe came up to visit I badgered him into doing an illo for it and it appears here as you see it--a little bit of where it's at from someone who's been there and knows.

You'll probably notice that I've omitted that asinine "You're getting this because..." page with its series of puerile "jokes" supposedly showing why you've been lucky enough to receive the issue. If you don't know why you got an issue, chances are you didn't get one. I made up my mailing list from personal friends in fandom, names which appeared regularly in lettercols I looked at and the HaM mailing list, and there are two main reasons why I'm sending this to anyone. First, for some reason or other I think you'll enjoy the zine and second, I EXPECT SOME SORT OF RESPONSE FROM YOU!! That's the main reason. I want locs, articles, artwork, articles, reviews, articles or any expression of interest--I'll even accept money. People I don't know personally will get two issues (if the response is adequate and I have the time I hope to publish quarterly) and then if there's no reaction I won't bother sending any more. Even personal friends though had better show some interest if they want to keep receiving the fruits of my labour. Faneds who like the appearance of the zine and think they'd like to trade if I'm regular enough will be welcomed with the proverbial open arms. And contributors are, of course, always needed and always welcome.

My editorial policy is ridiculously simple. If it's interesting and well written I'll publish it whether I agree with the viewpoint or not. For example, I don't agree with some of Peter Gill's points or with some of the points my brother makes in his 2001 review (more on that later) but I thought my readers would find both articles interesting so they're here. Letters, of course, will be edited but no major changes will be made in articles without the author's permission. (Of course, I decide what's a major change so...) I may edit to improve syntax and grammar but that's all. There are no stories in this issue but I'm perfectly willing to publish good fiction and all poems will be handed over to Susan Wood to pass judgement on. Art will be returned, ON REQUEST. Please let me know if you want your art back because as anyone who has ever seen me at a con can attest to, I'm an art collector as well as

a fanzine publisher so it's expedient for me to assume that silence on your part means I can keep your material. But art goes on stencil pretty well as it's received so if you want your art back I can almost guarantee to have it in the mail to you within a couple of days of receiving it. The electro-stencils are good but I would prefer to keep areas of solid black to a minimum since it makes running off much easier. Ta.

This is probably the longest editorial I'll ever write but I think I've made all the points I needed to make. My heartiest and sincerest thanks to all those artists and writers who gave so unselfishly of their talents to make this first issue what it is. Special thanks to Alicia who put up with my constant requests for last minute drawings and continued to turn out a steady stream of superb illos for me. I don't think it's at all incorrect to say that this girl deserves a Hugo as Best Fan Artist. (Look for her illos in an up-and-coming issue of FOSF too!). Thanks also to Derek Carter who took time out from his busy schedule to illustrate a poem and send me some lovely illos too. And to George Barr for his beautiful work and to Jack Gaughan for his sketchbooks that started the whole thing off and to Susan Wood who told me how to spell things and where to underline and to all the other people who helped, criticized, contributed and made the issue possible. I've enjoyed every phase of putting this together and I hope it brings some pleasure to those of you who receive it.

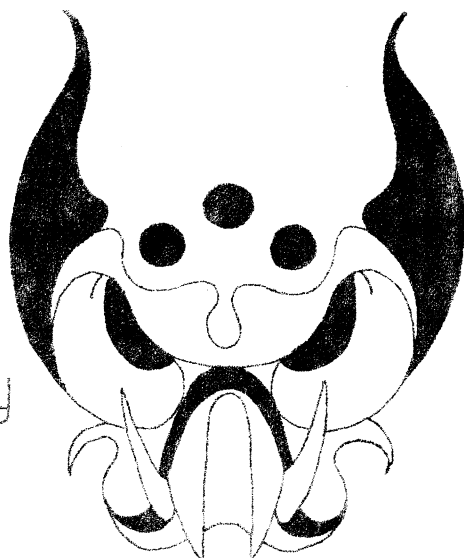
Remember, if you can't get to Heicon, Isaac Asimov, Anne McCaffrey, Cliff Simak and I will all be at FAN FAIR 2, the Toronto regional science fiction convention being held simultaneously with Heicon. FAN FAIR 2 is the regional that thinks it's a worldcon and has lots to offer to all fen. As con chairman Peter Gill says, "If you can't go to a foreign con, why not come to a foreign con?" Why not indeed? For information, write Pete at 18 Glen Manor Drive, Toronto 13, Ontario, Canada. And naturally we all know that it's MONTREAL IN '74 right? Right! So enjoy the issue and I'll see you all next time

And don't forget to write!



the Kumquat May

a semi-regular column by rosemary



When Michael decided he was going to Mexico he needed some place to leave all his junk and comics and clothes he wasn't taking south with him. His comics he left with his father, his junk he left with Pete Gill and his clothes he left with Susan Wood. He also left a painting Jack Gaughan had given him with Susan. And thereon hangs a tale.

Alicia and I were at Susan's co-op, the Wat Tyler Memorial People's Revolutionary Co-operative, after a particularly dull sf class. I had gone with Susan to her room to get something or other and noticed the painting hanging, unframed, on the wall.

Is that the Gaughan? Why don't you have it framed? I know a man who'll do a beautiful job.....cheap."

"I don't know," Susan said, "Michael may not like it. You know how he is about his art." Susan is a very cautious person. Anyone who drinks gin out of a teacup is very cautious and very weird.

"I thought he gave it to you?"

"Well, I don't know, he sort of did and he sort of didn't. He was kinda strange after Alicia cut his hair."

"Possession is nine-tenths of the law," I said authoritatively. "The shop is open 'til nine; take it off the wall and let's go."

Well, we got it framed in a nice burlapy type frame that Alicia says brings out the texture of the painting. Anyway, it looked great. Several weeks later Susan 'phoned to tell me that Michael had decided not to go to Mexico after all and was coming back to Canada early in January. How nice I thought. The stupid bastard is warm and comfy in California and now he's going to freeze his ass off in Canada during the two coldest months of the year. Michael was never very long on smarts. And Susan was worried he wouldn't like the frame.

"Too bad for him if he doesn't," I told her. "I helped pick it out and if he doesn't like it, I'll tell him a thing or two."

"That's what I'm afraid of!"

I wasn't around for the tender homecoming, but I was talking to Mich-

ael later and he didn't appear to hate the frame. A few weeks later Susan's co-op moved to a newer, better house--the William Blake People's Memorial Revolutionary Co-operative. We were all sitting around Susan's floor littering up the floor with cookie crumbs when I noticed the Gaughan propped up in the corner.

"Hey, Sue, where are you going to hang your Gaughan?"

"Uh, over there on..."

"Whose Gaughan?" Michael said.

"Why, Susan's Gaughan," I answered.

"THAT'S MY GAUGHAN!" Michael roared.

"Susan's had it for months"

"THAT'S MY GAUGHAN!!"

"You've said that once already, dear."

"Besides, you gave it to her."

"When?"

"Hell, I don't know. When, Susan?"



"Well, I..."

"See, now don't you feel like a fool; and after Susan went to all that trouble to get it framed."

"THAT'S MY GAUGHAN!!! I'll take the picture, she can have the frame."

Dear God, I thought, this is the man who majored in quantum chemistry. I'll try sweet reason.

"Michael dear, why not let Susan keep the painting? You have no place to hang it. It's a nice painting but it's certainly not the best that Jack's ever done. You can get another. It would make Susan so happy if she could keep it. She's such a simple child."

"Rosemary, Jack gave me that painting. I didn't even ask for it. He said, 'michael, this is for you.' It was a spontaneous, unsolicited gift. He was looking beatific. Alicia muttered something obscene through her cookies."

"Jack Gaughan probably gave you that painting because it was cluttering up the attic and Phoebe told him to get rid of it." I exploded.

"He did not!" Michael roared, "Jack wouldn't do a thing like that. Besides he doesn't have anything in his attic but bats."

"What about my frame?" Susan wailed.

"Wrap it around Rosemary's neck!"

I suppose we could have gone on for hours but Rowan Shirkie dropped a desk on his foot and we all rushed out into the hall to kibbitz. Thus the argument was interrupted but not decided and there are bound to be further developments in this tender and touching story of a young girl's fight to preserve her Gaughan--frame and all.

((Forgive Her, Jack, For She Knows Not What She Does Department of Editorial Comments: The above story is fairly accurate reporting in that the described confrontation did indeed take place much as Rosemary says it did but some of the implicit "facts" are inaccurate. The painting in question was a gift from Jack when I visited him and his charming wife Phoebe with Joe and Gay Halde-
man last fall. It has an honoured place in my collection, small as it is, of science fiction art and at no time did I ever even hint at giving it away. Despite this truth, there exists an extensive conspiracy devoted to removing the picture from my possession. Total strangers approach me on the street and swear they were present when I gave the thing to Susan. At least one Ottawa tourist bus tour company includes "the Wood Gaughan" on its itinerary of "beauties and wonders of the nation's capital" and I'm constantly besieged by anonymous letters warning me to "cease and desist from your nefarious extortionary practises". However, despite these threats and the incredible personal danger involved, I shall continue to proclaim to the world the truth about this sinister, Orientally fiendish plot to deprive me of my natural rights. In other words, IT'S MY GAUGHAN!!!))

FANS & THE FUTURE

by Peter Gill

It has always seemed odd to me that science fiction, that most forward looking of the genres, has never, to my knowledge, turned inwards and tried to predict what will happen to its own specialized field of fandom, or more particularly to the fan and the convention. As it is impossible to delve into both peculiarities in one article, I will concentrate on the fan and leave the convention until another day-or another writer.

At first glance it seems almost impossible to predict the future of something as undefined and often undistinguishable as a science fiction fan but when broken down properly the task proves easier. After all, there are certain traits essential to any fan as opposed to an sf reader. These include a love of sf in at least one of its fields, a desire to communicate on one or more levels with other fans and/or writers and an enjoyment of reading often bordering on a compulsion. Other traits such as those which produce the hero-worship fan or the social fan are not significant factors and will be ignored in this article, although continued growth of convention sizes in the next decade could make a liar out of me.

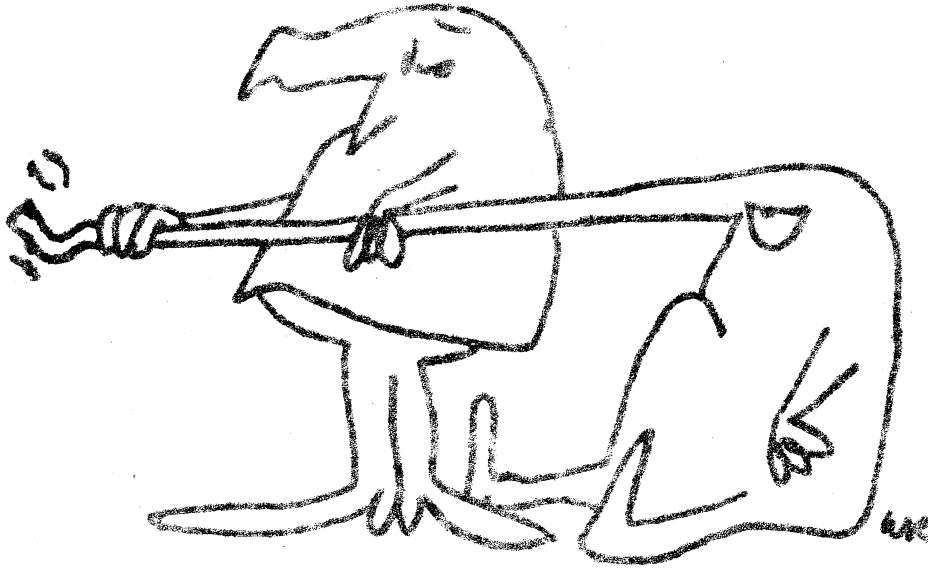
One of the most important trends in modern fandom, and one of the easiest to observe, is that of the travelling fan. Once almost completely the province of the rich, travel is now readily available to all groups and rich or poor, student or housewife think nothing of packing up and heading across country, indeed across the continent, to catch conventions they would never have dreamed of attending as late as 1960. Airlines, with their student rates, excursion fares and charter flights, are prime movers but hitch-hiking, buses and car caravans figure largely in the plans of students and poorer fans. For these reasons and others it is starting to be increasingly popular for fans to visit and even stay with other fans while on vacation. Even with fans they have never met or at best have seen only briefly at a previous convention.

Mushrooming fanzines and their correspondance-stirring letter columns are also aiding in this regard as more and more widely separated fans get to know each other through their writings.

The travelling fan, holidaying and friend-making rather than convention bound, will probably be a phenomenon of the 70's as the giant cons have been of the 60's.

Conventions will continue but with declining attendance, a fact which will be temporarily balanced by the increasing number of out-of-country fans who will be attending cons. Fans will be in the forefront of the travelling boom, and we can expect them to head off across the oceans to European and Asian conventions in increasing numbers, followed a few years later by the vacationing-with-foreign-fans version of the present trend.

By the late 1970's and early 80's it will be normal and even common for a Canadian fan to visit an Australian, German and a British fan before coming home just in time to open his house or apartment to a couple of travellers from Los Angeles or Tokyo. Conventions by this time will no longer be the meeting ground of fans, although possibly blocs of them may travel to various countries creating French/American or German/Australian cons and



Hence slowing down the inevitable end. However, by the late 80's conventions will have changed so greatly they will in effect be dead, along with the Hugo awards which will have been phased out only a few years earlier.

Fanzines on the other hand will flourish for at least another 20 years with more and more specialized groups publishing on a world-wide circulation basis. The present disparity between semi-professional and rank amateur publications will continue, although to a smaller degree and the whole field will be moving quickly upwards. Offset printing will be the rule and four colour slicks the exception. Within ten years you will be able to pick up or at least order a copy of Trumpet or its successors in most major book dispensers in North America and to only a slightly lesser degree in Europe, Asia or Australia as well. Pro magazines as they now exist will be gone or almost gone by this time and outside of paperback books fanzines will be the only major market for the sf writer. Slicks and general anthologies will continue printing the occasional piece of science fiction but as the short story field dies this will also come to a halt.

Because of all the "special interest" fanzines and their specialized readers, fandom as a comprehensive force will die, reaching an organizational peak around 1975 and dissipating completely in the following decade. Science fiction fans, and with this label I am including all the forthcoming splinter groups, will have ended any sort of official groups, clubs, societies or regional organizations and these will have been replaced by ultra-casual get-togethers with visiting fans and writers, and the occasional special purpose meeting.

Fans then, in the following decades, will become a more talented group than at present, taking over most if not all of science fictional publishing and a large percentage of the writing as well. Although our numbers will be far smaller than present trends indicate, our influence on the field will be immense because of a much larger active participation factor. We will have become completely disorganized on any small scale but world-wide in our attitudes, feelings and friends.



ИЛИА МОУРОМЕТ
in the forest of Suizogori

-a review by Manning Glicksohn

((Editorial note: While I realize that reviews of 2001 are somewhat passe, there are special circumstances surrounding this particular review that merit its printing. When I first saw the film, back in June of 1968, I was naturally gassed and looked forward to seeing it widely reviewed in the fannish press. And indeed it was, but almost entirely from the viewpoint of the science fiction fan. It was around this time that Kevas and Trillium, a now defunct Canadian fanzine, appeared, and I thought it would be a good idea to publish a special type of review in the second issue which was due sometime in the summer or fall of '68. Now at the time, my brother was the biggest movie fan I knew but he was entirely ignorant of science fiction and I thought his viewpoint would probably be new and different from the majority of reviews that had already appeared. So I asked him to comment on the film from the standpoint of a film fan for publication in K&T #2. But this never appeared so the following piece, written well over a year and a half ago, languished in the files of K&T until I recently dug it out. And I recently dug it out because my brother is large and strong and physically oriented and also very, very tired of waiting for his work to appear. Besides which, I think it's a damn good review even if it is dated. So read it anyway and you may even enjoy it--even if it is the 2001st review of 2001 that you've seen!))

Small, low-budget "art" films such as Perry's David and Lisa and Truffaut's Les Quatre Cent Coups have correctly been called "labours of love". Until now, big budget films have invariably been just labours--some of them very good labours such as Lean's Lawrence, Kwai and Zhivago and some poor such as Hill's Hawaii. Until now the big studios that basically finance these "epics" have had their say and their way with the finished product. Even Kubrick's own previous spectacle Spartacus was, I'm sure, not his own individual artistic creation. He was doubtless forced to compromise, to add here, subtract there, don't do this, do do that.

Now, finally, comes an epic labour of love that is at the pinnacle of artistic integrity and is the uncompromising product of the hearts and minds of two highly successful artists--world famous scientist and science fiction author Arthur C. Clarke and similarly world renowned film director Stanley Kubrick (who gained his unprecedented artistic freedom on the strength of his brilliantly satirical and phenomenally successful film Dr. Strangelove)

The results of this collaboration, which lasted close to five years, literally defy adequate verbal description. The visual originality and impact of the film are immense. The use of special effects outshines all previous and supposedly "special effect" films (such as the Bond orgies) put together because Kubrick has taste and never allows gadgets or other effects to be used simply for their own sakes. One is, in fact, totally unable to see any of the effects themselves--we simply see the magnificently realistic illusions that they so effortlessly create. Here is no revelling in one's own cleverness. There is a reason for the film, a statement to be made, and Kubrick makes it boldly, vividly, eloquently and unforgettably.

The film contains what we can see in it and we can only see in it what our experiences in life allow us to see. The film has been criticized as



being empty unstructured and dull. This criticism tells me more about the critic than it does about the film. It has also been said that the ending is vague, ambiguous, deliberately difficult and stupid. Again, such a conclusion reflects primarily on he who made it. The only honest statement to be made by such people would be "I didn't understand it; it didn't fall within the realm of my experience". Would these detractors speak similarly of a Rembrandt or a Picasso painting or of a Beethoven symphony that they failed to appreciate or understand? I doubt it very much.

2001 has in fact, and according to my experience, a depth of meaning that has never before been duplicated in a film. It is so full that it brims over. Granted it is not so highly structured and compartmentalized as the insane machinery of what we have been conditioned to accept as the only "good" way of life--that being the Western industrial and technological "civilized" way of life--but this is not

any fault of the film! It is incredible that Kubrick has used the very latest technological advances to indict themselves.

Yes the film does begin at the dawn of man and does end in the near future, but the reality of the film, the truth of the film, is undeniably and dramatically in the present. We watch the film now; we experience it now.

Critic's have sanctimoniously proclaimed "As with all epics, the film is a little too long". Nonsense! How can truth be too long? How can beauty be too long? How can life be too long?

2001: A Space Odyssey is Kubrick's masterpiece. Its technical brilliance (and I am not among those who feel that one or two minor scientific flaws that only become evident after intensive nit-picking on the fourth or fifth viewing spoil the film) is only outshined by the glorious truth it contains. No hackneyed, naive or super intellectual symbols here (leave those to Fellini, Bergman et al). God, totally unrepresentable in any real or imagined symbolic way, is humbly and rightly represented by a simple black slab. We see the slab in direct confrontation with people three times in the film. The ape-men and the spacemen on the moon show initial fear, then interest and finally indifference.

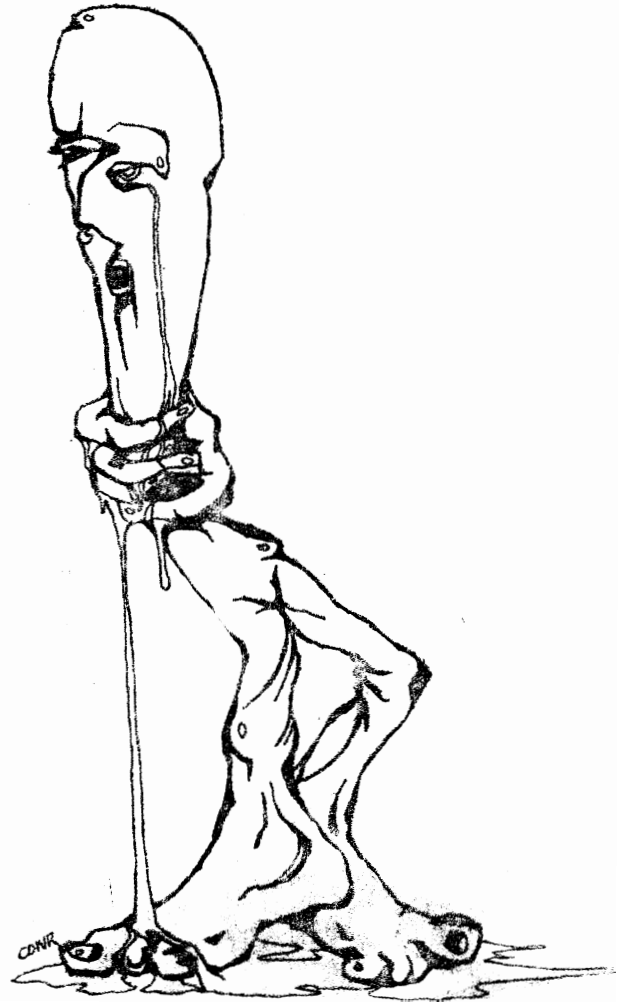
From man's first taste of murder--so graphically depicted near the beginning of the film--to HAL the computer's final murders (or, if you like,

the total victory of man's ego) we witness Kubrick's indictment of and lamentation for the human condition. Obviously the ape-like man and the astronaut are one and the same, both trying to touch, understand, possess the slab.

Only near the end of the film does the completeness of Kubrick's and Clarke's vision render itself magnificently on screen. After a cinematic voyage of unparalleled beauty and imagination (through space? through the mind of the astronaut? towards God? --45-- all three? none?) we finally see the astronaut look up from his bed, and in this crucial third encounter with the monolith, man sees, does not attempt to understand but rather reaches out for, submits to, gives himself to the slab.

A beautiful melding takes place and in the last sequence of the film a human embryo in the womb of the universe manifests itself gradually on the screen. The immortality of life is reaffirmed in a visually and spiritually spectacular way. There is no death in the film, only a fusion with and an association with that which is and always will be--life--a force that seeks unselfish expression.

Kubrick has done all that any human being can do; he has expressed the beauty and truth of life through himself and through that which he has created. And in so doing he has created a truly memorable motion picture.



COMING IN THE NEXT EDITION OF ENERGUMEN:

- inspired by the poetry in this issue but too long to be published here, Susan Wood's article on sf poetry. So read the poems with care and save the issue; there may be a quiz.
- an article on myths and legends by Charles Haines, professor of English at Carleton University.
- John Baglow takes a careful look at Tolkien.
- great art by people such as Gaughan, Barr, Kirk, Austin, Carter, ConR and many more.
- absolutely no apologies whatsoever because some of the electrostencilled titles didn't quite work out as planned.
- and, hopefully, a lettercol full of interesting, informative, stimulating and provocative letters.

SO INSURE THAT ENERGUMEN 2 COMES TO YOU. WRITE A LOC OR AN ARTICLE TODAY. OR SEND A DRAWING OR SOME MONEY OR SAY "HI" TO ME AT THE NEXT REGIONAL.

OF COURSES

by Susan Wood



It all started late last spring as, lost in a post-exam stupor, I ambled down the grey concrete tunnels of Carleton University, past the Students' Council office. "Hey Susie! What do you want to teach in Free School this summer?" Someone behind me called.

"Don't call me Susie! What do I want?" I retorted brilliantly, turning to see our students' council president, Lorenz Schmidt, radiating enthusiasm in the doorway.

"What do you want as the topic for the free school class you're going to organize this summer?"

"What?"

"You know we need resource people, especially for humanities topics, and it'll be a great learning experience for you, and you start the beginning of July," Lorenz continued, ignoring my bemused bleat. "Now, what's your topic?"

"Well, uh, something literaryish ... drama maybe, except everyone would want to act instead of studying plays ... uh, poetry, maybe ..." I faltered, getting involved in spite of myself.

And then my mental lightbulb switched on.

"Say," I enthused, "you know that course in science fiction that Richard and I have been trying to persuade the English department to teach? Well, could I maybe do a practise run of the course for free school? There are a lot of people interested in sf ... and we could have some really good discussions ..."

"Great" said Lorenz.

"Fine," I said.

And promptly forgot about Free School (though not about sf) until the end of June. Then one day, I fled from the library and "Myths of the Land in Canadian Fiction" found my way to the Council office, and was confronted with a pretty pink notice. Registration for Carleton University Free School, it said, would be held on July 3 and 4. Some courses would be totally unstructured: there was a list of resource people, Carleton professors and some students, along with their specialties, everything from kinship and the family to Shakespearian drama.

Pick a leader and form your own group. Great.

And then there were the semi-structured courses. That meant they had a topic, a time and a room. And right up there with pollution, the role of police in modern society and a tv-film making workshop was "science fiction - resource person, Susan Wood." Argh!

"But Lorenz, what'll I do, Lorenz, huh?" I babbled, somewhat frantically.



"You don't do anything. That's the whole point," he replied in a patient tone. "This is free school, remember. The participants in the group formulate their own structure and goals."

"Yes, of course, but ..."

"You just keep quiet and let them do the talking."

But that, I knew, would be my biggest problem.

The first few meetings were tense. I found the room I'd been assigned - a huge bleak "seminar" room, designed to hold at least thirty people in uncomfortable isolation around a half-acre of oak table, imprisoned by stark white walls under harsh fluorescent lights. The over-air-conditioned air was chilly. It was definitely not a place for a friendly, informal discussion of "Wasn't 2001 great/dull" or "Why I like Zelazny's books" or even "The Concept of the Heinlein Hero."

Worst of all, it was empty.

Five minutes after two on July 7. The class should have met five minutes ago. Where were all the people? Instant panic. What'll I do? Followed by Instant Paranoia. Nobody wants my course!

Eventually, they arrived - fourteen people in all, mostly senior highschool students, in varying degrees of lateness, held up by buses, other Free School courses, and mostly by the building itself - our room was in the Social Science building, a multi-story contraption of towers and twisting corridors, designed by a mad psychologist hung up on rat mazes. There were fifteen strangers, eyeing each other across that horrible table, shifting in our red-plastic chairs and waiting for somebody to say something.

"Uh, hi," I said.

After that, the discussion could only go up.

People talked about what science fiction they'd read - it ranged from a trufan's dedicated consumption of everything from old pulps to Ace specials to a neo's dabbling in the Basic Authors - a little Heinlein, a little Asimov, a few "Best From" anthologies.

They talked about why they were there. Inevitably, someone wanted to discuss "the philosophy of science fiction", but was

unable to explain what he meant by that except "well, y'know, ideas, I mean, philosophy." "Whose ideas? Ideas."

And another weedy youth proclaimed "I don't want to talk about science fiction, I want to talk about life." That effectively sidetracked the discussion for ten minutes while the class debated the relative merits of life and science fiction.

Sf won.

As several people pointed out, of course, "you can start with sf and go just about anywhere." And that was exactly what we did. Not that we got anywhere, or reached any Cosmic Understanding, but we had on the way. At that first meeting, for instance we never did get around to deciding what, specifically, we were going to study.

I, in the background, kept asserting my groupleader function by interjecting comments like "Yes, but really, you know, we should get a booklist organized so we're all talking about the same thing at the same time" and "We've only got nine weeks you know, and there may be a problem getting books, so maybe we should decide on a booklist," and "yes, the role of man in society is very important, but maybe we should examine it in sf instead of in theory?" and "Please don't call it 'sci-fi'!"

Twelve people turned up for the second meeting - only problem was, only five were back from the previous week's class. Worry, worry. None of us had really caught on to the group-directed-learning concept yet, either. I still kept trying to force my ideas of "how to set up a nice, smoothly running sf seminar" on the group by saying things like "let's get organized" and "I thought of some books we really should look at."

The rest of the class, revelling in Total Academic Freedom, declined to discuss anything specific or serious at all. But, I noticed, they did expect me to provide some structure for the group; expectant hushes kept falling while people waited for me to suggest discussion topics, or Enlighten Them on the Meaning of SF in the Universe; and the "discussion" if you could call it that, went from me to group member to me, never from group member to group member.

There I was, a twenty-year-old Authority Figure without power.

Wierd.

Eventually, someone decided that the absolute prime necessity for the course was a definition of sf. After a token protest ("But that could take us the rest

of the summer") I stopped interfering with the discussion. It was going around in circles, like most attempts to "define" anything as broad and complicated as sf is, now, in 1969; it was excruciatingly and even incomprehensibly abstract at times; but it was going. People were talking to each other, disagreeing, forcing each other to think. I settled back to play Bevil's Advocate, throwing in the occasional "yes, but you can argue that ..." type of comment to keep things going, and the course was on its way.

Of course, there were still spectacular flops. Though we never did get around to deciding on a booklist at that second class, the class consensus was that two weeks of freewheeling abstraction were fine, but abstraction from a common basis might be more profitable.

But what basis?

Suddenly, a self-consciously hip young man in a pseudo-victorian military jacket stopped lounging in silent superciliousness long enough to say "Why don't we start with a short story anthology so we can look at some important authors and themes, and decide what we like best?" It seemed an eminently sensible suggestion, so, naturally, I asked if he had any anthology in mind.

"Yeah, the new Judy Merrill collection. It's a gas - it has stories by one of the Fugs."

SF 12, by majority vote it was.

By the next week, I had tracked down a copy of SF12. It has to be one of the worst collections Miss Merrill has produced. Even the worthwhile stories, especially Bob Shaw's "Light of Other Days" - great scientific concept, impressive handling of its human implications, vivid character development, genuine emotional impact - only emphasised how pointlessly, trivially "clever" the majority of stories, and their self-consciously "with - it" introductions were. The collection, as a whole, seemed like a monstrous pop put-on. I could hardly wait to get into class.

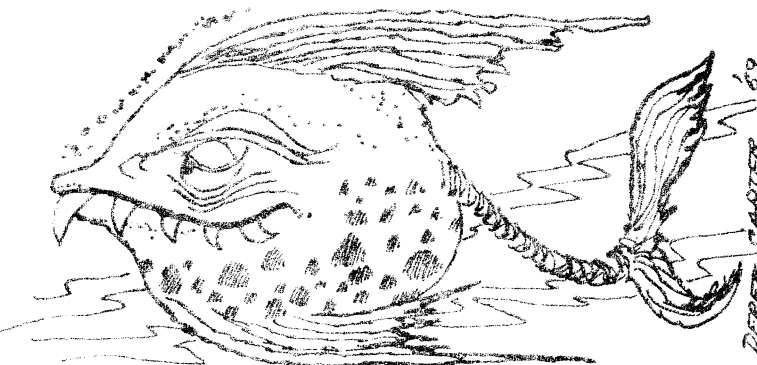
"Well, what did you think of it?" I asked the eleven devotees who straggled out of the humidity into the airconditioned seminar room. (The plastic hippie had absented himself permanently.)

"Bad".

"Not worth the 75 cents."

Great, I thought. Now for a stimulating discussion of "What makes good and bad sf."

"So what didn't you like about it?" I enquired breathlessly, visions of Scaling Esthetic Heights and Forging New Critical Theories crowding my mind.



Silence.

Then, at last, one of the youngest and one of the highschool group wrinkled her nose, blushed, and stammered "I couldn't understand half the stories. And it was all full of perverted sex."

Crash! Sound of visions shattering like a whole shelf of glass gobblins.

How was I going to get this class to talk about Bug Jack Barron?

But we did. And about the use of satire in *The Time Machine* and sf in general; and about *Flowers for Algernon* - everyone got really involved in that one; and about 2001 ("I liked the book better because it explained things." "Yeah, me too." "Yeah." Small group leader sigh in background.) And about Apollo 12, and the space programme, and education, and Heinlein. And even, gasp, sex in sf, - that was the day Mike Glicksohn showed up, and freaked out the assembled seven hard-core enthusiasts by recounting the plot of *A Feast Unknown*. And I stopped talking so much, and everyone else started talking more, and we all seemed to think it was a success.

At any rate, it was one of the very few freeschool classes that survived all summer.

In fact, it was so successful, it kept going.

Remember that English Department course I mentioned, wa-a-ay back on the first page? Well, it was Approved in Principle, but the only professor interested in teaching the thing happened to be going on sabbatical.

I got the impression that the department, which seems to regard my enthusiasm for sf with a certain indulgent tolerance was quite ready to let the idea quietly drop.

But that course had been my baby for two whole years, and I wanted it born before I left Carleton. So I volunteered to organize the course on a non-credit basis. If it works, we mount a high-intensity campaign to have it given for credit right now, immediately, as a Serious Academic Concern. If it doesn't work, I slink quietly off into the backwoods to study the agrarian myth in Canadian fiction.

I think it will work.

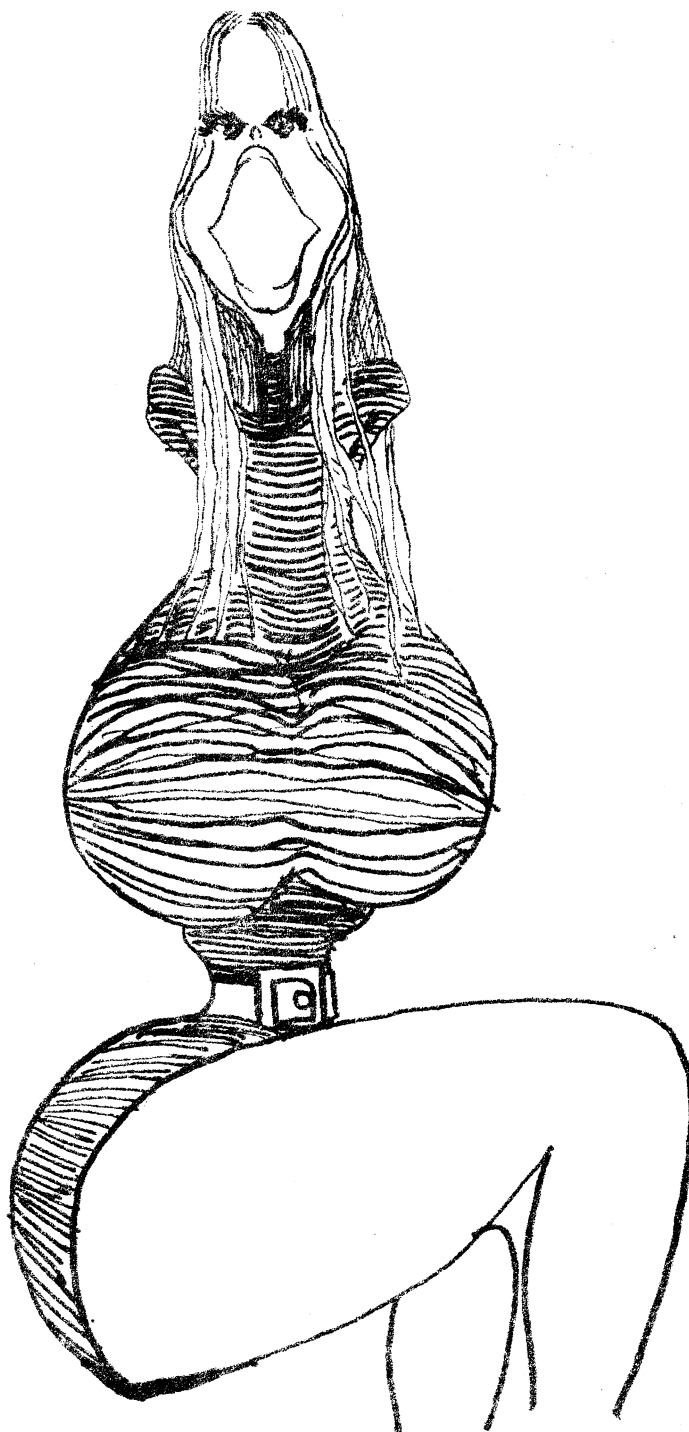
Enrollment is up around 25, which means 15 or so people come to each class. (That will probably drop later, however, when term papers in other classes are due, exams are looming, and two or three hours in the library seem more important than Asimov or Zelazny.) We have Carleton students from every level from qualifying year to graduate school, and from every faculty except Architecture; we have part-time students, non-students, and the occasional faculty drop-in. Few people have ever been in a seminar before, but you'd never know it - we haven't even had a coffee break for the past month because no-one wanted to stop talking long enough to trek down to the cafeteria. We have no essays, no assignments unless someone volunteers to talk about a particular favourite book or author, no exams, no marks. What we do have is an almost missionary belief in *The Value of Sf*; a lot of enthusiasm; and some great semi-serious discussions.

Amisercun?

Well, by coming to the class, we're consciously proclaiming that we believe science fiction can be studied seriously - from the point of view of development, themes, style or what have you. This shows up in our booklist which got planned right away, the first night the course met. "How shall we study sf?" "Well, what is sf?" "If we study it chronologically, we'll see how it developed, and maybe find out what it's all about." "Great. Let's start with Verne..." And we ended up with a first term list that went like this:

1. Jules Verne, H.G. Wells and the origins of sf.
2. Orwell, 1984; Huxley, *Brave New World*
3. Edgar Rice Burroughs, *The Mars series*
4. Heinlein, with special reference to *Starship Troopers* and Panshin's *Heinlein in Dimension*
5. Asimov, with special reference to *I, Robot* and *Foundation Trilogy*
6. Simak, *City*
7. Bradbury, *Fahrenheit 451*, *The Martian Chronicles*
8. Ellison, *Invisible Man*

"And it was all full of perverted sex."



9. Carr and Wollheim, World's Best SF 1969.

"What about fantasy?"

"We've got to put some New Wave writers on."

"The New Wave doesn't exist."

"OK, let's study some writers who, if discussed as a group, are commonly, albeit erroneously termed 'new wave' authors."

"Stop showing off!"

"I wanna talk about Larry Niven!"

"Flowers For Algernon's gotta be on there somewhere!"

"Yeah."

"Hey, what about fantasy?"

And we ended up with a genre-type second term list like this.

Fantasy:

Norton, Witchworld
de Camp, The Incomplete Enchanter

McCaffrey, Dragon flight

Science in science fiction:

Clarke, ed. Time Probe

Hoyle, The Black Cloud

New "traditional" of:

Niven, Neutron Star

Pamshin, Rite of Passage

New directions in sf:

Brunner, The Jagged Orbit

Farmer, Flesh

Zelazny, Isk of the Dead

Spinrad, Bug Jack Barrow

Suggested additions:

Miller, Canticle For Leibowitz

Keyes, Flowers For Algernon

Sure, we've left out lots of important books - but this is what the people taking the course - the people who are the course - want to study. Besides, the list is Subject to Change Without Notice, since sf in general, and Ace books in particular, are hard to come by in Ottawa.

Yes, but semisercon?

Well, we're all giving up one evening of valuable studying/carousing/reading sf time a week to come to this class, right?

And we all learned pretty soon that the old academic cliches were true, and that, since we weren't getting any official credit for the course, we only got out of it what we put into it, right?

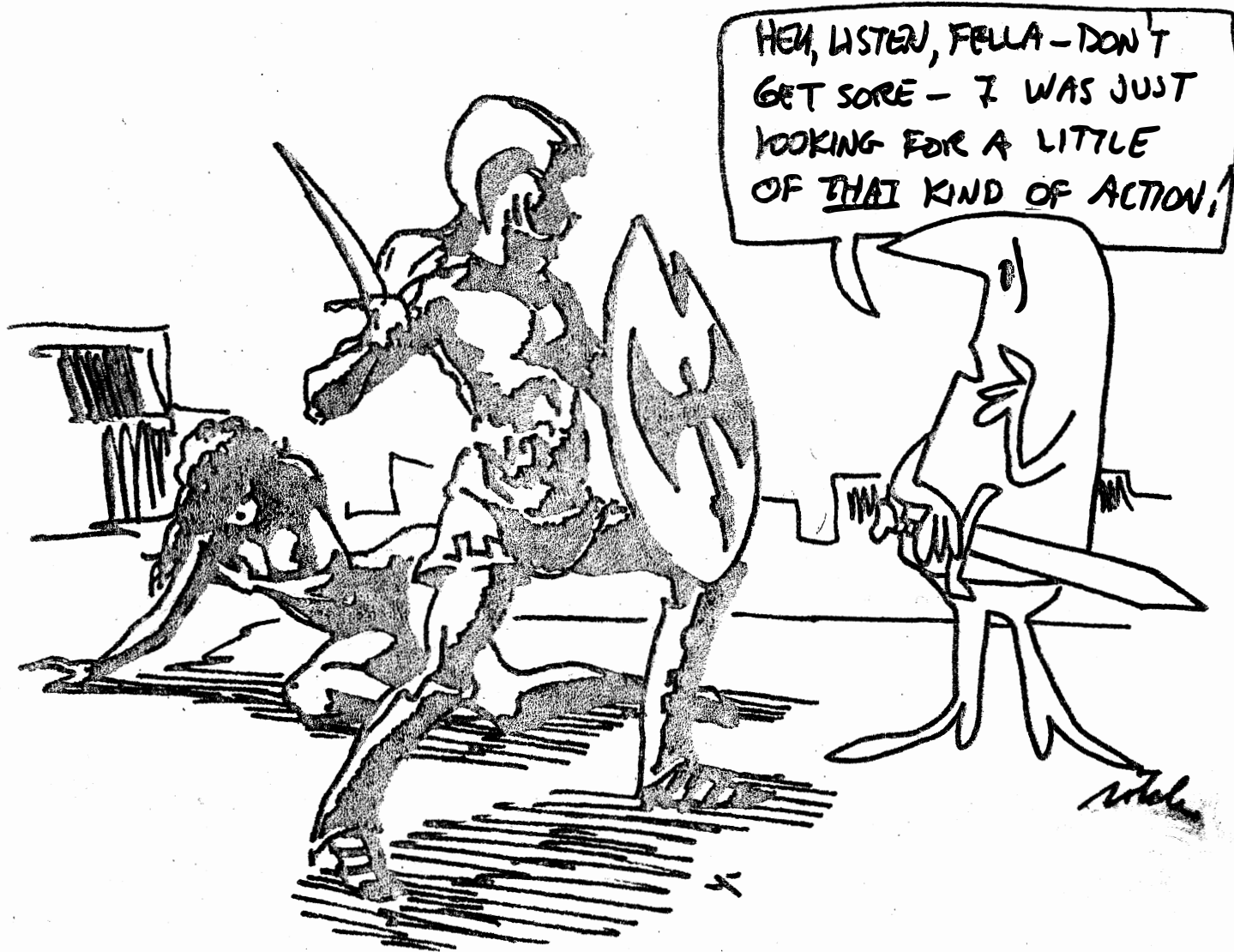
And we also discovered that just plain

fanchats, on the level of "gee I liked Isle of the Dead: 'So did I,' Isle of the what?" "It has a nice Dillon cover." "Stop showing off." "Have you read the first installment of Hasan yet?" "Yeah," carried on by seventeen people in ten small groups were not all that fascinating.

So, semisercon discussions, on topics like "Can you have a serious discussion of Edgar Rich Burroughs" and "Robert Heinlein: or, The All American Hero, the Mother Thing and Apple Pie among the Stars." Not dry, dull, academic discussions - we all express our own opinions loudly without worrying if they're "right" in terms we'd probably never use in front of a Real Live Professor.

"Yeah, I realize Burroughs was a shitty writer, but he's fun to read." And we go way off topic, talking about everything from similar stories to the space race to Life to who's going to go to Philcon, until somebody says "Yeah, but lets get back to Brave New World."

And I've learned to stop worrying and let the course run itself.





THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

by Angus Taylor

Mirrored in choices,
Strangers in familiar voices
Are leaving traces
Of other places

--Ars Nova ("Temporary Serenade")

"Wear it! Eat it! Drive it!" says Thomas Disch. That's about what you have to do with John Brunner's latest spectacular, The Jagged Orbit, which flies headlong into a hideous 21st century, 1970 America gone madder still and extrapolated to the year 2014.

Science fiction in the West--as opposed to Soviet science fiction--has always shown a marked ambivalence towards the notion that the scientific rationale can lead to a utopian future. Brave New World is the archetypal ironic sci-fi title. Huxley, an Englishman, eventually built himself a house in the hills overlooking Los Angeles, perhaps drawn at last to that magnetic madness on the shore of tomorrow. Brunner, a compatriot, has likewise been drawn across the Atlantic--in fiction at least--to explore the future in the country that seems closest to it.

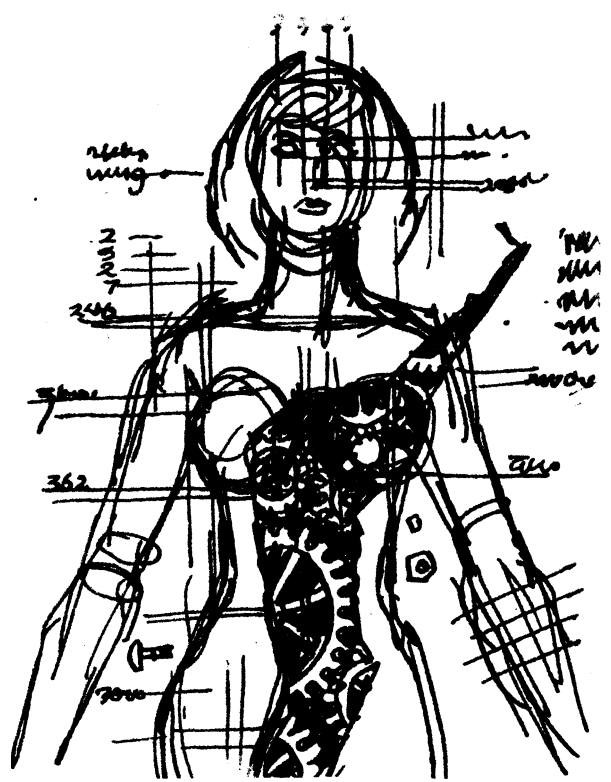
Let's hope not. The Jagged Orbit shows us a world bent on self-destruction. Only some quick juggling with trends in the last hundred pages offers a glimmer of a saner world to come. The story rushes wildly from start to finish, never pausing to catch its breath, reading like some grand mishmash of Van Vogt and Bernard Wolfe. Brunner extrapolates the fragmentation of 20th century society to its logical/illogical conclusion. He recognizes the rejection of rationality which is taking root today in reaction to the failures of technocratic philosophy--the kind that can justify mass murder in Vietnam in the light of economic profit or mass starvation in Biafra for the ideal of "national unity". By 2014 "reason" has become "the dirtiest word in any human vocabulary", thanks to cold rational decisions which forgot the human equation. "And at every step we lost. Not just the wars, but bits of ourselves. Compassion. Empathy. Love. Pity. We systematically chopped ourselves down to the measure of a machine." Unable to escape the technocratic nightmare in any other way, people retreat completely within themselves, like the inmates of an insane asylum. Indeed, it is in a

giant, fortress-like insane asylum which dominates the novel, built by its director to serve as his ultimate retreat from reality. A vicious kind of feedback has been established in which the computer and its attendant priests--doctors, sociologists, psychologists--being the only ones who give the appearance of divining order from confusion in a super-complex world, have become the authority figures to which persons turn for pronouncements about the conduct of their lives.

Keith Roberts, another Englishman, shows us a very different world in Pavane. Pavane probably ranks with The Man in the High Castle as the most convincing portrait of an alternate world ever drawn. In contrast to Brunner, Roberts shows us a world in which scientific development has been deliberately retarded by the Church to permit the integration of spiritual and material values--"giving man time to reach a little higher toward true Reason; that was the gift she gave this world." Under the Catholic Church, whose dominance was assured centuries earlier by the assassination of Queen Elizabeth in 1588 and the Spanish invasion of England, the world is a slower place, its people closer to nature and to each other. Roberts writes with loving care, drawing his characters meticulously, giving us glimpses into their lives rather than trying to overwhelm the reader with speed and dazzle. He displays a patience and craftsmanship which is all too rare in science fiction: A Canticle For Leibowitz compares favorably in this respect, but how many others? The very quality which gives Pavane its power to convince--the fact that it is built like a tapestry--makes it seem at the beginning to drag by normal sf standards. But the threads grow together, giving the story as a whole a depth which is impressive. In such a context the following description becomes more than just the pretty language it would be in the usual thud-and-blunder epic:

Over ((the village houses)), monstrous, out of scale, loomed a ravaged face; the castle, a ragged-crowned skull, a thousand-year anger of stone. Brooding out across heath and sea, ancient, unappeasable.

The reader can feel the history and the lives behind these words. Contrast this with Brunner's own story of a 20th century world evolving from the Spanish Armada's successful invasion of England. Times Without Number is a good adventure yarn, and well worth the attention of any time-travel fan. Brunner gives us an interesting picture of a world in which time travel, not space travel, has developed, and shows us the inherent instability of such a space-time continuum. The story is basically the kind of exercise in logic which characterizes good time-travel stories. However, it lacks the depth of Pavane because, like most science fiction writers, Brunner has concentrated his attention on Important People, the kind you read about in history books, rather than delving into a more representative cross-section of society. Too many science fiction protagonists are busy rushing around on Important Missions like saving the solar system from the Betelgeuse or

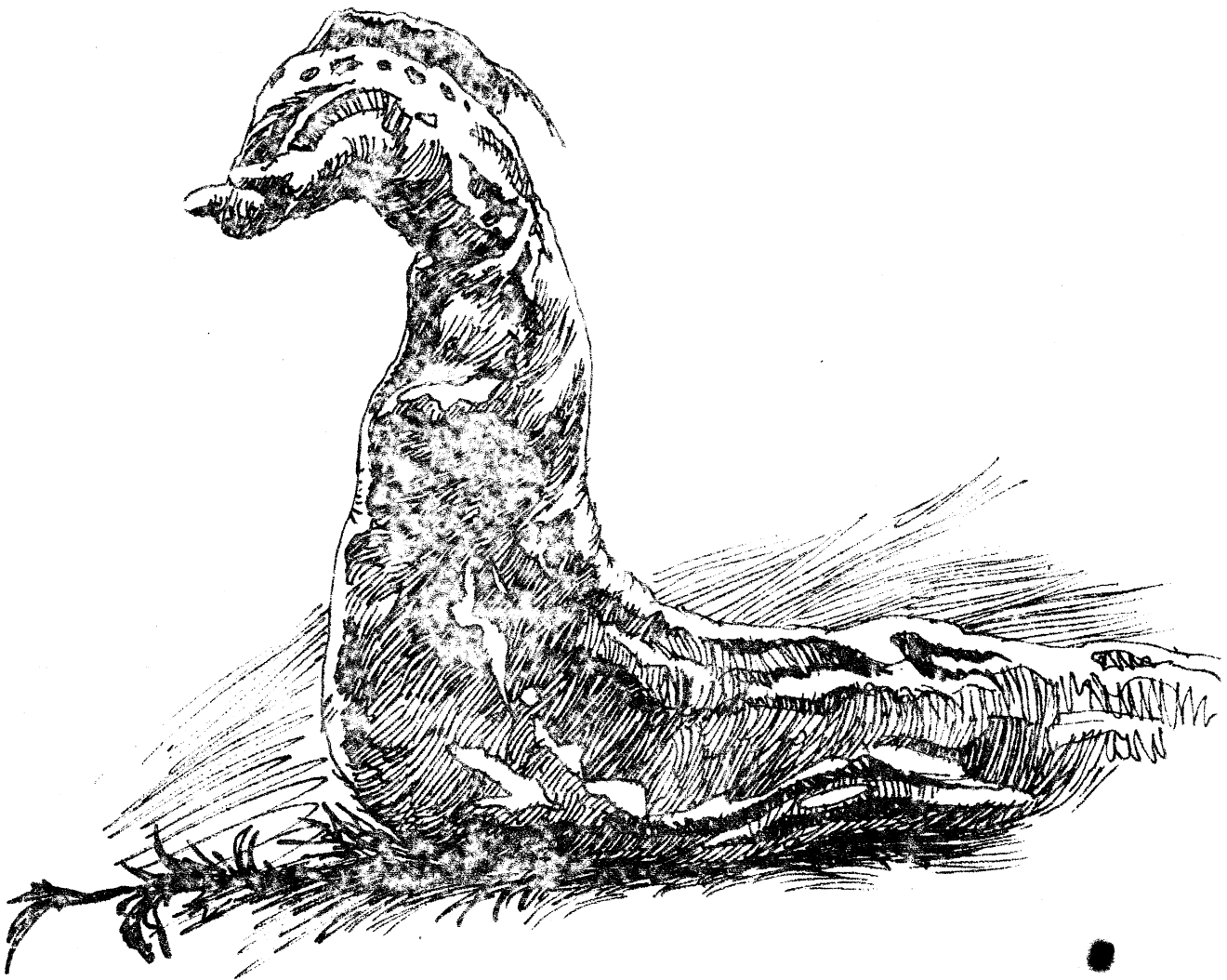


destroying the International Soybean Combine. Of course this is exactly the sort of story that agents of the Second Foundation go for, with Real Heroes and Real Action.

Second Foundationers are probably afraid of losing the romance which has been one of the strongest elements in science fiction: imagination, the ideal, the fantastic, tales of chivalry, dreams of other times and other places. One has only to read a novel such as Pavane to be assured that it is possible to combine romance with a real sense of depth and reality, and without the need to employ ridiculous superheroes engaged in one Impossible Mission after another. As Brunner recognizes in The Jagged Orbit, modern society is starting to reject the old concepts of rationality-without-emotion. It seems clear that in 1970 we have already entered a new Romantic Age. The clothes, the songs---the whole life cycle of a growing segment of the population attests to that fact. The Jagged Orbit is not a picture of a world built by unrestrained romance, but rather a warning of what occurs when romance does not restrain cold reason.

It's your world. Wear it! Eat it! Drive it!

If you don't, somebody else will.



MINI-VIEWS

by Ye Editor

ON BOOKS...

BLACKLASH by John Brunner Pyramid Spy Thriller 75¢

A rather routine spy novel dealing with the African adventures of Max Curfew, a toned-down Negro James Bond. One easily forgets his colour, except where it helps the plot along, which indicates that Brunner has not successfully depicted his hero--a task most white writers would fail at, I'm sure. The book passes the time but the ending is typically British and typically farfetched. Not entirely dull--but not a good book either.

A FEAST UNKNOWN by Philip Jose Farmer Essex House \$1.95

This hilarious spoof of the Tarzan and Doc Savage novels contains the most outrageously gross sex scenes I've ever had the delight to read. It's a must for all pulp enthusiasts but even if you can't reel off how Monk and Ham got their names, you should find this sex-and-violence parody a joy. A must for anyone with a taste for the bizarre and delightful.

THE ASYLUM WORLD by John Jakes Paperback Library 60¢

An ordinary story quite nicely handled, this rather old-fashioned tale (complete with hero who finally gets the girl in the last chapter) raises Jakes in my estimation. Lars needs weapons to protect itself from a possible invasion from space and a delegation goes to Earth to negotiate. Jakes hero is also a Negro who could have been white but the unravelling of the situation on Earth is well presented and the bizarre humour of the situation pleased me. Some trite resolution is tossed in but the ending admirably fits the macabre tone of the book. I liked it.

MATRIX by Douglas R. Mason Ballantine 75¢

Every trite cliché and stock situation of the very worst hack fiction is gathered together in this incredibly inept book on the one-man-against-the-renegade-computer theme. The writing itself would be rejected for the first issue of Super Crudzine--so don't be fooled by the attractive Lehr cover as I was. Douglas Mason is either a computer himself or perhaps a statistically improbable roomful of chimpanzees.

FOURTH MANSIONS by R. A. Lafferty Ace SF Special 75¢

Many people of great repute claim Lafferty to be an original, perhaps even a genius. If he is, he's a very personal genius, unable to communicate to this reader the complex and convoluted ideas that run through his brain. This book fascinated me for its humour, its many weird characters and the originality of its "plot" presentation. But I didn't understand it all and it infuriated me because underneath it all I couldn't help wondering if it hadn't been written in a drunken stupor and Lafferty was laughing at us all. Read it and decide for yourself--the book deserves that much.

ALMURIC by Robert E. Howard Ace 60¢

In his Conan stories, Howard's great vitality of writing somewhat obscures his lack of consistency and the gross inadequacies of his plotting. Alas, not so in Almuric, his interplanetary adventure, which has all the faults and none of the saving graces of the Conan sagas. Esau Cairn is not nearly as believable or even as likeable as Conan and his adventures are mere dull shadows of Howard's other works. The writing? "And so began my third captivity on Almuric, in the black citadel of Yugga, on the rock Yuthla, by the river of Yogh, in the land of Yagg." Yechh!!

DRAT! by W.C.Fields Signet 95¢

Most of the humorous lines will be familiar to Fields fans and most of the unfamiliar lines aren't particularly humorous but for the pictures alone this book is a must for the many Fields enthusiasts in fandom. There are a couple of interesting short articles, but mostly it's just the greatest iconoclast of the century at his misanthropic best. A gorgeous book.

THE STARS MY DESTINATION by Alfred Bester Bantam 60¢

A re-issue of one of the great classic stories of science fiction--a perfect blend of "Old Wave" and "New Wave" styles written before the term "New Wave" was even coined. Delany admits that this was the inspiration for Nova and to my mind the story of the vengeance of Gully Foyle is one of the best novels in the field. Science fiction was considerably poorer when Alfred Bester stopped writing it and this book should be a must for every fan.

...AND ON FANZINES

GRANFALLOON 8 (Linda Bushyager, 5620 Darlington Road, Pittsburgh PA 15217. 55 pages, offset. 60¢ or the usual. Quarterly.) Very attractive 2nd annish this is a witty, enjoyable genzine. Excellent reviews and comments, a story by Zelazny, smaller-than-usual lettercol and an asinine article on sex at the cons. Gf has Delap and ConR (or is it "ConRF" now?) and Linda has a good sense of layout. The Fabian cover and Kirk bacover round out a very pleasing fanzine. Well worth getting.

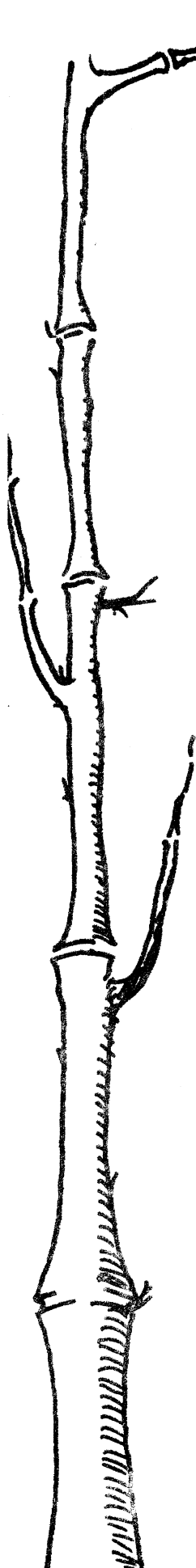
OSFIC 22 (Peter Gill, 13 Glen Manor Dr., Toronto 13 Ontario Canada. 38 pgs, offset. 6/\$3 or the usual. Bimonthly.) OSFiC is getting away from the clubzine ranks and aiming for a genzine so Pete says. Very neat in appearance, this issue features an article by Judy Merrill, a rather poor interview with Chip Delany conducted by an obviously non-fan Toronto radio man, and a hilarious spoof of the old pulp stories by Gord Van Toen. A fairly good lettercol and lots of good Derek Carter art. Informal and fun. Send for an issue--or better yet, contribute.

YANDRO 193 (Buck and Juanita Coulson, Rte 3, Hartford City Ind. 47348. 32 pg mimeo, 40¢. Monthly.) Doubtless not the latest Yandro, this is a typical issue. Y refuses to go to electrostencils and Juanita may well be the finest stencil cutter in fandom. This 'zine is primarily and justifiably famous for its book and fanzine reviews which are short but good and copious! Columns of varying quality and a fairly sercon lettercol round out each issue. Worth having. Besides, Yandro is a national institution and national institutions should be supported by all red-blooded fen.

CROSSROADS 7 (Al Snider, Box2319 Brown Station, Providence RI 02912. 35 pg mimeo. 25¢ and the usual. Monthly.) Al manages to put out one of the most interesting and informative 'zines around and he does so on a monthly basis. Grunng! Very good layout, excellent artwork and this issue there's less striving for shock effect so it's a better 'zine. The lettercol is superb, Ed Cox has a fascinating column and the discussion of drugs continues, this time more rationally than previously. A superior 'zine on any schedule and one I recommend.

HOOM 5 (Bee Bowman, 1223 Crofton Ave, Waynesboro VA 22930. 100 pages, ditto Usual but no price given. Quarterly.) I don't mind if people want to publish 100 page 'zines on Tolkien but when they staple them from both sides so that it falls apart into 50 sheets when I try to review it, then I mind. Poems, articles and much more info on LotR and Tolkien than the average fan needs. Much bad and a very little good art. Ed Meskys probably liked it.





LETTER 3-30-68

--by Joe Haldeman

I read a story once-
Bradbury or Siverberg-
A world of the future, perfect;
Utopia, where no-one had to strive
For food or rest or shelter.
Just sit around and create
And unravel mysteries
Of the universe-
Real or imagined-
But for two weeks out of every year
They'd make it rain
And be cold
And a rattle-trap bus would pull up
In front of your golden door-
Take you away from heaven-
And two weeks you'd spend in a camp
With rain and cold and mud
Taking big rocks, and making little ones
Out of them with a sledgehammer.

The thesis was, of course,
Man is an adaptable creature;
He can get used to any plenty
And needs want occasionally
For flavoring, or perspective.
I've got a year here in the Big House,
Prison of green and heat and schrapnel.
And the only good I can see coming from it
Is finding that sort of appreciation
That the golden people
Were wise enough to seek every year.

But as sure as I sit here
In heat and sweat-
A month away from shower or laundry-
I know that I'll forget
Because we are adaptable-
And years of little worries and wonders
Will work away at the memory
Of the morning miracle of waking up
Alive.

LIFE AS USUAL

by John Baglow

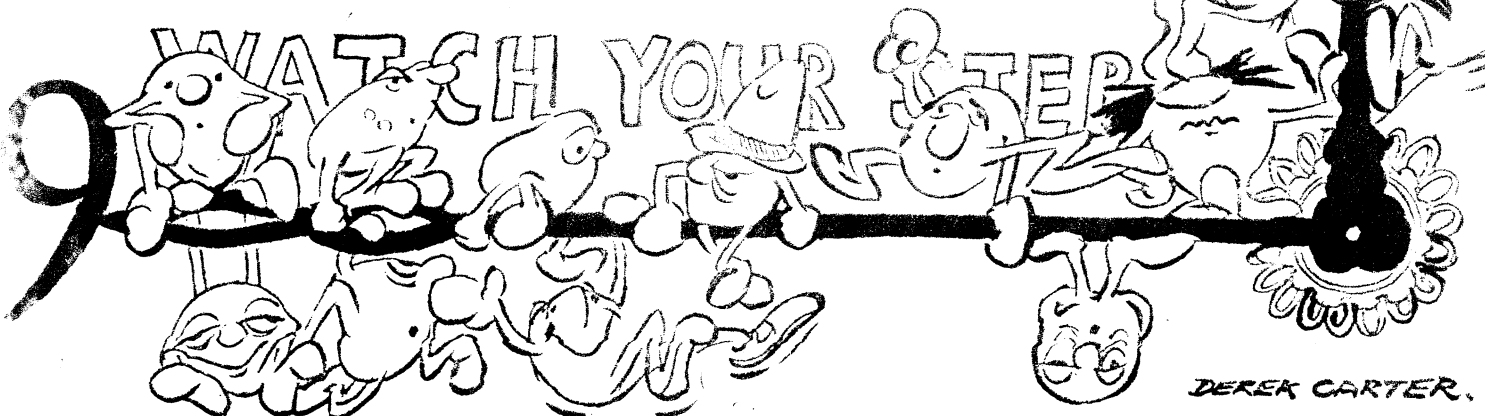
Opening my watch
 I discovered the cause
 Of that irregular ticking
 Which had bothered my sleep.

Thin spring-like
 Discretely moving
 Mechanical maggots
 Had eaten the jewels
 And were gorging
 On the mainspring.

I checked
 The flytrap, a magnet
 Suspended from the ceiling:

Sure enough
 A metallic fly, attracted,
 Nearly dead, was vibrating.

Machines are faulty, unreliable.
 Everywhere metal sneers at me.



FALLOUT

By Debbie Munro

radioactive who
measured ratios (which
were but electrons and beta
particles, blue golliwogs
in a blazoned pond)
who counted red
tickovers, linear graphs
on plotted maps.

in our country
the ravines glowed
blue at the edges, and
the grass cautiously drew back:
beasts became mythical
their claws turning black
with the afterglow

the birds dropped
feathers gone stone
and grew iridescent
petals

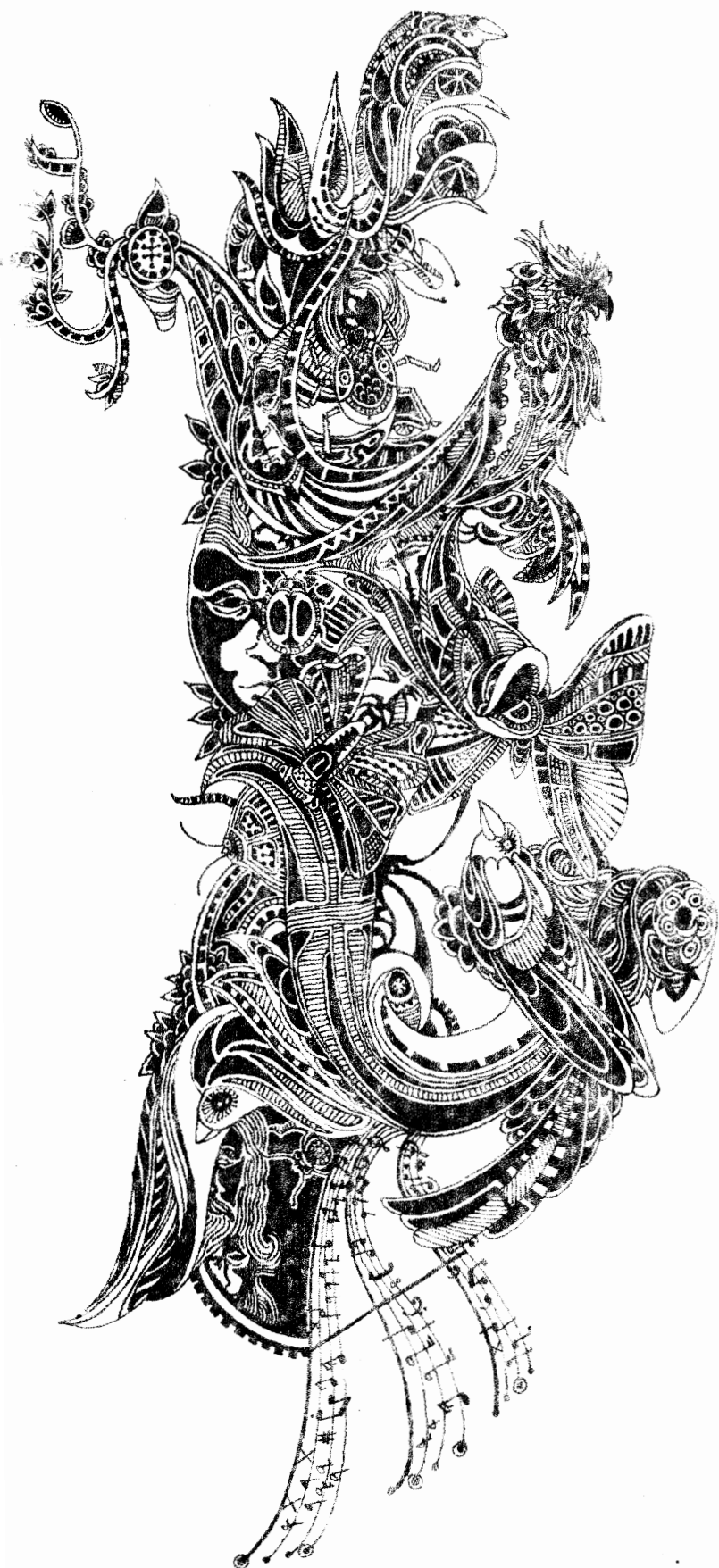
the eyes, as all
eyes, clouded for
an instant, then fired
translucent, reflecting
light at certain
oblivious angles.

when fish
surfaced in the waters
their mail was almost heraldic:
even the rare deer was leaner,
with dangerous hooves and an
aura of smoke.

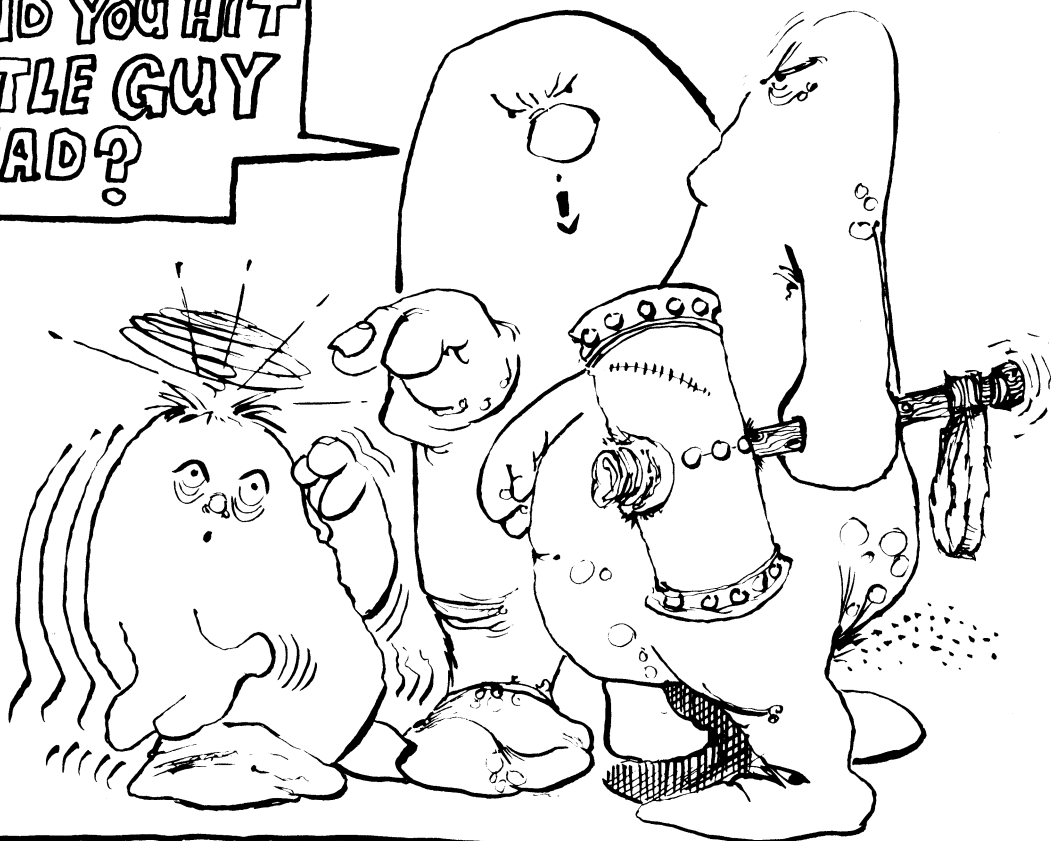
the trees groan in the night;
and the leaves turn at set times.
the land bleeds easily

our skins are bruised:
we often wonder what
carved effects we become, when
we see what we see.

i look at myself through
these not quite focused
jewels, just behind
my eyes at
what has to be, ought
to have been
a known continent, your face.



HEY! WHY DID YOU HIT
THAT LITTLE GUY
ON THE HEAD?



I WAS NOT HITTING HIM ON THE HEAD-
I WAS MERELY STAMPING THE MESSAGE
MONTREAL IN 74

UPON HIS
PERSONNAGE.

